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Magazine

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom.



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

WELL! I find myself saying WELL! many times each day for things have changed radically and it's something of a jolt to make all of the necessary adjustments.

When I wrote my long letter to you last month I was the seemingly permanent occupant of Room C305 at Saint Vincent hospital in Santa Fe. I put in 3½ months in Room C305 and I began to think that I might just retire there and be done with it.

Today I am writing to you from my room here in Shenandoah. This is the first time I have been able to touch a typewriter since early April and I'm surprised to see how completely I've forgotten the keyboard. But I have all afternoon to devote to this so it doesn't make any difference how slowly I type.

A week ago today Anita and I drove in from New Mexico, and a half-hour after we got out of the car Juliana, Jed and little James arrived from their summer trip to Jed's parents on Cape Cod, Mass. They were making their trip by plane and we were strictly on the ground, so I think we did pretty well to coordinate our arrivals down to just a half-hour's difference.

This last week has been another milestone for all of us because it's the first time we've had a baby in the house since Juliana herself was an infant. Sometimes it seems unreal to me! We borrowed a crib from Howard and Mae, one they bought to have on hand when Lisa and Natalie come down from Omaha to spend the weekend. At the age of three months you don't need much more than a crib in the line of equipment. When they return to Albuquerque Juliana expects to get a highchair and a stroller (oh yes, a play pen too with accumulated trading stamps), but for the time being we can make out with just the crib.

Although James has been here only one week I can see changes in him since he arrived. Juliana couldn't understand why he was awake so much

but I told her that he was moving into a new phase now and would no longer be satisfied just to eat and sleep. I think this is an adorable stage because it's what I call the "social stage" when they become very aware of everything around them. When I hold him and talk to him he responds by gurgling and cooing and, for varieties sake, letting out loud squeals. Sometimes he surprises himself and looks about uncertainly. This is the age too when they play with their feet and hands and reach out eagerly for objects. I guess you can get the general idea that I'm an adoring grandmother, and indeed I am. I cannot imagine life now without baby James at the center of our interests, and before he was born I couldn't visualize how things would be *with* him, so you can see that it has been a period of great changes all the way around.

To date Juliana can get cereal and strained foods down him because these are fed with a spoon, but he flatly refuses to have anything to do with a bottle — puts up an awful struggle when she gives it another fling. He also refuses a pacifier. I can remember when doctors thought this was the worst thing you could possibly do and now they recommend them most enthusiastically. I guess if we hang around long enough we can see countless things going full cycle.

Don't they have darling clothes for babies these days? James has all kinds of charming little suits and they are so easy to care for since they're all knits and require no pressing whatsoever. When Juliana brought him downstairs yesterday he had on an adorable little white knit suit with red stripe trim and puffy red pompon buttons. This was a gift and when it first arrived she couldn't imagine in her wildest dreams when he would be big enough to wear it. Alas, yesterday was that suit's last appearance since he has already grown out of it. I told Juliana yesterday that I'd never seen a more immaculate baby and this pleased her because his Grandma

Lowey had said the same thing when they were visiting her.

Believe it or not, but I actually felt sort of a wrench when I left Saint Vincent hospital! I'd been there so long that I'd gotten pretty widely acquainted and I regretted leaving some of the friends whom I'd made. If I were going to be permanently in the Santa Fe area I would keep in touch with these nice people, but now I'm back in Iowa and any further contacts for quite a spell must be by letter . . . and somehow it's so hard to get down to letters.

I wanted to be sure to tell you about one thing at Saint Vincent because so many of you do volunteer work in your local hospitals. Their hospital auxiliary is a tremendously active group and I was greatly impressed by it. Every morning they appeared to ask if we'd like to have coffee, tea or fruit juice; and about an hour later they arrived with what they called The Cart.

This cart contained an astounding collection of magazines and they were all current and not old beat-up issues. I noted the mailing addresses and it was perfectly clear that the auxiliary members brought their periodicals to the hospital within only three or four days after they had first arrived.

In addition to such a wide variety of magazines there were at least 150 to 175 paperback books to choose from . . . just everything under the sun. All of these were donated, not only by the auxiliary members but by patients who had acquired some and wished to leave them for the cart when they went home. I had so much pleasure rummaging around with the contents of the cart that when I was dismissed I left behind the 25 or 30 paperbacks I had accumulated during my 3½ months' hospitalization.

In the afternoon we were always visited again with the coffee, tea or fruit juice; and then around 3:00 o'clock the Gift Cart arrived. I never ceased to be astounded by the amount of stuff they managed to get on that cart! Not only were there magazines and newspapers of all kinds but there was also a big assortment of candy, greeting cards for every occasion, cigarettes, cosmetics . . . well, you name it and they had it. Since I was entirely bedfast the whole time it meant a lot to me to have that cart arrive in the afternoon for most days there were a couple of things that I needed or had taken a notion to get.

In addition to these much appreciated services they also supervised the activity of the Candy Strippers and these refreshingly charming young high school girls were always welcome callers in every room. One long Sunday

(Continued on page 22)

MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Summer will soon be over and it has passed more quickly than any summer I ever remember. Perhaps that is because it has been a busier one than in any previous years. It seemed that I was constantly helping someone get ready for a trip or doing up the laundry after his return, and that included myself, too. There were added responsibilities due to Lucile's long absence while she was in the hospital in Santa Fe, so all in all things were humming from morning till night. There is nothing like constant activity to make the days pass all too quickly.

After Martin's return from Massachusetts he had very little time to get organized for his trip to Mexico to attend the summer session at the University of Guadalajara. After he left it seemed forever until his first letter arrived. Oliver and I arranged some vacation time to drive Mother and Aunt Clara to Mountain Home, Arkansas, to attend Aunt Adelyn's and Uncle Albert's fiftieth wedding anniversary. We had been looking forward to this treat for many months. When the departure day arrived we still had not heard from our son, but dear Ruby, the friend who makes her home with Mother, promised to check the mail and call as soon as a letter arrived. When we pulled into the motel at Mountain Home, we were greeted with the news that we were to call home. In unison we said, "A letter from Martin!". Ruby read the important facts over the phone and then mailed the letter on to us.

Since Martin had chosen to stay in a private home instead of a hotel, he hadn't the faintest notion what to expect in the line of board and room. I doubt that he could have had a finer placement, for he is in a lovely modern home of university faculty members. He is enjoying all of his experiences in his studies as well as on the student trips. Many of his references to the hospitality of the Mexican people and the beauty of the cities he has visited are in complete agreement with Cousin Philip's report on page 7. When he returns, perhaps he can give you a student's view of this tremendously interesting country.

Now I would like to get back to our trip to Arkansas. Mother and Aunt Clara had never seen the country around Branson, Missouri, so we planned our route with that in mind. We drove as far as Springfield, Missouri, where we stayed overnight, and then drove the short distance down to Branson early the next morning. We arrived at Silver Dollar City well ahead of the weekend crowds so we could tour this replica of an Ozark village and observe



Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert Rope celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary this summer. Aunt Adelyn is our father's youngest sister.

the craftsmen in their various shops without too much congestion. Mother and Aunt Clara were as fascinated with all this activity as Oliver and I were on our first trip there. We also visited the Shepherd of the Hills Farm, which is very worthwhile.

It didn't take long to reach Mountain Home that afternoon, so after checking into our motel (and after returning Ruby's call) we drove to Aunt Adelyn's and Uncle Albert's home and had a nice visit with them and with the other relatives who had already arrived.

The next day was the big day! We attended church services together and then enjoyed a lovely dinner in nearby Cotter, where 23 of us were guests of our aunt and uncle — if I counted noses correctly. We had a little time for a rest afterwards and then went to the open house.

Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert retired to Mountain Home only a few years ago, and it is truly amazing how many dear, fast friendships they have made in so short a period of time. From the large crowd of people who came to help them observe their anniversary, you would have thought they had been lifetime residents!

Mother and Aunt Clara had a couple of "firsts" during our week in Arkansas following the anniversary observance: their first trip inside a cave and their first ride on a pontoon boat.

One afternoon early in the week, while Mother and Aunt Clara were resting, Oliver and I drove over to Bull Shoals, a short distance away, and "cased" a cave which was advertised as having no steps. We returned with the exciting report that it could be managed in a wheelchair and promised to drive them over on the following day. Now, I must say that there was a steep grade down to the cave, with an occasional grouping of steps, but once down inside there were no steps. Instead of taking one of the tours, we took two strong, young guides and went in our

own little group. With four of us to handle the chair on the steep grades and steps, we managed nicely. Aunt Clara preceded us to call out what was coming up ahead. Once down the last series of steps and inside the cave it was a breeze! And how Mother and Aunt Clara enjoyed it! They confessed it was a bit scary but they enjoyed it.

That bit of adventure was so successful that Oliver and I got our heads together over how we could get them out on Lake Norfolk. We brought Uncle Albert in on our conspiracy to see what ideas he had. I call it "a conspiracy" because Aunt Clara had stated emphatically that she didn't care for boats, and Mother, being paralyzed and confined to her wheelchair, had no notion at all of taking a boat ride. But she had seen a pontoon boat once and remarked that she *would* ride on one of "those things" if there were some way to get onto one. The ones we had seen were privately owned, but Uncle Albert thought perhaps we could find one to rent. Sure enough, the first marina he suggested had one they would rent to us, so we made arrangements to be there at five o'clock when it would have cooled off some, and they promised to have a guide lined up by that hour.

Mother and Aunt Clara didn't know exactly how to take the news of our plans, but they were game to give it a try. We laugh now when we think how reluctant they were to get on that pontoon boat and how we could hardly get them off when it was time to take the pontoon boat back!

When Oliver and I bought our Arkansas fishing licenses we had insisted that Mother get one too in case we found someplace where she could fish. Well, the fish weren't biting on the lake because of the terribly hot weather, but Mother had the thrill of holding her pole in the water as we cruised along. (Fishing was good on the White River, however, when Oliver and I had our first try for trout and we brought back our limit.)

The next high light was Lucile's homecoming and the visit from Juliana, Jed and baby James. What a thrill it was to see this new little great nephew! We're trying to be careful not to over-handle him, but how hard it is to keep from doing just that! He is such a good, happy baby and breaks into a big smile when you talk to him. The pictures of him in this issue were taken back in Massachusetts, but next month we'll share the ones we've been taking here.

Until next month,
Sincerely,

Margery



Let's Make It an Automotive Year

FOR CLUB OR CHURCH

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Note: Each speaker may hold up the part of a car mentioned in the program, or a "reasonable facsimile thereof". These might be rough outlines cut from heavy posterboard and labeled in large letters.

Leader:

But once I pass this way,
And then — no more.
But once — and then, the Silent Door
Swings on its hinges,
Opens . . . closes —
And no more
I pass this way.
So while I may,
With all my might,
I will essay
Sweet comfort and delight,
To all I meet upon the Pilgrim Way.
For no man travels twice
The Great Highway,
That climbs through Darkness up to
Light —
Through Night
To Day.

—From church tract

Sometimes the needs of the day overwhelm us as we think of our tasks and our place in the order of things. We look about us dismayed. The world seems broken into pieces. How can we put it together again? Only the forces of God's love, pulling all mankind together, have sufficient drawing power to heal the scars of war, to bridge the gaps of prejudice and ignorance, and to wipe away apathy. Who will set these in motion? It begins with one person — *you or me*. *There is nothing so powerful as an idea whose time has come!* If each of us has the idea that wrong must be righted, nothing will stop us from setting the right forces in action, remembering that "I am only one, but I am one." How better begin than right here in our own organization? Can we pull together, each doing her fair share and then going the second mile, help another along the way?

As we look to the new year, let us think of it as an *automotive* year. Our goals of a better club (or aid), a better world can come about only if certain rules and precautions are taken by

each member, just as there are rules to follow if we are to be good drivers of our automobiles.

1. **STEER STRAIGHT** (Hold up steering wheel): Some groups get off on crooked and bumpy roads simply because some of the members insist on going "haw" when the majority had voted to go "gee". If we cannot be tolerant and cooperative in small groups, how can we expect to get united action in our community let alone in the larger world? If we have decided what needs to be done, let us all be up and doing. Let us each be determined that we will steer straight for the goals we have chosen, letting nothing twist our course into the paths of selfishness, hate, indifference, misunderstandings and bickerings which can ditch our machine or smash it to bits.

2. **HAVE PLENTY OF GAS** (Hold up small gasoline can): If you've ever felt absolutely scatter-brained to find yourself stranded on a road, simply because you forgot to "fill-'er-up", you know how wise it is to observe this automotive rule, especially with a filling station at almost every corner. As club members let us be sure we have the gas to complete the project we attempt. Perhaps that means frequent stops at the filling station to refuel — to study, to reassess our values, our aims, and our accomplishments. Once we are sure of the "gas" we will be fired with enthusiasm and the determination to complete our task. Let us educate ourselves thoroughly before we undertake our task and thus be sure we have the gas of great determination, the will to do.

3. **DON'T LET THE BATTERY RUN DOWN** (Hold up a small battery): How many of you have known the frustration of being all dressed up in best bib and tucker only to turn on the ignition and hear that dragging *uhir-r-r-r*; then nothing? The battery is dead. You are going nowhere. Just a few minutes to have it checked and you would never have found yourself in this predicament;

but you were always in a hurry. Are you a club member who lets your battery run down mighty fast? Do you fizzle out when the going gets rough? Do you stall the whole club because you're dragging your feet? Maybe you're the member whose talk is cheap, like the battery bought at too good a bargain. This year resolve to be charged up with enthusiasm, and stick-to-it-iveness at all times. Bear in mind these lines from the pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

There are two kinds of people on earth today,

Just two kinds of people, no more, I say; . . .

The two kinds of people on earth that I mean

Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Where'er you go you will find the world's masses

Are always divided into these two classes.

And oddly enough, you find too I ween
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In what class are you? Are you easing the load

Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner who lets others bear

Your portion of labor and worry and care?

4. **DON'T LEAN ON THE HORN SO MUCH** (Hold up a horn): Macaulay wrote "The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he would never be found out." Too many of us spend our time blowing the horn when we should be lubricating the gears. We get so taken up with building up statistics — increased membership, a big treasury, pages of committee reports, lengthy reports of our good deeds — we forget that *people are more important than things*. "Our club did this, our club did that" becomes a revealing refrain like the familiar "I, me, and myself" jingle. We have all seen persons and organizations that have this "hornitis" complex. For them I offer this simple essay to help them get along with others as we strive toward our goals:

The seven most important words in the English language are: I MADE A MISTAKE AND I AM SORRY.

The six most important words are: YOU DID A VERY GOOD JOB.

The five most important words are: AND WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

The four most important words are: HOW CAN I HELP?

The three most important words are: I APPRECIATE YOU.

The two most important words are: THANK YOU.

(Continued on page 21)

FREDERICK AND BETTY VISIT OTHER AREAS OF NOVA SCOTIA

Dear Friends:

As I sit here looking out across the deep Nova Scotia woods on a beautiful August day, I find it hard to realize that this happy summer is almost over. Oh! how quickly the time passes when one is on vacation! This summer was particularly pleasant in the way of new adventure. After summering in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, for ten years, we finally journeyed about the province and saw several other counties. We had talked about visiting other areas of Nova Scotia for several years, but it was not until this summer that we actually packed our suitcases and took off. The weather was perfect for such a journey even though for Nova Scotia it was the hottest summer on record. Nova Scotia heat is for us New Englanders just a nice, comfortable summer day!

I am sure that you know Longfellow's poem "Evangeline", and you know that it is the story of the French settlers of Nova Scotia and their deportation from Acadia to Louisiana about twenty years before the Revolutionary War. Today there is a beautiful memorial park in memory of those brave but unfortunate Frenchmen and of all the places of historic interest in Nova Scotia, that was one we very much wanted to see. For all persons of French descent in Canada, it is almost a religious shrine, and even we were nearly overcome with emotion as we walked through the lovely garden paths leading to the quaint little church of Grand Pré. I promise you that you will be greatly touched and moved, not only by the historical significance of the place, but by its beauty.

Many times you have read about my taking color photographs of what I have called "the most beautiful flowers I have ever seen", and now you must read about it again. Really and truly, the gardens at Grand Pré were the ultimate of loveliness, and how I do hope and pray that my photography did them justice.

From Grand Pré we drove along the shores of the Basin of Minas to watch the rise and fall of the highest tides in the world. In case you are not acquainted with the subject of tides, let me explain that ocean water is constantly rising or falling. In the tropic areas of the world the rise and fall of the tides is very little, perhaps only a difference of one or two feet between the highest tide and the lowest, but up on the Basin of Minas there is a difference of 51 feet. We saw big ocean freighters floating at their piers at high tide and then saw those same



A visit to Nova Scotia isn't complete without a lobster dinner. Betty Driftmier prepares jumbo-sized ones for house guests.

ships completely out of water at low tide. At high tide we could step from the pier right onto the deck of this ship, but at low tide we had to climb down a fifty-foot ladder to reach the deck. Down in the southern part of Nova Scotia where we live in the summer, the tides are only about 18 feet, and while that is much higher than we have them in Massachusetts, they are nothing at all compared to those north of us on the Basin of Minas.

We visited another historic spot on the opposite side of the province from Grand Pré and that was the town of Shelbourne. Just as the British deported the French from the Acadian land of Nova Scotia, so did the American colonists deport the colonial families who were called Tories. Here in Canada the American Tories are called Loyalists and it was a group of nearly 10,000 of them, forced out of New England shortly after the battle of Bunker Hill, who founded the town of Shelbourne, Nova Scotia. Some of those deportees were prosperous shipbuilders, and still today the finest of sailing craft are constructed there.

We often hear people speak of the beauties of the coast of Maine, but truly, there is nowhere on this North American continent a lovelier, more picturesque shoreline than that of the south shore of Nova Scotia. We drove for miles and miles winding in and out of little bays and coves — a scenic surprise around every corner — and here and there we could see the ocean itself, the broad Atlantic stretching east with nothing dry this side of the Bay of Biscay.

One of the joys of driving here in Nova Scotia is the small amount of

traffic encountered. We often drove for miles without meeting another car. It is an unspoiled countryside, with wild flowers and virgin woods everywhere. Nowhere does one ever see a large billboard marring the natural beauty. As a matter of fact, roadside advertising signs are forbidden by law in most areas of the province. The few signs one does see are small and in good taste. The towns and villages are strung like beads between forest and the sea. Whenever I think of Nova Scotia, I think of blue water, green forests, and white churches. Every little village has at least one small white church, and sometimes two or three.

By the time you get this letter, Mary Leanna will be safely home from Europe. We heard very little from her because of the postal strike here in Canada. We called her on the telephone when she was in Helsinki, Finland, and had a very good visit. She had a perfectly marvelous time in Finland. One of her friends there had his own private plane and took her on some sight-seeing by air. We are going to leave here in just a few days so that we can meet her boat when it arrives in New York. You can well imagine that this family will be sitting up late listening to her tell us about all her adventures.

David will have stories to tell also, for he has spent the entire summer up here in Nova Scotia, much of it as a laborer in the woods. His grandfather employed him as a handyman on the place, and when he wasn't repairing roads, he was cutting out paths along the lake shore. He came into the room while I was writing this and said that he had been repairing an old bridge that crosses a stream just above the beaver colony in a pond behind the house. David loves everything about nature and the out-of-doors, and he has made friends with several wild animals this summer. One animal he has been carefully avoiding is the big black bear that frequents our garbage dump. That bear is not in a mood to make friends with anyone.

As I sit here looking out at this beautiful countryside, I am almost overcome with a mixture of emotions. I am so grateful to God for the beauty of the world, and I am so saddened at the thought of all the ugliness and evil that human beings have brought to the world. God has been so good, and we humans have been so thoughtless in the way we have accepted his goodness. As now I am soon to leave here, it is with the prayer that I shall try harder than ever before to serve well the God who has so richly blessed us.

Sincerely,
Frederick

"A" Is for Apple

by
Harverna Woodling



A is for apple. D is for delicious. If we put them together, what do we have? How about juicy apple dumplings? Or would you prefer crunchy, brown-sugary apple crisp; or fragrant, moist apple-sauce cookies; toothsome, cinnamon apple pie; delightful apple salad; or any one of many other delectable concoctions? Apples, red or yellow, tart or mellow, cooked or raw — just take your choice and enjoy the resultant taste treat.

Surely no fruit is more popular, for no other fruit is grown in so many different countries, and no other tree fruit can be grown as far north as the apple. Our own state of Washington is a leader in apple production. Our friendly neighboring country on the north, Canada, also raises a quantity of apples. In fact, apples grow in many of our own states, and also in places as widely distant as Europe and South Africa, Australia and China. Of the incredible but actual 10,000 varieties produced in the world, 7,000 kinds are grown in the United States, which boasts truthfully that it grows 200 million bushels of apples in an average year.

The first apples were surely wild apples, probably small, irregular, and sour. Men discovered that they were edible. Then one day someone was foresighted enough to claim and protect a little apple tree, or lucky enough to drop an apple core in a sheltered place and get a nice tame apple tree for his own. Next, no doubt, his acquaintances envied and/or emulated him. Be that as it may, apples long have been mentioned in history.

History states that the ancient Romans cultivated apple trees, and took some along to England when they conquered that country. Thus apple trees spread over Europe. From England apples came to New England some 300 years ago. John Endicott, an early

governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, is given credit for bringing them across the Atlantic Ocean. From the settlers the Indians learned about apples, took home with them seeds, and planted them in their Indian villages.

No story of apples in the United States could be told without mentioning John Chapman, better known as Johnny Appleseed. Chapman was born in Leominster, Massachusetts, in 1774. He spent much of his boyhood in the forest. When he was a young man, he loaded a raft with apples and floated down the Ohio River. Up and down the wilderness rivers he traveled. He lived on nuts and berries; enjoyed the company of birds, animals, and even insects; and planted apple seeds. The settlers were happy when they saw ragged, barefoot Johnny Appleseed coming with his Bible and apple seeds and baby trees. The Bible he read to them, the seeds he gave away, the little trees he sold for one penny each. The Indians were his friends, too, but when they went on the warpath, he ran for miles to warn the settlers of impending attack.

Apples have been mentioned in legends, poetry, and religious writings for many centuries. An ancient Greek tale is the story of the fabled golden apple, coveted and fought over by the gods.

One of the best known stories goes back to 14th century Switzerland. Legend says that a certain domineering Austrian official named Gessler ordered a pole set up in the market place of the village of Altdorf, Switzerland. Atop this pole he hung his cap and ordered every Swiss to bow to it. William Tell refused to bow, so the cruel Gessler ordered Tell to stand 150 feet from his own son and shoot an apple from his son's head. Tell took from his quiver two arrows. The second arrow he

meant for Gessler if the first shot killed his son. The story says that the famous shot went straight and true through the apple. Gessler in a rage hauled Tell off toward prison but a storm freed Tell who then killed Gessler and escaped to lead the great Swiss fight for freedom.

Of course the fine apples we know today are the product of many years of growth, study, research, planned improvement, and just plain luck. Luther Burbank and John F. Spencer were two men who devoted much time and careful work to the propagation of better apples.

A very famous apple tree is the Golden Delicious which developed, largely by luck, on a farm in West Virginia. The farmer owned an orchard containing one young tree which inexplicably bore big, yellow, delightfully flavored apples of a new kind. From miles around people came to see this great new apple tree, and eventually a nurseryman paid the owner \$5,000 for it. The new owner had a problem, though. He could not move his new property for fear of killing it, so he had a high metal fence built around it, complete with locks and alarms, and used the valuable tree as a parent tree to supply grafting stock.

Almost a sequel to the foregoing incident was related recently in a Saint Louis newspaper, and perhaps in others. A new variety of apple, a delicious natural cross between the Golden Delicious and Jonathan, has developed in an orchard near Cobden, Illinois. As yet it has not been named, but it is considered so promising, that the Stark Brothers Nursery, near Louisiana, Mo., has bought it for \$20,000.

Yes, apples have many wonderful qualities. They are appetizing, nutritious, plentiful, versatile, and relatively cheap.

We sometimes think of apples as a fall and winter treat, as indeed they are, but not exclusively. No tree on our own Twin Oaks Farm is more beloved than our Red June apple tree. From the time it blooms in pink and white spring-time glory until after we have harvested its mid-summer bounty of red fruit, it is a delight to the eye and taste. As a bonus each summer it wears "a nest of robins in its hair". And on one summer evening we spied a tiny, ambitious young raccoon's furry mask peering from its dark green leaves.

Oh, we're hungry! Aren't you? Wouldn't you like to have a big red apple?

LITTLE VERSE

Every act will mirror
Everything you do.

So always do the right things,
And they'll smile back at you.

PHILIP AND MARIE FIELD TAKE A TRAILER CARAVAN INTO MEXICO

This is being written at Pecos, Texas, on the way back to Tucson from a trailer caravan trip into Mexico with 97 other rigs, mostly travel trailers, but some campers (trailers on trucks) and motor homes. We went about 3,000 miles, made 11 stops at towns or cities, got as far south as Acapulco, and traveled from the west coast to the east coast. We took 35 days for the trip from Nogales, Arizona, to Harlingen, Texas, over on the Gulf Coast.

As this is being written we just got back from shopping. The wind pushed us four blocks going from the trailer court; we pushed it 'tother way four blocks back. My goodness, is this Texas windy! The manager here says the wind blows like this all year round, but once in awhile it turns around and blows back the other way.

We came out of Mexico opposite McAllen, Texas, March 28 and stayed at Harlingen for ten days. It blew an absolute gale from the Gulf all that time. We had to fight the door to get in the trailer and fight it to get out. And it was humid. In Pecos the air is dry and we feel much better. Our whole group got the same cold — or was it flu? — in Mexico one time or another. Very little "La Turisto", though, thanks to regular use of Entero Vioform and some common sense.

Ninety-eight trailers and other rigs started; 92 finished. Some had accidents; some became ill; some just quit. The bad accidents were caused by plain foolishness; the minor ones by the crazy way the Mexicans drive. Nobody got killed, though, unless you count a few cows. The roads are pretty bad. Even the best of them, although blacktop, are only two cars wide and the edges resemble a piece of cheese the mice have been nibbling at — not soft, just chewed. And they drop off three to six inches without a shoulder. The mountain roads have the curves engineered for small cars.

Mexico does not recognize any insurance but its own. For full coverage on a short trip like this one it costs three to five dollars a day, but those who had accidents were glad they had it. The Green Angels helped, too. The Mexican government has about 150 green jeeps patrolling the main highways, outfitted for all emergencies both to cars and people. They're manned by two men, one of whom always speaks English. They were a big help to us.

We did have a good time. Now we can go down by ourselves when we want to and see the places we went dashing by. If you want to get out a map of



Mr. and Mrs. Philip Field.

Mexico you can trace our route: Nogales; San Carlos, near Guaymas; San Blas, near Tepic; Topolabampo, near Los Mochis; Mazatlan; Guadalajara; Celaya; Mexico City; Acapulco; Cuernavaca, Guanajuato, and Taxco; Zimapan; Ciudad Valles; Ciudad Victoria; and Reynosa-McAllen. We went up and down and around, from sea level to over 10,000 feet elevation and back several times on all kinds of roads. We did travel too far too fast, but we did find out that you can see the best of Mexico in 35 days. And we certainly did learn to love Mexico and the Mexicans. With all that variety and all that distance there were bound to be lots of minor troubles, some major troubles, and lots of inconveniences. But we *do* recommend it.

Some did come to Mexico with the idea that it was a kind of a foreign Disneyland with all the modern conveniences. It just "ain't so"! And there just isn't any use trying to *make* it so. Personally, we loved Mexico just as it is. The lack of really good trailer parks, the inconvenience and bad taste of bottled water, and the Mexican's viewpoint of "What's the hurry?" drove some of our folks to distraction. But we, and most of the others, got carried away with the ever-changing scene of mountains, jungle, desert, villages, markets, and cities. And we fell in love with the Mexicans and they loved us right back.

And the things that happened! One woman bought a wild parrot although it's against the rules to bring back. It laid an egg and when she reached in the cage to congratulate it she got bitten on the hand so badly that she had to have four stitches.

Another lady lost her cat in Ciudad Valles. Now, we're not laughing at her and we know the cat meant a lot to her, but the thought keeps bothering us that down there they don't say, "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty," but "Gato, Gato, Gato" — and that poor cat didn't know a word of Spanish. What a predicament *he's* in!

Of all the places we saw, we liked San Carlos and Guadalajara best. They

both have sunny, equable climates; they're far enough inland to be away from the bad American influences of the border towns; and the people are friendly. San Carlos is a seaside resort with fishing and swimming and Guadalajara is inland and high. Both are reasonable in costs. (Whether you travel by trailer, by car without a trailer, or by plane, you can figure on costs of no more than half of what the same travel would cost in the States.) Acapulco we did not like so well — too much of an Atlantic City-Miami Beach honky-tonk atmosphere. Of course, some people like that sort of thing. We didn't. We liked Cuernavaca, too.

Wherever you go there's plenty of entertainment, most of it free. In Celajo, for example, we were entertained by some professional serenaders. (The wagonmaster and his wife were having an anniversary.) It seems that although the boy still serenades the girl in Mexico, if he can afford it he hires professionals to do it, usually a small group of college students who are literally moonlighting. And there are lots of unusual things to see — very foreign things. Mexico is *much* more foreign than Canada.

You can always find somebody who speaks English. And it is surprising how quickly you pick up a little Spanish. The Mexicans are justly proud of their country and its history and eager to tell you about it. And, as we've said before, they are friendly. They're pretty honest, too. Oh, they have their cheats and crooks, especially in the service stations, but the incidence of dishonesty doesn't seem nearly so high as in the bigger cities of the United States. In general, if you take it easy, keep sweet, and don't get excited, you get along fine with everybody.

It's pretty safe to eat at almost any respectable looking restaurant, especially if you stick to cooked food. And the food is not especially hot with pepper. Many dishes have none. Mexicans say the hot peppered food is for Texans. As to water, you're all right in the high-class places, but in the others you'd better stick to bottled water or soft drinks. And steer clear of milk and dairy products unless you yourself have seen the bottle and it says "pasteurized". If it does say so, it is. In general the food is simply scrumptious.

If you'll go down to Mexico as we did, with an open mind and an open heart, get clear down into Mexico and away from the border towns, and try to enter into the spirit of things down there, you're bound to enjoy it and without its costing you a fortune. Go any time, any way — by car, trailer, plane, or bus. Stay as long as you can. You'll like it better all the time.

SITE OF NURSERY CONVENTION PROVIDED ABIGAIL WITH FIRST LOOK AT ST. LOUIS

Dear Friends:

Last month when I sat down to write to you Wayne and I had just returned from trips to Utah and New Mexico with their wide open spaces. This month as I sit down to write we have just returned from a trip to St. Louis, Missouri, one of the major gateways to the wide open spaces.

St. Louis is certainly one of the most important cities in the development of our country, so I was very happy when the annual convention of the American Association of Nurserymen provided me with my first opportunity to visit this historic city. I was very favorably impressed by what I saw. If it is possible to be favorably impressed in the midst of a hot, muggy summer, just think what it must be when the climate is tolerable!

Emily, Alison and Clark were all occupied by their summer activities so we left them behind this time. Our flight was scheduled to be non-stop but that wasn't the way it turned out! A few minutes after take-off the captain's voice came over the intercom: "You have probably noticed by now that our plane has not gained much altitude. We have a little problem with the hydraulic system and are returning to Denver to check it out. In the meantime there is a thunderstorm over the airport so we'll just fly around a bit until it passes." So we spent the next 45 minutes dodging thunderstorms and air turbulence and wondering if we had any operating wheels on which to land. Believe me! I was never so relieved in all my life as when we started in to land and the captain didn't announce crash-landing instructions! But it gave us pause to see two fire trucks standing by as we came on to the landing runway. Three hours later our plane was finally airborne again for a most pleasant flight into St. Louis. I didn't really relax, however, until we were safely checked into our room at the Chase Park Plaza Hotel.

Wayne and I were the Colorado representatives on the Greeters' Committee so we spent the next two days garbed in bright red and white striped outfits appropriate to the convention theme "Meet Me in St. Louis". The host committee did an outstanding job of planning special activities during those free periods when the convention was not in session to take advantage of the facilities of the city.

One evening we participated in a "Missouri Barbeque" and toured one of the large nurseries located about fifty miles outside St. Louis. The



Grant's Farm in St. Louis holds interest of young and old alike.

countryside was beautiful and we appreciated this chance to see it. Another evening was spent at "Grant's Farm". Originally owned by Ulysses S. Grant, it has been developed by the Busch family and houses their many horses and other animals, especially deer and buffalo. Only one of their famous Clydesdales was visible, perfectly groomed and mannered. Alison would have been most impressed by the trophy rooms filled with batteries of silver and ribbon awards for hunters and jumpers. There is also a collection of beautifully maintained, elegant, horse-drawn vehicles.

No trip to St. Louis in the summertime is complete without spending an evening at the famous outdoor "Muny Opera" in Forest Park. Wayne and I sat in front row, center seats, for the musical "Brigadoon" starring Bill Hayes, Ann Blyth and Bert Parks. From that vantage point I can report that entire production was very competently performed; we enjoyed every moment.

Probably nothing gives St. Louis residents greater pleasure and pride than their baseball team, the Cardinals, performing in their handsome new Busch Stadium. We're not baseball fans but that didn't diminish our enjoyment of the game between the Cards and the San Francisco Giants one iota. You don't have to be a dyed-in-the-wool devotee to enjoy three stolen bases, a home run and a double play, all in one game. Busch Stadium is part of an extensive urban renewal program for downtown St. Louis which culminates in the truly spectacular Jefferson National Expansion Memorial, the Gateway Arch. We didn't have time to take the capsule ride to the top, but just seeing this tremendous structure from ground level is more than a little overwhelming in itself.

Wayne never gets to see as much of these convention cities as I do because of his conflicting meetings. One of the traditional features that he can't attend for this reason is a bus tour. Sponsored by the National Landscape Nurserymen's Association, it features

a tour of outstanding new and old landscaping developments in the environs. Besides showing off the interesting landscaping, it provides a fine general tour of the city. To me one of the high lights of this trip was "Northwest Plaza", a new shopping center. Because of its exterior attractiveness this would be the first place I would head for if I wanted to shop in St. Louis. Monsanto and McDonnell-Douglas show how much good landscaping can do for routine industrial complexes.

Another convention tradition is a special luncheon for the ladies. This year it was held at the restaurant owned by Stan Musial. He was on hand to greet us and it's not hard to tell why he is such a popular citizen. Afterwards we visited the Climatron and the Missouri Botanical Gardens, locally known as Shaw's Gardens. The Climatron is a huge geodesic structure housing a large collection of tropical and semitropical plants. Next, we stopped in Forest Park at the Jewel Box, which is also a giant greenhouse featuring seasonal displays of flowers.

We did miss seeing one of the outstanding features of St. Louis — the zoo. This is a matter of genuine regret to me as I adore zoos and this is one of the best. It is also located in Forest Park, which was just across from our hotel. One afternoon we decided to get some exercise and walk over to the zoo. Several blocks later we were caught in one of the worst rainstorms I've ever experienced. Raincoats and umbrellas were completely unable to cope with the torrents of rain, wind and lightning. Finally, because the lightning was so close, we sought safety under a railroad bridge after scrambling down a steep embankment covered in weeds and mud. By the time the storm passed it was late afternoon, we were thoroughly drenched and our immediate need was to find a shoe store to purchase a replacement pair of shoes for Wayne. Unfortunately there was no further opportunity to visit the zoo.

Because our flight to St. Louis was more than four hours late, we thought surely our flight from St. Louis would be on time. But we had neglected to consider the delay in flights originating in New York so we waited more than two hours for our plane to arrive. Fortunately, there were no further complications and we arrived back in Denver to find things calm and peaceful on the home front.

Sincerely,
Abigail

Nobody ever completes an education, for daily living demands constant learning.

America -- The Golden Door

by
Edna M. Clark



Tuesday, September 17th, is Citizenship Day, a day when we should all pause for a few minutes and remember what the word citizen means, and if we're living up to that meaning in its broadest sense.

Are the native born a little too complacent with their citizenship, a little too inclined to take it all for granted? And we who are naturalized citizens, are we really living up to all those months of studying and the oaths we took to become citizens?

This day, each year, my thoughts turn more and more to the day I arrived in this country. It was April 30th, 1946, a day for tears and laughter, joy — and apprehension. Tears, because I knew my father's birthday celebration would be a little quieter with his boisterous 'baby' so far from home; laughter over some of the experiences encountered during this first trip across the stormy ocean; joy at thoughts of meeting our husbands and new families, — and apprehension at our welcome.

Recent stories about the reception given previous boatloads of G.I. brides were rather unsettling, and too many girls on board had, in the last twelve hours, received "Dear Jane" telegrams telling them to go back home. Yes, our thoughts were in turmoil and the silence was almost uncanny as hundreds of girls gathered on the top deck.

Slowly, the huge liner's engines growled to life and dirty, grey-green water boiled in waves past the hull. Gradually, almost furtively it seemed, we moved forward the last few seasick miles.

We had arrived a few hours earlier, but our burly, stern-faced, soft-hearted captain, had agreed to wait outside the harbor until night so we could see New York in evening dress. Hidden was the dirt and conglomeration of a busy city; the raucous sounds of taxicabs were smothered in the hooting horns of tug-

boats and shouts of our pilot, as we advanced so cautiously.

The sky was an inky backdrop for myriads of lights dancing on invisible strings throughout the city, and for accent, brilliant ribbons of miles and miles of moving traffic.

My eyes, straining to record everything, fastened on the Statue of Liberty, and a few lines from Emma Lazarus' poem on the pedestal went through my mind,

*Send these, the homeless, tempest-
tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden
door!*

How little I realized, as a twelve-year-old schoolgirl memorizing the poem, I would one day see the famous statue!

How cold and perfect was this huge piece of copper and iron, I thought. Yet I was overwhelmed with her achingly compassionate expression that so closely resembled schoolbook pictures of Abraham Lincoln. Was Lincoln's picture Bartholdi's model?

My thoughts were dragged back to the present by the sound of distant church bells reverberating over the unintelligible yells of dock workers and the nose-wrinkling smell of decaying fish. The clamor of the city was getting closer and closer, but even this din was a good, peaceful noise after the dreadful cacophony of hell-filled war years.

At last the boat pulled alongside the pier, and I prayed fervently that the poem on the statue's pedestal was a truthful, not merely ideological, statement.

Twenty-two years have passed since my first glimpse of the statue, eighteen of those years as a citizen. I no longer question the truthfulness of the poem, but I often ask myself, as we all should, "Am I honestly doing my part to keep that avowal on the pedestal true?"

FIRST DAYS

by
Mary Feese

"Bye, Mother!" exclaims the oldest boy as he hastily grabs his books and dashes out to the waiting school bus. It's been a disorganized morning, for sure. Vacation is over now, and we haven't yet adjusted to the routine of school again. The other boys have all gone out a bit ahead of time; the six-year-old — on this, his first day of school — has been shining, scrubbed and ready since dawn. He has shuttled excitedly back and forth from bus stop to house for the past hour.

As the bus roars off down the road, I sigh nostalgically as my mind plays flashbacks on the theme "first day of school". This one certainly is an innovation. For the first time in twenty years there's no preschooler at home with me, to look longingly after that departing bus and regale me with eager chatter of the days when he will be a "big boy and go to school too".

Memory recalls in turn each of our seven as they looked on that all-important Very First Day of school. Impatient, excited, and — yes, just a bit shaky, too. I probe my memory, but it fails me woefully on details of my own first day. (It's been a good long time ago, too, but if you asked my mother, she'd remember — mothers do!)

We've seen three through first day of high school, and two have gone on through first day of college. How time flies! I muse. Those of you who've already sent yours off to college will know what a pang a parent feels. The family circle has formerly been unbroken; now one has left to live away from home.

But now, nostalgia passes. Can't sit here reminiscing all day! I briskly scold myself. It's precious little time those youngsters will spend looking back at the past, after all. (This habit perhaps is a prerogative of adults.) Youth looks forward with confidence and enthusiasm. By their very vitality they affirm: we are able and ready to face this day, with its problems and its joys.

As the Psalmist has said, "This is the day which the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." (Psalm 118:24.)

On this optimistic note, I set about my daily tasks, still musing. Time passes, children grow, situations change, and we of necessity must adjust to these changing times. Although we began with thoughts of the first day of school, we've reached a new conclusion. Let's resolve not to lose our youthful enthusiasm: life offers wonderful opportunities — it's just full of first days!

LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

Thank you for all the cards and gifts for little James. I would have liked to have answered each one, but I have been busy! However, I realize that I am not as rushed as many of you are. This has been pointed out to me in MANY letters. "If you think you are busy now, just wait!"

All babies are wonderful, but your own baby is extra special. I think of all the times that I have indulgently chuckled at ecstatic new parents. Now I know just how they felt. Jed and I are very pleased with our baby and this is putting it very mildly. James is such a happy little fellow! He had adjusted to the world in record time and has us firmly wrapped around his little finger.

After reading countless baby care books and magazine articles, I was well aware of the hazards of spoiling the first baby. However, James' nature is such that this has been no problem to date. He rarely cries and has learned to entertain himself in his bassinet. He has regulated himself to a four-hour feeding schedule and sleeps like a little rock at night. This makes him extremely easy to care for. All our friends with babies agree that we don't realize how fortunate we are to have such a "good" baby.

I remember the letter I wrote to you soon after Jed and I were married. I mentioned a few of the surprises that I hadn't expected in marriage — such as double dental bills, etc. Well, the revelations of new motherhood are infinitely more numerous. Being an only child I hadn't had much experience with tiny babies. I had baby-sat with my cousins, but that was years ago. I'll have to admit that my first reaction after bringing the baby home from the hospital was fright. I think I finally realized that this was MY baby and that I was totally responsible for another human being. I felt very apprehensive and I wasn't even quite sure just how to change his diaper. Speaking of diapers, I had gotten the notion that when a baby was wet, all that Mother did was provide a dry diaper. It didn't take long to realize that along with the dry diaper, Mother also had to provide a dry shirt, a dry nightgown and fresh bedding. (I might add that plastic pants would have eliminated most of this.) Our apartment does not have laundry facilities so the baby wash has to be done by hand. I really don't know how I would have managed the first weeks without my mother-in-law. Mrs. Lowey flew to Albuquerque the day after James was born and stayed two weeks to help me out. I just wish everyone was fortunate enough to have such marvelous assist-



It was a thrilling moment when this grandfather held his first grandchild. We're grateful someone had a camera ready to photograph the three generations, all named James Edward Lowey.

ance! She relieved me of all the household chores and cooked the meals. This left my time free to enjoy the baby and to recuperate. I think back on those two weeks as a real pleasure.

Along the line of baby care, I also want to mention the problems of consulting different baby books. I had decided before the baby was born that I would try my best not to be the kind of mother who rushed the baby to the doctor every time he sneezed. This kind of behavior drives the doctor, the mother and the baby crazy. Naturally, I wanted James to see the doctor if it was necessary. Here is where the baby books show marked discrepancies. No two of my baby books can ever agree on what a temperature is in an infant, when the doctor should be called, and what symptoms are serious as opposed to mild. I'm sure other new mothers have discovered this problem. I solved it by asking my doctor to tell me his guidelines. This has cut down considerably on worrying. I am still concerned about every little detail but I don't go into a panic and fly to my baby books every time James cries or spits up.

Right now I am writing to you from Massachusetts. Jed, James and I are

COVER PICTURE

September rolls around and little girls see big girls merrily trotting off to school, so Lisa Nenneman will rely on her younger sister Natalie's company more than ever. Both little girls, daughters of Tom and Donna Nenneman, will observe their birthdays in October. Lisa will be five, and Natalie will turn two. Donna's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Howard Driftmier, so the girls are great-granddaughters of Leanna Driftmier. Tom is back in school this year, working on his Doctor's degree at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln.

visiting his family in Woods Hole. This has been a wonderful vacation for us and a good chance for James to meet his Lowey relatives. Having so many loving baby sitters on hand has given Jed and me an opportunity to get out and re-explore many of our favorite spots from last summer's vacation. This has included an afternoon at the Barnstable County Fair — a real, old-fashioned county fair with tents devoted to cooking, gardening and livestock. After browsing through these exhibits we watched the horse-pulling contest. I was amazed at the size of draft horses. They are huge! When we started watching they were pulling 10,000 pounds of granite loaded on the "boat" or sled. We concluded that the most important factors in the pulling were the driver's control over the horses and the ability of a team to pull together. This contest has its roots in the period of time when work horses were used to drag stumps from the ground. Today the teams are pampered darlings. They ride in air-conditioned trailers and the only work they do is on the fair circuit. Under any circumstances, it is an exciting event and Jed and I were pleased when our favorites won the event.

Another place which we wouldn't dream of missing is the Webster Rose Garden. This beautiful garden is located on a private estate, but is open to the public. When we were there last year the roses were just getting started. This year they were at the height of their bloom. I can truthfully say that I have never seen such a magnificent display. In addition to these roses are the many rambler rose hedges all through this part of the Cape. They were developed in this area and it is not unusual to see a quarter of a mile of solid rose hedge so covered with blossoms that the leaves are hidden. Evidently this is the perfect climate for them.

We have also taken the opportunity to eat at some of the wonderful restaurants in the area. Seafood abounds on the menus and I am finally beginning to get my fill of fresh fish and lobster. I have an absolute passion for lobster, but it is much too expensive for me to even contemplate buying in Albuquerque. Jed's father was able to get a hold of eleven pounds of lobster meat and Mrs. Lowey has treated us to several lobster salads. We have also had fresh swordfish and blackfish. I'm afraid that our frozen fish in the Southwest will never taste quite as good as it did before.

When we leave here we will go to Shenandoah to see my family. (We'll have come and gone by the time you read this.) I am extremely anxious to

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APPLE POLISHING NIGHT

P.T.A. Reception for the Teachers

by
Mabel Nair Brown

The title is the clue for decoration and color scheme, so let there be big red apples (cut from construction paper or bright red flannel with green leaves) used profusely on the walls, suspended from light fixtures, fastened to speakers' stand and stage, and use small paper apples as name tags. If refreshments are to be served at tables, let the centerpieces be bowls of polished apples. You might try to get a variety of handsome wooden bowls for these containers.

Of course every teacher who wins a prize in the games should receive a big red apple.

ENTERTAINMENT

Eyeing (ice breaker): Give each guest a construction paper apple cutout and a pencil. The apple must be large enough so that it can have written on it "Blue eyes", "Brown eyes", "Black eyes", and "Gray eyes", and space below each for writing names. The idea is for the guests to go around shaking hands and "eyeing" each other as they introduce themselves, at the same time ascertaining the color of each person's eyes and writing it under the correct heading. The person with the longest list wins.

Apple Fun: These are simple old favorites that can still be fun when everyone joins in the merriment, games such as "The Apple-Peeling Relay" (First in line peels the apple, the next one quarters it, the next four each eat a quarter, then another apple is started) and "Apple Aggravation" (Apples are to be passed down relay lines on back of a tablespoon).

Tub Basketball: Float a saucer in a large tub of water. Each player is given five or ten buttons and takes turns seeing who can toss the most buttons into the saucer without bouncing or dropping them into the water.

FOR THE PROGRAM

A Tribute to Teachers

God gave to you the rarest gift —

An understanding heart,

A gentle kindly manner

Your wisdom to impart.

Oh, some men build with steel and iron

To pave their way to fame,

But you are building character,

A lasting tribute to your name.

The lives you touch, the good you do

Shall never know an end

And we are proud to call you

Teacher and friend.

"The best teacher is the one who kindles an inner fire, arouses moral enthusiasm, inspires the student with



If we'd taken a lunch along on the pontoon boat, we'd have had a real party. This was Mother's first ride on water in over 40 years, and she certainly enjoyed it. Oliver Strom, Margery's husband, is in the background.

a vision of what he may become and reveals the worth and permanency of moral and spiritual and cultural values."

—Garnet

"There he goes — with sun-dyed hair and duck-pond eyes, making a new path around and over the hill. Stepping on ant hills as he marches along, caring not one bit if he's gonna be late . . . Picking up rocks that look like gold; fingering a rabbit's foot, smelly and old . . . Plucking a wild berry from off the vine, kicking up dust, ruining the shine . . . Picking his teeth with a sweet gum brush, no one to scold him, no reason to rush . . . Remembering then sadly that summer is gone; of the winter that's coming — long — so long . . . Hearing the bell then, it peals loud and clear, 'School days, School days, School days are here!' "

I Am Education

I am Education. I bear the torch that enlightens the world, fires the imagination of man, and feeds the flames of genius. I give wings to dreams and might to brawn and brain.

From out the silent shadows of the past I come, wearing the scars of struggle and the stripes of soil, but bearing in triumph the wisdom of all the ages. Man, because of me, holds dominion over earth, air, and sea; it is for him I leash the lightening, plumb the deep, and shackle the waves of other.

I am the parent of progress, the creature of culture and the molder of destiny. Philosophy, science, and art are my handiworks. I banish ignorance, discourage vice, and disarm anarchy.

SNAPPY GAMES FOR SEPTEMBER

by
Virginia Thomas

Labor Day Quiz: (True-False Quiz. Allow ten points for each correct answer.)

1. Labor Day has been a legal holiday in the U.S. for less than 100 years. True (since 1894)

2. The United States is the only nation in the world that observes Labor Day. False

3. Labor Day is the first Monday after the first Tuesday in September. False (Always the first Monday)

4. The first big Labor Day parade was held in New York City. True

5. The six New England States were the first states to make Labor Day a state holiday before it was made a national holiday. False

6. Women had no part in the early labor organizations. False

7. Negroes were welcomed in the early labor organizations. True

8. The September date was chosen so the working people might have a holiday about halfway between Independence Day and Thanksgiving. True

9. Labor Day is a national holiday but not a religious one, although many churches recognize the day. True

10. The reason for Labor Day is so all workers get an extra day's pay. False

Fall House Cleaning the Closet: (Each item uses only the letters contained in the words "Clothes Closet" and no oftener than the letter appears in the words. Clues in left-hand column.)

1. Bed linen. Sheet
2. Woman's hat. Cloche
3. Garden implement. Hoe
4. Musical instrument. Cello
5. Yard goods. Cloth
6. Footgear. Shoe
7. Water conveyer. Hose
8. A Shakespearean play. Othello
9. Neckpiece. Stole
10. Small bed. Cot
11. Storage box. Chest
12. To be sat on. Stool
13. Golfer's equipment. Tee
14. Cartridge. Shell

(Continued on page 20)

Thus I have become freedom's citadel, the arm of democracy, the hope of youth, the pride of adolescence, the joy of age. Fortunate the nations and happy the homes that welcome me.

The school is my workshop. Here I stir ambitions, stimulate ideals, forge the keys that open the doors to opportunity, the master of human destiny. I am the source of inspiration, the aid of aspiration, for I am Irresistible Power.

Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

SURPRISE CUPCAKES

Filling

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
1 egg
1/3 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 cup caramel bits
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Combine all ingredients except the caramel bits and beat until smooth. Stir in the caramel bits and set aside.

Cake Batter

3 cups sifted flour
2 cups sugar
2 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
1/2 cup cocoa
2/3 cup salad oil
2 cups water
2 Tbls. vinegar
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift all the dry ingredients into a bowl. Add all the liquid ingredients and beat until smooth. Fill the cupcake pans 2/3 full and place a teaspoon of filling on top of each one. Bake about 25 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This recipe makes 30 cupcakes. —Dorothy

HEART ITALIENNE

2 lb. beef or veal heart
3 Tbls. lard or drippings
1/2 cup chopped onion
1 clove garlic, minced
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper
2 Tbls. chopped pimiento or green pepper
1 small can tomato paste
3 cups tomatoes
1 8-oz. pkg. spaghetti, cooked
1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Wash the heart thoroughly, remove the veins and hard parts and cut the heart into 1-inch cubes. Brown the meat, onion and garlic in the shortening. Add the salt, pepper, pimiento, tomato paste, and tomatoes and simmer two hours, or until the meat is tender and the mixture has thickened. Serve over the spaghetti and top with grated cheese.

RAISIN GRIDDLE COOKIES

3 1/2 cups sifted flour
1 cup sugar
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. soda
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 cup shortening
1 egg, beaten
1/2 cup milk
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 1/4 cups raisins

Sift dry ingredients together into a large bowl. Cut in shortening until it resembles corn meal. Beat egg and combine with milk and flavorings. Stir into mixture. Add raisins. Stir until all ingredients are moistened and dough holds together. Roll out on lightly floured breadboard. Cut with cookie cutter. Bake on a medium hot griddle which has been lightly greased. When brown on one side, turn and brown on other side.

These are delicious! The friend who sent in the recipe says she prefers them warm but my family enjoyed them just as much after they were cool. Plain lemon cookies may be made simply by omitting raisins.

The dough freezes well. Roll out and cut, then put a layer of foil between the cookies and wrap with foil or freezer paper. Let thaw 15 minutes, then bake on griddle as directed. An excellent emergency food! —Evelyn

FANCY SLICED TOMATOES

Start with a layer of sliced, unpeeled tomatoes. Add a layer of sliced onions and season with salt and pepper, a pinch of basil, 1/2 tsp. sugar and 1 tsp. each of vinegar and olive oil. Repeat layers and seasonings. Cucumbers can be added to the layers if desired. —Abigail

CRUNCHY CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 stewing chicken
1 cup chopped celery
1/2 cup chopped nuts
2 Tbls. diced onion
1 can condensed cream of chicken soup
3/4 cup mayonnaise
2 Tbls. lemon juice
3/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
Crushed potato chips

Cook the chicken until tender. Remove meat from bones and cut into pieces. Mix all the ingredients together except the potato chips and place in a greased casserole. Sprinkle the top with crushed potato chips. Bake uncovered in a 350-degree oven about 30 minutes. This casserole can be frozen either before or after baking. —Dorothy

PEACH AND BANANA FREEZE

1 1/4 cup fresh peaches or
1 17-oz. can sliced peaches, drained
1 cup bananas
1/2 can frozen lemonade concentrate
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
1 cup cream, whipped (or powdered whipped topping)

Mash peaches and bananas together. Combine with lemonade concentrate, sugar and flavoring. Whip cream or whipped topping and fold fruit mixture into it. Spoon into freezer trays. Freeze until nearly firm. Remove to mixing bowl and beat until smooth. Return to freezer until ready to serve. Spoon into sherbet dishes and garnish with slice of peach. —Evelyn

MABEL NAIR BROWN'S CHEESE BREAD

1/2 pkg. active dry yeast
1/4 cup warm water
3/4 cup milk
1/2 cup water
2 cups grated sharp cheese
1 Tbls. sugar
About 4 cups flour
1 tsp. salt
Melted butter or margarine

Combine yeast and warm water. Let stand 10 minutes. Scald milk with 1/2 cup water. Pour over cheese. Cool to lukewarm. Add sugar, 1 cup flour and yeast mixture. Beat until light and smooth. Let rise in warm place about 1 hour. Add salt and enough flour to make a moderately stiff dough. Knead on lightly floured board until smooth and satiny.

Let rise until double in bulk. Punch down and divide in two parts. Let dough rest 10 minutes. Shape into 2 loaves and place in 2 well-greased loaf pans. Brush top with melted butter or margarine. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake 10 minutes at 400 degrees. Reduce heat to 350 and bake 35 more minutes. Turn out on cake racks to cool.

RAISIN SAUCE

3/4 cup sugar
3 Tbls. cornstarch
1/3 cup vinegar
1 1/2 cups hot water
2 Tbls. butter
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup raisins that have been soaked for 15 minutes in hot water.
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Mix cornstarch and sugar. Cream with butter. Add hot water and simmer about 10 minutes. Add vinegar, salt, raisins and flavorings and boil about 4 minutes. Serve hot over baked ham.

BANANA-PEANUT BARS

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add the eggs and flavorings and beat until well blended. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with mashed banana, beating well after each addition. Fold in the nuts and pour into a greased and floured 13- x 9- x 2-inch pan. Bake 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Cool slightly and spread with peanut butter frosting while still warm.

Peanut Butter Frosting

- 2 Tbls. School Day peanut butter
 - 2 Tbls. cream
 - 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- Blend all ingredients together and spread on warm bars. —Dorothy

QUICK AND EASY CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
 - 1 can cream of chicken soup
 - 1-lb. pkg. frozen Tator Tots
- Press the ground beef into the bottom of an 8- by 8-inch pan. Spread the soup evenly over the top of the meat. Lay the Tator Tots on top and bake for 1 1/2 hours in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

LEFT-OVER DINNER

- 1 cup sliced celery
- 1/4 cup diced onion
- 1/4 cup butter, melted
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 beef bouillon cube
- 1 cup peas
- 1 cup diced carrots
- 2 cups cooked sliced potatoes
- 2 cups diced cooked meat (ham, chicken, turkey, roast beef or roast pork)
- 1/2 cup corn flake crumbs

Saute the celery and onion in 3 Tbls. of the butter. When tender stir in the flour, then add the milk, salt and bouillon cube. Cook and stir until the sauce thickens. Add the meat and vegetables. Pour into a buttered casserole. Stir the crumbs into the remaining melted butter and sprinkle over the top of the casserole. Bake 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

GRAPE JUICE SALAD

- 1 can frozen grape juice
 - 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
 - 2/3 cup sugar
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 4 Tbls. lemon juice
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 - 1 cup white cherries, drained
 - 1 cup diced celery
 - 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- Mix the can of frozen juice with three cans of cold water. Dissolve the gelatin in one cup of the juice. Add the sugar, salt, lemon juice and flavoring to the rest of the grape juice and heat. Add to the gelatin mixture. Let cool until it starts to thicken, then add the cherries, celery and nuts. Pour into a mold and chill. —Dorothy

HAM-TURKEY BAKE WITH YAM BISCUITS

- 2 cups diced cooked ham
- 2 cups diced cooked turkey
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 1 cup light cream
- 1/3 cup minced onion
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom pieces
- 1 recipe for yam biscuits

Put the diced ham and turkey in a large casserole. Make a cream sauce using the margarine, flour, salt, pepper, chicken broth, and cream. Cook until thick, then add the onion and mushroom pieces. Pour this over the ham and turkey and top the hot mixture with the following yam biscuits:

Yam Biscuits

- 1 cup cooked mashed yams
- 1/3 cup melted margarine
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine the yams, margarine and egg. Sift dry ingredients together and blend into the yam mixture. Drop by tablespoons around the edge of casserole. Bake in a 350-degree oven 45 minutes.

CHEESE-AND-BACON CORN BREAD

- 1 pkg. corn-muffin mix
- 1/2 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 6 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled
- 1 egg
- Milk, according to pkg. directions
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Empty the corn-muffin mix into a bowl and stir in the cheese and bacon. Add the egg and milk, according to the directions on the package of mix, and the butter flavoring. Pour into a greased 8-inch pan and bake about 25 minutes, or until done. —Margery

MOCHA FILLED COOKIES

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sifted flour

Cream together the margarine and sugar. Add the egg and flavorings. Sift together the dry ingredients and stir in. Chill the dough for one hour, then roll on a lightly floured board or pastry cloth. Cut into 3 1/2-inch rounds and put on a cookie sheet. Place a spoonful of mocha filling in the center (recipe below). Fold the dough over the filling; pierce the top with fork tines and seal the edges with floured fork. Bake about 12 minutes in a 400-degree oven.

Mocha Filling

- 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. melted margarine
- 1 oz. unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 2 tsp. instant coffee

WASHDAY OVEN CASSEROLE

- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 1/2 lbs. hamburger
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can chicken noodle soup
- 1 can vegetable soup
- 1 can chow mein noodles

Put the celery and hamburger into a skillet and let it simmer until the hamburger is cooked and the celery is almost tender. Drain off all fat. Blend together the three cans of soup, then stir in the hamburger, celery, and half of the can of noodles. Pour into a large casserole and sprinkle the other half can of noodles over the top. Bake 35 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Do not add any salt because the noodles make it salty enough. —Dorothy

INEXPENSIVE CHOCOLATE SAUCE

- 2 Tbls. cocoa
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water (or milk)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine ingredients. Bring to a good rolling boil. Remove from fire. Serve hot over ice cream. May be stored in the refrigerator in a covered jar. Excellent cold as well as hot and may be used on cake for a topping also.

DARK BITTER-CHOCOLATE CAKE*(Very Special!)*

5 oz. bitter chocolate, cubed
 1/2 cup milk
 1 cup sugar
 1 egg yolk
 1/2 cup butter
 1 cup light brown sugar
 2 egg yolks
 2 cups cake flour
 1 tsp. baking soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 cup water
 1/2 cup milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring

3 egg whites

In a saucepan, combine the bitter chocolate and 1/2 cup of milk. Stir over low heat until the chocolate is melted and mixture is smooth. Stir in the sugar and 1 egg yolk. Cook, stirring constantly, for 3 minutes, or until custard is thick and smooth. Cool.

Preheat the oven to 375 degrees. Cream the butter until soft. Gradually add the brown sugar and cream together until mixture is light and smooth. Beat in 2 egg yolks, one at a time. Sift and measure the cake flour. Resift with the baking soda and salt. Add to butter mixture in parts, alter-

nating with the water which has been mixed with the 1/2 cup milk and vanilla. Stir this into the cooled custard. Beat the egg whites until stiff, but not dry, and fold into the cake batter. Bake in 2 9-inch layer pans for about 25 to 30 minutes, or until layers test done. Turn out onto racks to cool, then put together with the following icing:

French Coffee Icing

1 cup butter
 1/4 tsp. salt
 2 Tbls. instant coffee
 4 Tbls. boiling water
 2 1/2 cups unsifted powdered sugar
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
 flavoring

Beat the butter until soft. Beat in the salt and instant coffee which have been dissolved in the boiling water. Gradually beat in the powdered sugar and add the burnt sugar flavoring. Let stand for 5 minutes, then beat again and frost cake between layers, sides and top.

—Mary Beth

MARINADE FOR STEAK

2 Tbls. soy sauce
 2 Tbls. water
 2 Tbls. onion, grated
 2 Tbls. salad oil
 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
 1 Tbls. vinegar
 1 tsp. ground ginger
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie
 sweetener
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper

Combine ingredients in a shallow pan. Cut steak into serving pieces and place in marinade sauce. Cover and refrigerate for several hours or overnight. Turn meat occasionally to coat all sides well. Lift meat out of sauce and cook in a small amount of shortening in a heavy skillet until tender, turning several times.

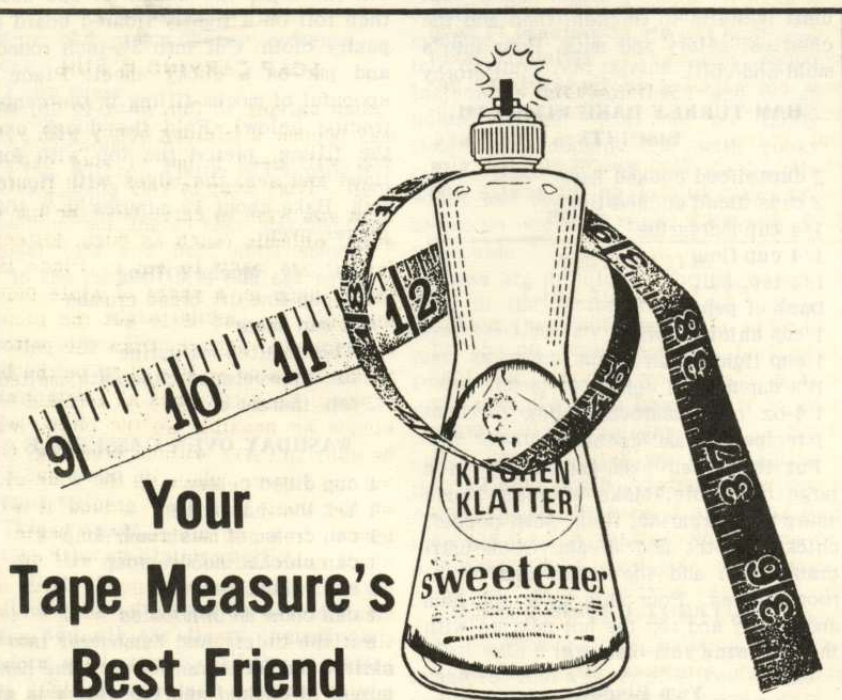
This is an excellent way to prepare steak for broiling or cooking on a grill.

LEMON-NUTMEG CARROTS

12 medium-sized carrots
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
 flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 Salt to taste
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie
 sweetener
 1/2 cup water

Peel carrots. Slice or quarter. Combine all ingredients in saucepan. Simmer, covered, until carrots are tender. Turn two or three times to keep from sticking. Add more water if necessary to keep from getting too dry. Makes 6 to 8 servings of a delicious-flavored carrot.

—Evelyn



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AWAY WITH WEIGHT

by
Sylvia Brandt

This is not a testimonial letter. It is a report of victory in the battle of the bulge. I love to cook and eat, and of course my favorite dishes were the well-seasoned, calorie-laden foods so unkind to a gal's figure, and, more important, to her health. I eyed the slim fashions with envy, and told myself they were not for me.

Then when my health began to fail, my doctor gave me an ultimatum. I must get rid of the excess weight "or else". I had tried crash diets, citrus diets, and exhausting exercises (which only increased my appetite) some times for as long as two days. But when I got on the scales they showed no reduction in weight. In disgust I would go back to tasting, snacking, and convincing myself it was hereditary and that some people were just naturally heavy. I did not want that "or else", however, so I determined this time to make it work. I went on a diet.

The doctor told me the only reason people with normal glands are too heavy is that they consume more calories than the body requires. He allowed me 1200 calories per day, and gave me a bit of advice: Stay off the scales for one month and stick to it religiously. He handed me a calorie counter and put me on my honor.

I starved for four weeks, but couldn't afford the luxury of self pity. So when my appetite overwhelmed me I threw myself into neglected tasks — answered overdue mail, caught up on mending, even took a course in decorative art. (An occupied mind is good for the stomach.)

I made a list of my favorite foods and was horrified to learn my sweet snacks had added up to more calories than I was allowed for the whole day. So when I prepared the family meals I dished up my portions and seasoned the vegetables with Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring, thus avoiding the calories of butter and cream. For pastries I substituted fruit and added a little Kitchen-Klatter sweetener. I could not sacrifice vitamins, so before going to work I had a hot cereal, also with sweetener and skimmed milk. My salads consisted of greens, celery seed, vinegar, and sweetener. When I felt I just had to have a sweet I prepared a biscuit dough, cut it into strips, and sprinkled the tops with sweetener and cinnamon, and baked a "long john" as tasty as the regular pastry with only a third of the calories. It was fun inventing low-cal dishes, and I soon found my enormous appetite had vanished.

When I went for my check-up after

thirty days I had lost eleven pounds. I gave myself a mental pat on the back and went home with a proud determination to stick with it. It has taken time and self discipline, but was well worth the effort. I have shed 68 pounds in one year and have gone from a size 22½ to a neat 10. I accomplish more with less effort and have a renewed interest in my personal appearance. (Who cares about make-up or hair-dos when one must wear a tent?) I romp with my grandchildren without puffing like a steam engine.

My friends ask, "How did you do it?" The formula is simple. Admit you are overweight, get your doctor's advice, and heed it. Voice a firm, "No, thank you", when you are encouraged to have seconds. You may be surprised to learn you are creative in the culinary department, and you can live longer without whipped cream. When you have reached your ideal weight you will vow never again to step on the scales and find "too much in the weigh".

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT SALT

In spite of the fact that every normal individual requires eight pounds of salt in his system annually, and that tons of it are used daily all over the world in manufacturing and food preservation, we can relax! There will never be a shortage. 80x20 mile Great Salt Lake is six times saltier than the ocean. Landlocked, it has always received more salt from its tributaries. In one Polish district a mine that has been in use for several hundred years is still yielding such quantities of salt that sculptors have carved a "town square" from its crystal walls. The buildings surrounding the square are large enough for an average person to enter. In Bogata, Columbia, an underground cathedral so functional that Mass is celebrated in it weekly, has been carved from salt. Spain and Russia have great hills of salt. Another source is an Australian shrub with a high saline content. A volcano in Japan erupts brine, and there are

salt marshes in some parts of the Sahara Desert.

The Dead Sea, salty in Biblical times, contains over 10 million tons of the precious element today, with the Jordan River adding more than 800,000 tons to it yearly. It has been estimated that the amount of salt we could get from all the oceans and lakes and underground mines in the world would cover the entire earth with a blanket 100 feet deep.

—Marjorie Spiller Neagle



SOAP CARVING IS FUN

Soap carving is fun, easy to do, and may become a lifelong hobby with you. You will need a bar of pure castile soap — Ivory soap is very good. Decide what you wish to carve from the bar of soap. Animals (such as dogs, kittens, lambs) are easy to carve. Place the bar of soap on a sheet of white paper and trace around it to get the proper size for your pattern. Draw the pattern within the area so it will fit on the bar of soap. Keep the lines as straight and simple as possible so the object will be easy to carve without breaking. Cut out the pattern, place on the wide side of the soap and draw around it with pencil. Now you are ready to begin. A small knife, a paring knife will do, is the only thing you will need. Carve off small pieces of the bar of soap around the pattern. Carve only very small pieces at a time. Work very slowly around the ears, between the legs and other places where the soap is likely to break easily. Keep carving and shaping the object until you have a life-like form. After the figure is carved, you may leave it as is, give it a coat of clear shellac, or enamel it with a quick drying enamel. Tie a bright ribbon around the neck of the animal to make it even more attractive!

—Mildred Grenier

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MODERN VOYAGEURS

by
Evelyn Birkby

One of the most exciting places to find outdoor adventure in and near the United States is in the wilderness along the Minnesota and Canadian border. Here the two countries have set aside a part of the original area of trees and forests, of lakes and streams, to form the Superior National Forest and the Quetico Provincial Park. Millions of acres and uncounted wilderness waterways are included in this territory. At the present time a move is being made to make this area an international park, preserved, hopefully, in its unspoiled primitive form.

Some 70 miles west of Lake Superior is Ely, Minnesota. Here reside numbers of outfitters who, for a price, will provide even the greenest of woodsmen with all the necessary equipment, food, maps and a guide to make a trip into the wilds. On Moose Lake, just three miles from the Canadian border, is a unique "outfitter". For over forty years the Boy Scouts of America have maintained the Carles L. Sommers Region Ten Canoe Base. Each year hundreds of Scouts arrive at this base to become modern voyageurs, ready to begin the rugged adventure of testing their knowledge and strength against the elements.

Nine Mid-America Council Scouts from Iowa (eight from Sidney and one, Roger Main, from Mount Ayr) and their Scoutmaster, Robert Birkby, made up one of the crews this past June. The round trip from Sidney to Moose Lake was over 1200 miles. The group traveled in a small school bus, camping along the way and seeing places of interest in Iowa and Minnesota.

Arriving at the canoe base, the boys went into intensive training with the two leaders assigned to them. Their guide was Ken Whitson of Texas and their guide-in-training (called a "Swamper") was Vern Born of Owatona, Minnesota. (Vern's mother, Mrs. Ben Born, is a long time listener to Kitchen-Klatter and reader of the magazine.)

The first afternoon was spent in training. The boys took swimming tests, practiced drills which involved swamping a canoe, recovering gear, paddling back to shore in the water-filled craft, and learning techniques needed for life in the wilderness. All the tests and instructions were carried out wearing heavy hiking boots. "If you get dumped into a lake you won't have time to stop, untie your boots and pull them off!" Ken explained.

By the time the crew had laid out the route, packed the clothes in big "Duluth" packs, and the food stuffed into



Far in the Canadian wilderness, Scouts Bob Birkby, Jeff Birkby and Morgan West confer with "Swamper" Vern Born (holding the map) to decide just exactly where they are.

food packs, it was time for bed. The following morning three Scouts climbed into each of four canoes and headed north. Paddling was awkward at first, portaging ragged and inefficient, until experience improved the techniques. Gradually the boys gained confidence, the beauty of the surroundings, the relaxing of pressures and stresses of daily life, and the hypnotic sound of the dip, lift, dip, lift, dip of the paddles began to enrich their spirits.

The farther the boys went into the wilderness the fewer people they saw. They moved through Canadian customs, through waterways of lakes and streams and over portages. Lakes with interesting names such as Cairn, Kahshahpiwi, Kawnipi, Chatterton, Shelly and Heronshaw were traversed. The farthest point north for these modern voyageurs was Russell Lake.

Funny incidents occurred. Larry Schaaf was pushing the canoe through a stream and suddenly found himself standing in a hole with water up to his armpits. Bob Birkby was lifting, trying to flip the canoe up over his head to carry it on the first portage when he fell over backwards, not once but twice! The fact that he had an audience did not help his frame of mind. He finally mastered the technique when he was far out in the wilderness away from all spectators. Jeff Birkby was washing a big cooking pot one evening when it slipped out of his hands and disappeared into the lake. His brother Bob had to go into nine feet of water to recover it. Rushing into a lake while fully clothed to chase baby fish or pick up a choice rock became one of the games of the trip. Since the Scouts frequently waded through streams, rapids and beaver dams, striding into a lake

just for fun added little to the dampness of their gear.

Of course problems arose. Niel Hills lost his glasses on a portage and surprisingly, the next crew to go across found them and turned them in when they arrived back at the Scout base. Black flies and mosquitoes were especially bothersome the week the Sidney boys were on their trip. Near Cairn Lake one canoe swamped as it shot down a rapids and hit a whirlpool. Here the training the boys had received the first day proved its value. Jim Crawford, Kent Claiborne and the guide, Ken Whiston, were tossed into the water. Each grabbed his assigned gear, clung to the side of the canoe and got safely into shore. It proved to be one more exciting moment to tell about when they arrived home.

The food was excellent. A reflector oven provided the means of preparing fine variations in the menu. Bread, biscuits, cornbread, cakes, fruit crisps and pizza were prepared. Chief cook, Morgan West, even made doughnuts one evening, much to the delight of the always-hungry Scouts. Wilderness foods prepared were boiled deer moss, sliced and fried roots of water lilies, and a salad made from the tender green stems of cattails. Fishing was a disappointment and only one large northern pike was caught and cooked. The last night out the menu consisted of "Trail Stew" which was everything left in the food packs. Jeff Crawford stated flatly, "It wasn't really very good but it did fill us up."

When the crew arrived back at the Sommers Canoe Base, the boys were royally welcomed and put into a suana bath. Since some of them had literally

(Continued on page 20)

A WHITTLER RECORDS PAST IN WOOD

by
Hallie M. Barrow

Not all men are just wasting time when they whittle. Aage Jorgensen of Stewartsville, Mo., uses pioneer models for the pictures he whittles out: oxen pull a weighty load of wood, a woman churning, stage coaches, farm wagons, etc. In the six years since his retirement, he has whittled some twenty-five objects, using only his pen knife and a coping saw. He prefers using white pine.

They are complete to the smallest detail. In the wagonload of logs, pulled by two oxen, there is a brake on the wagon which really works. One of the men carries a lantern, three dogs run along the side of the wagon, a water jug and a tiny axe are stuck in one of the logs. Although his characters are small, they have expressions on their faces.

One of the most amusing is four women playing cards. Four strings, connected to their hands, go down through the table and fasten to a bird underneath. When you pull this bird, the women start playing cards furiously.

Some of his works are patterned after moveable toys he saw on a train in 1913 in New York. He was 18 years old at that time and had just come from Denmark and was on his way to his first American home at Barnard, Mo. These toys intrigued his fancy but he did not have a chance to try making some until his retirement. "You can make things look more real with carving, but I definitely like whittling the best. Whittled objects are supposed to be rather rough and imperfect."

The small farm wagons he makes sell for \$25 each, but he is not much interested in selling. It definitely isn't a hobby pursued to make money. It takes too long! But Aage works on his objects as if each were a masterpiece. He enjoys showing them to his friends.

The next American masterpiece may come from the present generation of retired men. They have given the word "hobby" a new importance and introduced many original pieces from their workshops. They have introduced new hobbies, rejuvenated old ones, turned some of them into a regular business and given work and problems to many men who were bored with idleness.

BRIGHT ORCHESTRA

Do you know that sounds have color?
It is true —

Baby-talk is pink, bird-song blue,
Bands play rainbows over town,
Kitchens clatter golden brown.

—Dagney Tinkey



This is one of the many wood "pictures" whittled by Mr. Aage Jorgensen.

Does your family
raid the refrigerator?
Yes, it's a big job
keeping up with
hearty appetites.



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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.



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

John Greenleaf Whittier's poem "In School Days" with its familiar lines "Still sits the schoolhouse by the road, a ragged beggar sunning," is no longer appropriate for Willow School, Norway #6 rural school, Humboldt County, Iowa. It has been restored and stands proudly in place on the Mill Farm near the Humboldt County Historical Museum by Dakota City.

Typical of the rural schools that dotted the prairies, Willow School was built in 1883. Classes were held in the home of Mr. Ole Biondahl until the schoolhouse was built. An interesting diary kept by Mr. Biondahl provides a background account:

"March 30, 1883 — Went to Thor on the train because it stopped for the schoolmarm and on handcar home. Last day of school in my home.

May 10 — Went to Thor with some Eggs and got the School House contract.

June 1 — Hauling Lumber for school house. Pa & Isaak along."

The school was completed in December and at the end of the term, twenty-nine pupils were enrolled. The oldest pupil was twenty-four years of age; the youngest, five years. There were 79 rural schools in Humboldt County in 1883; the last rural schools were closed in 1959. Buildings and furnishings were sold and children transported by bus to larger schools.



September, school bells, and restored Willow School — nostalgia!

On walking into the entry of Willow School, one almost expects to see Laura Ingalls and her sister Mary (of the *Little House* books). Crisp calico sunbonnets hang on the wall hooks and dinner pails of various shapes add to the old-fashioned look. To enter the main room, eighteen feet by thirty feet, gives one such a sense of a particular stage in history and a glowing satisfaction of a restoration project well done. Do you hear the little ones reciting their ABC's? Or the sixth grade class reciting from memory Rudyard Kipling's "If you can keep your head when all about you, Are losing theirs and blaming it on you . . ." Or the third graders reading about Columbus and his three ships, the Santa Maria, the Nina, and the Pinta? Or the teacher pumping the walnut organ as children sing their praises of "America, America, God shed His grace on thee . . ."

With coal scuttle and cob bucket

nearby, the "pot belly" stove, with its clean, satin-black finish, graces the center of the room, rich with memories of warming ice-cold toes and fingers. Double desks, beautifully refinished, still show the carvings of "Frank" and others. In front of the stove is the recitation bench and the teacher's desk and chair. The person using the desk and chair was responsible for the education and discipline of many youngsters.

The original blackboard is preserved. Webster's dictionary has its own stand, pictures of Washington and Lincoln are appropriately hanging, the library shelves are full of interesting books, and a display case at the back of the room is filled with rural school memorabilia.

So much has been done by many to complete this project. A Webster City man donated the school to the historical association; he attended the school as a boy. A beautiful pump organ was given in memory of an early-day teacher. An Eagle Grove lady gave the bell-fry bell in memory of her brother. Other memorial gifts are still to be used. Pride is felt as I say thanks to the Willow School Restoration Committee: Mrs. Anna Carlson (my mother), Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kirchhoff, (my brother-in-law and sister), Miss Frances Messer, former county superintendent of schools, and Mr. Ole Fjetland. Whether it's the sewing of dainty curtains for the windows, refinishing the double desks, cataloging books, building shelves, donating cement blocks for the foundation, making trips to secure the teacher's desk, or painting the interior, we are grateful to the committee. Willow School will bring fond memories to guests.



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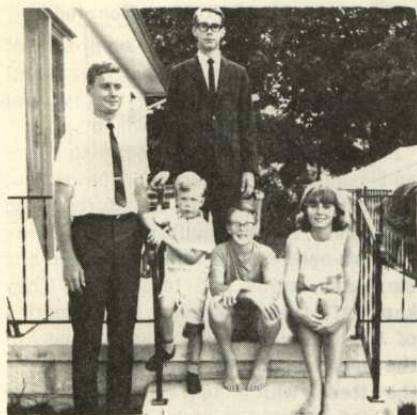
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The Ropes' five grandchildren were present for the anniversary party. John, Paul and Mark (standing), Tom and Gene Ann are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Rope of California. John was on leave from the navy.

A CHANGE IN GAIT

by
Marie Mitchell

As I ticked off the ingredients for a cake-baking session one day, a frustrating discovery confronted me. I was out of sugar, and a trip to the grocery store nearby was in order. It was but a short distance, about half a mile.

As I started out to walk, taking my four-year-old son with me, a pleasant nip permeated the air neath a sunny sky. How typical of early autumn, I thought.

Soon a small black dog leaped out of a driveway, barking in mock fury. But he changed his opinion of us and followed, wagging his tail. Brad bent down to stroke his soft black fur.

Presently he called my attention to a frisky squirrel chasing his playmate up a sturdy tree trunk. When the squirrels disappeared from view, we resumed our trek.

In a few minutes, the child asked whether we could take a closer look at some autumn flowers we were passing. We paused to admire a beautiful border. Their flawless faces provoked appreciation from passersby.

When Brad cried "somebody's baking something good", I agreed, for at that moment a tantalizing odor of freshly baked bread wafted through to my nostrils, resulting in an on-the-spot promise to embark upon a bread-baking spree in the not too distant future.

When we encountered an irresistible tourist attraction in the guise of a small boy proudly constructing a toy, we stopped to admire his handiwork.

Upon leaving him, Brad exclaimed excitedly: "Look up there, way up there, on the hill." Three woolly sheep were silhouetted sharply against the brightness of the sky.

After reaching our destination and re-

plenishing our exhausted sugar supply, we were homeward bound. Again, our trail was punctuated by boyish discoveries. Butterflies and birds, creatures and rocks, all claimed their share of attention.

Upon my return to the kitchen, as I sifted and blended for the cake-baking process, thoughts of our pleasant sojourn drifted through my mind. On previous jaunts, I hadn't discovered anything of much interest as I hurried along. Could awareness be drowned in a sea of rush and flurry, I wondered? Suddenly the truth dawned, and I realized that a walk at a wonder-impelled four-year-old's gait can be rewarding.

Although I can never return to the wondrous world of childhood, I can catch occasional glimpses of that world through a change in gait.

EXCHANGE

Put your little hand in mine
And let me show you now
That miracle — arithmetic —
The when, the why, the how.

Let me introduce to you
The mystery of words,
The A.B.C.'s of history,
Geography and verbs.

Now, take my tired hand in yours
And lead me back once more,
Where small things are tall things,
Viewed from the kitchen floor.

Where tears can tinkle into laughs
For no apparent reason.
Take me back for just one breath.
Of childhood's happy season! —Leta Fulmer



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Our cousins Gene and Merrill Rope and their wives George Ann and Dorothy came from California to attend their parents' 50th wedding anniversary. Long-time readers will remember pictures taken on previous visits with Aunt Adelyn & Uncle Albert.

TRANSITION

He's a big dog now. His business
Takes him up the slope to where
The raindrops make a pond. Where rabbits

Hide in underbrush and squirrels circle
Sidewise around the limbs of thorny hedge.

He's hypnotized by bulging eyes of
Bullfrogs peering watchfully about the
Water's edge. Of ducks who dive and preem

And sail. And in the bush — the quail,
Near-camouflaged by Nature's latticed hand.

He searches clumps of upturned clay
for

Wildly running striped gopher or
Stub-tailed field mouse scurrying for home.

And all the time, he's watchdog too,
his ears

Alert for any sound of foreigners who
might

Invade his boundaries.

Throughout the day, his schedule is
filled

With all important chores. He has no
time for

Human touch, for adolescent fun and
games. It's

Only when the darkness creeps and
other eyes are

Closed in sleep, that he deserts his
dignity.

His cold nose touches on my hand, his
dark eyes plead

For tenderness. Once more he cuddles
on my lap,

Long legs and flouncing tail extending
to the floor.

And in the quiet of the night, all
thought of

Independence gone, he's just a little
pup once more! —Leta Fulmer

MODERN VOYAGEURS — Concluded

worn the same clothes the nine days of the trip, this was a needed cleansing! Following the bath, a full turkey meal was served the hungry crewmen.

It was difficult for the boys to leave and head back for Iowa. The peace, quiet and beauty of the forest and waterways seemed doubly attractive as they re-entered the land of people and cars and radios and television. They kept with them, however, the memories of the tall pines and beaver dams, of the deer trails and vee-shaped dips in the trees which indicated a portage trail, of orange and pink sunsets across placid water, of the sounds of the woods and the companionship of fellow travelers.

But the boys brought far more back with them than just memories. They returned with a new knowledge of their own strength and ability and a joy in knowing that they had met and overcome hardship. They came back far stronger physically and spiritually than when they left.

SEPTEMBER GAMES — Concluded

Spoon the Peanut Relay: Choose sides. Each player holds a teaspoon in his mouth. The leader of each team places a shelled peanut on his teaspoon. At the starting signal each leader passes his peanut into the teaspoon of the person next in line. The peanut must pass down the line and then back again to the leader. No hands may be used. If the peanut falls to the floor, the player passing it may push it with his spoon onto the spoon of the next in line.

Numbers Game: A large number is pinned on each guest. The leader has a paper punch. The leader then stands and calls one large number at a time, and the players must get together in groups so that their numbers total the number called. The leader punches the number card of each player of the first group to present themselves with correct total. A prize may be awarded the player with the most punches at the end of the game.

ABC Test: What letter of the alphabet is —

1. A vegetable? P
2. An insect? B
3. A clue? Q
4. A sheep? U
5. Part of a house? L
6. A large body of water? C
7. A bird? J
8. A driving direction? G
9. A beverage? T
10. To have a debt? O

There is no substitute for a close friend.

The best sign of friendship is a smile.

SEPTEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded

The least important word is: I.

5. **LOOK AFTER THE BRAKES** (Hold up a brake pedal): No matter how smoothly the automobile runs, there is a time when the brakes must be applied to slow down for a curve, to come to a halt, or to avoid a disaster. We must have good brakes when needed, and, if we brake suddenly, we must be prepared. The best laid plans of mice and clubs go astray. Someone puts on the brakes. When something upsets the apple cart I like to remember the advice of Hannah, the maid in Lloyd Douglas' book *White Banners*. "When there is spilt milk," said Hannah, "it never pays to argue very long whether the person who dropped the pan was to blame, or the person who bumped the elbow. The only thing worth doing is to mop up the mess. And always it's the strong one that has to do it."

Sometimes it is important to put on the brakes. STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! Are we still on the right track? Do our aims still come through loud and clear, or do we need to make a fresh start — refuel our courage? Can we admit a mistake if that be the case?

The easy roads are crowded

And 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 step that takes the courage,

And the task that's hard to do,
In the end results in glory

For the never-wavering few!

—Anonymous

6. **STUDY A GOOD ROAD MAP** (Hold up a road map): Note that we said a good road map. This means an up-to-date one that lists the latest highway information as well as extra information on interesting places to visit and helpful guides for the traveler. The trouble is too many of us carry along an outdated road map — old prejudices, old hatreds, outdated facts. Let's get a new map and junk the old one. Why do we allow our lives to become so cluttered with the junk?

Junk something every day. Junk your worries; junk your fears; junk your jealousies, envies, and hatreds. Whatever interferes with your getting up and getting on with the task you have undertaken in the world — junk it.

Every night before you go to sleep put in the junk heap your disappointments, your grudges, your spiteful feelings, your malice, your intolerance. Junk everything that is hindering you from being the strong, fine person you want to be.

The trouble with most of us is that we don't throw away the old road map

when we get the new one. Instead we drag all our outdated handicaps around with us, and allow them to detour us in the wrong direction and eat up most of our energy and vitality. Let's be sure we have a good road map and then study it often to be sure we are still on the right road.

And when you reach the mountain top, wigwag courage to the fellow in the foothills!

Leader:

Dream not too much of what you'll do tomorrow,

How well you'll work perhaps another year;

Tomorrow's chance you do not need to borrow —

Today is here.

Boast not too much of mountains you will master,

The while you linger in the vale below;
To dream is well, but plodding brings us faster

To where we go.

Talk not too much about some new endeavor

You mean to make a little later on;
Who idles now will idle on forever
Till life is done.

Swear not someday to break some habit's fetter.

When this old year is dead and passed away;

If you have need of living wiser, better,
BEGIN TODAY!

—Selected



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Jed's mother, Mrs. J. E. Lowey, is as excited over this first grandchild as Lucile, and holds James so you can see him better.

JULIANA'S LETTER - Concluded

have Mother get acquainted with her little grandson. As you know, Mother has had the misfortune to spend the last few months in the hospital. As the result, she hasn't been able to spend more than a few minutes with James. At last she will be able to really get to know him and cuddle him to her heart's desire. This is the prerogative of all grandparents and she will finally get a chance to exercise it. We are also looking forward to seeing aunts, uncles and my grandmother. Like all proud parents, we delight in showing off our little one.

There must be a million things to tell about babies - how they laugh, when they smile, their cooing and gurgling, and about everything else in their range of activities. Right now this is what my world is centered around. It is the most fulfilling and satisfying activity I can imagine. Jed and I are very happy parents of a very beautiful baby. We feel extremely fortunate.

Sincerely,

Juliana

LUCILE'S LETTER - Continued

afternoon I was genuinely touched to have two of them arrive with a bouquet of roses that they had picked in the garden at home and brought to me. I don't believe that any young girls who worked as Candy Strippers would be likely to give their parents any acute anxiety and alarm.

What it all comes down to is the fact that this volunteer time made a great deal of difference to the welfare of the patients. All of our nurses were hard pressed to get the urgent things done and they most certainly didn't have time to fool around watering plants, changing water on cut flowers, bringing around something to drink twice a day and all of these time-consuming things that patients appreciate so much.

I left Saint Vincent just five days before the hospital auxiliary had their annual fair, a great event in Santa Fe that is one of the high lights of the entire year. I heard so much about it in advance that I was sorry to miss out on it. This is the only money-making activity they have, their annual fair, and it is supported with great enthusiasm by Santa Fe residents.

Well, I'm back in Shenandoah now and my thoughts turn to the reality of daily life around here. To take note of the fact that our family was reassembled once more we had a wonderful turkey dinner at Margery's and Oliver's home. There were ten of us at the table and it seemed so comforting to be together again. In addition to the roast turkey we had good old mashed potatoes and giblet gravy, hot rolls and jelly, relishes of all kinds, sliced tomatoes, a delicious gelatin salad, and for dessert some pound cake and ice cream. We felt grateful that we'd weathered so many storms and were together again.

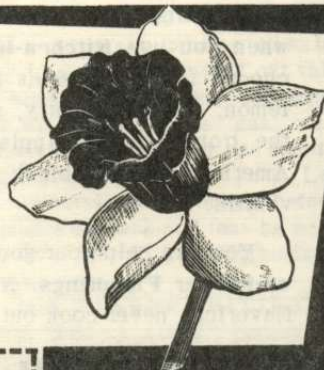
I will be in a wheelchair indefinitely because with all of my complications I cannot get around on crutches at this time. At least I can get to the microphone without leaving the house and this means a great deal to me. I didn't dream when we remodeled our house and built a soundproof room for broadcasting purposes that I would spend such sieges with a wheelchair and that it meant a great deal to be able to function without getting out. Five years ago when I broke my hip I spent ten months in a wheelchair and I suppose it will be about that long again before I'm back on my feet.

One wonderful thing about my stay at Saint Vincent was getting a chance to see Abigail and Alison when they came down from Denver, and then many calls at the hospital during the week that Mary Beth, her mother, Don-

(Continued on page 23)

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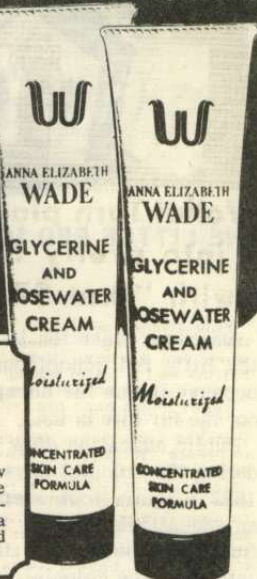
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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

ald and the three children spent at my place. They had a once-in-a-lifetime trip and I'm sure Mary Beth will be telling you about it in her future letters.

This must be almost the right amount of space that Margery said had been reserved for my letter to you, so at the moment I should say goodbye — until next month.

God bless each and everyone of you who were concerned about my welfare. You'll never know how much your cards and letters meant to me.

Always affectionately,

Lucile



THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

by
Marjorie Fuller

American education is symbolized by the little red schoolhouse, painted so because it was the cheapest available, not the favorite color.

Public education drew early attention during the colonial days. From 1619 to 1622 Virginia took steps to establish an educational system, but Indian wars frustrated plans not to be resumed until after the colonial period.

The Dutch in New York established a system patterned after their native Holland. The British occupation forced closure and no further attempt was made until after the Revolution.

Boston opened a common school in 1635. A Massachusetts legislative act in 1642 gave power to the selectmen of each town to supervise education of the children. The first of its kind in the world, the act required every town of fifty householders to establish a school, supporting the teacher by public tax or by the parents, as decided by the town committee. In 1647 the General Court enacted a law for the foundation of the educational system of Massachusetts which later became the basis for the United States system as well.

All New England colonies soon adopted the Massachusetts plan, though little progress was made elsewhere during the colonial period. Not until the nineteenth century was the first school established under state control.

Schools of a sort have existed since the beginning of civilization but were first fashioned for the privileged and those preparing for a religious life. The word *school* is derived from the Latin, and later Greek, meaning a pausing or resting, as the ancient Greeks spent most of their leisure in philosophical discussion.

Public education today, though grown far beyond the vision of the original planners, still maintains a certain nostalgia for the little one-room schoolhouse painted red.

There is much that is unpleasant . . . Forget.

There is so much more that is beautiful . . . Remember.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN

Some English school children were asked "What are the loveliest things you know, people not counted."

Here are some of their answers:

The scrunch of dry leaves when you walk through them.

The feel of clean clothes

Rain on your cheeks

The moon in clouds

Red velvet

Climbing up hill and looking down

The feel of running

A hot water bottle in bed

Cool wind on a hot day

The taste of strawberries

A mounted policeman's horse

The smell of rain

Our dog's eyes

Smoke rising

A builder's crane lifting something heavy

An organ playing

What might our replies be if we were asked the same question? Have sophistication and boredom and the mere getting used to beauty dulled our senses and our emotions? It might be interesting to discover what would happen to our spirits if we would stop and observe our commonplace world through the unclouded eyes of childhood. It's worth trying!

—Marjorie Spiller Neagle



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Why put all that effort into getting the dirt out, then double the work by wiping and rinsing to get rid of froth, suds and scum?

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner halves the work by leaving no suds (and no dirt, either!). It makes hard water behave like rain water, and whether it's after stains, spots or grease, it makes everything sparkle with just one wipe.

Use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** from front porch to basement steps: wherever a fast, hard-working cleaning solution is needed. No need to worry about your hands, either: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is as easy on them as it is hard on dirt.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!"