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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

For quite a few days now I've been trying to decide if this really is the most beautiful spring we've ever had in southwestern Iowa, or if it just seems so because we had such a long and miserable winter.

Somehow I just cannot recall that ever before have we had such spectacular flowering trees. All over town the pink magnolias were beautiful beyond description. I'm sure that never before did my two magnolias bloom more densely. And the Hopa crabs were equally brilliant. All in all, Iowa is certainly very lovely in May.

Mother celebrated the arrival of spring by going up to Frank's and Dorothy's farm for a week's visit. She always enjoys being there, and when Dad was with us his very favorite place to be was at Frank's and Dorothy's place.

When Mother returned we celebrated our May birthdays by having a lovely dinner. Ruby planned and prepared the entire meal and it was absolutely delicious. They had just butchered at the farm so we had a big pork roast and with it tiny new potatoes buttered and parsley sprinkled on them, fresh asparagus, pickled beets, assorted relishes, hot homemade rolls, sliced tomatoes, and for dessert an elegant cake that Dorothy had brought and some ice cream. All in all, it was certainly a very good dinner and we appreciated the work that Ruby went to in preparing it and serving it.

After we had eaten we sat on the porch and visited until night had fallen. We all said we couldn't remember a more balmy and lovely evening. I miss not having a front porch and have often wished I could figure out some way to build one, but the lines of this house just don't seem to permit anything at the front. When I want to sit on the porch I have to go up and visit Mother.

Anita has been doing some sewing recently and as a result I have a new housecoat. She made one exactly like

it for herself, but we're both a little disappointed with the material. It's a lovely shade of soft green but the fabric is the permanent-pressed type and it seems rather stiff and bulky. We thought a couple of trips through the washing machine would soften it, but it didn't seem to affect it at all. Sometimes I have a hankering for good old-fashioned cotton that hasn't been treated in any way. These new fabrics surely cut down on the ironing, but they have their disadvantages.

Last month I was so involved with explaining all of my housing changes that I didn't include something that I'd intended to mention. Anita's only son came back safely from Vietnam shortly before Christmas, and then in early January was assigned to the Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland. Imagine her astonishment to have him turn up at our place north of Santa Fe... she had no idea he was anywhere but in Maryland. Business brought him to Albuquerque so he rented a car to drive up to Santa Fe. We said that he came in the last nick of time for the very next day we began packing and things were all torn up.

Before long Anita and I will be going out to Albuquerque and in one way I rather dread this trip because we're going to have the ordeal of getting settled in our new house. Juliana and Jed supervised unloading the big van that brought all of my stuff from Santa Fe, but of course we have to decide where things will go and all of the rest. When I think of how many boxes were packed it makes my mind reel — where in the world will we ever find a place for everything in the new house? I used to say I could never move out of any place because of all the stuff that had piled up through the years, but of course this was a gross exaggeration since I actually did move out of a house. But my! it's going to be a big job to get settled.

I didn't have to buy a single piece of furniture for which I'm thankful, but there will have to be new drapes and

curtains throughout the entire house. I think we'll get the drapes made professionally as soon as we can select the material, but the curtains will be simple to whip up for the windows in the bedrooms are high and short. I think that fully half of the houses in Albuquerque have windows like the ones in my house and you'd think that you could buy curtains to fit them, but Juliana tried everywhere and couldn't find a thing.

James' first birthday party was a great success. It was a beautiful day so they could be out in the back yard and there were so many, many tulips in full bloom that it made the affair seem extra festive. Juliana and Jed have a wonderfully lovely back yard; the former owners were from England and you know what gardeners the English are.

Juliana's first lamb mold cake turned out so well that she could hardly believe her own eyes. There is a color picture of it and I wish you could see how she decorated his face — she put a blue ribbon around his neck and some hyacinths around him. He certainly looked successful.

In addition to the lamb Juliana made cupcakes and put a candle in each one. Then for fun she made a small round cake and put this on the highchair tray. James had never tasted cake before and he had a grand time going at it with both hands. The pictures of this cake spree were certainly funny.

Although it's going to be a big job to get settled in our new house I at least have the happy prospect of seeing James before long. Juliana says he has changed greatly since I was there in March. He is walking now between pieces of furniture and makes about ten steady steps before he loses his balance and tumbles over. The gate still has to be kept closed between the family room and the kitchen because he grabs at every chance to get at Punky's food. Punky has put up with a lot of mauling, but the other day he finally had had enough and he gave James a good scratching.

You'll receive this issue near Memorial Day and I'd like to share with you a touching editorial that appeared in the Des Moines Register several years ago. I was so moved by it that I saved it so that all of us could reflect upon it.

A DAY FOR MEMORIES

It is a day for memories as well as for memorials. Whatever the setting, as the dead are remembered, the past lives for a moment in thoughts above the grave.

For some, the memories swirl in the green-gold shade of a park-like expanse of cemetery. The gray granite headstones which intrude upon the

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LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

My! such commotion at our house! We're doing some redecorating upstairs and down, as well as some remodeling in the kitchen. Deciding there was absolutely no place at home to write in peace and quiet, I lugged the typewriter down to Mother's house. Now, if Mother and I can refrain from too much visiting, I can finish this before lunch.

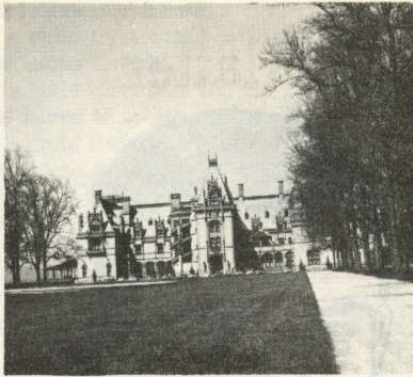
In the April issue I told you that Oliver and I were going to use some of our vacation time for a trip to the southeastern part of the country and that I would tell you about it this month. It was a perfectly marvelous time of year to drive through this area for springtime had arrived. Grass in Iowa was just beginning to turn green when we left, and after two weeks in the warm, sunny southland, we returned to watch spring unfold at home. It was nice to have a double dose after a long hard winter!

Our first major stop to sight-see was Asheville, North Carolina, and our route there was via Kansas City, St. Louis, Cairo, Nashville and Knoxville, with a drive through the Smokies just before reaching Asheville. We had covered this ground on a previous trip, so stopped only for food and lodging. But I will mention one funny incident.

We had reached the Great Smoky Mountains around mid-afternoon and were most anxious to make it into Asheville before dark. Wouldn't you know it? We made a wrong turn and wound up at Cade's Cove, a one-way circle drive that covered eleven miles, and traffic moving about 15 miles per hour! There was nothing to do but keep our patience and make the best of the situation. It was an interesting little side trip, but it did put us behind schedule. It was quite late when we reached our motel south of Asheville. We were grateful that we had had the foresight to make advance reservations or we might have had difficulty finding a bed that night. Many people were taking advantage of spring vacations to visit the fabulous Biltmore Estate, as we were, and the nearest motel was full that night.

Before driving to the estate that next morning, we stopped to have coffee with friends at nearby Hendersonville. Mrs. Sinden was packing a noon lunch for us when we arrived for she knew what we didn't know: there is no place to buy so much as a cup of coffee on the estate. With a lunch along, we could take our time touring the house and the gardens.

Biltmore Mansion is the nearest thing we have to a castle in our country, containing an unbelievable 250 rooms!



The magnificent Biltmore Mansion in Asheville, N.C., contains 250 rooms.

Fourteen of them are open to the public for a reasonable entrance fee. I couldn't begin to describe the grandeur of this late 1890's structure or the furnishings, most of which came from Europe. Mr. George Vanderbilt, who built this "country home", was a grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt and traveled extensively selecting objects of artistic as well as historic interest to furnish his home.

The gardens were beautifully designed and so extensive that Oliver and I wondered how many gardeners were hired to tend them.

Do any of you have relatives stationed at Fort Bragg? Our next stop was Fayetteville, North Carolina, to visit friends and we had a tour of Fort Bragg. Mr. McFerren is connected with the special services and we saw where the Green Berets are put through their training. Typical Vietnamese villages are set up and used in preparing the young men for their work in the special services and we were fortunate to see this area. After a delightful couple of days with the McFerrens, we headed south for Florida.

Many of you suggested in your letters things you thought we would enjoy. I wish we could have stopped to see everything recommended, but our time was limited so we made only stops that fit conveniently in our schedule.

Our first Florida stop was Old St. Augustine and we decided upon arrival

to use the little sight-seeing trains rather than our own car. In this way we received a lecture, could get off at points of interest as we pleased and pick up the next little train that came by. It was a satisfactory way to see everything.

Much of Old St. Augustine has been restored, or is in the process of restoration, and being America's oldest city, it is "a must" when visiting Florida.

Just south, about 18 miles, one comes to Marineland. Even more than the entertaining show, Oliver and I enjoyed the large oceanarium where all sorts of fish were living together. I guess the reason they don't eat each other up is because they are fed several times a day!

Perhaps, without question, the most impressive place we saw in Florida was the John F. Kennedy Space Center. After seeing so many launchings from Cape Kennedy on television, it was a tremendous experience to see firsthand the launching pads, the assembly building, the museum and all. We took the bus tour which lasted a little over two hours. It was very exciting to both of us.

Just as Oliver and I had heard for years about the Biltmore Mansion, we'd also heard of the Flagler Mansion in Palm Beach, now maintained as a museum. It was built at the turn of the century and is sometimes called "the Taj Mahal of North America". It is a magnificent home, beautifully furnished with the best that money could buy, even including some Vatican treasures. One of Henry M. Flagler's businesses was railroading and perhaps he is best known as the one who "opened up Florida". He constructed a number of large hotels and churches in various cities in Florida. His list of enterprises was long!

For a little change of pace, our next stop was to see Lion Country, west of Palm Beach. We were enroute across Florida to Ft. Myers when we decided to see what this well-advertised place was. Inside the gates and driving along the safari trail, we did indeed see lots of lions, giraffes, elephants, ostriches, zebras, monkeys, and other animals. We were instructed upon entering to keep all windows up and I doubt that anyone was tempted to roll them down!

At Ft. Myers we visited the winter home and gardens of Thomas Edison. On this estate are also his laboratory and a museum. I knew that Edison was probably our greatest inventor of all time, but I had no idea how many, many items he invented. It was a great thrill to see all these things, and a real education.

One of Oliver's brothers-in-law, Rev. Elder Anderson, wintered in Port Charles. (Continued on page 22)

COVER STORY

One of the most beautiful mansions in North America is Whitehall, built by Henry Morrison Flagler and located in Palm Beach, Florida. Ever since Oliver and I read about it in a book *Great American Mansions and Their Stories* by Merrill Folsom, we have hoped that one day we would be able to see this magnificent home. The opportunity came to us this spring when we spent a little time in Florida. Oliver, standing at the left in the picture, agrees with me that it is almost impossible to describe this sumptuous palace and its furnishings.

—Margery



GIVE US MEN!

FATHER-SON BANQUET by Mabel Nair Brown

THEME AND DECORATIONS

This banquet will be centered on the theme of "checks and balances", for by a father's balancing what he provides for his son, he influences the son's growth. Let the central decorations then be balance scales. Small copper tubing or wire or even chenille can be used to shape the framework of the scales. Small paper dessert plates can be sprayed gold and used for the scale plates. Use blocks of foam or wood for the base of the scale. The scale plates can hold a variety of things that tie into the theme — a tiny paper man's hat balancing a boy's cap; pairs of words, such as "Tolerance"—"Patience"; "Encouragement"—"Confidence"; a checkbook as against a penny bank or club project expense account.

For *Scale Favors* use a large marshmallow as the base, pipe cleaners for the frame, and small circles of construction paper glued on as the plates.

For a touch of humor balance a long-haired, bushy wig against a pot or sack labeled "Patience", or a toy car against a miniature "bushel" of understanding. If you give your imagination free rein, you're sure to come up with many humorous angles, and such banquets are much more enjoyable if they don't get too serious.

Is there a place in the banquet hall where you could use a display as a conversation piece? Set up a large scale there, and balance a long-haired

wig against a mustache cup titled "The Generation Gap". A raccoon coat could be balanced against a hippy shirt or a flower and guitar. Arrange a spotlight on the display and place a large placard nearby on which is printed something like "A little light on the subject often helps" or "Let there be light!"

MAN Display: This man might stand in a corner beside a placard with the title "Give Us a Man". An upended broom forms the head and body. (Anchor the end of the broom handle to a firm base.) Attach a small rubber ball to the flat side of the broom straw for the nose. At each side of the broom face attach big foil ears. Pin on red felt lips and between them, poked into the straw, insert a pipe. Crush foil into the shapes of arms and hands, or cut them from heavy posterboard. Arrange a man's tie to the broomstick just below the head. Place a pair of men's shoes in such a manner as to conceal the base. Place a gold paper crown or a man's hat on his head. Let him hold a scroll on which the word "Love" is visible, or a giant Father's Day card.

Program Booklets: The covers of the booklets can be cut from construction paper in a color to go with your chosen color scheme — royal blue and gold works out nicely. Cut a silhouette of the scales from gold paper and glue to the front cover. The theme title, "Give Us Men", can be lettered below the scales.

PROGRAM

Toastmaster:

"God give us men! A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor; men who will not lie!"

Invocation: Our Father, this is our prayer. God give us men, men who will be examples to whom our sons can look to see what is meant by integrity and honesty; men who have the courage to stand firm for what they believe and yet men whom our sons find tolerant and understanding. And, O Lord, give us men with a sense of humor, too. And God give us sons with eyes to see and ears to hear that which is good and true. Give us boys with hearts and minds to see the love which we so often fail to make known. Then, Father, guide us into a better understanding and love between fathers and sons, and between each other, we pray. Amen.

Welcome:

To welcome you all the pleasure is mine.

We've no special approach and we have no line.

We'll not curb your fun, nor laughter confine.

If we see lots of smiles, it'll be a sure sign

That you're livin' it up an' feelin' fine! So —

You ready, fellas? Then on with the show!

Fun, music, and pointers by those "in the know".

Loosen-Up Sing: Have two or three humorous parodies or snappy choruses led by a lively song leader — just to get things off to a good start.

Salute to Fathers: Someone has said that leadership is known by the personalities it enriches. I'd like to think that the fine qualities which we admire in our fathers are made known through the lives of their sons. In my dad and your dad may we see "the principle within" and take it into our own lives. We are told that copying is the sincerest flattery, and so, as we look at these, our dads, of whom we are so proud and whom we would honor, I wonder if all sons might join me in a pledge to our fathers — a pledge to live up to the principles which they have shown us to be the measure of a man. Such a pledge for me, and I hope for all sons, might go something like this — a pledge to be renewed each day we live.

JUST FOR TODAY I will strengthen
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PRETTY CLOTHES AT HOME

by
Mary Feese

Don't, above all things, feel that "anything will do to wear around the house." This is just not so! You'll work more cheerfully and efficiently, thereby improving your appearance, your health, and your disposition, if you are dressed in crisp, becoming outfits when at home. "But I can economize by wearing this old wash dress at home, where no one will see me," you protest. But . . . your family sees you; and who are you to say that they are not important? Your husband may be the strong, silent type who does not comment on your appearance, but it's sure and certain that he does notice it. The children take increased pride in a "mother who always looks nice." No one sees you . . .? Even if the family is away, and you change before they come home, still you see yourself. And wearing drab or shabby clothing over an extended period of time can adversely affect your own picture of yourself. Take pride in being a vital person who wears crisp, fresh clothes at home — for if it never draws a single compliment, you will have benefited in self-respect.

So discard the limp wash dresses and the unbecoming blouses — and set to work to update the still-good items so that you may enjoy a "this year" look right along with your friends.

For instance, a different belt and new buttons may rejuvenate your favorite dress. The addition of a dramatic wide belt, the bolder the better, will give last year's skimmer a totally different look. Or a comfortable stretch belt can be just the thing to nip in your tent dress for this year's shaped look.

Perhaps your dress has an unbecoming neckline, or a worn collar. You may choose to cut a lowered neckline, round or square, then face it, or you may add a completely new collar. Perhaps you'll add one of the softened stand-up collars that overlap and fasten with two buttons, and trim it with your favorite floral-embroidered tape. Add a touch of the tape elsewhere on the garment for that unified look. Or add a contrasting collar to that scoop neckline. To create a very pretty (and easy) cowl collar, cut a bias strip of medium-weight fabric, with some body, 8 inches wide, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches longer than the stitching line where you will attach your collar. Seam each end of collar $5/8$ ", trim and turn, then apply to neckline by your favorite method. Add a small button and loop, or a hook and thread loop, about halfway up the back edges of the collar. The finished collar, folded over, is about two inches in width. This measurement



Lucile and her grandson James were enjoying the sunshine in Albuquerque when this was snapped. James appears more interested in the wheels than the camera.

method, with no paper pattern, has been tried with unfailingly pleasing results on many necklines. (When you iron, do so from the collar edge toward the neckline seam; this will avoid stretching the bias fabric out of shape.)

You're tired of those bulky roll-up sleeves, and you never felt they were becoming anyway? Just cut off the sleeve $6\frac{5}{8}$ inches longer than you want the finished sleeve length. Turn under the edge, then hem to the inside about 4 inches deep; this stitching may be by hand or by machine. Turn up the cuff on the outside, far enough to conceal the stitching. This cuff will be a little over 2 inches wide; if you prefer it to be narrower, then decrease the measurements to produce the width you want. (This is a quick trick for making cuffed sleeves on your new wash dresses, too.)

Some dresses begin to pull out at the armholes, while still good elsewhere. Of course, the classic remedy for this is to remove the sleeves and neatly bind the armholes. If they are a bit too loose, start down the side seam about 4 inches, beginning at the seamline, and tapering inward to about $\frac{1}{2}$ " at the armhole edge; you do this after you've removed the sleeve, but before you've added the binding. This gives a much trimmer fit.

Novelty pockets certainly seem to be "in" this year, so if you have a rather plain shift or shirtwaist that just needs a little brightening up, why not look for an unusual pocket idea and duplicate it? Quite often the pockets are made in contrasting colors, and may be trimmed with applique, embroidery, flapped, buttoned — well, just glance through the mail order catalog to see some of the new ideas! And pockets no longer stay put just at hip level, front — you find them on the bodice, down by the hemline, in sets of two or

three, "kangaroo" pockets, and even stitched boldly onto a shirt sleeve.

Here's the blouse you wore last year, but that long-tail style wasn't flattering. And here's this bright print skirt, but the waistband is showing signs of wear. Combine them; use your shirt-waist pattern to determine where to cut off the blouse, then remove the waistband from the skirt and join blouse and skirt together. Add a becoming purchased belt to accentuate that two-piece look, while you enjoy the one-piece comfort.

You may need to add a few items to utilize some of those you have left. For instance, you have a number of good blouses, still in current fashion, but your skirts have worn out. A quick and inexpensive addition that is very timely is a dirndl skirt (or several). Choose bright prints, glowing solid colors, sturdy fabrics.

Speaking of sturdy fabrics, have you tried Indian Head cotton lately? It's been on the market for so many years that many people have neglected it because it is not "new". It stays bright and fresh through repeated launderings, needs little ironing, is permanently crisp. Also, it is economical to work with, since the fabric has no right or wrong side, and the weave is balanced so that you can cut out your pattern pieces either lengthwise or crosswise. So, if you've not used Indian Head lately, try making your next skirt or perhaps a paneled pant-dress that closely resembles a dress (Simplicity 8147 is one style) and see if you don't become an Indian Head booster yourself.

"Here's a good dark dress," you muse to yourself, "but I never did like the sleeves." If the style is suitable, convert it to a jumper, and make a brief, crisp white poplin jacket to go with it, too. Don't cut the neckline and armholes too low, and you'll find that you can vary your "new" jumper many ways: with the jacket, with a sweater on cool evenings, as a sun dress, or with any suitable blouse you have. You may like to wear a scarf at the neckline, an added lovely touch for only pennies.

Then there's that solid-color dress that's such nice material, but it hasn't any trimming at all. Why not add some of the lace daisies-by-the-yard, in whichever size you like the best. The $\frac{1}{4}$ " width seems to be favored this year.

Some of you really enjoy aprons for wearing around the house. Often it's a penny-saver to take the dress that's worn out around the arms, or at the buttonholes, and use the skirt portion to make a "quickie" band apron. If you are careful when you cut, you can

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FREDERICK EXPRESSES VIEWS ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS

Dear Friends:

I never cease to be amazed at the number of people who hear Betty and me speaking to you from the parsonage each Saturday morning on the Kitchen-Klatter broadcast! Every now and then we say something that prompts much mail, and from the way the letters have been coming to us lately, that Kitchen-Klatter audience is a big one. People have been writing to tell us that they agree with our ideas about sex instruction, and they want to learn the name of the book we recommend.

What we said about sex was our disagreement with all those modern educators who want to teach the facts of sex in public school classrooms. Betty and I have both been teachers at the high school level and the college level. We still work with young people of all ages, and we know from personal experience and observation that the best place for a young person to learn the facts of life is his own home.

The ideal way for a child to learn what every child must learn about love and sex is for the child to have in his own home the very best possible book on the subject. Lucky is the adolescent youngster who one day just happens to find lying on the front hall table the kind of a book that answers the questions he has hesitated to ask Mom and Dad.

Because so many of you have written and asked where you could get a book on the facts of life, we have been doing some research. I have used some excellent books in years past, but I want to find the latest and the very best, and when I find it, I'll let you know.

With Flag Day not far off, our church is making some elaborate preparations for the dedication of some new flags. I am a great believer in flags! On either side of our pulpit in the main sanctuary, we have the American flag, and the Christian flag. In our lovely memorial chapel we have one perfectly magnificent American flag on a standard just to the right of the pulpit. In the big entrance hall of the church we have a memorial to our South Church boys who fought in World War I and World War II, and on either side of that memorial we have the American flag and the United Nations flag. On Flag Day of this year we shall dedicate two memorial flagpoles with flags on the outside of the church. On one side of the main door will be a pole with the Christian flag. We intend to have flags flying every good day throughout the entire year. When all of our Sunday school children march down the aisle on their way



Frederick's daily public activities include teaching a class in public speaking at American International College in Springfield.

to classes during the church service, the procession is led by two youngsters carrying the American flag and the Christian flag. They are followed by two more youngsters carrying still smaller flags. From all of this you can see what I mean when I say that I am a believer in flags.

I am well aware that some clergymen will not permit the American flag in the sanctuary where worship is held, but I think that those clergymen are very wrong. I don't think we should let our people forget that this is "One nation, under God." We should remember that this country is built on the principle of freedom of worship, and when one is in the presence of the American flag, one is in the presence of a deeply religious symbol.

This is the month for weddings, and we are having several of them but not as many as usual. For some reason we had a rush on weddings back in April, and what beautiful weddings they were. Some years we have big society weddings with many hundreds of persons present, but this year most of our weddings have been small enough to hold in our beautiful Memorial Chapel. That chapel is a perfect place for a wedding where there are not more than one hundred and twenty-five guests. Did I tell you about the wedding for the daughter of a prominent local florist? You should have seen the flowers! Never in all my life had I seen so many flowers in our chapel, and yet it was all in exquisite taste.

Weddings here at our church usually

have receptions at the church also, and the church parlors are ideally appointed for them. The church women turn out in large numbers to work on the receptions, and always they are happy affairs. The menus for the receptions vary depending on the amount of money people want to spend, but even when the lowest possible price is chosen, our women do a splendid job. I always have been proud of anything held in our church parlors, and sometimes the simplest and least expensive receptions are the nicest. We never provide the wedding cake! That is one food item that each bride must order herself, and I never have seen two wedding cakes alike. Always the cakes are beautiful, and some of them are cleverly as well as delightfully decorated. We have the wedding cake on a separate table that is liberally strewn with white roses — not in vases, just laid out on the lace cloth.

I am proud of the fact that only a very, very few of the marriages formed by weddings in our church have ended in divorce. Perhaps that is because I am most selective about who it is that gets married here. Unlike some large city churches, this one has some rather strict rules about marriages. If I think that the couple requesting the wedding is a poor risk for a happy marriage, I politely but firmly refuse to have any part of it. At first, the people refused are angry and put out with me, but with only one exception they have later told me that they were grateful for the stand I took.

Some years ago I was very firm in refusing to marry a couple because of the senior years of the prospective bride and groom. My, but they were angry! However, before two months had passed I received gracious notes of appreciation from both of them. When they thought over all of the advice I had given them, they knew it was good advice under the circumstances. Whenever I am in doubt as to whether or not the marriage should be encouraged and blessed with a church wedding, I consult the members of my Board of Deacons. If the Deacons think that my judgment is wrong, I take their advice, and do you know that I never have regretted taking it. We have some of the most wonderful Deacons in this church, and their Christian perspective has on occasion been much better than mine.

Betty just called in to remind me to be sure to urge you to drop in to see us if you come to New England this summer. We are not going to Nova Scotia until the middle of July, and we would love an opportunity to show you around Springfield.

Sincerely,

Frederick

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Spring has come to Lucas County, Iowa, at last! I think all the tractors in this area rolled into the fields for the first time on the same day, and I'm sure all the farmers' spirits in this southern section of Iowa went up 100% on that day.

Our hearts and sympathies go out to all the families whose homes, out-buildings, and farm land suffered severe damage from the floods throughout the Midwest this spring. We feel fortunate that we didn't have any flooding on our land at that time. We were very late getting started with our field work and we know it will be a long time before the farmers in the flooded areas can get their crops planted. There is never a time on the farm when there aren't a million jobs to be done, so one can always keep busy while waiting for the fields to dry out enough to be worked, but this never seems to ease the frustration farmers feel as the planting season draws closer and closer and they look at the vast amount of work which has to be done before the seed can go into the ground.

Frank and I worked together cleaning up the yard. There were so many sticks, branches, and other debris to be picked up that he pulled the trailer into the yard and it certainly didn't take long to fill it with things to be hauled to the dump. I think I must have picked up half a basket of bones the pup had carried into the yard this past winter. When I picked up an old piece of deer hide and threw it into the trailer, Frank said, "We can't throw this away. It's the pup's 'security blanket' and if he doesn't have it he'll start sucking his paw. We can't have that."

When Frank comes to the back door and calls "Dorothy, come quickly", I drop everything and do just that. This phrase can mean almost anything. I used to think it meant trouble of some kind, such as cows where they shouldn't be, or the horses loose on the road — in other words, "I need your help." More often, though, I find it means watching the first geese flying north; the sound of the little peeper frogs for the first time in the spring; the call of the first whippoorwill to arrive; a beautiful rainbow or a magnificent sunset; the first wild flowers to bloom; or the



Dorothy tells in her letter about the trip daughter Kristin and family made to Arizona to visit Frank's sister and her husband, Edna and Raymond Halls. Art's mother, Mary Brase, accompanied them and is on the right.

first big turtle sunning himself on a log. I never know until I'm out the back door why I've been summoned to "come quickly", and I will always be grateful that he takes the time to call me, for otherwise there are many wonders of nature I would miss out on.

Do you remember Sadie the goat? When she became too much of a nuisance we gave her to a neighbor who had several goats. Last year Sadie had her first baby, and the other day she gave birth to twins. I'm going to take my camera when I go to see them and hope I can get a picture.

Kristin and her family had a lovely trip to Mesa, Arizona. I told you in my last letter they had gone, but we didn't hear any of the details of their visit until later. I know Edna and Raymond were excited about their visit, because it had been over two years since they had seen them. This time they got to see our new grandson Aaron before we did, and we were anxious to get their first letter to hear all the details. They too think he looks a lot like Frank, but laughingly said even Frank has more hair than Aaron, who is still completely bald. Edna said Andy gets mad when Aaron pulls his hair because he can't pull Aaron's hair in return.

Kristin said when Aaron had his check-up at four months he weighed 17 pounds and was 27 inches long, so it looks as if he is going to be a tall boy.

Before they left on their trip I asked Art to be sure to take his camera so he could get some pictures of Edna and Raymond's mobile home, which Frank and I have never seen. They have a small yard in front of their patio which is flooded with water for irrigation on certain days, and it just happened this was done on one of the days they were there, so Andy had a wonderful time playing in the water.

Andy had such a good time at the zoo in Phoenix two years ago that Raymond

planned to take him back this time, but they found out there was to be a carnival with a lot of animals at a big shopping center near them, and decided it would save a lot of time to just take him over there. I haven't heard yet exactly what happened, and don't know how it could have happened with so many adults to keep an eye on him, but anyway Andy got lost, and for thirty minutes Kristin and Art have never been so scared. There was a huge crowd, with hundreds of cars in the parking lot, and Raymond said he would never understand how that little boy found his Uncle Raymond's car, which was not very familiar to him, but nevertheless he did. When they got there Andy was disgusted that it had taken them so long to come to the car since he had been waiting for them "for 6400 hours".

Edna was quick to remind Kristin that Andy didn't deliberately get lost, and that she would never forget the time when Kristin was four and took it upon herself to play hide and seek with Edna and me in a big department store in Des Moines just before Christmas when the store was packed with shoppers. We hunted and hunted and were just ready to turn in an alarm when Edna saw her little white shoes below a rack of dresses, with Kristin in them of course, standing quiet as a mouse.

I've been doing a little sewing on rainy days when I couldn't work in the yard. I made a dress and jacket and also another dress. They will be nice to wear when I go to Wyoming the last of May. If all plans work out, Kristin and Art and the children will be coming back to the old homestead for a few days at the end of the school year. We can hardly wait.

I'm anxious to get a dress cut out for Lucile before time to start supper, so
Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

The Fears of Childhood

by
Lilian Rothman



Fear is an unpleasant sensation. It can run the gamut from a vague feeling of uneasiness to one of debilitating terror. But whatever the case may be, we don't like our fears, despite the fact that they have some protective value in keeping us out of harm's way. And when it comes to our children's fears, we like those even less.

We know that fear is a generally disabling emotion; that it destroys the ability to act sensibly and could cause foolish, unreasonable behavior. We know, too, that a fearful child is an unhappy child, one who becomes increasingly dependent and progressively timid and, consequently, prone to still more fears.

And so, as parents, we try to refrain from fostering fears in our youngsters. Today's mother needn't be told that by hiding her head and trembling during a thunderstorm she is thus instilling fear by example. She also tries to avoid exposing her child to situations which might lead to fearfulness. Nevertheless, her child will inevitably develop certain fears. All children do.

Loud noises, the sudden appearance of someone strange, the vacuum cleaner, are some fears common to babyhood. Fear of the dark, unfamiliar places and people, being left alone, doctors and dentists, are others which crop up frequently in early childhood. In addition, there are children who are afraid of the common housefly, a perfectly friendly waiter, a sick or deformed person, or anything dead (mosquitoes excepted), not to mention a host of other harmless things to which they have attached some special fearful meaning. In short, a child can be

afraid of almost anything.

Not too long ago, it was assumed that children harbored many inborn fears. Popular belief held, for instance, that babies instinctively fear snakes and the dark. These fears were supposed to have been handed down from generation to generation, dating back to prehistoric times when darkness gave the advantage to man's enemies and the snake was considered an object of loathing. Through the centuries, these fears, as well as many others, were attributed to heredity. But then, sufficiently trained people — psychologists — put the notion to a test and found otherwise.

Through experimentation and research, it was determined that babies are in fact born with two fears only: that of loud noises and of being dropped. How then, one wonders, do they manage to acquire such a wide variety of irrational (irrational, that is, from an adult point of view) fears?

Psychologists tell us that the easiest way — though not the only way — a child learns fear is by imitation of his elders. The star football hero who cringed at the sight of a mouse is a classic example that illustrates this point. As a child, he had often seen his mother climb upon a chair and scream hysterically if she suspected that a mouse might be nearby. Even when the boy had grown into a burly six-footer and rugged athlete, he was unable to overcome the deathly fear of mice he had acquired. In fact, his teammates knew that by simply planting a toy mouse in the dressing room before a game, they could unnerve him sufficiently so that he could not play.

In this particular instance, the source of fear was obvious. But what would have happened if his mother had attempted to hide her terror under a facade of calm unconcern is a moot question. For it's entirely possible that her fear would have rubbed off on him anyway.

Children are amazingly perceptive to turbulent feeling, and they can sense fear though the person shows no outward signs. As a matter of fact, suppressed anxiety is apt to frighten a child even more than an open admission of fear because another dimension — mystery — is being added to an already disturbing occurrence. This is why, if we are to help our children become less fearful, we should conquer, or at least attempt to conquer, our own fears, especially those we have regarding their safety.

If a child is constantly warned to "be careful", reminded of the possibility of getting hurt, or actively discouraged from participating in many activities by an over-anxious parent, sooner or later he is bound to become apprehensive and feel threatened by impending danger.

Naturally, no one wants her child to meet with serious harm. And so children must of a necessity be aware of the danger of such folly as running blindly into traffic, tormenting animals, etc. But even in the case of real hazards, parents are advised to use restraint when issuing warnings.

For instance, a child can be instructed in the correct way to cross a street without emphasizing the injuries he might sustain if he is careless. He can be made to understand that, while not all dogs are dangerous, strange ones may be unfriendly and should be left alone; that animals in general should not be teased until they are angered. In other words, it is possible to teach caution without fear and, of the two, the caution will stand him in better stead since his fear may cause him to lose his head in an emergency.

Let's assume then that we realize our own fears, whether overt or hidden, somehow communicate themselves to our children, and we act accordingly. So, what happens? Our children still develop fears, because a child's fear need not stem from those of his parents. He acquires them as a result of his own experiences as well, and without regard to the example set by others. The child who has had a near miss with drowning, for example, may be unable to learn to swim and fear the water all his life. One who has had many painful falls may carry a fear of high places with him into

(Continued on page 20)

MARY LEANNA WRITES FROM BOSTON

Dear Friends:

The springtime in Boston is beautiful! It inspired me to describe it to you, and at the same time to formally introduce myself. Boston has been my home now for two years. After attending Middlebury College in Vermont for two years I transferred to Boston University, going from a school with an enrollment of 1,400 to one with an enrollment of 25,000. In my dormitory alone (which is coed) there were 1,650 people. It was quite a change! Even though I loaded myself up with extra courses this semester I got through the exam period safely and graduated on May 18th.

At the moment I am still jobless, but am pounding the pavements looking for work. Sociology was my major and I will probably end up doing something in the field of social work. My home is now an apartment I share with two other working girls about a ten-minute walk from Harvard Square in Cambridge. As I am not yet too familiar with my apartment I will tell you something about my dormitory room.

I was appointed a Resident Assistant for the year. In exchange for free room and board I was supposed to be a counselor on the floor, devoting about twenty hours a week to desk duty in the lobby, paperwork, meetings, and just being available. It turned out to be a round-the-clock job, but it was much fun! Each R.A. has a single room on the front of the building overlooking the Charles River, and the higher up you go the better the view becomes. Since I was only on the sixth floor my view was not the spectacular panorama my friends above me had, but it was beautiful and I was close enough to the ground to recognize people who went by. From my window I could see a bit of Beacon Hill and a lot of Cambridge. The buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology were just across the river, and behind them in the distance was the Mystic Bridge which carries all the traffic to the North Shore. At night I would leave the curtains open to watch the city lights. Needless to say, the view was quite a distraction!

Just across the street from me was a little old man who sold flowers. He sold a different kind of flower every day, usually for fifty or seventy-five cents a bunch. He wasn't here over the winter, so I was very glad to see him return — shivering in the slushes of March, but more comfortable as it got into April. As the weather got warmer more vendors appeared along Commonwealth Avenue, the main street of the university. I remember when I first



Although this was taken a year ago, we thought it was such a sweet picture of Mary Leanna and her grandmother (Leanna Driftmier) that we wanted to use it on this page. It was snapped at the Frederick Driftmier home in Springfield, Massachusetts.

walked up the street in the fall of 1967 I thought I was back in Bombay, India. There, along the edge of the Arabian Sea, the people come in the evening to stroll, and the air is filled with hawkers' cries and the smells of the food they are selling. Here it is the same (complete with a few Indian students in saris), but instead of curry they're selling pizza and ice cream.

One of my favorite occupations of the spring was watching the crew teams practice on the river. Northeastern, Harvard, M.I.T., and B.U. all practice in this general area, so there was always some slender boat speeding by. When you watch a good team row past, dipping their oars at exactly the same instant, it looks effortless, but the timing and balance necessary are hard to acquire. I have been dating a member of the M.I.T. crew team (a transplanted Englishman from St. Louis, Mo.) so I learned quite a bit about the sport. He was usually the stroke, the person who sets the pace for the boat. Races are won and lost on whether the stroke is able to set the correct pace for the prevailing wind and water conditions. Every Saturday I sat on the dock of the boathouse giving moral support to the racers and working on my suntan.

There are plenty of things to do in Boston on warm spring weekends. From the dorm windows one can see into the bleachers of Fenway Park. The Red Sox are always good entertainment and their fans are very loyal. Aside from this, one of the best ways to spend time is walking. There is a nice grassy walk from Boston University all the way to Beacon Hill beside the river. Along the way you pass the Hatch Shell where open-air concerts are given

on spring nights. Cut diagonally to the right and you'll soon be at the entrance to the Public Gardens. There is a tremendous variety of flowers and trees here, all scientifically labelled. Swan boats paddle up and down the lake in the middle.

If you cross Boston Common and get on the subway going north you'll soon come to one of my favorite places, Haymarket Square. As you come out of the subway you see Boston's new City Hall on one side and historic Faneuil Hall on the other. The latter building sets the mood, for this is an old-fashioned European-style market. Bargain follows bargain as you walk past the shops and stands. The trick is never to take the first good deal you see because something better will be coming up. Back in the beginning of April I bought four boxes of strawberries for a dollar and I didn't have to throw away a single one! Cross the street and you'll be tempted by rows of Italian bakeries. Better buy something before somebody yells, "Whatsamatter, you all tourists?"

I'll write again when my career is more established. In the meantime, stop in Boston on your summer vacation trip.

Sincerely,

Mary Leanna

Editor's Note: Mary Leanna is the daughter of Betty and Frederick Driftmier.

LEARN

You will discover that each time you learn to appreciate something, you will be adding some new enjoyment to living. Learn, then, to live your life as fully as possible.



CHILDREN GATHERING FLOWERS

Let us sit here for awhile
(I could sit for hours!)

And watch, and gently nod, and smile
At children gathering flowers.

Nothing takes me back so well
To when I was a child
And hunted through the woodsy dell
For flowers that were wild.

Like these children, uncontrolled,
We ran, with gleeful cries
To gather buttercups of gold,
Violets bluer than skies.

We brought Grandma a bouquet
(One for Grandpa, too)
To make for them a perfect day —
As these children do!

You smile — for your heart understands
(With mine) what joy is ours
Who receive love from the hands
Of children gathering flowers!

—Bertha Garland

Grandma Had It Made!

by
Carole Hefley Reese



We modern gals think we have an easy life with all our push-button appliances. At least the magazine experts keep telling us we do. But personally I sometimes wonder if Grandma didn't know a few labor-saving devices that we are living without.

For instance: nearly all grandmas had a garden in which they grew their food. What items they didn't grow were delivered right to their kitchen cabinet by the local delivery boy. You never heard of Grandma driving several miles to a supermarket where she pushed a cart through isles of several thousand products, her mind working like a slide rule to get the most for her money, then driving home again to face the problem of getting several huge, heavy sacks of groceries into the house. "Bringing home the bacon" used to be an expression that referred to the man of the house earning money for groceries. Now it's the girls who bring home the bacon, *literally*, and many are even holding down jobs to help earn the money to buy it.

We often pity poor Grandma when we think of her bent over the wringer washer all day Monday, and again as she ironed most of Tuesday. But let's face it. Then she was *done*. *Finished*. She did not have to face her family's clothing for five whole days! How many of us carefree gals can go five days without doing a load of clothes? More often than not, it's an everyday job for us.

It is usually the laundry that brings us face to face with a problem unheard of to Grandma — *repairmen*. It's a sad fact of life they can never come as soon as you need them. They might become very disillusioned if they knew the various devices we employ because "the laundry must go on" to misquote an old show business slogan.

During my washer's most serious illness (a burned-out solenoid — now I've finally used that new word I learned!) my husband and I removed the top of the washer and rigged up a screen door spring. I continued to wash our clothes by hooking and unhooking this gadget

when it was time for the cycles to change. A friend related a similar experience of how she caught up on her reading when she had to sit at the bedside of her ailing washer and hold a small board in a strategic spot to make the washer perform. Actually it gives us a strange sort of satisfaction to have control for once over these machines that are engineered to outsmart us.

To be fair I must give praise and credit to the new permanently pressed clothing as indeed being a boon to modern housewives. It can entirely eliminate the drudgery of ironing if you are Johnny-on-the-spot, ready when the machine shuts off to grab out the clothing and put it on hangers. Invariably I am at the far end of the house when the machine decides it is finished.

Many of us still sew but even with all our zig-zag mechanisms Grandma had an easier time of it. When it was time to quilt or make new school clothes, her children took over the household tasks so that Grandma was free to sit and sew. Can you imagine your children doing that for you? Perhaps this is one page we can take from Grandma's book and put into practice.

Grandma got off easier when it came to cooking too, although you might argue this fact when you think of the frozen convenience foods at our disposal. They are available all right, if you have the price of them. Even if you think you can afford them, they are not designed to provide any leftovers and when the next mealtime comes around, you must start all over again. It used to be that on washday the family expected beans — and they got them. Today, children are taught in kindergarten about that magic basic seven, or is it eight? — and they correct Mama if she serves a starchy meal of beans and cornbread. If they see the beans again at the next meal, Mama's really going to catch it.

In those days almost beyond recall, women weren't continually pressed with outside demands on their time

either. A den mother was a mama bear, and P.T.A. was just some new-fangled government agency.

Yes, I can see Grandma now, sitting in her rocker enjoying the flowers outside her window — which I don't have time to plant; doing the fancywork in her lap — which I don't have time to do; serene with the knowledge her laundry is all done for the week — which mine never is; listening to her favorite radio program — which I have trouble hearing above the noise produced by my wonderful appliances; her pantry and cellar full of delicious convenience foods — which mine aren't; her mind free from worry over huge bills — which mine isn't — or I wouldn't be writing this article to make some money so I can lead such an *easy* life.

FOR THE BRIDAL SHOWER

by
Mabel Nair Brown

FAVORS: *Marshmallow Bride.* This bride is made by sticking a large marshmallow on a skewer which in turn is stuck into a large mint or cookie to hold the bride upright. You may need to use a little thick icing as the "cement" to help anchor it to the base. Make a tiny crown from a lace paper doily or silver foil, and fasten to the top of the head. Cut a circle of net and drape over the crown. The bride's big brown eyes can be two whole cloves and her mouth a slice of red gumdrop. Tie a small flowing bow of ribbon at the neck of the bride, using one of her colors.

Wedding-Ring-in-the-Box Favor: Use a large marshmallow for the box, making a slit in the center of one flat side to hold the ring. The outside of the marshmallow can be wrapped in white satin or foil in the bride's colors. There can be a round lid cut and left attached to the paper, if desired, which then will stand up as if the box had just been opened to disclose the ring. Novelty shops sell inexpensive tin wedding rings in gold or silver color. Lacking these rings, a yellow Life Saver might be used. Place each ring box on one of the smallest-sized lace paper doilies. (If you cut a bit off the bottom of the marshmallow it will stick to the doily.)

Many times a short poem or reading is wanted for the entertainment at a shower. These should allow for a choice.

JUST A GIRL

Many a throne has had to fall

For a girl,

Just a girl;

Many a king has had to crawl

For a girl,

Just a girl.

(Continued on page 22)

A LETTER FROM THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

I've just finished eating a very ordinary lunch: tossed salad. But on this particular occasion the surroundings were among the most glorious I can ever recall for a meal. There were flowering trees and shrubs in full bloom under a baby blue sky. While tulips made brilliant splashes of color at the edge of a carpet of rich green grass, a pair of birds came to bathe in the water accumulated in a large hole in a nearby rock. Off in the distance other birds were singing their appreciation of this sublime spring day. And to think that the setting for this glorious open air lunch was our very own patio! How fortunate we are indeed!

Wayne and I truly appreciate the addition to our house of a good-sized family room and patio. In the winter we relish the sight and warmth of a fire in the fireplace; during the warm months the step outside to the patio is equally refreshing and relaxing. Perhaps it is because we dreamed for so many years of just such facilities that we enjoy them so deeply. Whatever the reason, I can only assure any of you who may be wondering if you should undertake the turmoil of a housing addition that we have never had a single regret.

One thing about which we do have very deep regrets is that our dear friends and neighbors to the south are moving away. Both of our families arrived in Denver in 1957, and the ensuing years have brought us into a very close friendship. I have often mentioned our wonderful neighborhood, and it is really that — a neighborhood. Because of this relationship we enjoy a very unique situation as far as most city living goes. In the almost twelve years we have lived in this house, this is the first family to move away from our side of the street in our block. In suburbia such stability is just plain unheard of!

Another circumstance which prompted "long" thoughts and warm recollections was the sale of Lucile's property north of Santa Fe. Our family enjoyed wonderful days there and developed a real love for the house and its setting. We were well aware that it had become a burdensome worry for Lucile and certainly was not suited to her way of life after Russell's death, but we really hated to see the end of our happy times at beautiful serene Nambe.

Alison and Clark are occupied these days with those end-of-school activities which are so numerous. With Alison's graduation from high school this puts a finish for her to that life associated with the public secondary schools. In her case I suspect there



This side of the family room opens to the patio. Most informal meals are eaten here.

will be few regrets about saying "good-bye" to high school. She has never really been much taken with this way of life.

Clark will have only a couple of weeks before he starts into school again, but his summer classes will be quite a change from the regular school year. He'll be taking typing and driver training. There are about ten of the neighborhood offspring who reach sixteen years of age this year. Doubtless special signs should be erected warning the unsuspecting of the large number of inexperienced drivers in this three-block radius!

While the Midwest was reaping added tribulation from their severe winter, Coloradoans were basking in some genuine spring weather. We don't have many real spring seasons here; usually the weather just alternates between winter and summer. Good weather adds just that much more to a good business climate so workdays are endless and filled to the brim for Wayne and the people at the nursery. The large numbers of new houses built in recent years virtually guaranteed a good business year. Cooperative weather makes it an outstanding one.

As has no doubt become quite evident over the years, Wayne and I are enthusiastic golfers. Last spring our new

course opened. Play was commenced on several washed-out fairways and greens and we sometimes encountered more mud than grass. Because the course was built on the lower reaches of a large mesa, it was very vulnerable to hard spring and summer rains. But the change in one year's time is amazing. It just shows what educated and business-like grass care can do even with cantankerous physical conditions. Much as I love to play golf, I don't take the game very seriously and I'm not a good player either, but who cares about the score when you are out walking in the wide-open spaces on a beautiful day?

The local political scene, which one would expect to be very quiet at this time of year, happens to be very lively in these parts. Once again the issue of incorporation has come to the fore. This densely populated area in which we live is still operating governmentally as it did when it was a sparsely populated farming region. Such a condition causes problems, naturally, so every few years the matter of changing the form of government is hauled out to be debated again. Some people think we ought to annex to Denver, others are certain that the entire east end of our county should incorporate as one city, others that it should incorporate as two or three small cities and still others are certain things should be left just the way they are. In all previous elections the last group has always won because the others couldn't agree on a single solution. This time there is a difference in our area. The local fire department (volunteer) is one of the few cohesive political groups in this sea of commuters. In the past they have opposed incorporation or political change, but now they are throwing financial support behind incorporation of a small city. It will be interesting to see whether there is a different outcome to the election this time.

Another election of personal interest to our immediate family is the election of a new Episcopal Bishop for Colorado. Wayne will be among the delegates voting on this matter. He had many dealings with our two previous bishops so this election is of more than passing interest. Also, one of the men under consideration was formerly the minister in Iowa City when I was a student at the university there. Fortunately, our local church is no worry these days. Everyone is much taken with our new priest and his family and the situation is in good hands. After being without the stabilizing influence of a full-time director so long in the past, this is a most welcome improvement.

Sincerely,
Abigail

ANTIQUE AUCTION

We saw a mop handle at auction.
My small daughter asked "What is that?"
So naturally, I told of its function
With an old flannel rag as its bat.
Next they sold a one-legged milk stool,
The kind that the old farmers chose.
And she asked the expected question,
"Why would anyone use one of those?"
So I told of the trips to the milk barn
When milking was all done by hand,
Before there was modern equipment
And before everything came all canned.
Then they sold an old kerosene lantern,
A flatiron, and an old butter churn,
And each one my small daughter questioned
And each one I explained in its turn.
But what was the thanks that she gave me
For all of the stories I'd told?
She looked up in awe and amazement
And said, "Gee, Mom, you sure must be
old!"
—Venita Meade



LEANNA'S STRAWBERRY DESSERT SALAD

- 16 large marshmallows
- 2 Tbls. strawberry juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, not too moist
- 1 cup crushed strawberries
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, room temperature
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup heavy whipping cream

Melt the marshmallows with juice in top of double boiler. Cool. Add strawberries, strawberry flavoring and pineapple. Mix the cheese and mayonnaise together thoroughly. Whip the cream and combine with cheese mixture. Then fold in the marshmallow mixture. Pour into a 8-inch square pan, cover tightly, and freeze.

This is very delicious and is nice to serve for club refreshments. —Leanna

BUTTERMILK LEMON PIE

- 1 1/3 cups sugar
- 6 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

In the top of a double boiler mix the 1 1/3 cups of sugar and the flour together. Gradually stir in the buttermilk. Cook over hot water until the mixture thickens, stirring constantly. When it is thick, gradually add the beaten egg yolks and cook about three more minutes. Stir in the lemon juice and flavorings. Pour into the pie shell. Make a meringue using the egg whites, salt, cream of tartar and 1/2 cup of sugar and swirl this over the pie filling, sealing well to the edge of the shell. Bake in a 325-degree oven for 20 minutes.

—Dorothy

REFRESHING SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 2 stalks celery, diced
- 1/2 green pepper, chopped (optional)
- 2 tsp. chopped sweet pickle
- 2 carrots, grated
- 1 tsp. minced onion
- 12 stuffed olives, sliced
- 1 carton small curd cottage cheese
- 1 cup salad dressing
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Combine gelatin and hot water. When slightly cooled add remaining ingredients. Pour into lightly oiled mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce leaves. If desired, garnish top with a bit of mayonnaise and a sprig of parsley.

This recipe may be varied by making with lemon gelatin and using 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring in place of the mint. —Evelyn

LUNCHEON CASSEROLE

- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 cup milk
- 1 8-oz. pkg. wide noodles, cooked
- 1 12-oz. can corned beef, cubed
- 1/4 lb. soft cheese
- 1/2 cup onion, chopped
- 3/4 cup buttered bread crumbs

Combine soup and milk. Layer remaining ingredients in casserole reserving buttered bread crumbs for top. Pour soup mixture over top. Sprinkle on bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

This may be made with a corned beef brisket which has been simmered at home. Make up a New England boiled dinner with the tender corned beef and the traditional vegetables cooked in the broth. Reserve broth and chill left-over meat in this broth. Cook noodles for this casserole recipe in the broth. Cube the corned beef and continue as directed.

This makes a delicious luncheon dish and has been served very successfully for club meetings. It would be equally nice for a buffet dinner or a covered dish meal. —Evelyn

MEXICAN CHICKEN

- 1 frying chicken, cut up
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 3/4 cup chicken broth
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/4 tsp. chili powder
- 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1 green pepper, cut in strips

Melt the butter or margarine and fry chicken until lightly brown. Remove and brown onion in the butter. Then add garlic salt, tomato sauce, chicken broth, vinegar, chili powder and sliced olives. Lay chicken in the sauce and simmer, covered, about 30 minutes. Then add the green pepper and cook for 10 more minutes. Serve with rice.

EASY PICNIC BAKED BEANS

Stir gently 3 medium-sized cans pork and beans, 3/4 cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. prepared mustard and 1/2 cup catsup. Pour into baking pan and lay strips of bacon over the top. Bake about 1 hour at 350 degrees. —Margery

MOUSSE

This is a very easily prepared dessert, so much like ice cream but simpler to make for it requires no beating. Once it is in the refrigerator trays to freeze you can forget about it until serving time. There are endless variations to this recipe, but my family prefers it made with mashed strawberries or fresh peach pulp.

- 2 cups whipping cream
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. unflavored gelatin
- 1 Tbls. cold water
- 1 cup mashed strawberries or peach pulp

Whip the cream until stiff, beating in the powdered sugar and salt. Soften the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve over hot water. (I've found that setting it over the pilot light on my stove while whipping the cream works out fine.) Add the dissolved gelatin and the fresh fruit and blend completely. Freeze in 2 single freezing trays or 1 double-sized tray until firm. Remove from the freezing unit about 5 minutes before you want to serve it as it freezes very solid and must begin to soften slightly in order to cut well.

When using strawberries I add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring and a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. With peaches, add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring.

Sometimes I make it up using a cup of rich chocolate syrup. In that event I like to add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring. —Margery

SPAGHETTI

Fry 8 to 12 slices lean bacon, cut into strips, until bacon is crisp. Pour off half the bacon fat and stir into the pan:

- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 tsp. dried red pepper flakes, (if desired)

Heat the cream to a simmer and keep it warm. In a bowl beat:

- 4 eggs
- 4 egg yolks

Stir into this 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Cook 1 to 1 1/2 lbs. spaghetti in boiling salted water until it is tender. Drain it thoroughly in a large colander and transfer it to pan of simmering cream. Into this stir and heat on a very low heat the egg and Parmesan cheese mixture. With a fork stir in 1/2 cup butter, melted, and gently rotate the spaghetti and liquids until they barely begin to set-up. This should not exceed more than two minutes. This will give an uncooked appearance to you but believe me it is superb! My family did not realize until I told them that the eggs were uncooked. Serves 8.

—Mary Beth

FREEZER CABBAGE

Wash good firm cabbage heads. Shred as for cooking — not too small. Blanch 3 minutes. Cool. Package in plastic bags. Freeze. (This can be prepared in chunks or quarters, blanch about 5 minutes for the larger pieces.)

This is excellent cooked and buttered just as you would cook fresh cabbage. It is also good baked with roast along with carrots and onions.

—Evelyn

FREEZING BERRIES WITH SWEETENER

Prepare the berries by washing and discarding any spoiled fruit. Stem if needed. Drain on absorbant paper. Measure into a mixing bowl. For each cup of berries, combine 1 Tbls. of water and 1/4 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener. Be sure this is well mixed and then gently stir it into the berries so that each one is coated. Pack into freezer containers, seal and freeze.

Blueberries, raspberries, blackberries or any of the other sweet berries may be prepared in this manner. Some cooks like to add ascorbic acid to their strawberries as they feel it gives a brighter red color to the frozen fruit. Add 1/4 tsp. of ascorbic acid to each 1/2 cup of water used with strawberries. With 2 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener, this would be just right for 8 cups of prepared strawberries.

Editor's Note: Each year we get many requests for this recipe so we are repeating it again.

APRICOT GELATIN CAKE

- 1 yellow cake mix (regular size)
- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups apricot nectar
- 5 eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 cups powdered sugar

Beat egg whites until stiff. In another bowl combine cake mix, dry gelatin, flour, apricot nectar, egg yolks and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Beat until very light and fluffy and smooth. Fold in egg whites. Turn into greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees (325 for glass pans) for 30 to 35 minutes, or until cake tests done. While cake is hot, prick clear through with two-tined fork or slender pick. Combine lemon juice, orange flavoring and powdered sugar. Pour over top of cake so this glaze seeps down into holes.

This is a delicious variation of a popular cake with glaze. The apricot nectar adds much to the flavor. The egg yolks and beaten whites give it a fine texture. With the glaze it does become a moist and flavor-filled dessert. Excellent served either hot or cold.

—Evelyn

DELICIOUS PORK CHOPS

- 6 loin pork chops (1-inch thick)
- 1/2 cup flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- 1 Tbls. shortening
- 1 can chicken-rice soup

Combine the flour, salt, pepper, dry mustard and garlic powder. Dredge the pork chops in this mixture. Melt the shortening in a large skillet and brown the pork chops. When they are brown, turn the burner to low or simmer and pour the soup over the chops. Cover and cook gently for about an hour.

EGG SALAD SPREAD

- 1/2 tsp. powdered mustard
- 6 hard-cooked eggs, finely chopped
- 3 Tbls. sweet pickle relish
- 4 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 2 tsp. instant onion powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Mix the powdered mustard with about 1/2 tsp. of warm water. Let stand for about 10 minutes for flavor to develop. Then combine with remaining ingredients. If you prefer a softer spread, add a bit more mayonnaise. This should be enough for about 5 or 6 sandwiches.

—Margery

SPICY SWEDISH MEAT BALLS

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 lb. ground pork
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1/3 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1 beef bouillon cube
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups light cream
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Saute the onion in the 3 Tbls. of butter. Beat the eggs and milk together. Lightly mix together the beef, pork, spices, salt and bread crumbs. Chill in the refrigerator for an hour before shaping into very small balls. Pour the 1/3 cup of melted butter into a large shallow pan, arrange meat balls in a single layer, and bake 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Turn the meat balls and increase oven temperature to 400 degrees and bake 20 to 25 minutes longer. Remove the meat balls from the pan. Dissolve the bouillon cube in the boiling water and add this mixture to the baking pan to loosen the meat particles. Then combine all the drippings in a saucepan. Blend the flour into a small amount to the drippings and stir into the remaining drippings. Add the cream and cook mixture over low heat until thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Pour the sauce over the meat balls and serve.

—Dorothy

SOUTHERN CHOCOLATE DESSERT

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 small pkg. chocolate bits
- 1 large can evaporated milk
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Melt the butter and chocolate bits until well blended. Add the milk and remove from the stove. Mix together the sugar, cornstarch, salt, eggs, and flavorings and stir into the chocolate mixture. Pour into a buttered 8-inch square baking dish and sprinkle the coconut and pecans over the top. Bake 50 to 60 minutes in a 375-degree oven, or until the top puffs up and cracks. Cool at least two hours before serving, and top with whipped cream or a substitute. This is very rich.

BRIDE'S GELATIN SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup ice water
- A dash of salt
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 cups cabbage, chopped fine
- 1 cup celery, cut fine
- 1 cup yellow cheese, diced
- 1 cup sweet pickles, chopped
- 1 small can pimiento, drained and cut
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Dissolve lemon gelatin in hot water. Stir in cold water. Add remaining ingredients, stirring well to blend. Chill until firm. Can be served plain or with salad dressing. Excellent with meat dishes.

This basic recipe was sent to us by a radio friend who got it as a bride fifty years ago. —Evelyn

CRUSTLESS CUSTARD PIE

- 4 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 4 level Tbls. flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Nutmeg

Beat the eggs with the sugar until light and fluffy. Add the flour, milk and vanilla. Pour into a pie pan scantily greased with butter. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake an hour in a 350-degree oven, or until a knife inserted into the center comes out clean. During the baking the flour settles to the bottom and forms a very light crust, which enables this to be cut and served as pie. —Dorothy

ESCALLOPED CHICKEN

- 1 large stewing chicken
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 pint thin cream
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 can mushroom soup

Cook the chicken until tender. Remove the meat from the bones and grind it through your food chopper, using the large blade. Set aside. Make a cream sauce using the flour, margarine, butter flavoring, cream, and chicken broth. Salt and pepper to taste. Let this cool a little, then add the beaten eggs and mushroom soup. Add the chicken and mix well. Pour into a large baking dish which has been greased, cover with buttered crumbs and bake 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This will serve twelve. —Dorothy

FROZEN STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

- 1 can Eagle Brand sweetened condensed milk
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1 lb. powdered sugar, sifted
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 cups vanilla wafer crumbs, crushed
- 1 cup nuts, chopped
- 2 cups cream, whipped (or whipped topping)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 2 pkgs. frozen strawberries

Combine milk, eggs and sugar. Cook over very low heat in a heavy saucepan, stirring frequently, until very thick. This will seem to melt and get thin as it heats, then it will begin to thicken. Remove from heat when very thick and stir in flavorings. Cool.

Crush vanilla wafers. Reserve 3/4 cup. Spread rest of crumbs in bottom of buttered 9- by 13-inch pan. Spoon cooled cooked mixture over crumbs. Sprinkle nuts over cooked layer. Whip the cream or prepare whipped topping, add strawberry flavoring and spread over cooked layer with well-drained strawberries (or fresh strawberries) on top. It makes a pretty layered dessert to put half of whipped cream on custard layer, put on the layer of strawberries and then top with a layer of whipped cream. Sprinkle 3/4 cup of vanilla wafers over top. Cover with aluminum foil and freeze. Cut into squares to serve.

This is equally good with pineapple slices or with banana slices for the fruit. Use pineapple or banana flavoring in cream. It is a large recipe, serving 16 because the pieces should be cut rather small. It is a rich, delicious freezer dessert. —Evelyn

HAM AND EGG COMBO

This recipe would be good for a brunch — or to use up leftover ham and eggs for a light supper. —Abigail

- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash pepper

Blend the above items, then add gradually.

- 2 cups milk

Cook and stir until thickened. Then add:

- 1/4 lb. process American cheese, cubes

- 1/4 cup sliced green onion
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento

Heat until cheese melts. Then add:

- 1 1/2 cups cubed, cooked ham
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

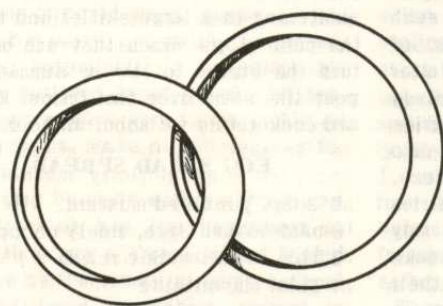
Heat and serve on toasted English muffins.

MARVELOUS SOUR CREAM FROSTING

- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 Tbls. corn syrup
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 3 Tbls. sour cream (if needed)

Combine 1 cup sour cream and sugar in saucepan. Blend and add water and corn syrup. Cook to soft ball stage. (235 degrees on candy thermometer.) Stir often. Cool slightly. Add flavorings and beat until creamy. Add 3 Tbls. additional sour cream if needed to make spreading consistency. Sprinkle top with nuts.

This is a generous amount, it will frost a two-layer cake nicely.



The Impossible Wedding

It seemed impossible: the "marriage" of perfect sweet flavor and absolutely no calories. Others had tried, and failed. They had bitter aftertaste. Or a brackish, metallic taste. Or imperfect sweetness. But we accomplished the seemingly impossible wedding of sweetness and no-cal in **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. Whether you're cutting down on calories because of tight clothes or doctor's orders, better check into **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener**. And live happily ever after.

Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

Uncle Sam



by
Marjorie Spiller Neagle

To many people it comes as a surprise to learn that Uncle Sam, symbol of the United States, was a real person.

Seventh in a family of thirteen children, Samuel Wilson, of Scottish ancestry, was born in September, 1766, in Menotomy (the Indian name for "Swiftly Running Water"). The town, now Arlington, Massachusetts, was bought from an Indian Sachem for \$10 and the promise of a new coat each winter.

Samuel was ten years old when the family moved to Mason, New Hampshire. Here the boy grew up, working at a variety of trades, and then when he was 23, he moved to Troy, New York, to learn the meat-packing business.

It was in this capacity that he was to win enduring fame.

Samuel learned the trade well, became a wholesaler, and built a dock at the foot of Troy's Ferry Street. Here he loaded his meat for shipping, much of it in the form of the canned "willie" so much used by troopers and adventurers.

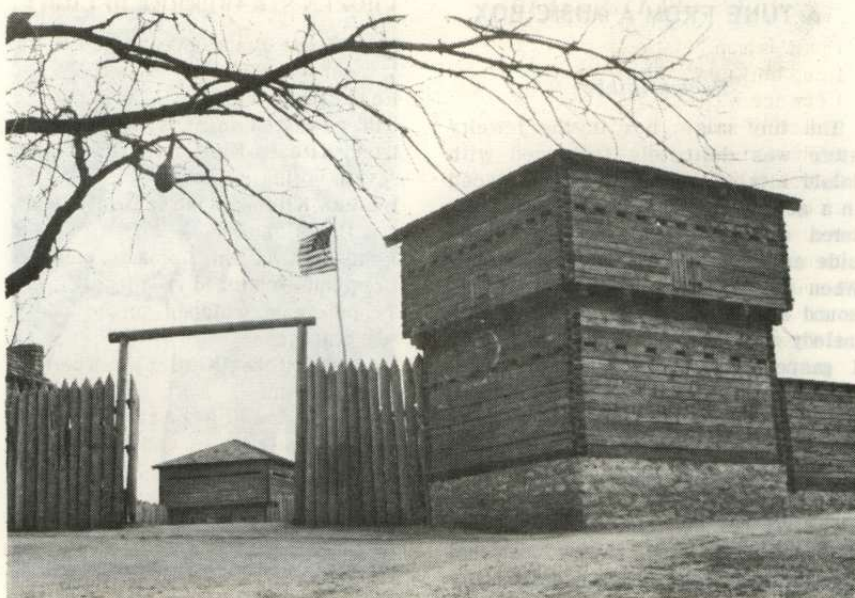
So well liked and respected for his geniality and honesty was Sam Wilson that his friends, and even mere acquaintances, began calling him "Uncle Sam". The name stuck.

When the War of 1812 broke out, "Uncle Sam" got a government contract to supply beef and pork to the Army. As a joke he stamped boxes and barrels with the initials of his nickname . . . U. S.

Soon the soldiers, learning what the letters stood for, began referring to the government itself as Uncle Sam, much as today's soldiers are called G.I.'s from Government Issue. References to the government as Uncle Sam can be found in newspapers as far back as 1813.

The costume of today's Uncle Sam is much like the dress worn by Wilson in the period when he was typical of the well-to-do elderly gentleman of his time. His high, bell-crowned hat was of felt. The bosom of his high-collared

(Continued on page 23)



Fort Osage

by Katharine Epperson

If one will follow U. S. Highway 24 east from Independence, Missouri, to Buckner, then take 20E north and follow the signs to Fort Osage, he can step back in time more than a century and a half.

In June, 1804, as Lewis and Clark were wending westward on their historic expedition, they passed a high bluff on the Missouri River. Captain Clark noted in his journal that the bluff would be a good place for a fort.

In 1808 he led a group of eighty men overland from St. Charles, Missouri, while George C. Sibley, with eighty-one soldiers and six supply-laden keel boats, made his way up the river. The two parties met on the seventy-foot bluff which rose sheer above the swirling eddy below. In a few days Fort Osage, the first U. S. outpost in the Louisiana Purchase, came into being.

George Sibley was in charge of the post as Indian agent, or factor, as he was called. He was assisted in dealing with the tribes of the Osage Indians by Nathan Boone, son of Daniel Boone, who negotiated with the chiefs for land as far south as the Arkansas River, and also some territory north of the Missouri. Sibley's young wife, the beautiful and talented Mary Easton of St. Louis, made the fort a place of gracious hospitality. She had one of her servants meet every incoming boat at the dock below with an invitation to all to come to her house.

Guests included the aged Daniel Boone, Zebulon Pike, Dr. John Robinson, the Chouteau's from St. Louis, Sacajawea, Prince Maximilian, Audubon, and John Bradbury, the English botanist.

Mary Easton Sibley was dearly loved by the Indians. She organized a school

for their children. She entertained the Indian families in her home, which she had made pleasant with musical instruments, books, and other luxuries she had brought with her from her home in St. Louis. It was said she could ride all day with her husband as he went among the tribes to do business, then dance all night with her guests. She founded Lindenwood College at St. Charles.

By 1819 the American frontier had pushed farther westward, and the War Department moved the technical headquarters to Council Bluffs. In 1822, the fort was closed, the building materials were carried away, and the site was left to weeds and wild animals.

Within the last quarter of a century, the Jackson County Court bought 113 acres and granted funds to the Native Sons of Kansas City to restore the fort. The original plans were dug out of the archives in Washington, and today Fort Osage stands once more — an authentic restoration built on the original foundation dug from the earth, which also yielded many of the artifacts now on display there.

The factor's house has been outfitted with authentic furnishings of that period. Spidery writing in the meticulously kept record books give the visitor a wealth of information about daily activities on the post in that long-ago time.

The French influence in early construction is seen in the hip roof and the all-around gallery of the factory, which housed the trading post and the factor's living quarters. Other buildings include soldiers' barracks, officers' quarters, blockhouses, and stockades.

(Continued on page 19)

A TUNE FROM A MUSIC BOX

by
Evelyn Birkby

The tiny music box in the jewelry store was delicately fashioned with inlaid bits of wood intricately placed in a geometric design. Gold braid glittered along the edge and down the side as brightly as a bit of sunlight. When the lid was opened the tinkling sound added note upon note until the melody came through clear and bright. I gasped as I recognized the tune: "Listen to the Mockingbird". Suddenly I was no longer mentally in a jewelry store but deep inside a feather bed listening to this same melody on a full-sized music box.

The feather bed and the music box belonged long ago to my maternal grandmother. When I was a child many of our summer vacations were spent in the small Illinois town of Murdock where Grandma Dragoo made her home. The large guest bedroom in Grandma's house was my favorite place to play. Here stood a great bed with a high walnut headboard covered with beautiful carving. On the bed rested a tremendous feather bed, thick and fluffy. I was not allowed to run and jump onto the bed, but I *could* manage, without fear of a scolding, to give a little hop and push myself into its depths enough to be completely submerged in soft down. Here, far away from the world of ordinary people, I could dream of being a princess in a great castle or a courageous explorer on a desert island.

The music box was my companion on such excursions. It stood on top of a marble-topped table, carefully protected by one of Grandma's hand-embroidered doilies. The musical disks were huge rounds of metal with tiny holes punched at irregular intervals. After cranking the machine carefully, a disk was placed on a spindle, an arm clamped down to keep it in place and something (I forget what) was pushed to start it in motion. Around and around the disk went catching tiny prongs of metal to produce what I knew was the most ethereal music in all creation. At least it was perfect for my flights of fancy which emanated from the depths of the feather bed.

Since "Listen to the Mockingbird" was my favorite, I played it repeatedly. Teen-agers of today *did not* originate the habit of playing special records over and over; this has been done for generations!

Fortunately for me, Grandma Dragoo was an extremely patient person. All one had to do was look into her deep blue eyes to see their kindness and quiet wisdom and, most of all, patience.

She was a very tiny woman, not much over five feet tall. Her gray hair was



Mrs. Mary Dragoo was the kind of loving, old-fashioned grandmother who built memories for her grandchildren, one of whom was Evelyn Birkby. Mr. Dragoo was called "The General" by his friends.

pulled up on top of her head in a bun. Her face was small and wrinkled and reflected the strenuous work of caring for a large family and facing the trials and tragedies the years had brought.

I cannot remember Grandma in anything except a long, full dress. The top was plain with buttons down the front. A tiny white collar framed her neck and white cuffs at the bottom of the long sleeves encircled her wrists. The skirt was gathered in soft folds around her waist and fell almost to the floor.

I can see Grandma yet as she bustled about in her kitchen with quick, decisive motions. She was the queen of her domain in spite of her small stature. Her pantry was the place where she put together flaky pie crusts, light biscuits and delicate cakes. As I think of it now, that pantry was a most inconvenient work area, but it was filled with a variety of interesting pots and pans and the delightful smells of spices and flavorings. It was the place where a child's dreams could come true!

The kitchen, as I remember it, was large. The huge black coal range stood at one side of the room just next to the pantry door. On the other wall was the sink — low, oblong and lined with tin. A hand pump provided the water.

That pump had its problems! It had to be primed to start the process of getting the water to run. This was simple, one just poured water down the center rod of the pump. The moisture helped swell the leather which moved up and down as the pump handle was moved, thus creating a vacuum which lifted the water.

My only problem in getting this pump

to work came when I was forgetful and had not refilled the jar, reserved for this purpose, with water. I would stand there pushing and pulling on that pump until my patience was gone. Then I would take the empty water jar, walk through the kitchen, across the back porch, down the steps and along the walk, until I reached the large outdoor pump near the chicken yard fence. I was sure everyone in the house could hear the squeak of that old pump and know that I once again had been neglectful.

Face flaming red I would swagger back into the kitchen and, as if I really didn't care about this entire stupid process, prime that aggravating pump with a splash!

Next to the kitchen was the dining room which held a large rectangular table covered with a white linen cloth. This table had the great virtue of *always* holding food of some kind. Fresh butter churned in the kitchen and molded in pretty smooth mounds, thick cream skimmed from the top of milk in a crock, crispy fried chicken, thick gravy and loaf after loaf of fine-textured homemade bread, were among the delicious array of foods Grandma produced for our enjoyment.

My sister and I always had to help "redd" up the table following a meal. The cream, butter and milk went down into the cool cellar, but I can remember most of the leftovers staying on the table and covered by a clean white cloth. This was definitely a timesaver. But I do wonder now how we ever survived leaving fried chicken and other perishable foods uncooled through a long afternoon.

The living room was my least favorite place in the house. I can only remember it as a rather colorless room with a few bright pillows, a flower or two blooming in a pot placed on a white doily, and a stereopticon viewer to give it interest. The wedding picture of Grandma and Grandpa Dragoo hung on the wall and seemed to dominate the room. Grandma had been such a pretty girl when she married. Grandpa, called "General" because of his military bearing and direct manner, looked stern. That picture always made me feel a bit uncomfortable, as though Grandpa was really seeing me with those sharp eyes of his and had spotted all the imperfections in my young soul!

The last time I saw Grandma, she was in bed in the small familiar bedroom which had been hers for the years she lived after Grandpa's death. She looked frail and tiny under the patchwork coverlet, but her eyes were patient and kind as always and she looked calm and serene.

(Continued on page 23)

Meet the World's Greatest Jogger

by
Myrtle E. Felkner



Of all the exercise crazes that have swept the nation, the one with which I can identify most easily is the current accent on jogging. Every evening the high school track in our town is used by the faithful, from teenage athletes to huffing, puffing grandmothers. I've seen a few businessmen taking their morning sprints around the block right after dawn, and it no longer surprises me when my eye catches sight of some farm wife jogging around the cornfield at midday.

Jogging is far from being a new sport. Its attractiveness lies in the fact that we can all do it; no equipment is necessary; and the beneficial results are really breathtaking. (I use the word advisedly!)

In 1964 our family was privileged to get the low-down on this sport from the world's ranking authority, Don Shepherd, of South Africa. Early that summer Mr. Shepherd, a trim, slender man of 49, left Los Angeles on a cross-country jog to New York, bearing a letter from the Mayor of Los Angeles to the Mayor of New York City, which he planned to deliver when he jogged into the World's Fair, then being held in that city.

Luckily for us, his route through Iowa was on Highway 2, and since our farm is located on that highway in Appanoose County, we listened eagerly for news of him as his progress was reported in newspapers and on radio and TV. One Sunday noon we heard that he was nearing our farm, and we all went out to the mailbox to meet and greet him. Soon we saw him coming over the hill at a good pace, jogging along rapidly in spite of the high temperature on this humid Iowa summer day.

He was wearing walking shorts, a light, short-sleeved shirt knotted at the waist, a sun-visor cap, and athletic shoes. Don later told us that it would take several pairs of shoes to run across the United States. He had brought his favorite kind to this country, and when he landed in New York, he mailed the shoes to himself to

different cities along the route of his proposed run. When a pair of shoes began to wear out, he didn't worry about it; he knew a pair would be waiting at the post office in the next large city. When he was in Iowa, his shoes were fairly new, since he had just picked up a pair in Lincoln, Nebraska.

After arriving in New York by ship, Don Shepherd flew to Los Angeles and began his world-famous jog from west to east. This was not the first attempt at cross-country running by this slight, hardy athlete. Once before he had attempted to run across the United States, but he had arrived in the Rocky Mountains in November in the midst of blizzards and severe weather. He was forced then to give up the attempt temporarily, and now, in the summer of 1964, Don was making his successful trek across our country. Since then, he has run across the Union of South Africa and also across England and Scotland. These runs were meaningful to him, particularly since Scotland is the country of his forefathers.

We were all surprised and amused to discover that our jogging friend carried very, very little with him in the way of gear. He had a small plastic bottle with a handle which he wore on his belt. This was for water. In addition he had a small back pack, probably 12 inches square and not very thick, which was held by a shoulder harness. My husband chuckled to recall that on a one-day foot trip into the mountains of Montana he had carried more sandwiches in his back pack than Don could possibly have accommodated in his.

In South Africa, when he is not running, Don is a gold miner in one of the mines near Johannesburg. He was interested in Iowa agriculture, and asked my husband many questions about the crops, particularly corn and other grains. He remarked that he had greatly enjoyed the panorama of our nation's enormous wealth, as indicated by the bulging granaries,

the fields of tall grain, the fat cattle, and the herds of sheep and swine.

Don told us that he ate very lightly most of the time on his runs, with his heartiest meal being breakfast. He liked American hamburgers and ate many of them. At night he almost always stayed at a motel, although on two different occasions night had found him a distance from any town. On those nights, he simply slept on the ground at a roadside park.

Our visit and the lunch which Don shared with us, were over far too soon. He shook hands all around, filled his plastic bottle with fresh well water, and hit the trail, waving and calling good wishes as he went.

Several weeks later, we were delighted to hear over a newscast that Don had arrived at the New York World's Fair, still jogging. He had run across the United States in 73 days and 8 hours, a world's record that he predicts will last forever. In letters to our family Don told us that a friend who lives in Australia saw some of the TV coverage which was made at the Fair, telling about the achievement. He has written a book about his experiences, which is entitled *My Run from L.A. to N.Y.C.*

Why did Don Shepherd want to run across a whole continent? Why did he voluntarily endure the terrific heat of the desert, the cruel cold of the high altitudes of the Rockies? When we asked him, he said, "Everything is automation these days. People are becoming too soft. I wanted to show what a man can do if he keeps in good condition. And I wanted to establish a new world's cross-country running record."

He's got me convinced! His latest letters tell us that at 53 he hasn't even considered slowing down. At the present time he is doing some strenuous training in preparation for an attempt to swim the English Channel. He continues to jog several miles a day as an important part of that training.

You can see why I'm won over to jogging. I must run along now; I can make it twice around the cornfield before the youngsters get home.

DO COME AGAIN

Thank you for stopping;
It was good to sit down.
I was changing the baby
When the meat burned brown.
I was answering the phone
When the jelly boiled over,
And I twisted my knee
When I fell over Rover.
(But that *isn't* what I called him!)

So thank you for stopping;
It was good to sit down. —Lois Drew



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

When the car of an interested *Kitchen-Klatter* reader became stalled along Rt. #2, Independence, Missouri, she went to a nearby home to call for assistance. There she became acquainted with the owner, Mrs. Rhoda Wooldridge, whose liking for early Missouri history led her to writing *Hannah's Brave Year* and *That's the Way, Joshuway*, historical books for children.

The story of the six Harelsons who



We know you're busy as a bee this time of year, but do take a rest each weekday and and listen to Kitchen-Klatter. You can find us on the following radio stations:

KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
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KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
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KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.



James Lowey, caught in the act, thinks his engaging smile will excuse him from his mischief. He knows he is not to pull books off the shelves, but it is such fun!

are left orphans after their parents die in a cholera epidemic is told in *Hannah's Brave Year* (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$3.50, 1964). Neighbors feel the children should be farmed out to families in the area. Twelve-year-old Hannah has different ideas. If they can pay off the mortgage, they can save the family farm and keep the children together. Life on the Missouri frontier is not easy. Thieving Indians, a severe blizzard, illness and the disappearance of their baby sister Angie test the courage of the boys and girls. A friendly Osage Indian, Sagameeshee, repays a kindness to the family by finding baby Angie. Hannah learns to cope with hardships and, in the spring, realizes that their struggle has been worthwhile.

Josh Carver and his dream to go out West is told in *That's the Way, Joshuway* (The Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$3.25, 1965). The dream enables him to bear the beatings and insults of his uncle who works him so unmercifully in his harness shop in Arrow Rock, Missouri. When he can no longer take the mistreatment, Josh takes his Kentucky rifle and dog Buff and heads toward the West and freedom. Coping with problems that beset Josh makes the vision of the West fade. He works his way to Independence on a Missouri riverboat where he joins his friends, the Crawfords, homesteaders near the Santa Fe Trail. There Josh learns the satisfaction that comes from belonging to the land, and to a family.

Both books by Mrs. Wooldridge are a fine contribution to the field of historical fiction for young people and deserve wide circulation.

Do you recall the songs Pa Ingalls played on his fiddle in the eight Laura Ingalls Wilder *Little House* books? Or Ma singing to the children - Laura, Mary, Grace, and Carrie? As welcome as an old friend will be *The Laura Ingalls Wilder Songbook* (Harper and

Row, \$5.95) compiled and edited by Eugenia Garson, illustrated by Garth Williams, and arranged for piano and guitar by Herbert Haufrecht.

The editor, Eugenia Garson, was for many years a children's librarian with the New York Public Library. She has spent eleven years researching and compiling these hard-to-find melodies. She was encouraged in her work by recalling the many children who came to her hoping to learn more about the songs mentioned in the *Little House* books. Preceding each song is a note telling its part in a particular book. Some have illustrations by Mr. Williams. For instance, "Paddle Your Own Canoe" with words and music by Harry Clifton, 1867, reminds us that it is a moralizing song, highly esteemed during the late nineteenth century. It was Pa Ingalls who said: "Now here's something worth singing. It's what we'll be doing this winter."

"Then love your neighbor as yourself,

As the world you go traveling through,

And never sit down with a tear or a frown,

But paddle your own canoe."

Sixty-two of the songs and hymns that were sung by that happy Ingalls family in log cabin and sod hut, on covered wagon and prairie village as they crossed the plains are found in the book. Public libraries and school libraries should add this to their collection. (It is available from your bookstore or the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home at Mansfield, Missouri, 65704.)

Jan de Hartog, in his book *The Children* (Atheneum, \$6.50) tells of his feelings upon adopting two Korean children, ages 3 and 5, when he was 53 years of age and already the father of four. Mr. de Hartog and his wife were part of a Quaker group in Pennsylvania formed to aid children of Vietnam. *The Children* is an informal collection of notes from the first months of adoption. After reading the book, I feel it would be particularly helpful for those who adopt young Asians. Mr. de Hartog's children are lucky to have such a home.



JUNE WEDDING BELLS RING

The wedding ring originally was part of the price a man paid for his bride, and it went to her father rather than to the girl.

The custom of giving the ring to the bride apparently originated when signet rings were used as symbols of authority. And the husband gave his wife a signet ring to show that she was authorized to act for him in handling his household affairs.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Some years ago we made a large circular flower bed on our west lawn which we use as a test garden for new annual flowers. The bed was first marked off by placing a stake in the approximate center of the area of an imaginary circle. A 25 ft. stout piece of string was fastened to the stake and by walking clockwise the inner circle edge was easily marked out. We used a rotary tiller to dig the bed making it two digger widths wide — about 3 feet, so it could be weeded easily from either side. Last spring before planting we used a weed seed killer and soil fumigant called Vapam on the bed. It was sprayed thoroughly with the solution about two weeks ahead of the actual planting time which was June 1. We had no trouble with weeds until mid-summer and then a heavy mulch was applied which controlled the few stragglers throughout the remainder of the growing season.

The circular bed is always of interest because it contains so many new and beautiful annual flowers. Many of them will not be available to gardeners until 1970 or 1971 because they have not been sufficiently tested or the seed supply is very short. Last year we planted some lovelies that are available now. Some of them were Geisha Girl calendula with incurved petals like those of a Japanese chrysanthemum; Rayonantha aster, big-crested Princess-type flowers surrounded by halos of airy cactus petals; Wild Cherry zinnia, the All-America Silver Medal winner last year, a vibrant cherry-rose color; marigold, First Lady, an F1 hybrid All-America winner with masses of 3½-inch carnation-flowered yellow blooms.

All around the inner side of the circle bed were clumps of arctosis (African Daisies). We used the new hybrids that come in a rich array of colors — cream, bronze, yellow, red and apricot. The plants form little "drifts" of color that seem to flow out from under taller plants giving a natural look to the bed.

Other annual flowers that find their way to the circle are all the odds and ends left over from the bedding plant greenhouse. Last year we had a wealth of Nemesis that did not sell because they were not familiar to most gardeners. Later when folks saw them in bloom they asked that we reserve plants for them this spring. Nemesis are that pretty!



Andy had a private wading pool when the irrigation water was turned on.

SURPRISE !!!

Perhaps in time I'll cease to look
With wonder on the tiny features
So alike — and yet with just a hint of
Something different there about the
Eyes. It may be I'll accept as
Commonplace, some day, the tilt of
downy
Heads, the jut of dimpled chins, the
azure
Blue of baby eyes that hold within their
depths
The promise of tomorrow.
But not for now!

The days have passed. And still I
Gaze with awe upon the rosy faces
Flushed with sleep, the dimpled fingers
Curled into a ball. Within those cozy
Cribs lie miracles that far outshine
The man-made wonders of the earth.
And I — a grandma twice at once —
Still stand and stare!! —Leta Fulmer

FORT OSAGE — Concluded

As one stands on the *galerie* viewing the majestic sweep of the Missouri River far below, hearing no sound other than the wind in the trees, he can almost imagine that Indian fur trappers will appear with their pelts to trade for plows or paint, tools or trinkets; or that a keel boat, carrying supplies from St. Louis or St. Charles, then the capital of the state, will ply its laborious way up the Big Muddy.

But the spell is soon broken as the Santa Fe Super Chief streaks across the river bridge a few hundred yards downstream. A couple of years ago, when the McGraw-Hill publishing com-

pany was there making an educational film about pioneer history, they had to retake shots because jet streaks across the sky marred the authenticity of the sets.

Fort Osage is open the year round from 9 to 5. Admission is free. A picnic area has tables and fireplaces for the accommodation of visitors.

IN HONOR OF FATHER'S (PAY) DAY

A father has been described as a parent who owns a wallet in which his children's pictures are used as a substitute for money.

The goals of the future are based on the promises of the past.

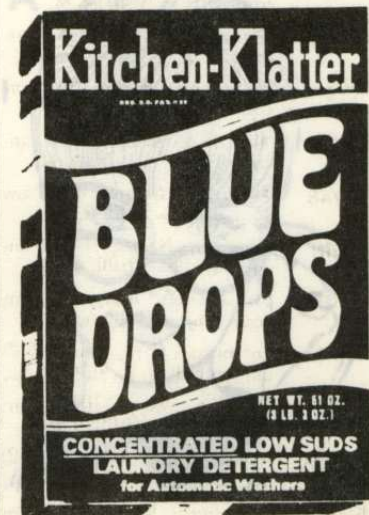
IF YOU WASH CLOTHES . . .

In a wringer washer, automatic or combination washer-dryer . . .

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FEARS OF CHILDHOOD — Concluded

adulthood. And so on.

Incidentally, such experiences (referred to in scientific circles as "traumatic" experiences) seem to be related in some measure to the nightmares with which children are often troubled. An experience, moreover, need not be so dramatic as those just mentioned in order to leave its mark. There are countless numbers of minor traumas that are part of a normal childhood, any of which may or may not manifest itself as fear.

Nor are the effects of traumatic experiences the same for all children. To a two-year-old, a relatively minor mishap such as a fall from a playground swing may, aside from leaving him somewhat fearful of the playground and all its equipment, be frightening enough to trigger nightmares.

Almost every child has bad dreams on occasion, just as we adults do. But a child's attitude toward nightmares differs from ours. We know, of course, that a dream is purely a figment of the imagination. So no matter how disturbing a dream might have been while we were asleep, we enjoy a sense of relief when we wake up. Not so with a child. That "man" who was in the room trying to take his fire engine away has not dissolved into nothingness with waking, but threatens him still. The trouble is, as psychologists explain, that young children cannot readily distinguish between a dream and reality. They tend to remain disturbed and puzzled by nightmares and, because of this, may easily develop a fear of the dark or even of going to bed.

It is fairly common for children of kindergarten age to need to have the light left on while they sleep. At this

stage of his life, a child knows that he is not indestructible and often has a pretty good idea of the harm he can suffer. Among other things, he may have become afraid of dying. This fear is not rooted in the recognition that all men are mortal, but simply reflects his awareness of the fact that people do die and something could happen to *him* — not eventually, but now.

What "die" means, of course, is apt to be indistinct and changeable; children find it hard to grasp the finality of death. In games, death is reversible: "Bang! You're dead! O.K., now you must be alive again." Still, they know that persons who die are not seen again and, if they are misguidedly told that death is like a "continuing sleep", bedtime may indeed become a terrifying ordeal.

A child of this age is also learning about imaginary and real dangers simultaneously — spooks, kidnappers, burglars, giants — and cannot yet completely separate one from the other. We've all been witness to, at one time or another, the genuine panic a child can provoke in his playmates by declaring himself a tiger and snarling menacingly. Sure, their terror is tinged a bit with skepticism, but then they're not quite satisfied that it has no basis in fact either.

Many childhood fears spring from the child's own vivid imagination, which is evident in the games he plays. He may be a cowboy or an Indian, a locomotive or an ogre, as he chooses. He may be in the sky or below the sea, whichever happens to suit the game better. Psychologists tell us that a child's imagination develops faster than his intellect and that, due to this lag in intelligence and understanding,

he may apply all kinds of real and imaginary dangers to himself. The perils he invents and overcomes may be "fun". But his fancied dangers may terrify him, too.

They say, too, that the limitations of a child's experience are an important factor in his seemingly irrational fears. He may pluck several sprigs of poison ivy as innocently as he might pluck the leaves of any other plant. He might approach a hungry wolf the way he walks up to his neighbor's dog. In both instances, it would be his lack of previous experience that would prevent him from being aware of danger.

But just as a child may fail to see anything frightening in things which are harmful, so he may come to be afraid of things which are not. The infant then, fearing noise, will also fear the object with which he associates the noise. Thus does the vacuum cleaner, or electric razor, or lawn mower, become fearsome. In the same way, toddlers grow to fear waiters, barbers, or anyone else whose clothing is reminiscent of a doctor's.

Then there is the self-producing nature of fear itself to contend with. Fearing an injection, a child may soon learn to be afraid, not only of the needle, but of the doctor, his office, a hospital, the smell of a hospital, and so on.

So it appears that no matter how we dislike fear in our children, we cannot succeed in warding off *all* childhood fears. Even experts in child care provide no panacea, no check list, to guide us in the prevention of fears which children acquire through mishap, misinterpretation, or their own active imagination.

They do point out, however, that we can help our children overcome their fears by offering them genuine understanding. As Eric Fromme, the noted child psychologist, puts it: "A rational explanation of how little there is to be afraid of, or how unafraid *we* are, does next to nothing for a child. Chiding him about his fears or forcing him to face the fearful experiences are even worse. The important thing is to leave our children feeling that they can tell us what they're afraid of. They will feel this way only if they're not afraid of us and feel that we understand rather than judge them."

We can only take this to mean that, above all, we should recognize that a child's fears are very real to him, however unreal the actual danger. By conveying to him that we respect his fears and will stand by him when he is afraid, we leave him free to talk to us about his fears, to know them for what they are, and to eventually conquer them.

✱ ✱ ✱

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FATHER-SON BANQUET - Concluded
my mind. I will study. I will listen. I will learn something useful.

JUST FOR TODAY I will be agreeable and friendly to all I meet. I will lift up, not tear down; love, not hate; help, not hinder; bless, not blight.

JUST FOR TODAY I will be happy in the thought of God's love, that with Him and through Him I can do what must be done, and happy for the blessings of family and friends. I will be happy just to be alive.

JUST FOR TODAY I will adjust myself to whatever comes, not trying to adjust it to my own selfish desires, but using it in the way which God is pointing.

JUST FOR TODAY I will be unafraid, trusting in the faith of my fathers, believing that as I give to the world, so will the world give back to me.

Salute to Sons: As we fathers look at you, our sons, we wish we might have words to tell you what you mean to us; but our tongues falter, we stammer, grow red in the face, and usually end up hiding behind our papers in our easy chairs. Perhaps our whole love and pride in you comes when we pray, "Lord, make me worthy!" So as a salute to you, I'd like to quote these lines by an unknown author, words that are our prayers that we might be MEN, men of whom our sons can be proud.

"God make me a man:

Give me strength to stand for the right
When other folks have left the fight;
Give me the courage of the man
Who knows that if he wills, he can.
Help me to see in every face
The good, the kind, and not the base.
Make me sincere in word and deed;
Blot out from me all shame and greed;
Help me to guard my troubled soul
By constant, active self-control.
Clean up my thoughts, my speech, my play,

And give me courage day by day.

O make me a man."

Music: Let this be gay, lively music by a quartette. One of the funniest stunts I have seen for such an occasion was a quartette of fathers who dressed in their sons' typical teen or college garb, with the addition of string mop long hair and heavy necklaces such as the "flower children" wear, and then pantomimed a hit record. The fathers in your quartette might prefer to do their own singing, and so much the funnier. If you use such a group, perhaps they can appear at two or three different spots on the program, being your "guest artists" for the evening.

Reading: (This is read as a litany, so one reader reads a statement and second reader then follows with a statement.)

If a child lives with criticism,

He learns to condemn.

If a child lives with hostility,

He learns to fight.

If a child lives with ridicule,

He learns to be shy.

If a child lives with jealousy,

He learns to feel guilty.

If a child lives with tolerance,

He learns to be patient.

If a child lives with encouragement,

He learns to live with confidence.

If a child lives with praise,

He learns to appreciate.

If a child lives with fairness,

He learns justice.

If a child lives with security,

He learns to have faith.

If a child lives with approval,

He learns to like himself.

If a child lives with acceptance and friendship,

He learns to find love in the world.

—Unknown

Jes' for Fun: (a reading)

ESSAY OF A BOY

The bird that I am going to write about is an owl. The owl cannot see at all by day and at night he is as blind as a bat.

I do not know much about the owl so I will go on to the beast which I am going to choose. It is the cow. The cow is a mammal. It has six sides, right, left, upper, below, behind, and ahead. At the back it has a tail with a brush hanging on the end. With this it sends the flies away so that they don't fall in the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with, and the mouth is to moo with. Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking. When the milk comes, when people milk, it just comes and there ain't no end to it. How the cow does it I don't know, but it makes more and more so there's lots and lots. The cow has a fine sense of smell; you can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country.

The man cow is called an ox. It is not a mammal. The cow does not eat much but what it eats, it eats twice, so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing it is because its insides is filled up with grass. The cow is a wonderful creature — kinda crazy, but all right.

Toastmaster: *Blessed is the man who walks not in the counsel of the wicked, nor stands in the way of sinners, nor sits in the seat of scoffers; but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and on his law he meditates day and night.*

He is like a tree planted by streams of water, that yields its fruit in season, and its leaf does not wither.

In all that he does, he prospers.

The wicked are not so, but are like chaff which the wind drives away.

Therefore the wicked will not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous; for the Lord knows the way of the righteous, but the way of the wicked will perish.

—Psalms 1

Benediction: Be with us as we go, each to his own home, his own way. Grant that we all, the big and the small, the young and the old walk through our days as men — and sons of God. Amen.

(Note: If a hymn is desired before the benediction, "I Want a Principle Within" would be appropriate.)



In a hurry to get into summer?

Then let's skip spring housecleaning! Oh, not really . . . let's just take the work out of it. The really hard work of deep-down cleaning and scrubbing. Of rinsing and wiping to get rid of the froth and scum that old-fashioned cleaning powders always seem to leave. Let's turn the really tough work of cleaning over to a pro: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It's the one that goes into solution the minute it touches water . . . even hardest water. And it cuts grease and grime the first time through, with no scum left behind. Fast, and economical, too! No wonder so many of your friends wouldn't be without it — at housecleaning time or any other time. You'll find it at your grocer's.



"You go through the motions . . . Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner does the work!"

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LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded
emerald carpet are brightened with flowers and wreaths and the bright red, white and blue of the flags. Memory competes with the hushed bustle of activity - in a way, festive, in a way, sad.

Others will leave the city on this day. Once again they will count off the section lines - 1, 2, 3 miles; now turn left - between fields in whose black earth green shoots will soon tower beneath the Iowa sky. Here is the land which once was home. Ah, there's the church. And on beyond the gnarled oaks cast their brief shade upon the modest stones.

The clustered plots are ready for this day. The creaking gate is oiled. The tractor in the field nearby stands idle. There are now more who fill these



First birthday party and first taste of cake! James Lowey looks a bit bewildered by all the activity.

plots than fill the pews, but those who care confound the creeping weeds and tend the growing grass. Here fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers remain forever where the cornstalks clatter in the wind which sweeps the puffs of dust from off the narrow road.

Here, too, the flowers. And a flag. The little ones stand hushed - a twisting hand secure within a father's fist - as he recalls a time when he was such a restless child himself. The hand he held - so big, so firm, so steady with assuring life - lies now below. And where the flag flaps, there lies a playmate of those days. A distant bugle - Heartbreak Ridge or Normandy? - sounds "Taps," a "Taps" that only older ears can hear.

A moment then for thoughts of yesterday. Then to the car. The motor roars. Back to the city, back to today, back to tomorrow. The plume of dust streams backward - then fades away.

There may be places, too, where a small resting place of death survives the lively shroud of nature's jungle only with the help of a county weed crew. Verdant shoots of spring provide a ragged setting for the weathered stones, the sagging gate, the fenceless posts. Will no one lay a wreath today, whose withered petals may be blown about before they too become another grain of this forgotten soil? Perhaps. Or maybe only thoughts of someone far away will linger, like the sighing wind about a grave.

Here too it is a day for memories.

Until next month . . . Lucile

BRIDAL SHOWER - Concluded

He may battle for the right,
But 'tis likelier by far
That he sallies forth to fight
For a girl,
Just a girl.

When the doctor turns to say:

"It's a girl,
Just a girl."

Papa murmurs with dismay;

"What! A girl,
Just a girl?"

Ah, but why the sadness there?
Why disappointment displayed?
Some day some strong man will swear
That the great round world was made
For that girl,
Just that girl.

Why did Adam take a bite?

For a girl,
Just a girl.

Why was Troy swept out of sight

For a girl,
Just a girl?

O! would heaven still be bright,
And would any good man care
To achieve, if he might
Never claim forever there,

Just a girl,
Glorious girl?

ADVICE

You who are about to marry: Here's a word to guide your way.

All is not the mist and roses that will mark your wedding day.

Men are grouchy in the morning (often in the evening, too);

Men are prone to indigestion from foods that agree with you;

Men leave dirty towels and stockings on the dirty bathroom floor;

Men are apt to roar and grumble at the smallest household chore;

Men don't like to go to movies where a girl can have a cry;

Men object to too much salad, love the calories in a pie;

Men say women's hats are silly, then make eyes at gals in cute ones;

Men say brainy women bore them, then ignore you for astute ones;

Men think housework's automatic and there's really nothing to it;

Men implore you "Take it easy," then wowie, when you do it!

Men . . . but what's the use of talking? Have you heard a word I said?

You who are about to marry, GO AHEAD!

-Anonymous

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

lotte, just north of Ft. Myers. His wife, Oliver's sister Emma, passed away in December, you recall. We spent two very full days with Elder, catching up on family news and seeing things of interest in his area, including the Ringling home, art gallery and circus museum in Sarasota.

At this point we felt we were homeward bound. The best roads appeared to be in central Florida, so we headed inland, stopping at Cyprus Gardens, and then north, cracking off the miles through Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri and arrived safely home in Shenandoah.

Next month I'll tell you about the decorating we are doing.

Sincerely, Margery

Double the wardrobe ... half the cost!



BLOUSES



AND

DRESSES



AND LINGERIE

AND ALL



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UNCLE SAM - Concluded

shirt was frilled and ornamented with a jewelled pin. His wide cravat was stiffly starched. The swallow-tailed blue coat with its rolling collar and high waist showed off a buff waistcoat adorned with gilt buttons matching those on his coat. From a watch pocket in his close-fitting pantaloons hung a watch fob, usually of ribbon, from which dangled a fancy seal.

In the original cartoons Uncle Sam was depicted as being clean shaven. The beard was added during the presidency of Abraham Lincoln.

"Uncle Sam wants YOU" was one of the enlistment posters at the time of World War I.

If you happen to be in Troy you can visit Samuel Wilson's gravesite, over which one of his granddaughters placed a sumptuous 4-ton monument. In Mason, New Hampshire, can be seen the tiny house where he spent his teens, and in Arlington, Massachusetts, a tablet marks the place of his birth.

TUNE FROM MUSIC BOX - Concluded

When we said goodbye and started on our trip back to Iowa, we all knew we would not see Grandma alive again. But somehow I knew that all the really important parts of the life we had shared with her would go with us.

So it was that when I heard the tune on the little music box in the jewelry store I knew my feelings had been correct. Grandma and her home and the joy we shared are still very much a part of my life.

PRETTY CLOTHES - Concluded

often use the existing gathers or pleats, thus saving time when you stitch up the "new" apron.

Then there are the clothes that are perfectly good . . . *except* for that tear, or burn, or stain. What can be done about them? Try the imaginative approach; see what you can dream up to repair the damage and actually add to the attractiveness of the dress. For the budget often dictates that the mending must be done, you can't just chuck it . . . so you might as well get as much enjoyment out of the task as possible. Try adding some tape or braid if the tear is in a feasible location; perhaps it can be covered with a pocket. If the damage is on a long sleeve, shorten the sleeves. A stained collar can be covered with trim, or the collar entirely removed. A flaw above the bustline can often be disguised by adding a monogram, an applique, a pocket. Iron-on mending tape in many cases can be used to make nearly invisible repairs.

And then there are the clothes that are perfectly good . . . *except* that you're ten pounds heavier than you were last year. What to do? Some shifts and skimmers can be slit down the front, and a contrasting panel added. Use your eye for proportion to determine how wide this panel should be, but the actual spread in the original garment should be about two or three inches; more than this, and you will have thrown your side seems too far to the back.

These mending and alteration jobs must be done on an individual basis: you look at what you have, and plan what can be done with it. But it's surprising at the original ideas you will have, if you'll just make the effort, and the results will be so much more stylish than if you just coast along from day to day, saying, "I'll sew for Sue today, and for Jack tomorrow. And I will get to mine *one of these days*..."

Above all, don't be afraid to use your own individual ideas, your own flair, to create fresh outfits that look custom made "just for you." If you plan carefully before beginning your additions and alterations, you'll be better pleased, and find that you have saved both time and money in this way.

And having done what you could to really make last year's things attractive, take stock. If you do need some new things, don't hesitate to use part of the family clothing budget for them, for Mother is important to the whole family. Human nature being what it is, the family will take you at your own valuation, so resolve, now, that "this mother will wear pretty clothes at home as well as away." You'll be glad you did!



Old Glory

by
Virginia Thomas

June 14 will be Flag Day, the day we honor the Stars and Stripes — the revered colors that we affectionately speak of as "Old Glory". Do you know how it got that name?

It was back in about 1816 that a young lad in Salem, Massachusetts, ran away from home to seek his fortune. He was William Driver.

Years went by and the boy who ran away to sea finally became a skipper of a ship called the *Charles Doggett*. This was about fifteen years after he had left home.

To recognize his first voyage as captain of the brig, the friends of Captain Driver presented him with a 12- x 24-foot flag. As he ran it up the mast and it unfurled in the breeze, the captain said, "I'll call her Old Glory, boys, Old Glory!"

No one seems to know where he picked up this name, but it stuck. "Old Glory" went twice around the world on his ship and the nickname became known wherever he went.

Some years later Captain Driver's wife became ill, so he gave up the sea life and settled in Nashville, Tennessee, where he became a farmer and shoemaker.

He still treasured "Old Glory" and flew it above his home on holidays and during the elections of six United States presidents.

One writer tells us that Captain Driver was a colorful figure standing in the midst of his nine children — plus a couple of dozen of neighbors' offspring — as he lovingly removed the flag from its camphor wood chest and raised it in the breeze.

During the Civil War three of Driver's sons fought for the Confederacy, but the Captain remained loyal to the Union. He laid his precious flag inside a bed quilt to keep it safe from the rebels and looters. Several times Confederate officials came to demand that he turn the now famous flag over to them, but he refused.

In 1862 the Union army captured Nashville. Proudly Captain Driver brought "Old Glory" from her hiding place. An armored guard escorted Driver and his flag to the State Capitol where once more it fluttered in the breeze. Driver stayed up all night watching over his beloved flag to be sure no harm came to it, nor that it be stolen by the secessionists.

The Union men now began to take the nickname to every battlefield.

Once again in 1864 Nashville was under siege. The Captain hoisted "Old Glory" above his house and then hurried to a hill overlooking the city to man a gun. He threatened to blow the house down, too, if he could not keep the flag in sight, but this he was not called on to do.

Later, when one of his daughters married and left for the West, Driver gave her his precious flag to take with her. She settled in Nevada where "Old Glory" flew over her home on special occasions for years.

In 1922 the daughter presented the flag to the Smithsonian Institution where it can be seen today.

MY DAD

Pa doesn't go for fancy things
Or what fits certain plans,
He lives a rather simple life —
In fact he's quite a man.
He likes to know the bills are paid
When new months roll around.
He strives to set his children straight
So they tread on safe ground.
He doesn't want a lot of gifts
To express sentiment.
He'd rather have a firm handclasp
To show him what is meant.
A tender touch upon his arm
Or pat upon his hand
Is all it takes to please my pa —
The best dad in the land. —Romi Rich

MEASURE OF A BOY

A scruple of neatness,
A dram of spunk,
An ounce of mischief,
A pound of mimicry,
A pint of curiosity,
A quart of ruggedness,
A gallon of wholesomeness,
A barrel of belief,
A peck of energy,
A bushel of laughter,
And a ton of love!

—Cora Ellen Sobieski

NONE NOT FAIR

It's not that only pretty girls
Are tapped for wedding ties,
No, every bride is beautiful
With lovelight in her eyes.

—Flo Montgomery Tidwell

THEY GRADUATE

They graduate. From every town
And country school we see them marching down
The aisle, with parents there who feel with pride
Thankful emotion well inside.
Tomorrow, in jeans and jobs, — just common clay,
But they are center of the universe today;
Holding diplomas soberly amid fanfare,
Passing through the door before they toss their caps in air.

—Beulah M. Huey

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