

TX1
K57X

16A8

Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

VOL. 33

JULY, 1969

NUMBER 7



-Photo by Jack Newsom

W. E. F. ARTS
124 BAKERSFIELD
Ave
JULY 1969
64505



Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,

Lucile Driftmier Verness,

Margery Driftmier Strom.

Subscription Price \$2.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$2.50 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Copyright 1969 by The Driftmier Company.

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is the very first letter I've written in my new house in Albuquerque. It is a perfectly beautiful June day and even though everything is still at sixes and sevens I feel much at home in this place.

Well! (If we were visiting in person I think I would draw a heavy and long sigh on that well!) Since I last wrote to you all kinds of totally unexpected things have happened. None of it was foreseen and there couldn't be any kind of advance planning.

Our original plans called for Anita and me to come out here around the end of May and to take our time in getting settled in the new house. Everything from my old place north of Santa Fe had been delivered down here and was piled up in the house, in the garage and in Juliana's garage right across the street. We figured that it would take around a month to get everything sorted and put away and this much time was what we looked forward to in all of our planning.

It really didn't make much difference when we started out for Albuquerque so we just decided on a date in the last part of May and began planning around it. About a week before this there was a most unexpected call from Juliana with the news that Jed had taken a plane at 2:00 in the morning to go back to Woods Hole, Massachusetts, where his father was in critical condition from a heart attack, plus pneumonia. She wondered if Anita and I could come earlier and there really wasn't any reason why we couldn't, so I told her we would pack the car and start at 5:00 the next morning.

The rest of that day we were busy getting the car loaded and taking care of last minute things. We were still loading the car at 9:00 that night when the phone rang and this time it was a call for Anita from Santa Fe; one of her sister's very dear friends

had phoned to tell Anita that her sister was critically ill and in Saint Vincent's hospital in Santa Fe. Anita explained that we were all ready packed and that we planned to leave at 5:00 the following morning.

Immediately after this we both went to bed so we could get up around 4:30 the next morning. Just a few minutes after 4:00 Anita came to my room with the shocking news that she had had another call from Santa Fe and her sister was dead. There was absolutely no warning at all — Eula was in good health and the heart attack was totally unexpected. All of it seemed so unreal.

We started out immediately and certainly that was a trip when I most earnestly wished that I could drive, since Anita was really in shock because of the unbelievable news that her sister was gone. They were extremely close to each other; I have never known more devoted sisters.

We spent that night in Lamar, Colorado, and then got up very early the next morning and made it into Santa Fe exactly at noon. I've made some fast trips back and forth to New Mexico from Iowa, but never one quite that swift. We never exceeded the speed limit but we kept going at the maximum speed every inch of the way.

An old friend of mine in Santa Fe came by to drive me down to Albuquerque, so by 3:00 I was settled in at Juliana's house and getting re-acquainted with my little grandson James.

It had been two months since he had seen me and at first he was a little uncertain and timid. I just left him strictly alone so that he could come to me on his own accord and therefore would feel certain and at ease. I had taught him to play "Patty Cake" when I was here earlier and I knew he felt sure of himself when he came to me and began to play "Patty Cake".

Juliana, James and I had about a

week together and then Jed flew home because his father had improved so rapidly that he could be dismissed from the hospital. His swift recovery seemed almost fantastic and Jed could leave his family with a light heart.

I was still with Juliana, Jed and James when Anita phoned from Santa Fe with the news that she could get away from her responsibilities long enough to come to Albuquerque and take some steps towards getting me settled in the new house. She brought with her an old and dear friend from Kansas City who had made the trip out to Santa Fe for Eula's funeral.

As matters now stand when I am writing to you, Eula (she and Anita's sister had the same first name) and I are here together and slowly and surely are getting unpacked and settled. I'm extremely grateful to her for staying with me through this period. I don't know just when Anita can join me since she is the administrator of her sister's estate and must be on deck in Santa Fe until all of the problems have been resolved. As of now, Eula and I are just here together and not planning very far ahead.

All in all, when I think of the plans I'd made to get established in Albuquerque, the present situation seems quite unreal. I've never been one to look far ahead, and when everything totally unexpected happens it seems quite foolish to have long range ideas.

I like my new home very much and even though I've been here such a short time I feel quite settled. We've had the hoses running day and night to try to restore the grass that had gotten badly burned in this heat. There is a big strawberry patch that sprang into action once it was watered, and within just a few days we will have fresh berries. There is also a very large bed of black raspberries and a grape arbor loaded with vines. I have a peach tree that almost touches the ground it is so heavily burdened with fruit, and I just hope that I'm here when those peaches are ready to eat.

James is now almost 14 months old and every day he seems to make some kind of a new change. He runs everywhere and never creeps unless he's gotten into some kind of a corner and can't back out on his feet. He is still the sunniest, happiest baby I've ever seen and goes into his crib without any kind of a fuss.

And speaking about his crib . . . after he climbed up and fell out on his head, Jed got a heavy rod and anchored it very firmly with two big

(Continued on page 22)

LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

How happy I am that I live in the Midwest, for I do enjoy the changes of seasons. We had such a delightful spring this year, and now we are having an equally wonderful summer. The roses are larger and lovelier than any I have ever seen. I don't believe it would be an exaggeration to say that some of the Peace roses are six or seven inches across! They are so magnificent that one single bloom is all that is necessary in a vase.

Since I wrote to you last month, Martin has graduated from college. Oliver and I attended the baccalaureate service and the commencement exercises at Crete, Nebraska. This was the largest graduating class in Doane College's history, but the way the enrollment increases, each year no doubt will be making that claim. The speeches were wonderful, containing just the inspiration these fine young people needed before going out into the world, and the day itself was "just what we ordered" — bright and sunny. The picture on this page of Martin and his father was taken immediately following the graduation program which was held out of doors on the lawn called "Poet's Grove", a charming name, don't you think?

There was a list of jobs waiting for Martin when he arrived home from school — things Oliver and I had left for stronger arms to tackle, such as cleaning the garage, basement and storeroom. When these were taken care of, there was more work waiting for him on the farm, so these days Martin has been well aware of some muscles that hadn't had such a work-out in months! The big job he is working on at the farm is tearing down an old hog house. The first day five hours was about all he could manage, but he has increased these gradually until now he is putting in a full working day.

Our minister has started something that we think is very nice. He has been asking some of the young people to participate in worship service most Sundays. Sometimes they are asked to read the Scripture lessons, and on occasion have given a short sermon on their concerns. The first Sunday Martin was home, he was asked to read the Scriptures and also to give a short talk. We were very proud of him as he expressed himself to the members of the congregation, just as the parents of the other young people had been on previous Sundays. After church some of the older members



This picture of Martin and his father, Oliver Strom, was taken immediately following the graduation exercises at Doane College.

said that Martin's presentation reminded them of my brother Frederick when he was about that age.

Summer brings company, of course, and we were delighted to have a nice visit recently from our cousin Josephine Field Nelson and her husband Al. Jo is one of Uncle Henry's daughters. She and Al live in Clinton, Iowa, but in recent years they have spent the winter months in Arizona. Home is always home, though, and they said that the high point in spring is returning to Iowa. We expect visits from other relatives as summer progresses.

We're much looking forward to having Frederick arrive in a few days. He called Mother recently to see what plans she had for the next few weeks, and when she informed him that except for a few days with Dorothy and Frank on the farm, she would be right here at home, he said that he would plan to fly out soon. He'll leave after a Sunday service, spend the week, and then fly back in time to preach the following Sunday. Even though it will be a short stay, we'll cram in as much as we can, including a family picnic.

COVER PICTURE

Perhaps you don't really need an introduction to the young fellow on the cover if you have read the magazine these past months. Little James sat for his first formal photograph on his first birthday. Lucile Verness, his grandmother, wrote from Albuquerque that every pose was so sweet she had a time making her selection for this cover, but she and James' parents, Juliana and Jed Lowey, finally agreed on this one.

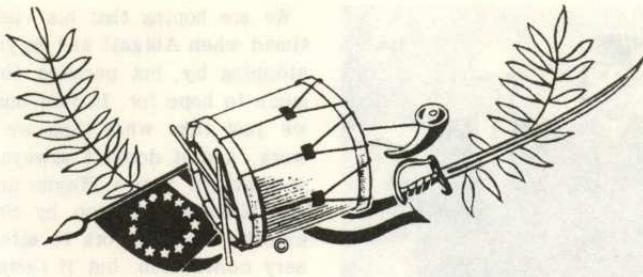
We are hoping that his visit will be timed when Abigail and Wayne will be stopping by, but perhaps that is too much to hope for. In this busy family, we just take what time we can from work, and it doesn't always coincide with others' visits. Wayne and Abigail are planning to stop by Shenandoah enroute to New York to attend a nursery convention, but if there are last minute changes in itinerary, it might be on their way home. Likely they won't know until the day before they leave, so we'll just have to wait and see how things are scheduled.

Oliver and I plan to be right here in Shenandoah during the summer months except for a few days at conventions. I'm a delegate to our state church convention one week, and the following week Oliver will be attending a state meeting in line with his work with the employment service. But looking ahead, I believe these will be the only out-of-town trips we have lined up to date.

It has been several years since we felt we could get the full use from a family ticket at the swimming pool, but this year we felt it would be a saving to buy one. In my enthusiasm to go to the pool, I went down on opening day, forgetting that the water in a freshly filled pool would be the nearest thing to an ice bath! The young and strong had come out in full force, but I believe there was only one other adult so brave. No, I can't say I was brave, for all I did was get in and out! That satisfied me for a while; I decided Oliver was right — we'd better wait until the sun warms the water a bit. Swimming is excellent for mild exercise and we're anticipating spending some time at the pool this summer.

Just now I was interrupted by a phone call with the news that the kitchen carpet had arrived and will be laid tomorrow. This necessitated my calling our appliance dealer to make arrangements to have the stove and refrigerator moved out of the kitchen first thing in the morning. With this last bit of work completed we'll have wound up the redecorating we have been doing. We're very happy with the wallpaper, paint and carpet we selected for these projects, for they didn't call for additional purchases, except for a few small items. This is one of the advantages of keeping pretty much to the same colors. We just switched colors for the bathrooms, so the towels for downstairs changed places with the ones upstairs! By switching pictures and curtains

(Continued on page 22)



"A Charge to Keep I Have"

Patriotic Program for July

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place a large United States flag on a standard at center back stage. Arrange a fan in a strategic position so that at the appropriate time it can be turned on to make the flag ripple in the breeze.

Thirteen persons each hold a large strip of paper with the name of one of the thirteen colonies printed on it. As she finishes speaking, she pins it to a dark backdrop. (If your group is small, half a dozen or even one will do.)

OLD GLORY'S HERITAGE

Virginia:

To Virginia in the year 1607
Came John Smith, a pioneer bold —
And all the Smiths no doubt are his
descendents —
Or so I have been told!

Massachusetts:

Here the Puritans came to settle in
1620.
They had no cars, no telephones, or
T.V. sets —
But the Indians were plenty!
For worship and livelihood, and freedom of thought
They toiled, fought, and succeeded, so
we've been taught.

New Hampshire:

Mountains and hills and all things free
Claimed the New Hampshire folks in
1623.
Those colonists were bold as any on
our planet —
To earn it the name of the state of
"Granite".

New York:

The sturdy Dutch came to New York in
1623.
A thrifty, hustling colony they proved
to be.
The settlers worked and sweated, and
got rich at a rate
That I guess earned 'em the name of
the great "Empire State".

Connecticut:

Little ole Connecticut in 1630 was
naught but woods —
And tales of savages so cruel;
But Plymouth sent her settlers who
strictly preached
And bided by the Golden Rule.

To the once howling wilderness peace
and quiet came,
Along with industry and "Nutmeg"
claim.

North Carolina:

The settling of the down south North
Carolina was begun
By other brave pioneers in 1631.
Oh we've heard all sorts of tales,
lively and jolly,
Of goings on started here by good old
Walter Raleigh.

Maryland:

Maryland, my Maryland, her praise the
old song tells;
Here came many of Catholic faith to
dwell.
With taxes controlled and granted free
trade,
In sixteen-thirty-two, Maryland had it
made!

Rhode Island:

Roger Williams, so I'm told, in the
year 1636,
Got into a hassel and told his opponents "Nix!"
But nothin' fazed old Roger, lover of
justice and a Baptist, too;
He founded tiny Rhode Island state —
off with the old and on with the
new!

Delaware:

Little, but mighty in 1637; that was the
colony of New Sweden.
The Delaware Colony thought they had
found their Eden.
With faith, courage, and intelligence,
and good cheer,
Slowly they built up their state's im-
portance, year after year.

New Jersey:

They say little old New Jersey, in
1664,
Found merchantmen a-waitin' outside
her enticing door.
The merchants brought in their wares
and sold them with a will,
They charged a goodly price and soon
filled up their till.
In the good state of Jersey they found
peace and money.
(They also found mosquitoes — that
wasn't quite so funny!)

South Carolina:

To South Carolina men soon made
their way
In 1670; if they liked it they would
stay.
They came, and saw, and conquered —
lovers of truth and liberty —
Believing, as all men of the New World,
man's choices should be free.

Pennsylvania:

Can't you hear William Penn saying,
in 1681,
"A state of Quakers now — it might be
fun!"

The Quakers now were simple folk,
dressed in black and gray,
Who spoke quietly — and only if they
really had something meaningful
to say.

Georgia:

So we come to the last of the thirteen
originals as we move down Georgia
way;

And say, remember what a tongue
twister spelling Oglethorpe was
on many a grade school day?

For old Oglethorpe, in 1732, was very
sure

Georgia would prove to be shelter for
the oppressed, the poor.

But I'm sure many a pioneer Georgia
gal thought the heat would surely
melt 'er,

As in the heat of summertime way down
south in Georgia, they did swelter!

In Unison (The 13 or the Leader):
Those were the thirteen colonies,
struggling, striving;

Sometimes oppressed, sometimes dis-
couraged, sometimes thriving.

For freedom and justice for one and all
they fought with a will.

Yes, for liberty, honor and brotherhood,
they struggled until

They formed a nation — strong, steady-
fast and true.

Symbolized by Old Glory — our pre-
cious Red, White, and Blue.

(See that the flag is unfurled or set
fan in motion on the last line.)

Leader:

God called unto a thousand peoples
and summoned the bravest among
them.

They came from the ends of the earth,
each bearing a gift and a hope.

The glory of adventure was in their
eyes, and in their hearts the glory
of hope.

And out of the bounty of earth and the
labor of men,

Out of the longing of hearts and the
prayer of souls,

Out of the memory of ages and the
hopes of the world,

God fashioned a nation in love, bless-
ed it with a purpose sublime — and
called it AMERICA!

—From church bulletin

Old Glory, our United States flag! Its
fifty stars stand for our present fifty

(Continued on page 21)



Dream of Yesterday

by
Gladise Kelly

I like to think of the tranquility of my grandparents' home. When I am restless at night, the peaceful scene in my mind's eye will often help me drop off to sleep in a happy frame of mind. It seems like a place set apart from the hurry and hubbub of our modern world. Indeed, it is, for it was fifty years ago that I remember what a treat it was to spend the night at grandma's home.

My grandparents' house was even then worn and weather beaten. My grandpa had built it himself, and after more than a hundred years it still stands, unpainted as it was in those days. The second floor was never finished, and it was like an attic, but my aunt and uncle had bedrooms there, and it was wonderful to spend the night tucked in with my aunt when the rain beat on the shingles and could be heard so distinctly, because there was nothing between us and the large rain drops except the roof. It was like heaven to go to sleep to the rhythmic patter of the heavy drops. And though it was cold in winter, we usually had hot irons to heat the bed and it was great to stick my head under the covers and then pull it out and breathe the fresh cold air.

My grandparents never had a lawn (they didn't even know what a lawn mower was at that time), but grandma had flower bushes all over the front yard enclosed by a picket fence — unpainted, like the house. They were set in rows and there were dozens of them, but none alike. There were white and old-fashioned purple lilacs, rose bushes with white, red, yellow, and pink blooms. There was one old-fashioned yellow rose bush, with its many thorns (it has been years since I have seen a rose bush like that), that gave out a distinct perfume. Under the front windows at each end of the long porch, were home-made trellises where honeysuckle vines twined, and what a wonderful perfume they made in the spring, when they were in full bloom.

On a lot next door to the house were

fruit trees: plums, peaches, pears, apricots, cherries and persimmons. What a delight to pick the fruit that had fallen to the ground. No fruit ever had such delicious flavor!

All around the house roamed chickens, cackling and crowing; turkeys, spreading their tails when ruffled by some of the other barnyard fowl; and most fascinating of all, the guinea hens, with their "pot-rack, pot-rack" sounds that I listened for. How wonderful in the spring when there were boxes of yellow baby chicks behind the kitchen range — to keep them warm until they were strong enough to brave the cold or old enough for spring.

And of course, there was old Shep, a cross-breed between a collie and a shepherd. Old Shep would bring in the cows at dusk, and my grandfather would milk them and bring the rich milk for grandma to strain. Then there was the old crockery churn with its long paddle, and sometimes I got to take a turn at beating it up and down and watch the butter form. Then grandma would mold the butter in a wooden container, with a design which showed on the top of the pound.

Then came spring and I could tramp in the woods with my grandpa. Before the trees had leafed out, the wild plum would be white among the stark branches of the grey winter trees. Then later, we would take pails and go wild blackberry hunting. How nice it was to have a small pail of my own and come back with it full of juicy black fruit, which my grandmother would make into cobblers, or we would eat fresh with sugar and rich cream.

And then there were the hot summers when I would go with the adults to the watermelon patches and each of us would carry home a melon (of course, mine was always small, according to my size). I remember one time when I dropped mine on the way to the house, and how disappointed I was when I saw it burst open and all the red meat and seeds spread over the ground. I sat down and ate part of it right there — although it

was as hot as if it had been heated in an oven. When we got the melons to the house, grandpa would draw a tub full of cold water from the well, and we would put the melons in the tub to cool for dinner that evening or for a watermelon feast before bedtime.

I know grandma had to work hard keeping the fires going in the stoves, doing all the cooking, churning, canning, washing clothes on a rub board, and ironing with irons heated on the kitchen stove. Grandpa worked hard raising cattle and hogs, cotton and other crops, but somehow, there never seemed to be a hurry about the atmosphere — at least, it seemed so to me as a child.

There was never much money, but besides the meat that grandpa raised, and the fruit trees, there was a garden which they tended, and there was always plenty to eat, with the home-canned foods stored in the musty old cellar.

There seemed to be a security there that few people find in this hurried age. It is a little piece of world gone by. I expressed this thought to some of my cousins recently, and was amazed to find they felt the same way — and there was still a closeness among all of us, when it came to thoughts of grandma's and grandpa's house.

Perhaps it is the thoughts of an untroubled childhood, when responsibilities were few and troubles small, but the thoughts of those hills, valleys, streams, and many flowers and fruits bring a nostalgia I have had for no other place. It, indeed, seems to be in another world, a world where there were no wars, no poverty, no pain. It is a picture of simple people who found joy in the basic things life offered them. Thoughts of the wind in the trees and the rippling of the water over the rocks in its path are better than a tranquilizer for bringing on sleep — most any old night.

JUST A TREE STUMP

Just a tree stump now —
Where once there was a tree;
Thick, green-leaved and tall,
It stood majestically;
Just a tree stump now —
Where beauty one time stood;
'Twas a pretty tree —
Pride of the neighborhood;
Just a tree stump now
To tell of better days;
'Twas a sheltering place
From rain and sunshine rays;
Just a tree stump now —
A sorry sight to see;
What tales could be told
Of every hewn-down tree!

—Roy J. Wilkins

FREDERICK VISITS A SCHOOL FOR DEAF CHILDREN

Dear Friends:

I hope that you were listening to Kitchen-Klatter the day Betty and I told about our visit to the Clarke School for the Deaf in Northampton, Massachusetts! What a thrill that visit was! I haven't gotten over it yet, and I hardly can wait for my next opportunity to visit there. You have heard the old saying: "It takes a visitor to show you the sights around the corner from where you live." Well, that is the way it has been with us and the Clarke School for the Deaf. Just think of it! We have lived only thirty miles from the school for the past fourteen years, and yet we never had visited it — the world's most famous school for the deaf.

The school stands on a beautiful hillside a short distance from Smith College, and we were able to drive there on the new super highway that winds along the foothills of the Berkshires up the Connecticut River valley. I think that we picked the most beautiful spring day to make the trip, for I never had seen the hills more lush and green. The school campus was a riot of color with beautiful flowering shrubs, and the ivy-covered walls of the buildings were lovely. Some of the buildings have historic interest, for it was at the Clarke School that Alexander Graham Bell did his teaching. President Calvin Coolidge was a member of the Board of Directors of the school for many years, and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge was Chairman of the Board from 1935 until 1952. President John F. Kennedy was very interested in the school and helped to dedicate one of its newer buildings.

You people probably know that the old method of deaf people speaking to each other with sign language is now a thing of the past. It was at Clarke School that the first teaching of lip reading was perfected, and all the children who attend Clarke School now or whoever did attend the school in the past actually learn to speak. Betty and I visited some of the classes, and what we observed of the way the children read lips and then learn to speak new words actually brought tears to our eyes.

We visited a science class where the teacher was having a tough problem to solve. The youngsters had read in the paper that morning a quotation from one of the astronauts who had said: "For us to say, 'The view is out of this world', may sound a bit corny." They did not know the meaning of "corny", and they were asking the teacher if corn grew on the moon. If



Old and young alike receive Frederick's attention. This elderly lady, 100 years old and long bedfast, looked forward to his visits.

there was no corn in outer space or on the moon, why would people think it was corny? The teacher later told us in private how hard it is for children to learn the meaning of words when they cannot hear the inflection given it in conversation. When you and I say that something is corny, people know what we mean from the way we pronounce the word.

We also learned that the deaf children are usually excellent in anything mathematical. You don't have to hear a mathematical formula to understand it. Language is their big problem, and once a new word is learned, they have to learn to say it, and to say a word that you never in all your life ever have heard spoken is not easy. Just imagine what it is like to learn to pronounce a word when you never in all your life ever heard any word of any kind spoken. My! but I do have a great admiration for the deaf!

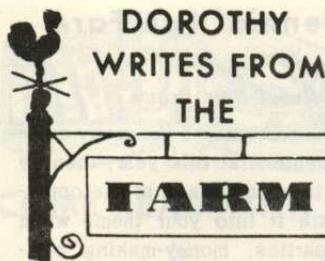
Those of you who have been reading my *Kitchen-Klatter* letters for years know that I spent several years of my life in some private schools both as a teacher of English and as a school chaplain. I have seen many of the finest schools in this country and abroad, but never have I seen brighter, more handsome, more courteous, more grateful children than those we saw at Clarke School for the Deaf. We ate our lunch that day in the dining room of the lower school, and I wish that you could have seen how beautifully mannered those children were. The food was served by uniformed waitresses of the school catering department, but when it was time to clear, the eight- and nine-year-old boys and girls did it. The little boy who took away my dirty dishes spoke in the slow, de-

liberate way of the totally deaf, saying: "Excuse me, sir, but may I take your plate? My name is Ralph. I hope you enjoyed your lunch." When my reply indicated that I had understood what he said, his face just beamed with pride. He had spoken and a stranger had understood him; what a triumph for him! Never have I seen a happier, prouder boy. Of course, he had to read my lips, and when I spoke slowly and distinctly to him, he watched my lips intently with a little smile flicking back and forth across his face as he understood some of the words.

You people know that I am a great believer in foreign missions and that I used to be a missionary, but after my visit to the Clarke School I found myself thinking that far too often we church people let our enthusiasm for the Lord's work overseas cause us to forget some very important Christian work that needs to be done right here at home. Betty and I both tithe, and the good Lord always sees to it that we have something to share with others. Beginning this year, we are going to give a part of that tithe to some of those loveable, brave little deaf children at Clarke School. When the children all said their noontime prayer in the dining room before lunch, speaking the name of our Lord even though in all their life they never had heard the name spoken, I just choked up and had to turn my head so that they would not see my tears of gratitude and praise.

In spite of our terribly busy schedule of church activities, Betty and I have been doing some reading for the blind. We have several blind students in our

(Continued on page 18)



Dear Friends:

Since I'm leaving tomorrow to drive to Wyoming to attend the graduation exercises at the University of Wyoming in Laramie, I had better take time out to write my letter to you. Although I don't usually write it this far ahead of our printing date, we are expecting Kristin and Art and the two little boys to come back to Iowa for a visit when I return, and there will be so much commotion and activity around here I might miss the deadline date altogether — so better early than not at all.

All field work is at a standstill, right where it has been for two weeks, while we have had rain, and more rain. Nothing has been planted yet on our farm, and very little has been done in this area, so people are beginning to get discouraged. We had all hoped everything would be done by this time so Frank could get away long enough to go to Wyoming with us, but it just didn't work out. His sister Bernie, who lives near us, and sister Ruth, whose home is in Kansas City, are driving out with me, and the other sister Edna and her husband Raymond are leaving for Laramie at the same time from their home in Mesa, Arizona. So we are anticipating a wonderful family reunion with Kristin and family, and a good representation to see Kristin walk to the platform to get her Master's Degree in Education. We tried to talk Mother into making the trip, but she was afraid our pace would be a little too fast for her since she can't cover too many miles at one time without her rests.

All the rain which made it hard on field work helped produce a bumper crop of mushrooms this spring. We went out and looked for them only a couple of afternoons and found 20 pounds. If we had more freezer space we would have looked for more, but there is a limit to how many we can eat fresh or freeze. We did want to freeze enough so Kristin can have all she wants to eat when she gets here, and I think we accomplished that. We were so happy to find out how to freeze them successfully that I will pass along this information. After the mushrooms have been cleaned, dip them in beaten egg to which a little



Children who visited the farm could ride Bonnie because she was so gentle and easy to handle.

milk has been added, roll them in cracker crumbs, and place on a cookie sheet in the freezer. When they are frozen solid, put them in plastic bags to store. When you get ready to fry them, have the skillet and grease hot when you put the frozen mushrooms into it, but DO NOT THAW THE MUSHROOMS BEFORE FRYING.

When Mother was here for her first visit of the season I took her to Frank's cousin Rose Taylor's new fabric shop to look at all the lovely spring and summer materials. Her birthday gift from us was to be material for a dress I was going to make for her, and I thought she would have fun picking it out herself. She found two pieces she couldn't decide between, so we got both of them. I made one while she was here, and plan to make the other soon. I also picked out material for a housecoat for Lucile and got that made and delivered.

Some of you (especially our Iowa readers) will remember 1947 as the year of the big floods along the rivers and streams of Iowa. It was also in the spring of 1947 that we purchased "Bonnie" from a neighbor. Bonnie was a coming 3-year-old mare, and I guess you would call her "green broke".

One night in early June we had a 6½-inch rain. (We lived in our little house on the hill at that time.) The next morning when Frank went down to the home place (where we live now) to chore, he found the cattle on a high patch of ground cut off on all sides by a swift current of water. He hurriedly saddled Bonnie to see if he could drive the cows across the water to higher ground. This was all a new experience for Bonnie, and as she waded into the swift current her feet went out from under her and she went completely under. She did not panic, however, and after a time she actually seemed to be enjoying herself. Her hoofs touched ground a short distance

from the stranded cattle. The water was rising quite rapidly and some of the smaller calves barely had their heads above water. After much coaxing and prodding Frank started some of the older cows across the current toward the house and the rest followed. Half way across, one little calf became winded and started drifting back downstream. It drifted into a small treetop and rested there until it got its second wind, and then started out again. In the meantime the cows had missed the open gate. A short distance farther down there was another wire gate, but it was closed. Frank swam Bonnie close enough to unhook the wire loop and the current swept the gate open. All the cows and calves managed to reach safe ground, thanks to Bonnie.

Later she became so gentle that many a youngster visiting the farm had his first horseback ride on Bonnie. In fact, she would graciously carry as many children as could find room on her back. She was also broken to drive, and would pull the buggy single or double with another horse.

When Bonnie was nearly 20 years old, Wayne's daughter Alison spent several weeks with us one summer and spent hours riding her and teaching her to jump the hurdles.

After the 1947 cattle incident we decided that Bonnie would have a home with us for the rest of her life. We were all saddened when that life ended on April 29, 1969, almost 22 years later.

Kristin has been terribly busy winding up her affairs for this school term. She was one of the graduate students drafted by the head of the department to help host the Northwest Regional Counselor Education Conference held recently in Laramie. This involved meeting the plane of forty participants at the airport, and being responsible for six of them in regard to transportation to lunches, meetings, and motels for three days, as well as taping four meetings and writing up notes and summaries for these. In the midst of all this she had to finish her Master's paper and get it ready for final typing prior to turning it in. I think she is more than ready for a vacation.

She says Aaron has one more tooth and now weighs twenty pounds. He is a happy baby and brightens the days with his cooing noises. Andy feels quite grown-up now since he will start to kindergarten this fall, and has begun to stray farther from home to seek children his own age to play with. Sometimes he forgets to tell them he is going, which has caused

(Continued on page 22)

The Art of Quilt-making

by
Valentina Baldon

Perhaps you never thought of quilt-making as an art, but an art it surely is, for any creative work is an art. Designs from pieces of brightly colored cloth fitted into an attractive pattern go marching across the bed, some within frames of bands of contrasting colors, some with a plain block alternated with a pieced block, some appliqued, and some painted. These are a pride and joy to the homemaker.

Mother loved to tell of the time, when I was three or four years of age, I saw her working away with her quilt pieces and cried for some of them, and carried them around for days, playing at piecing a quilt. When I was very young she taught me to sew pieces together, and I too remember sitting beside her in my little rocking chair, trying to fit pretty blocks into a Nine Patch.

Many years have gone by since that time and many quilts have been pieced and worn out by my children, as they slept comfortable and warm beneath them, and romped on them when I was not looking.

Now that I own a commercial quilting machine, the work of quilting is minimized. I have tops ready for quilting at all times, as I pick up the scraps and "piece" every time I sit down to rest.

At first I used the patterns handed down to me by my grandmother and mother, but later I started collecting patterns until now I have over four thousand of them of all types. Some are heirlooms, such as the Lincoln Spread which was on the bed in his room during his stay in the White House. There is a Daniel Boone quilt, and the Eisenhower quilt made by his mother when they lived in Denison, Texas. Ike and his brothers helped cut the patches for Mrs. Eisenhower to piece. This quilt is on display in Denison today.

A little over a year ago I wrote an article for a magazine in Washington for their hobby corner. I explained my hobby of quilt-making, and started getting letters from all over the country from women who are interested in quilts. I hadn't realized so many were interested, for I have been told that quilts have gone out of style, and no one pieces them anymore. Now I see a landslide of them, for every day brings more letters about quilts.

I was delighted to hear from so many, and started many Round Robin quilt clubs. This is an exchange type of club, where each one writes a letter, includes some quilt patterns, and sends the envelope on to another, etc.

It was amazing to find about half of the women are young mothers who take time out from their busy schedule



This hand-pieced quilt is highly treasured in our family — almost as much as the bed on which it is spread. This piece of furniture has an interesting story behind it, which you will read on page 20.

to do this creative work with its bright patches, and delight in the beauty they create. Many have originated patterns of their own.

My mother, through whose eyes I learned to see this beauty of creating, passed away recently, leaving me a trunk full of many pieced blocks for quilts. I cherish this heritage of needlework, and plan to leave just such a heritage for my children and grandchildren. As Mother said one day a few months before she left us, "I want to leave something here that I have created, something of myself, for others to remember me by."

Yes, Mother was an artist. With her quilt scraps and needle and thread she created priceless possessions for me, and I love the beauty of her Windmills, Improved Nine Patch, Double Wedding Ring, Irish Chain, and Crazy Quilt. These coverlets will remain for years to remind me of the busy, aged hands of Mother, as she sat by the window in her favorite chair, creating beauty as an artist creates a beautiful scene, but this beauty of Mother's will warm the body as it warms the heart.

SUNRISE

There comes an hour at day's glad end
When birds take to their nest,
And weary souls that seeketh peace
Know well that home is best.
So it is, has always been as it shall
 always be
That though the eyes are closed in rest
God watches over thee,
And He shall keep his vigil
Until the coming day
When like the bird who leaves his nest
We rise and fly away.

—Donald G. Beckman

Centennial Fun Fare

by
Mabel Nair Brown

If your town is one of the many celebrating a centennial this year, then by all means take advantage of the opportunity to tie it into your theme when planning parties, money-making projects, and programs. Many of the costumes and decorations might well get a real workout and be used on various occasions.

How about a real old-fashioned chicken supper? Those of you old enough to remember need no persuasion. For those of you who are younger, this is the way it was. It requires good cooks and willing helpers.

Stewing chicken is stewed, the meat separated from the bones, and combined with good rich chicken gravy. Served with creamy mashed potatoes and the best baking powder biscuits you can manage, the rest of the menu is easy. Crisp coleslaw, dishes of pickles and jellies, a traditional green vegetable — green beans or peas — and by all means, homemade pie.

So far as pies are concerned, a choice may be offered, such as apple, berry, and pumpkin, or excellent pies in one category. (This is not a dieter's meal, but it is purely "yum-yum". It is always popular.)

Old-fashioned table decorations and waitresses in old-time dresses will add to the atmosphere of such a dinner.

In reading of old-time entertainments, I find they had ice cream socials, strawberry socials, and the watermelon jubilee as ways to raise money for various needs; but they also had delightful evening entertainments put on by some literary society, or drama club, when they staged such dramatic "meller-drammers" as "Wild Nell, Pet of the Plains", "The Face on the Bar-room Floor", or when the elocutionist read such tear-jerkers as, "Annie's and Willie's Prayer" or "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight". She pulled all the stops for these renditions. One item, in telling of such an evening's entertainment, mentioned that it wasn't known for sure if the audience was "rendered" or "rendered to"!

Many local libraries and book stores which have some of the above mentioned drama or pantomimes and poems in them which your group could adapt for an evening hilarious for both cast and audience.

(Continued on page 20)

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF COOKING

by

Evelyn Birkby

Familiarity and repetition can dull much in life, and this seems especially true when it comes to cooking. Even outdoor cooking can become routine and unexciting. For that reason we found our new gas grill an unusual and different way of handling even the most common foods. In fact, the more we do cooking out on the grill, or in a campsite over a wood fire, or in an electric skillet on our own picnic table in the back yard, the more convinced I become that recipes and menus for such meals can be varied to suit almost any taste and occasion.

Surely it is this great need for variety which gives a great deal of impetus to the desire to get out of the kitchen (convenient and pretty though it may be) and eat outside. In our busy, crowded existence it is easy to understand why lunch on the patio or dinner in a nearby wooded park relaxes tensions and draws a family closer together.

This recipe, for example, is fine prepared on the kitchen stove but is marvelous cooked over a campfire in the mountains. We'll call it:

SIMPLE TURNOVERS

1 can biscuits
1 can pie filling
Kitchen-Klatter flavoring
Shortening

Roll each biscuit between two pieces of waxed paper until very flat. Combine prepared pie filling with 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring as desired. Spoon some of this pie filling on half the biscuit rounds. Top with second rounds. Seal edges with fork. Fry in about 1/2 inch hot shortening. Turn once. See how easily this could be prepared on a grill, or over a campfire or in an electric skillet? Makes a delicious, quick hot dessert.

How about making up a spiced hot cocoa to end up a meal served on the patio or under the stars when camping beside a rushing stream, or a calm, cool northern lake?

SPICED HOT COCOA

1/2 cup instant cocoa mix
1/2 cup powdered cream
1/8 tsp. cloves
1/8 tsp. nutmeg
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

4 cups boiling water

Combine all ingredients. If you prefer the flavor of cinnamon, use 1/2 tsp. instead of spices given.



A reflector oven is fun to have for use with outdoor cooking. These three homemade ovens were demonstrated at a Scout training session to show various foods which can be prepared in the versatile piece of equipment.

Now that we have a dessert and a drink, let's make up hamburger patties with rice for our meat dish.

RICE-HAMBURGER PATTIES

1 lb. ground beef
1/2 cup uncooked rice
3/4 cup catsup
Salt and pepper to taste

Combine ingredients. Shape into patties. Wrap each patty in a square of heavy-duty foil. Grill about 20 minutes, turning several times. (Or bake in the oven at 350 degrees until done.)

If you have a fisherman in your family you may prefer to use the fresh fish which results from this great sport for your main dish. This is an exceptionally fine way to prepare any fish with a minimum of trouble and very little cleanup chores.

FISH IN A PACKET

Enough fish for your family
1 can mushrooms
1/2 lb. raw shrimp, shelled and deveined (optional)
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/4 cup flour
1 cup milk
Salt to taste
1/2 tsp. Accent
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cut 12-inch squares of heavy aluminum foil. Place individual servings of fish in center of each square. Drain mushrooms and divide mushrooms and shrimp evenly over fish. Melt butter or margarine. Stir in flour and butter flavoring. When bubbly, add milk, salt and Accent. Continue stirring until thick. Remove from fire and add remaining ingredients. Spoon sauce over fish. Fold foil and seal tightly. Grill over hot coals or bake in 425-degree oven for 30 to 40 minutes or until done.

To serve, slit top of foil and open like a baked potato. This makes a marvelously flavored packet which will stay hot for some time if kept wrapped tightly. The mushrooms and shrimp are delicious additions but need not be used if you prefer. Frozen fish, slightly thawed, may be used for this foil recipe as well as fresh.

If the fishermen in the family do not bring in any catch (*heaven forbid*) it might be wise to have a can of salmon handy. This can be used to make nice patties to bake in foil packets.

SALMON IN FOIL

1 can salmon
1 cup prepared mashed potatoes
1 medium onion, diced
1 egg, slightly beaten
Salt and pepper to taste

Remove bones and skin from salmon. Prepare instant mashed potatoes to make 1 cup. Combine ingredients. If the mixture seems dry, add a little salmon liquid or milk. Fold squares of foil around salmon patties. Grill over coals, cook in electric skillet with lid or bake in reflector oven beside a campfire. Cook until done.

Many vegetables may be heated over the campfire or grill right in the can in which they were purchased. Be sure to remove paper label and the top of the can. Cover with aluminum foil for a "lid". Set in coals or on grill to heat through. This is an excellent way to cook canned potatoes, also. For sweet potatoes, for example, drain off about half the juice, stir in some maple syrup or brown sugar, 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring and some butter and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. When hot and bubbly the sweet potatoes are ready to serve.

Hot breads taste delicious outdoors. Biscuits can be baked in many ways, such as wrapped on a stick or folded into individual loose foil envelopes and turned several times as they cook over the hot coals. A reflector oven is great for baking biscuits or cornbread, cookies, cobblers, fruit pies and even meats such as meatloaf and fish. You can make your own reflector oven (most camping books include directions, also the *Boy Scout Field Book* which is available wherever Scout equipment is sold) or buy such an oven ready-made.

While breakfast is often a hearty meal for campers and hikers, the traditional eggs may also be used to create a fine evening meal as well. Scrambled eggs may be dressed up by the addition of a can of hot undiluted vege-

(Continued on page 19)

TAKE TIME FOR THE MARKERS

by

Bessie J. Megee

HISTORICAL MARKER AHEAD is a sign that makes us want to slow down so this country's story can live in the minds of our children!

On cross-States trips we formed the habit of pulling off the highway to take time to read and explain inscriptions on the markers. Thereby, we believe we stamp memories that will prove helpful when our youngsters recite their history lessons. Standing on the spot, reading the legend — even though longer words have to be spelled out — creates a special kind of interest, makes us feel we were there when the important incident took place.

Our home is in the Midwest, and our family vacations have spoket out in all directions. We have gone north to the lakes and woods and to the western mountains in summer. We visited southern beaches during Christmas holidays. And we made an unforgettable trip east one springtime. Weekend jaunts through Missouri have given us the beauty and lore of the Ozarks, caves and forest trails, pioneer homes, battlefields, historic river towns — to name a few experiences.

Once going west, we traced the Pony Express route from St. Joseph to Sacramento. And from there, as a change from the more traveled route, we took the road that winds through old mining areas, reviewed our history, found time to pan for gold in the streams.

We followed the trail made famous by Bret Harte and Mark Twain, a highway now dotted with historical markers. Our youngsters were delighted with the statue of the jumping frog at Angel's Camp. Already familiar with tales of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, and having visited Mark Twain's boyhood home at Hannibal, they were thrilled with this chapter of the author's life. At the end of that vacation, they asked to *read* about the jumping frog!

On leaving a famous fort and museum in Kansas one day, our children played a game of make-believe. The station wagon became a covered wagon as we "escaped" from imaginary Indians that came riding across the plains.

We have snapshots of boys and girls standing beside a monument. Once, while we sat at a nearby picnic table, our ten-year-old sketched the marker, copying the lettering in detail. And we keep diaries of every vacation.

For parents who may complain that short side trips and pauses to absorb bits of history can delay travel plans, I say: Take an extra day. Start out



No doubt many of you have turned off the Kansas Turnpike to read this marker.

earlier, or leave for home twenty-four hours ahead of schedule. The stops will be remembered long after the so-many-miles-a-day record is forgotten. In our case, young people's interest in the past has been most rewarding.

And they agree vacation is a fine time to study history when it can be done without books and assignments — by the MARKERS.

VACATION TIME TIPS

Ready for vacation fun?

Lots to do.

You've got to prepare for that change of scenery — beach, mountains, or a trip to the other side of the world.

So before leaving your home —

CANCEL appointments with doctors, dentists, parties and golf dates, etc.

STOP all deliveries: milk, laundry, newspapers, even mail, if you're going to be away a long time.

TURN OFF stove, refrigerator and any other gas or electric appliances around the house.

CHECK EQUIPMENT: car, clothing, fishing gear, camera, flashlight, personal needs, cash and/or traveler's checks, and your own physical condition.

ARRANGE for vacation rates on telephone service, a place for your pet, and lawn and garden maintenance.

LOCK windows and doors, but don't advertise you've left by pulling down all shades, drawing all the blinds. A house that looks deserted attracts burglars. Some people leave at least one light on.

GIVE house keys and a forwarding address to a relative or neighbor who can keep an eye on your property. Good idea to notify police that your home will be unoccupied for the length of time you will be gone.

GET a good night's sleep just before you start out.

And when you get to where you're going, have a carefree happy holiday.

GET YOUR FUNNIES WORTH

by

Erma Reynolds

Do your children read the comics? Don't throw away the colored pages when they have finished. Let the youngsters use them for craft projects.

Bookmarks: From bright-colored paper, or cardboard, cut strips about 2 inches wide, and 6 inches long. At the top of each strip paste the cutout of a comic strip character. A packet of six of these bookmarks, each with a different comic strip character, makes a nice gift for youngsters to give friends.

Stationery: Purchase multi-colored pads of paper, and envelopes into which the paper will fit. Cut out small figures of comic strip characters and paste one of these in the upper left-hand corner of each sheet of paper.

Paperweight: In a disposable container, mix plaster of Paris with water to pouring consistency. Fill a deep jar lid with the plaster, and just before it sets, place a comic strip cutout in the center of the plaster. Or, place a comic strip character, face down in a glass furniture coaster. Pour the plaster of Paris over the picture. When thoroughly hardened, turn coaster over and you've got a glass paperweight.

Wastebasket: Paint a sturdy carton inside and out with bright-colored enamel. When the paint is dry, paste colored funnies all over the outside of the carton. Glue extra-wide rickrack braid around top of carton for added trim. A coat of clear varnish will make the wastebasket more durable.

Placemats: Cut two pieces of waxed paper, placemat size. Spread one sheet of paper flat on an ironing board. On this sheet arrange a collection of comic strips, face up. Lay second sheet of waxed paper on top, making certain edges of both papers are exactly in line with each other. Press entire surface with warm iron. The two sheets of waxed paper will stick together, with the strips in between.

Transfer Design: Rub a white wax candle over a sheet of plain paper. Then, lay a comic strip picture on it, face down. Rub the back of the picture firmly with the bowl of a spoon. The comic strip picture will transfer to the plain paper.

TRAVEL, 1969 STYLE

My penchant, it seemed, when I traveled afar
Was to load all I owned in the family car.
My husband would chide me and remark,
'I think
You take everything but the kitchen sink!'
But this year things changed and, I'm sure,
for the best,
For, when we go traipsing to north,
east or west,
I go well-equipped as I still like to do . . .
In our camper ALL goes . . . the
kitchen sink, too! —Inez Baker

ABIGAIL RECALLS HER CAREFREE CHILDHOOD

Dear Friends:

When I was a youngster I used to look forward to the summer months because they were so totally different from the other nine months of the year. There were endless days of leisurely activity or no activity at all. After a busy school year this vacation from regimented life was marvelous — for a while. But by the time August was at hand I remember counting the days until school would commence again.

My childhood was spent in a small town in Iowa, Onawa, during the 1930's. There wasn't much in the way of organized activity for small-town children in those drought-ridden depression days. But we who grew up in Onawa were lucky; there were two small lakes and an excellent library available to us. Day after day was spent at "the lake", swimming, row-boating, and hiking around its shores. Blue Lake had a small sand beach, a bathhouse, picnic tables under huge old cottonwood trees, and frequently even a lifeguard. But even without a lifeguard on hand we experienced no fear of drowning. The lake in those days had so much silt in the bottom that the depth of the water was never even up to our chins. Even today I can remember vividly the squishy ooze of the mud coming between our toes and up over our ankles and legs whenever we would try to stand up out in the lake. As I think about it now that water must have been unbelievably muddy. But we never minded the dirtiness. And whenever we tired of the water, we could always dig for the cache buried by the Lewis and Clark expedition more than a century earlier.

Blue Lake, like so many of the lakes located near the Missouri River, was formed by the river as it changed course many times over the centuries. Every kid in Onawa knew that Blue Lake was part of the river when those two famous explorers made their great trip. We also knew that they had camped close to where we swam and, without question, that they had buried supplies never yet recovered. All we had to do was dig in the right spot and we'd find this treasure! And thus passed many a summer day.

If we really wanted to be adventurous, we went swimming in Gard Lake. It was on private property, so we had to trespass to reach it. There wasn't any lifeguard or bathhouse and we could be dreadfully indecent and swim without a swimsuit. This was the absolute ultimate in daring!



One of the fond memories of childhood is the day you became the proud owner of your first bicycle. Lisa Nenneman, Howard's and Mae's 5-year-old granddaughter, is a mighty happy little girl to have a "two-wheeler".

To reach these oases in an unair-conditioned world we would try to get a parent to drive us the three or four miles out and back. My father was always a prime target because he was retired and didn't have the demands on his time most parents did. But if he failed us we would ride our bikes or hitchhike. After we got a little older the last resort in hitchhiking was the road grader. When we were young this machine was very exciting, but age brought a desire for speed faster than two or three miles an hour. I don't recall that our parents were ever concerned about any possible danger in hitchhiking. My, how attitudes change in one generation!

The sandy soil near Blue Lake was admirably suited to growing watermelons. No expedition to the lake was complete without stopping for watermelon on the way home. One of the local families had a summer cottage there and they raised watermelons. We were always welcome to stop and eat as much as we could hold so long as we weren't wasteful and didn't steal from their patches. Other growers were fair game for watermelon raids, but this particular family never was.

Most of us were avid readers and the hot walk across town was amply rewarded once the cool reaches of the library were at hand. It was Standard Operating Procedure on the walk back home to stop at the Candy Kitchen. There we could buy what today would be considered a fabulous ice cream cone. The cone itself was lined with either chocolate or marshmallow syrup in which was placed two scoops of ice cream, preferably of different flavors, topped by a dollop of whipped cream, a generous sprinkling of chopped nuts, and a large maraschino cherry — all for one nickel!

It seemed as if most of the youngsters in town played a band instrument and all ages were members of the municipal band. The weekly practices and concerts helped fill the long warm evenings. Once or twice each summer a carnival would set up and their bright lights and loud music would lend some excitement to the night scene.

This was a very pleasant life for a youngster, but to a teenager it became the "Same Old Thing". Increasingly I became more restive to get out and get going until finally I left for college just as soon as I graduated from high school. Since then I have spent very little time in my home town. But as you can see I have very warm recollections of the happy years I spent there.

To one who has memories of a happy and simple childhood it is difficult to comprehend the outlook of young people who respond critically to today's complicated society. They are encountering such a different life than we did during our early years — yet to us it doesn't seem that those years were very long ago.

I was struck by one aspect in particular in a recent study of the attitudes of high school students, parents, and teachers towards a number of contemporary problems in society, and especially education. It was surprising to me the extent to which teachers frequently were much closer to the students rather than the parents in their outlook. Of course many teachers are much closer in chronological age to their students than they are to the parents, but this has always been true. As a matter of fact, I'd guess (and that is all it is) that there are more mature teachers in the schools now than when I was there. You remember back in those days the public schools wouldn't let married women teach unless they were widows. So I doubt that age alone is the reason.

There's a PTA Board of Managers meeting tonight to plan for the next school year. Do you suppose if I brought up this subject I'd get even one person to hazard a guess as to the meaning of this study to us parents of high school students? Probably not. But I'll bet there will be a very lengthy discussion as to the kind of drapes to buy for the principal's office. Certainly the latter is easier to decide than the former.

Sincerely,
Abigail

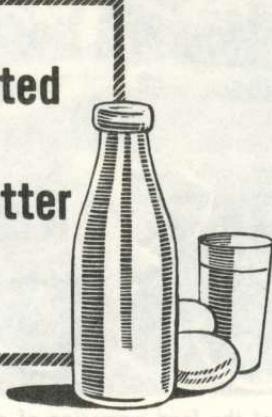
Should fate give you less to live on,
let faith give you more to live for.



Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family



GRANDMA'S SALAD

2 pkgs. lemon gelatin
3 cups boiling water
2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, diced
1 9-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all
16 large marshmallows, diced
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/2 cup nutmeats
1 pkg. cherry gelatin
1 1/2 cups hot water
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Dissolve the lemon gelatin in the 3 cups boiling water. Stir in the cream cheese until blended. Add the crushed pineapple and juice, diced marshmallows, mayonnaise and nutmeats. Stir well. Pour into a large pan, 9 by 13 inches, and chill until firm.

Meantime, prepare the topping by dissolving the cherry gelatin in the 1 1/2 cups hot water. Add the cherry flavoring. Let cool in the pan until the first mixture is firm, then pour over the top and chill until firm. It makes a very pretty layered salad. —Lucile

BLACK WALNUT COOKIES

2 cups sugar
1 cup vegetable shortening
2 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
1 cup sour cream
1/2 tsp. soda
4 tsp. baking powder
4 1/2 cups sifted flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup black walnuts

Cream together the sugar and the shortening. Beat in the eggs until well blended. Add the flavorings and the sour cream alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Stir in the nuts. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cooky sheet and bake approximately 20 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This makes a large batch of delicious cookies.

—Dorothy

NORWEGIAN APPLESAUCE CAKE

2 cups cooked apples
2 cups sugar
1 cup raisins
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. cloves
1 tsp. nutmeg
2/3 cup shortening
2 eggs, beaten
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
1/3 cup sour milk
1 1/2 tsp. soda
2 1/2 cups sifted flour
1/2 cup chopped nuts
Put the apples, sugar, raisins and spices into a saucepan and cook until thick (about 20 minutes). Remove from the stove and add the shortening. Let this cool for a little while then stir in the beaten eggs and flavorings. Combine the soda with the sour milk and add to the apple mixture. Stir in the flour and nutmeats. This can be baked in either a greased tube cake pan or a 9- x 13-inch loaf pan in a 350-degree oven. I baked mine in a loaf pan and the baking time was 45 minutes.

—Dorothy.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup shortening
1/2 tsp. salt
1 egg, beaten
4 tsp. baking powder
2 cups sifted flour
2 cups blueberries (fresh or frozen)
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Cream the sugar, shortening and salt. Add the beaten egg. Sift the baking powder and flour together and add, stirring as little as possible, just enough to moisten. Gently stir in the blueberries and flavoring. Fill well-greased muffin tins about two-thirds full and bake about 25 minutes in a 400-degree oven.

RASPBERRY GELATIN

2 cups fresh red raspberries
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
4 egg yolks
1/2 cup sugar
Pinch salt
4 egg whites
1/4 cup sugar
1 cup heavy cream
Work 2 cups red raspberries through a sieve or blend them in blender. Sprinkle 1 envelope gelatin over 1/4 cup cold water to soften. In the top of a double boiler beat 4 egg yolks lightly and beat in gradually 1/2 cup sugar and a pinch of salt. Cook mixture over simmering water, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in gelatin until it is dissolved. Let mixture stand until it is cool but not set and stir in the raspberry puree.

Beat 4 egg whites until they hold a shape and beat in gradually 1/4 cup sugar to make a shiny meringue. Gently fold the meringue and 1 cup heavy cream, whipped until it holds a peak, into the raspberry mixture. Pour it into the 1-quart oiled container and chill it for 2 to 3 hours until gelatin is firm but spongy.

—Mary Beth

HOMINY GRITS CASSEROLE

3/4 cup hominy grits
3 cups water
1/2 lb. sharp Cheddar cheese, grated
3/4 stick of margarine, melted
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 tsp. salt
2 eggs, beaten
5 drops Tabasco sauce

Cook the hominy grits in the water until it is very thick and the water has all been absorbed. Add the cheese and let it melt. Stir in the rest of the ingredients and pour into a buttered casserole. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 1 1/2 hours.

—Dorothy

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW PIE

1/2 lb. marshmallows
1/2 bar German sweet chocolate
3/4 cup milk
1/2 pint whipping cream, whipped
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 graham cracker crust

Put the marshmallows, sweet chocolate and milk in the top of the double boiler over hot water, and heat until melted and well blended. Set aside to cool, and then fold in the whipped cream and flavorings. Put into the graham cracker crust and chill for two hours. When ready to serve, garnish with whipped cream and chocolate curls.

—Dorothy

SNAPPY TOMATOES

2 cups canned tomatoes (or fresh cooked)
 2 Tbls. chopped onion
 4 Tbls. melted butter
 1/2 cup cracker crumbs
 1 tsp. salt
 Dash of sugar
 1/2 cup cubed cheese
 1 egg, beaten
 1/4 tsp. paprika (or chili powder)
 Mix well in a baking dish in order given and bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. —Margery

DOROTHY'S ORANGE-LEMON CAKE

2 eggs, separated
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 2 cups plus 2 Tbls. sifted flour
 1 Tbls. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1/3 cup oil
 1 cup milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Beat egg whites until frothy. Beat in 1/2 cup sugar; beat until stiff peaks form. In another bowl sift remaining dry ingredients. Add oil, 3/4 cup milk and flavorings. Beat one minute. Add remaining milk and egg yolks and beat one minute. Fold in egg whites. Bake in two nine-inch layer pans in a moderate oven (350 degrees) 25 to 30 minutes.

Put layers together with the following lemon filling:

1 egg
 2/3 cup sugar
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 3 Tbls. butter

Cook over low heat 10 minutes, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Cool before spreading between cake layers.

Orange Frosting

Combine 1/3 cup butter, 1 lb. sifted confectioners' sugar, 1/8 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring, and 6 Tbls. cream. Beat until fluffy and frost entire cake. —Dorothy

CORNED BEEF CASSEROLE

1 can condensed cream of chicken soup
 1/2 cup milk
 1 12-oz. can corned beef
 1 cup grated American cheese
 1/3 cup chopped onion
 2 cups cooked noodles (unsalted)
 Break the corned beef into pieces, then combine all the ingredients. Put the mixture into a greased 9- x 13-inch pan and sprinkle the top with crushed potato chips or corn flakes. Bake in a 425-degree oven for 30 minutes.

SPECTACULAR CHEESE CAKE

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 1 cup sugar
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 large can evaporated milk
 24 graham crackers, crushed
 1 stick margarine or butter
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Soften cream cheese by letting it warm to room temperature and then mashing with a fork. Blend into gelatin. Beat with mixer if necessary to get mixture smooth. Stir in sugar and lemon flavoring. Set in refrigerator until syrupy.

Chill evaporated milk in freezer until it reaches the crystal stage; very, very cold but not yet frozen. While this is chilling, crush graham crackers and combine with melted butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Pat half of mixture into bottom of greased 9- by 13-inch pan.

Whip chilled evaporated milk until it is light and fluffy and stands in peaks. Fold into the syrupy gelatin mixture. Pour on top of graham cracker layer in pan. Sprinkle remaining graham cracker mixture over top. Refrigerate until ready to cut in squares and serve.

A marvelously light, delicious version of a dessert called a cake but which isn't really a cake at all! —Evelyn

REDUCER'S DRESSING

1/2 cup tomato juice
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1 tsp. onion juice
 2 Tbls. lemon juice

Beat all ingredients together and store in the refrigerator. —Margery

FROSTED LEMON SALAD

1 6-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin (or 2 of the 3-oz. size)
 2 cups hot water
 2 cups pineapple juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 tall can pineapple tidbits, drained
 2 bananas, sliced thin
 2 cups miniature marshmallows
 2 cups heavy cream, whipped
 1 can lemon pie filling
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Dissolve the gelatin in hot water. Add the pineapple juice and flavorings and cool until mixture begins to set. Fold in fruits and marshmallows. Chill until firm. Fold whipped cream into pie filling and spread over the gelatin. Chill. This makes a large salad so prepare it in a 9- by 13-inch pan.

—Margery

HONEY CHOCOLATE CAKE

1/2 cup shortening
 1/2 cup sugar
 2/3 cup strained honey
 2 eggs
 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. salt

1 tsp. soda
 1 3/4 cup sifted cake flour
 2/3 cup cold water

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Blend in the honey. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Stir in the melted chocolate and the flavorings. Sift together the salt, soda and cake flour and beat in alternately with the water. Oven temperature should be 350 degrees, and bake about 30 minutes if you use layer pans, or 45 minutes if baked in a large loaf pan. —Dorothy

BUTTERSCOTCH ROLLS

1 pkg. yeast
 1/4 cup warm water
 1 box butterscotch pudding mix
 1 1/2 cups milk
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 eggs
 1 tsp. salt
 4 1/2 to 5 cups flour

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Combine pudding mix and milk. Cook until thick. Stir in butter or margarine until melted. Add butter flavoring and cool to lukewarm. Add eggs, salt and yeast mixture. Stir in enough flour to make a stiff dough. Knead and place in greased bowl. Cover with damp cloth and let rise until double in bulk.

Divide dough into three parts. Roll each part into a circle. Cut into wedges. Put a teaspoon of filling at wide end and roll up toward point (just as you make butterhorn rolls). Place on greased cooky sheet point side down. Let rise until almost double. Bake at 375 degrees until golden brown. Frost if desired with a powdered sugar frosting flavored with Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring.

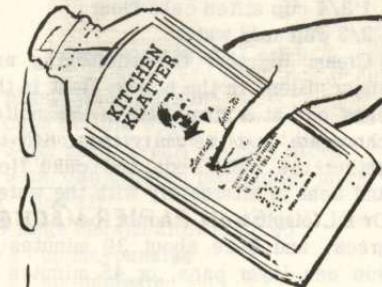
Filling

1/4 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 2/3 cup brown sugar
 2 Tbls. flour
 2/3 cup coconut
 1/3 cup pecans, chopped
 Melt butter or margarine and stir in remaining ingredients. Spoon on rolls as directed.

—Evelyn

DELIGHTFUL APRICOT SALAD

1 can (29-oz. size) apricots, drained and cut fine
 1 can (29-oz. size) crushed pineapple, drained
 2 pkgs. orange gelatin
 2 cups hot water
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 cup combined fruit juices
 3/4 cup miniature marshmallows
 Drain the fruit, reserving the juice.



RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES!

Yes, it's almost like magic, when you add **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** to any recipe. Just a few drops adds delicious flavor and delightful aroma . . . and so economically, too!

Whether you're planning to cook pudding, salad, stuffing, cake or pie, you'll find one of your **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** just right for that additional "something" that will turn a good recipe into a great one.

Here's the list: **Blueberry, Butter, Strawberry, Burnt Sugar, Lemon, Raspberry, Mint, Black Walnut, Orange, Pineapple, Banana, Almond, Vanilla, Coconut, Maple, and Cherry.**

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

If your grocer doesn't have these fine flavorings yet, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo 8-oz. vanilla is only \$1.00. We pay postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601

Chop the apricots fine. Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water, add the flavorings and 1 cup of the fruit juices. Save the rest of the juice for the topping. Let the gelatin set until it starts to congeal, then fold in the fruits and marshmallows. Pour into a large pan and chill until firm. Spread with the following topping:

1/2 cup sugar
 3 Tbls. flour
 1 egg, slightly beaten
 1 cup fruit juices
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 cup whipping cream, whipped
 3/4 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Combine sugar and flour. Blend in the beaten egg and flavoring and gradually stir in the juices. Cook over low heat until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Cool. Fold in the whipped cream and spread over the chilled gelatin. Sprinkle top with grated cheese.

PORK CHOP DINNER

6 pork chops (cut 3/4" thick)
 2 Tbls. fat
 3 Tbls. flour
 1 tsp. salt
 3/4 cup water
 1 Tbls. snipped parsley
 Dash of ground cloves
 Dash of pepper
 1 bay leaf
 6 carrots, pared and halved
 6 potatoes, pared and halved
 1 small onion, sliced

Heat the fat in skillet. Combine flour and salt and dredge the chops. Brown well on both sides. Remove and in the skillet put the water, parsley, cloves, pepper and bay leaf. Put the vegetables in a layer in the skillet and lay the chops on top. Top with the onion slices and cover. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour and 15 minutes, or until all is tender.

—Margery

HOT CHOCOLATE MIX

2 cups powdered milk
 1 cup powdered sugar
 1 6-oz. jar powdered cream
 2 1-lb. boxes instant cocoa mix
 1/4 tsp. salt

Combine all ingredients. Mix well or sift until no streaks are left. Store in airtight container. For 1 cup hot chocolate combine 3 Tbls. mix and 1 cup boiling water. Add a few drops Kitchen-Klatter vanilla or burnt sugar flavoring.

This makes a delicious chocolate mix which is made without whole milk. It would be especially fine to take on a camping trip. It also is a fine mix for busy mothers to keep on hand for after-school snacks or for quick morning hot drinks to go with breakfast.

—Evelyn

ORANGE-BANANA BREAD

1 cup finely chopped candy orange slices
 1 Tbls. sugar
 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 egg
 1/2 cup mashed banana
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 1 cup milk

When you cut up the orange slices, let the pieces fall into a small bowl containing the 1 Tbls. of sugar so that the sticky ends will become coated and prevent them from sticking together. Cream together the shortening and 1/2 cup of sugar. Beat in the egg, banana, and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and add the orange slices and nuts to this. Add alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture. Pour into a greased and floured bread pan and bake in a moderate 350-degree oven about 70 minutes, or until a toothpick inserted in the center of the loaf comes out clean. Let stand about ten minutes before removing to a rack to finish cooling.

—Dorothy

CREOLE GREEN BEANS

1 Tbls. chopped onion
 2 Tbls. salad oil
 1/3 cup chili sauce
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 can green beans, drained
 Cook onion in salad oil until soft. Add chili sauce, salt and drained beans. Cook only until thoroughly heated, stirring often.

CHICKEN-PEACH AMANDINE

1/4 cup butter
 4 chicken breasts (halved)
 1/2 tsp. salt
 3 green onions (sliced)
 1/2 cup slivered almonds
 1/2 tsp. tarragon
 1/2 cup chopped parsley
 1 can peach halves
 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Melt butter in skillet. Add chicken and brown lightly. Then place chicken in baking dish. To melted butter, add salt, onions, almonds, tarragon, parsley. Stir mixture and pour over chicken. Cover and bake in 350-degree oven 45 minutes. Uncover. Add peach halves around chicken. Sprinkle Parmesan cheese over all and bake 15 minutes more. Sprinkle paprika over when served. Serves 4.

—Margery

LITTLE RASCALS

by
Adelaide Lloyd

One summer night my aunt, asleep in her Minnesota cottage, was awakened by a curious noise. It was a tiny plop, plop, as though a small piece of wood were striking against another piece, repeated over and over. Without disturbing her husband my aunt slipped out of bed to investigate. Nothing unusual could be seen in the bedroom, but in the middle of the living room floor lay a single unshelled pecan. My aunt picked up the nut and carried it to the storeroom. In the ice section of an old-fashioned ice box was a can of whole pecans. When the lid of the chest was closed, the only entrance to this part of the ice box was a small opening out of which the melted ice drained. My aunt dropped the nut in the can, closed the top of the chest, and went back to bed. Some time later she was again awakened by the disturbing plop. She rose again. A second pecan lay on the living room floor. My aunt put this in the storeroom with its fellow pecans. Once more in bed, she slept soundly for the rest of the night, but the next morning she discovered a cracked and half-eaten pecan shoved against the walls in a corner of the bedroom. The little night marauder had evidently wanted a place to brace his nut while he cracked it.

The determined creature that would not let two setbacks discourage him was a deer mouse. While practically unknown in some sections of the country, deer mice cover a wide range and are prevalent in that part of Minnesota where my aunt and uncle have their summer home. They resemble the ordinary house mice, but are a trifle larger with white on the underside and with white feet. Because their forelegs are shorter than their hind legs, they are sometimes called kangaroo mice. Their habit of storing almost anything they can lay their paws on, together with their ability to get into the most unlikely places make them real pests in places where they are plentiful.

My aunt had not summered in Minnesota many years before she discovered that it was necessary to wrap things up tightly or store them in mouse proof cartons and boxes when leaving for the winter. Even so, there were frequent surprises in the spring. One fall my aunt carefully packed the bedding with moth balls, put it in the drawers of the dresser, and covered the top tightly, so that no deer mouse could find a way in. The bedding was undisturbed in the spring, but in the top drawer of the dresser was a soft nest of beautiful green fluff. Here a mother deer

(Continued on page 23)



Aunt Bertha Field (Uncle Henry's wife) stopped by for a family chat and a cup of coffee at Mother's when Dorothy was in Shenandoah last month.

DREAMS AND NEW DRESSES

by
Mary Feese

"I'm going to make the baby a new dress," you happily tell your husband. Of course, you could buy one, but still . . . you dream a lot of proud and tender dreams while stitching sherbet-colored fluffs of batiste and organdy and lace. And when she wears this dress, you never remember the hours of patient labor, only those dreams that went into this outward measure of love.

Too soon, you think, too soon . . . your toddler's gone and in her place you find an eager little girl. Excited over beginning school, she grasps in vain for a bit of dignity. "You need a new dress for the first day of school, honey," and together you happily plan the color, the fabric, the style.

And so it goes. There's a continual need for new dresses — new height, new places, new accomplishments. Junior high, high school, dates, parties. You are astonished: where has she gone, your little girl? Before you stands a young lady, and yes, she needs another new dress. A formal, for the prom. You stitch your love into the seams, and meanwhile dream your dreams . . .

College, and lots of new dresses. She's particular — "This jacket must fit just so, Mother!" And yet, to friends and classmates, her fond reply is, "It's just the way I wanted it — my mother made it for me!"

The final step. You knew it was coming, and yet . . . a wedding dress? You gaze at this beautiful young woman before you, and agree that yes, you'll sew (with love) her wedding dress. And while you sew, you're happy, for you know your cherished daughter is mistily dreaming her dreams . . .

WELCOMES IN PAPIER-MÂCHÉ

by
Evelyn Witter

Every church acquires an accumulation of papier-mâché flower containers from wedding, funeral, and altar flowers.

These can be utilized by the church in presenting them to newcomers in the community. The process is simple.

A wire coat hanger (hook part cut off) pushed through two sides makes a basket handle, and a spray of paint freshens and beautifies the basket.

The basket is filled with church literature according to the age groups in the new family. Back issues from nursery to golden age material should be carefully chosen. Several church bulletins, current ones, should be included. A friendly note, inviting the family to Sunday school and church, tied to the handle gives a personal touch.

To make the welcome basket even more attractive, extras can be added. In January, for example, spirea branches sprayed with starch and artificial snow make an appropriate arrangement. Red construction paper hearts glued to the container give a February theme to the basket. March suggests a shamrock trim, while April's pussy willows would also fit the purpose. From May through October, garden flower arrangements with church literature tucked in on either side make an appealing presentation. November's leaves, both brown and brilliant, lend themselves well to basket arrangements. And, of course, December calls for evergreens and red bows.

Papier-mâché containers need not pile up in the dark recesses of a storage closet when it is so easy to bring them out into the light to say, "Welcome to our church!"

MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Many things have been happening to our family since I last wrote you. Katharine has attended her first wedding. I didn't realize the child had not seen a wedding, but she announced before we entered the church that she was wondering what would happen. Adrienne and Paul had each attended one of their teacher's weddings in Milwaukee last year, but Katharine had missed such a glorious event.

The marriage was that of my cousin once removed, Kathryn Emery, of Van Wert, Ohio. Although the name was changed in spelling, she is a namesake of my mother. Another cousin there whom my Katharine had never met, and I hadn't seen since she was a little girl, was Mary Beth Emery. Adrienne thought it a lark that people were named for people and she considered it quite an honor.

I enjoyed renewing the acquaintance of my cousin and meeting a distant relative of my mother's.

Mother and I and the two girls went to Van Wert one beautiful Saturday morning, a drive of not more than 125 miles. We left the two male members of the family at home, knowing that they could struggle along without us, but not expecting such a twenty-four hour period of productivity. It was almost a shock that they could manage so well alone. They even had time to squeeze in a little "hot rod" race at the local race track as a reward to themselves for planting shrubbery and being generally efficient.

It was a most beautiful wedding. The church was quite old and of Indiana limestone, which remains a gorgeous sparkling white through the years. The windows were the most beautiful part of the church. They were leaded with total stained glass pictures worked into them. (The entire town is old, dating back to Civil War days, and the old homes along the main street all have stained glass windows over the front doors or worked into the parlor windows, many of them with "ruby" glass inserts.)

The following weekend I left Donald, Paul, and Adrienne for the day to take Katharine to her long-awaited and academically earned trip to Purdue University in West Lafayette, Indiana. We left early on a Saturday morning and arrived at the home economics building at 9 o'clock. We were first treated to a coffee, milk, and doughnut break and I learned that the home economics students had made the superb doughnuts. The students were then divided into teams and taken on a day-long tour of all of the phases of the home economics department. They finished off



Donald Driftmier and his daughter Katharine enjoy a lively game of "Twixt" in the den of their home in Anderson, Indiana.

the day with a long trek across the campus to see the dining rooms and dormitories. Those in charge of the day's activities had a tour for the parents, too, which included everything the students saw except the hike over hill and dale.

I wish I could go to college again (at college age) because I would surely major in home economics. I have never seen so many interesting things. The kitchens were beautiful. Everything was stainless steel — everything. The students learn nutrition from feeding rats a balanced or unbalanced diet, depending upon what they want to prove. Then they take their nutritional knowledge into the kitchens and plan marvelous menus, run a cafeteria, and learn to prepare ordinary and exotic dishes.

The clothing laboratories were magnificent. They were learning how to work with, and understand, the new, new wonder fabrics. If a girl were to graduate from either the clothing section or the foods and institutional management section of the school of home economics she could go out into the business world and work in a department store or teach sewing in county extension work or even manage the food preparation end of these new businesses and stores that provide restaurants for their employees and customers. A young man in the kitchen told me that there are five openings for food management majors to every one student they have graduating, and that beginning salaries range from \$8,000 to \$15,000.

I left the group at noon to pay a visit to a college roommate of mine who is now living in Lafayette. We had not seen each other since the end of our sophomore year at Indiana Uni-

versity at Bloomington. She has just had her sixth baby (and first girl) and she looked beautiful. She was a beauty queen while we were at I.U., and she has maintained her lovely figure and attractive looks through five vigorous boys. I was secretly relieved to see her growing grey, as I am. Sometimes I get the feeling that I'm the only one whose hair is salt-and-pepper, but hers was, too, and it looked so good on her that I felt great after our visit.

When we got home from our trip I could tell by the looks on Don's and the children's faces that something was wrong. They had received word that our dear Uncle Max had died during the night. He was the generous benefactor who gave our children their initial love for rocks and gems and hunting pretty stones. We always stopped in LaGrange, Illinois, on our trips to and from Milwaukee to visit with them, and he always remembered to give the children a handful of polished rocks for their collection. It was just last August that Donald and I went to their golden wedding anniversary party in LaGrange. Then quite suddenly in September Aunt Hazel died, and now just as suddenly Uncle Max is gone. We shall miss them sorely. This is the last of seven brothers and sisters that Mother had, and I know how wretched she feels.

Also in the line of things happening in our family, we have increased our number by more than eighteen. Donald gets a stricken look on his face when he looks into the aquariums in the kitchen window and sees how many, many more mouths he has to provide for. In March we gave Paul two mice in their own aquarium. The gerbils al-

(Continued on page 19)



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

"Don't you think real life stories are more interesting than fiction?" writes a Kansas reader. She mentions books such as *The Egg and I*, *We Took to the Woods*, and the dear "Laura" books. She has appreciated the poems of Jane Merchant and admires her greatly. Incidentally, authors are interested in hearing what readers think of their material. If you wish to write a note to courageous Jane Merchant about her inspiring poetry, address it in care of Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. South, Nashville, Tennessee 37203.

Letters from readers do make a difference! If you have laughed and sympathized with Gladys Taber in her *Stillmeadow* books, an appreciative note could be sent in care of the J. B. Lippincott Publishing Co., East Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Incidentally, because Gladys Taber fans expressed their liking for her "Butternut Wisdom" column, her "Letter from Home" will appear every other month in that magazine.

A reader who is a nature lover comments on finding dead robins and turtle-doves and is not surprised after reading Rachel Carson's book *Silent Spring* when it was first published. The harm done to birds and wildlife by insecticides is told in that book. The reader misses the mockingbirds that were plentiful in her area of Nebraska, "as they would sing even during the night when there was moonlight."

A book which symbolizes the American of good intent is *Look to This Day* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95) by Wilma Dykeman. So much is written about the "ugly American" that it is refreshing to read one woman's thoughts and feelings of her uncomplicated and interesting family life. With the views of three generations — her mother, her husband, and herself, and her two teenage sons — Wilma Dykeman writes of their life at home, exploring the United States and traveling in Europe. Readers will laugh about her articles on being the mother of a camper, the raising of African violets, and cleaning out closets. Parents with young people away at school will nod understandingly over a telephone call to home. Thoughtful words are expressed on the disease called gossip. She says it is tragic that we limit ourselves to one kind of pleasure when each day can be rich



Leanna Driftmier and a niece, Josephine Field Nelson, enjoy a book about early Iowa history. Jo and her husband Al visited relatives in Shenandoah recently.

with variety and the wholeness of experience.

A companion to the book *The Friend-
ly Persuasion* is Jessamyn West's *Ex-
cept for Me and Thee* (Harcourt, Brace
& World, \$5.95) which continues the
adventures of Jess and Eliza Birdwell
as the young Quakers traveling west-
ward with their family. How the gallant
Quakers meet the challenges of nature
and man as they travel is interestingly
told.

For all the fascinating differences, the Birdwells face issues that are strikingly contemporary — rebellion, racial and social intolerance and the misery of war. Comedy and gentle humor that are a part of living add to the experiences of *Except for Me and Thee*.

Jessamyn West was born in Indiana of Quaker parents. Her writings have appeared in many of this nation's distinguished periodicals and she is the author of eleven books.

A DIETER'S GUIDE TO FAMILIAR SAYINGS

On a recent shopping trip into town, I met a former neighbor who now lives in another nearby town. Several months had gone by since we'd met as I don't see her as often as I'd like to now. I almost went right past her without even saying hello. There goes a familiar face, I thought, but who is it? It looks like Helen, but is it? I smiled and said hello without being able to disguise the surprise of her changed appearance from my voice. In the ensuing conversation, she told me of her dieter's guide to familiar sayings which she had pasted on her refrigerator door and which was a help toward her present trim, slim look.

1. An apple a day: Make it dessert and keep the calories away.
2. Out of sight, out of mind: Give all tempting snacks to a neighbor.
3. Rob Peter and pay Paul: Save desserts for weak moments.
4. Mum's the word: Don't bore all your friends with dieting woes.
5. Honesty's the best policy: Be sure to count **EVERY** calorie.
6. Moderation is best: One sweet snack can ruin two days of dieting.
7. Fools rush in: Allow enough time to reduce. One to two pounds a week is a healthy maximum. —Marie Mitchell

Every person is composed of three characters: the one he is, the one he thinks he is, the one he should be.

You can't judge a book by its cover
nor can you judge a girl by her clothes.
Neither reveals the worth of its contents.



Before you run off on that long-awaited vacation, be sure to check on the date your subscription to the KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE expires. You won't want to miss out on a single issue.

And take some copies along with you, for in past issues there have been informative articles that will come in handy.

If you're not on our mailing list, send your subscription to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

\$2.00 per year – 12 issues

\$2.50, foreign subscriptions

(Please add your Zip Code.)

Measurement —

From Hands to Meters

by

Mildred D. Cathcart

Have you thought what a day would be like if there were no measurements of any kind? There would be no measuring of material, no weight of foods, no heights, no temperatures!

Primitive man used a very simple measure, probably by comparing the size of his fish with the one caught by his son or by comparing the size of his game with that of another. When he wanted a more specific system of measuring, he found his body a handy scale. His hand, for example, was always right there, so the width of a thumb became a digit, or one inch. The width of his whole hand about four inches, and this measure was called a palm or a hand. The hand is still used for measuring the height of horses. Spreading the fingers out as far as possible became a span, or about eight inches.

From the elbow to the end of the longest finger was a cubit, or approximately eighteen inches. The cubit was the measure used in building the pyramids, with each side of the structure about 500 cubits. From the end of the nose to the end of the thumb on an outstretched arm was a cloth yard of 32 inches. Later King Henry I used his "thumb to nose" as the standard yard, and it was 36 inches. The girth was also a 36-inch measure, and was the distance around a man's chest. The distance a man could reach with both arms stretched out from his shoulders was about six feet, or a fathom, and this measure is used for determining the depth of water.

Three barleycorns taken from the middle of the ear were laid side by side and were sometimes used as a basis for an inch. However, the width of the thumb was the more common inch measure while the length of a man's foot became the foot, or twelve-inch measure. Since men's feet differed so much in size, it was decided to have the first twelve men to come out of church stand with left foot, one behind the other. Each toe touched the heel of the person in front and this distance was measured then divided by twelve for a more accurate unit.



The rod was determined in a similar fashion by lining up sixteen men instead of a dozen.

Romans measured a pace as the distance between the heel mark of one foot and the spot where the same foot came down again when walking. This was about five feet, so 1000 paces became a mile. Instead of 5000 feet, we have added another 280 feet to make our standard mile.

The furlong was the distance a yoke of oxen could pull a plow and break a furrow without resting or being turned around. This was some 220 yards. Eight of these furlongs determined a mile.

In the past few years a great movement is under way in the United States to adopt the Metric System. Today about 82% of the countries in the world use the metric measure; Great Britain and the United States do not. If this is accepted, we shall use a metric stick with approximately 39 inches instead of the 36-inch yardstick. We will measure our heights in meters or centimeters, distances between cities as kilometers, and our weights in kilograms.

Who knows — perhaps our great-grandchildren will laugh at our obsolete measurements of 1969!



BEST FRIENDS

On days when everything goes wrong,
When minutes seem an hour long,
When nerves are frayed and temper high,
And fog blocks out the darkened sky,
Depression pulls a curtain down
Upon my eyes and then a frown
Forms wrinkles in my brow. At five
O'clock I feel just half alive.
When I arrive at my own door,
I hear footsteps on the floor.
As soon as I have stepped inside,
She's happier than any bride.
She licks my hands and wants to play,
And many cares melt away.
You'd think that I'd been gone a week,
The way that she can touch my cheek
And nuzzle at my hand and glove.
There's nothing that's so full of love
As a little dog who waits for you
When your working day is through.
I've human friends for dialogues,
But still thank God that He made dogs.

—Gladise Kelly

TO JERRY

I knew him by his chuckling laugh
And merry jokes —
By things we call the human touch,
That magic bit of something
Some folks seldom use.
It was his stock in trade
And priceless beyond gold;
I cannot gather up one yesterday
Or one tomorrow hold,
But all my memories are brighter
For his smile. —Mary Kurtz

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

local colleges, and one of their big problems is finding enough people to do their reading for them. Since I am a "hi-fi addict or stereo bug" we have lots of electronic recording equipment about the house, and we have been using it to record the books we read for the blind students. Incidentally, that is one way to get re-educated. Reading those text books is like going to college all over again. The only trouble is that we never find the time to do it until late at night, and it is so hard to stay awake when one is reading a philosophy book aloud to a piece of electronic equipment! If the machine could talk back it would help some.

Betty and I are anxious to be of help to the blind and to the deaf not only because of our tremendous admiration for their courage and faith, but also because we are so grateful that our own children were born with normal sight and hearing. It is one way we can thank the good Lord for the wonderful way our family has been blessed. I can tell you this: it is the most rewarding, soul-satisfying job we ever do for anyone.

Here in our city of Springfield, Massachusetts, we have a large social agency known as The Child and Family Service Center. It has a large staff of social workers, and is housed in a beautiful, new air-conditioned building only a few blocks from the parsonage where we live. At its annual meeting last week I was elected to serve as the president of the organization for the next two years. It will be a big job, but an interesting one, and I have a fine board of directors to work with me. Betty and I have an agreement that we won't both be presidents of any social agency or club in the same year. This past year, she has been the president of our large Springfield Day Nursery, a charity that cares for the children of working mothers. She will step down from that office as I begin my work as president of Child and Family Service.

I hope that all of you have a wonderfully happy summer. God bless you.

Sincerely,

Frederick

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

What does the gardener do in July? It would be nice if we could relax on a comfortable lawn chaise with a cool drink and simply enjoy the scene around us, but it isn't that simple. If drought occurs it is important to water roses, evergreens and any leaf-losing trees and shrubs that were spring planted as this is a critical period for such plants. When you do water, soak the ground thoroughly and then give no more until needed. Keep faded flowers picked from both annual and perennial flowers to prevent seeds from forming and to make for a better appearance of the garden.

It is not generally a good idea to fertilize lawns now, as in dry weather it may encourage weeds rather than grasses. Mulch should be applied to keep down weeds and conserve moisture. You can use any inexpensive, easily obtained material such as ground corn cobs, old hay, sawdust, wood shavings, wood chips, or peat moss. We buy the latter in 80-pound bales (about 5½ bushels) from a nursery supply house and use it on our choice beds. Its velvety, brown color and soft texture enhances the flower beds and it is splendid material to incorporate into the soil after the flowers are gone in late fall. If you mulch with wood chips, sawdust, or wood shavings, do add a fertilizer high in nitrogen at the time the mulch is applied.

The young bride who lives down the road from us stopped in one day to learn how to transplant Oriental poppies. "Mother gave me some plants from her garden last spring," she related, "But not a one grew. I guess they had such long roots I didn't get all of them."

Spring is the wrong time to move these poppies and like all plants that have one long, main taproot, they are difficult to transplant. If the poppies are moved when dormant there is a better chance of success. Oriental poppies die down in late July and this is the proper time to move the roots. If you wish to get more plants, simply cut the thick roots in two-inch pieces and bury them in moist sand until the pieces start growing — then set them where they are to grow and bloom. You can propagate bleeding heart in the same manner and this also is the proper time to do the job.

A last tip: Do not pinch the tops of your hardy chrysanthemums after the middle of July — let them grow now for a mass of bloom in the fall.



Mother enjoys hoeing in the cool hours of morning and evening.

VARIETY IS SPICE OF COOKING —

Concluded

table soup or a can of heated cream of chicken or cream of mushroom soup. Serve over hot toast, hot biscuits or the canned Chinese noodles. An Egg-A-La-Goldenrod may also be whipped up easily by slicing hard-cooked eggs into heated cream of mushroom soup or cream of chicken soup and serving over any of the above.

Another fine scrambled egg dish starts with hash-brown potatoes. Brown potatoes in a little hot shortening. Stir in lightly beaten eggs and a can of sausages. Stir gently as eggs scramble and sausages heat through. Serve for either breakfast or supper for a delicious and hearty main dish.

So there you have it for now. I hope you may find some ideas which will be of value for your summer cooking. Use these suggestions just as a starter. Glean good recipes from your neighbors. Buy a new cookbook which includes a different approach to cooking. (I suggest *Cooking for Family Campers*, \$4.95, by James and Barbara Newman published by The World Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio, and *The Sea Cook*, \$6.95, by Sallie Townsend and Virginia Ericson put out by Funk and Wagnalls, New York.) But most of all, find ways to get variety and spice and imagination into the foods you put together.

!!!!!

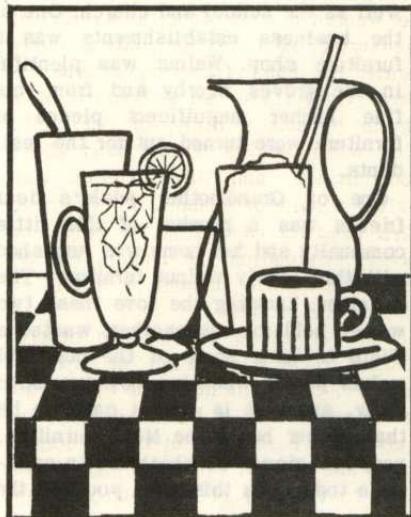
One rainy day when the children had been troublesome I decided to bake cookies and let them help. Giving each a piece of dough I let them mold their cookies. When finished I asked them if they wanted to bake theirs too. My son handed his to me but daughter said, "No thanks. Mine was too dirty to bake so I ate it." —Mrs. Wm. D. Dodd

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

ready have their own housing. One of these mice was a glossy white lady with a petal pink nose and iridescent red eyes. Her cage mate was an autumn-haze-colored, snapping-black-eyed gentleman. Needless to say, their tribe has increased. We had hoped off and on that the gerbils would have young ones but they never did. However, these mice immediately had a fine litter, only two of which survived, and they proved to be interesting to observe day by day. Rapidly it became apparent that Madam Mouse was going to produce yet another blessed family, and lo and behold! this time it was thirteen and they are all living. We're all enjoying these beasts; in fact, we've become so engrossed in their genetics that we bought another color female. I'll tell you more next month.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



ANY OR ALL

Any hot-weather drink (iced tea, iced coffee, juice, powdered fruit drink, milk shake) is an ideal opportunity to cut down on calories.

Simply sweeten them with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. This crystal-clear liquid takes the place of sugar in cereals, cooked and baked things, too. And, though it never adds a single calorie, it tastes so sweet, so natural, you'll never miss the sugar!

Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

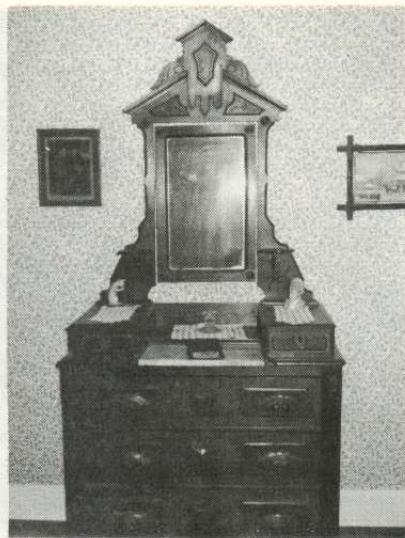
ASK YOUR GROCER FIRST. However, if you can't yet buy it at your store, send 50¢ for 3-oz. bottle of sweetener. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.

MOTHER'S ANTIQUE FURNITURE

There is a very interesting story concerning the furniture in the bedroom which we call "the old-fashioned room". We thought you might like to hear about it.

Soon after Grandfather and Grandmother Field, Mother's parents, settled in their home on Sunnyside Farm south of Shenandoah in 1870, they were called to teach in nearby schools. Grandmother taught the first school in Shenandoah, which was started in a private home for lack of a school building. She rode her horse the short distance to Shenandoah. Grandfather, himself, knit the blanket that covered her horse! Grandfather headed west on his horse to teach in the school at the Mormon settlement named Manti. This community was established by 40 families who had left the main group in Council Bluffs, Iowa, deciding not to go on to Utah. The settlement persisted for 14 years and contained a number of stores as well as the school and church. One of the business establishments was a furniture shop. Walnut was plentiful in the groves nearby and from this fine lumber magnificent pieces of furniture were turned out for the residents.

One of Grandmother Field's dear friends was a member of this little community and her home was furnished with this lovely walnut furniture. The daughter, knowing the love these two women held for one another, wanted a Field to have some of the beautiful walnut pieces when her mother passed away, and that is how it came to be that Mother has some Manti furniture, very few pieces of which are in existence today. On this page you see the



Three items of family interest are on the dresser: the family Bible, a small bust of Grandfather Field, and a little kitty looking into a jar. In the jar Grandmother Field kept small change which was available to the children as needed.

lovely dresser, and the bed is pictured on page 8.

There are some other items in this room that might be of interest to you. Perhaps we can include pictures of them in a future issue. Although they were not made of Manti walnut in the furniture shop mentioned here, they are nice pieces. —Margery

CENTENNIAL FUN FARE - Concl.

When the camera was first coming into popular use, it captivated everyone, and fortunate indeed was the person lucky enough to own one. Doubly thrilling it was if the camera owner gave a "Camera Tea" or "Camera Party". Of course the main entertain-

ment for such an affair was the posing and taking of pictures. One has only to leaf through an album of that era to see that they took their posing seriously as well as for fun. So why not ask everyone to come in centennial costume and have fun posing for pictures? It's one time you may be able to get your whole group together and in costume at the same time for pictures that will be keepsakes in years to come.

The phonograph was introduced to the general public in much the same way, when the lucky owner invited friends in to listen. Make large colored drawings of old advertising slogans and pictures such as "His Master's Voice", and of the old "morning glory" horn phonograph for decorations. Someone in your community may have an old phonograph and records which they will lend to use as part of the entertainment at your phonograph party.

Bridge clubs have taken the place of the "Needle and Thimble Club", but you might try having the ladies bring their needlework. With plenty of atmosphere supplied in decorations, costumes, and refreshments, this will recall the days of a century ago.

Music, whether vocal or instrumental, should all feature numbers familiar in great-grandmother's day. If someone can provide mandolin accompaniment, play a mouth harp or violin, so much the better.

Evening parties call for old kerosene lamps and candles for atmosphere, of course.



SUMMER TIME: BLEACH TIME

Midsummer means warm weather, and that means shirts and blouses get changed often, get dirty quicker. That means they get bleached oftener... and can grow old faster.

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

If it's washable, it's bleachable... in

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

JULY DEVOTIONS — Concluded

states. The thirteen stripes symbolize those trail-blazing thirteen original states. Look at its colors. The red represents the hardness and the courage of our forefathers. The blue symbolizes their vigilance and justice. And the white stands for purity and innocence.

This is the heritage that is given to you, to me. This is our charge to keep — to have, to hold, to cherish.

Reading:

WHICH WAY AMERICA?

Which way God blessed America?

Which path will the future be?

Each patriot must search his heart

As to what the answer will be.

What will you spread on canvas?

True art, inspiration born,

Or grotesque lines and colors

And figures all forlorn?

What will you pen on paper

A poem — prose — or line?

Will it be a subverted script

Or a message pure — divine?

What will you teach your children?

Of American heroes sung?

Or will it be a doctrine

From which truth has been wrung?

What will you sing in your meetings?

Of God — and Christ — and home?

Or will you be under the Communists

Where'er your steps may roam?

Arouse, ye sleeping Nation,

Put on your armor true,

And with Faith and Prayer and Courage

Keep flying the Red, White, and

Blue!

—Joseph B. Head (former National

Chaplain VFW)

Leader: "A charge to keep I have, a promise to fulfill" — that is the challenge of our flag.

Song: "America the Beautiful".

Prayer by Leader: To close our program I'd like to give you George Wash-

ington's prayer. May we think deeply on its message and be challenged by it to go forth resolved our charge to keep.

"Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; and entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large. And finally that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity and humility which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

THAN THE SWORD

Beyond the mighty pens of time

No mightier pen we'll see

Than that which made July the Fourth

Our Day of Destiny.

—Flo Montgomery Tidwell

VOICE OF THE REVOLUTION

Son of Thunder, his golden tongue,
His fiery, vibrant voice

Made him beloved, much admired,
Five times the people's choice.

Opposed to England's taxes,
He shouted with urgent breath
To fan the flames of freedom,
Crying: "Liberty or Death!"

Among Colonial patriots
Patrick Henry stands tall,
The Voice of the Revolution
And of Freedom for all. —Inez Baker

**I FOUND A WILD ROSE GROWING . . .**

While I was walking through a field
Amid the wheat sheaves flowing,
Within a corner few have seen
I found a wild rose growing.

It grew beside a fallen post —
Perhaps it was some pioneer
Who living on the prairie
Made this little garden here.

I will not tell its hiding place
(It's the last of a day gone by),
I fear someone might dig it up
And then its thriving roots would die.

—Don Beckman

KNOW

"Be still and know . . ."
How quiet grows the heart
How sweet the resting hours
When petty thoughts depart.
My spirit flies to Thee;
With calm serenity
I face today and know.

—Mary Kurtz

PRAYER FOR TOLERANCE

Grant me tolerance toward the aged,
Lord, each day;
For time goes on, eternal as the sea;
And as the green leaf withers on the
tree

I, too, shall fade when winter comes
my way.

Then grant me tolerance toward the
young, when I grow old;
With youth and gaiety — things now so
dear to me,
Surround me then, tho' ever let me mind-
ful be
That they, like spring, are warm,
And winter's cold. —Nova Ferrel

Better not overlook this important grocery-list item! **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** isn't just a kitchen helper; every room (and outside, too) has one or more jobs that seem to cry for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. Bath-tubs lose their rings, walls lose their fingerprints, dishes lose their grease when this fast-acting powder goes to work.

Your work is finished much faster, too — practically cut in half! You see, there's never any froth, foam or scum to rinse and wipe away. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is a once-over cleaner, because it does the job right, the first time.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

his parents some anxious moments. He knows he isn't lost, but *they* don't! I can hardly wait to see Aaron for the first time, and to see how much Andy has changed. It won't be long now!

I have many things to do before leaving on the trip, so until next month

Sincerely,

Dorothy

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

clamps. We would have sworn that he never, never could fall out again, but Juliana was extremely shocked a few days ago when she went in and found that heavy rod on the floor. We still cannot imagine how he was able to budge it.

For a full month James has been cutting four big molars, and every day Juliana is certain that they'll be coming through, but so far he just continues to bite on his fingers and back away if we try to find out what's what. He has a toy called Jack the Giant Teether, and he works away on



About the same time big sister Lisa received her new bike, two-year-old Natalie was given a new doll. The children's parents are Tom and Donna Nenneman of Lincoln, Nebr. Tom is working on his Doctor's degree at the university.

that hour in and hour out.

I thought that surely when I arrived on this visit he would be reconciled to mashed potatoes, but nothing of the kind. Even the sight of mashed pota-

toes throws him into a fit. This is almost the only thing that he doesn't eat. Because of Jed's severe case history of asthma and allergies, the pediatrician told Juliana not to give him any whole egg. One day about a month ago she decided that probably he could eat egg without any trouble, but he was badly upset for three days - so no more egg.

I enjoy visiting with Juliana's friends - young women with small children. They seem so relaxed and happy in their homes with their babies that it gives me a feeling that in one way or another the next generation will make out just fine.

Now it is time to look forward to James' arrival after his noon meal, so this must be all. Next month I hope that I can tie together all of the odds and ends that are now up in the air.

Always sincerely,

Lucile

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

around, we have the feeling of difference without adding to the expense.

My sewing machine is coming out tomorrow and I'm going to make two new dresses for hot weather days. They are soft Dacron and cotton pieces that I purchased a few days ago. Don't laugh at me, but I'm going to make them in the same style as the ones I made last year. I've found this pattern to be so successful *and easy* that it seems foolish to change. The materials I've used are so varied that the dresses don't look alike. Lucile calls it my uniform! I could practically put a dress together blindfolded now. Incidentally, in case you want to know what pattern it is, it is Simplicity 7450. I hope it isn't discontinued, for I think a new pattern would throw me into a panic! As it is, I can stitch up a dress in a day so long as I can work without interruptions. A new pattern would have me struggling again! I guess I'm not very adventurous with my sewing yet, but after all, I'm still a novice.

It is time for lunch now, and then a busy afternoon at the office, so I'll wind this up and head for the kitchen.

Sincerely,

Margery

It is good to receive; it is better to deserve.

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.

-Alexander Pope



**Invite a friend
to listen to
KITCHEN - KLATTER
today!**

Our radio visits can be heard
over the following radio
stations:

KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.

"Little Ads"

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

September ads due July 10.
October ads due August 10.
November ads due September 10.

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD — Jewelry, Gold Teeth, watches, diamonds, silverware, spectacles. Free information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602

HOMEWORK, mailing circulars, free details! Cam Company, Dept. 155-KE, Verona, N. J. 07044.

CASH AND S&H GREEN STAMPS for new, used goose and duck feathers. Free tags. Used feathers, please mail sample. Northwestern Feather Co., P. O. Box 1745, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501.

OUT OF PRINT Bookfinder, Box 678, Seaside, Calif. 93955. Send requests.

KOWANDA METHODIST COOKBOOK. Signed and tested by church women. Extra basic information pages. Plastic bound and loose leafed. \$2.00 postpaid. Mrs. Glen R. Paulsen, Oshkosh, Nebr. 69154

CASH REFUNDS PLUS NUMEROUS GIFTS are yours from manufacturers of groceries and other household items that you purchase everyday. We issue a monthly bulletin listing about 75 refund offers made by different manufacturers. Some of our subscribers have received over \$45 in one month. Send for a trial subscription of three months for \$1.00. You will be glad you did. Send to GOLDEN COINS, Box 364, Muscatine, Iowa 52761.

CHURCH WOMEN: will print 150-page cookbook for organizations for less than \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126

WORLDWIDE DELICACIES COOKBOOK. 1,000 recipes, no duplications, 256 pages, 2nd edition. Designed for economical living. \$2.75 — includes tax and handling. Crescent Publishing Co., Hills, Minn. 56138

FOUR "WILL" FORMS. Lawyer's Booklet plus Guide — \$1.00. NATIONAL, Box 48313-KK, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

5 NEW LONG PLAY Country Western music albums — \$4.95 postpaid. USA. Mo. residents add 3% tax. Northside Records, Box 465, Maryville, Missouri 64468

5 NYLON STRETCH panties — \$1.00; state size. Postpaid. Wilt, Box 284, Essex Station, Boston, Mass. 02112

FREE MAILERS: Send name & address and receive 2 free mailers for wholesale prices on the developing of your KODAK films. Guaranteed Kodak materials and quality. Send to: PHOTO BARREL CO., Box 11098, Kansas City, Mo. 64119

TURN YOUR BOXTOPS and labels into cash. Free refunding details. Send stamped envelope. Sample current issue \$1.00. Treasure Chest, KK, Box 29, Clinton, Iowa 52732

RENT 200 sparetime money plans. So Dak Drawer 452, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101

FREE HANDICRAFT PATTERNS and instructions plus money-making information. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope. Business Research, Box 75010G, Oklahoma City, 73107

RECIPES! 50 choice no-bake cookies — \$1.00. Anna Andersen, Box 62K, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613

LADIES — Want beautiful complexion? Try Beauty Masque Way. Write Wilfred, 5225K Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19139

21 BIRTHDAY cards — \$1.50. Bear, 2118 Burt St., Omaha, Nebr. 68102

SHELLED ENGLISH WALNUTS, Brazils, Pecans, Black Walnuts \$1.75Lb. Dried Mushrooms \$4.50Lb. Sassafras \$4.00Lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago.

RECIPES! 50 luscious cakes money can't buy. — \$1.00. Anna Andersen, Box 62K, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613

1000 GOLD STRIPE ZIP CODE LABELS 35¢



FREE LOVELY GIFT BOX!
1000 Deluxe, Gold Stripe, 2-color, gummed, padded Labels printed with ANY Name, Address & Zip Code, 35¢ for EACH Set! No limit, but please include 10¢ extra for pg. & pkg. or 45¢ in all. SPECIAL! 3 Sets for only \$1.20 pre-paid. EXTRAS! FREE Plastic Gift Box with each order for 1000 Labels! Write for FREE Money-Making Plans. FAST SERVICE! Money-back guarantee. Order NOW!

TWO BROS. INC., Dept. b46, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo. 63101

Sketch Printing of

4 DISCIPLES

Matthew, Andrew, John, Peter

10 x 13" — ready for framing
Excellent gifts

All 4 — 60¢ postpaid
DISCIPLES, Box 250,
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

LITTLE RASCALS — Concluded

mouse had had a warm home for her babies during the winter. My aunt had no idea where the fluffy material had come from. It had not come from the blankets, and she could think of nothing in the cottage that was of the lovely light green color of the fluff. Finally she remembered her mop. The deer mouse had taken some of the limp, green strings and worked them into the downy material for the nest. And though every dresser drawer had been tightly closed, the deer mouse had made its way into the dresser drawer by climbing up the back of the dresser and then crawling over the top of the back of the drawer.

In an effort to keep the cottage free of deer mice my aunt at one time put triangular packets of poison around before leaving for the winter. The poison killed the deer mice, but not before they had taken the poison grains, one by one, out of the packets and neatly piled them in an empty cardboard carton.

Sometimes the antics of the deer mice were more amusing than destructive. One fall the acorns were unusually abundant. When my aunt arrived at the cottage the next spring, she found every jacket pocket and every mitten stuffed with acorns. It was that same year that a friend of my aunt's went to the attic to get a pair of shoes which her soldier son had asked her to send him. The deer mice had not overlooked the shoes as convenient storage bins; each shoe was filled to the brim with acorns.

Every autumn the clothing and other belongings that were to be taken home for the winter were packed in cartons which were tightly shut and securely wrapped. One fall evening, right after their return to Iowa, my aunt and uncle were in the living room. Suddenly my aunt caught a glimpse of a mouse running across the top of the back of the davenport on which she was sitting. The mouse paused for a moment, looked at her, and then disappeared. The next morning my aunt saw that three caramels had been taken from the candy jar and placed in a broken line on the top of the kitchen counter. Even though she had not recognized her visitor of the night before as a deer mouse, this was so clearly the work of one that my aunt felt sure that a deer mouse must somehow have gotten into a carton before she and my uncle left Minnesota. Though my uncle said that this could not be possible, my aunt set several traps and caught not one, but three adventurous deer mice that had been stowaways on the homeward journey.



REALIZATION

Homes are made for leaving,
Their grant is ours for living,
Brief hours of great importance
For loving and for giving,
Impressions for a lifetime
Are made; the mold is cast.
Homes are made for leaving,
The first one and the last.

—Mary Kurtz

DO YOU HAVE YOUR COPIES OF THE KITCHEN-KLATTER BOOKS?

CHURCH PROJECTS AND PROGRAMS
(Successfully used by thousands) . . . \$1.00

PARTY PLANS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS
(Helpful all through the year) . . . \$1.00

MOTHER-DAUGHTER BANQUETS
(Complete with programs) . . . 50¢

SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY TO:

Kitchen-Klatter Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

THIS AND THAT

by

Helene B. Dillon

JULY, the month of blistering days and balmy nights . . . the month the sign "air-conditioned" is an oasis to travelers . . . the month when children gather at the ice cream stand. With a quick lap of the tongue around the cone some of the trickles are caught just in time. And this is the month of tinkling ice cubes in tall glasses of tea. JULY! All vegetation has about reached its peak and nature seems at a standstill.

Just doing your daily job is not the sure way to success. You must do your job with pride and contagious enthusiasm.

Do you remember: When all department stores had a balcony at the rear of the store where the cashier made the change for all floor sales? The money and sales slip were put into a little cup, the clerk pulled a lever and the cups traveled on a network of wire to the counter of the cashier. About ten cups were operated from the various departments of the store. How long ago was this? I remember the clerk in one of the stores, a special friend of my mother's who used to lift me to the counter and let me "help" send the little cup.

Someone once said, "Cynicism is a mask for a despairing heart."

Is there anything sweeter than a robin's song at sunset or the bubbling song of the wren at sunup?

Sophistication is an attractive quality, but you just can't beat that "down to earth" friendly personality.

I like: Pink cosmos swaying gracefully in the soft morning breeze . . . the delicate beauty of baby breath . . . watching the second hatching of wrens as they leave their cozy home . . . hearing the recent graduates discuss their college plans . . . half-naked children squealing and skipping through the stream of water from the garden hose.

Don't forget the significance of July 4th. Gone are the days of "every child with a firecracker", but many magnificent displays of fireworks are to be seen on the evening of the fourth. Can you remember the children asking over and over again, "How soon will it be dark enough to light my sparklers?"

Do fly your flag and give the younger children a bit of the story as to why we celebrate this date.

GIVE UP AND LEARN THE KID'S NEW MATH

by

Carroll S. Karch

Recently I bought a pretty little lunchbox and a book satchel.

"For your grandchild?" the clerk asked sweetly.

My smile was as saccharin. "For myself."

I wasn't kidding. I'm going back to school. And if your formal education ended when scientists agreed that the earth was flat, and even if you weren't a teenage dropout but finished dear old State U. summa cum laude, you'd better join me.

For generations, when children reached a certain age, they began to suspect that up-until-then infallible parents were ignorant, uneducated and often plain stupid.

Then new math happened and teacher sent home notes. "Please do not help Johnny with his math. You will only confuse him." With that, teacher popped the parental wise-image goose into the oven. Today, blasted by all of the other "new" subjects, papa and mama's goose is pretty well cooked.

Probably you've run afoul of some of the modern curricula, new history perhaps. You'd think that once an event occurred, the generations and generations of kids learned that it occurred, there'd be no tinkering with the facts. Except, of course, for the Russians who rewrite history every Tuesday and Thursday to suit the exigencies of Monday and Wednesday.

But try declaring to today's fifth grader, "Columbus discovered America," or "Betsy Ross made the first flag," and be ready to cringe at the incredulous exasperation in his "Mother! EVERYBODY knows Leif Ericson discovered America!"

On the other hand, new science doesn't surprise me greatly, although it's still somewhat disconcerting to be told we really are descended from monkeys. Yet science is progress . . . or so they say . . . and, if we wish to stay a step ahead of our second graders, adults rushing toward medicare must learn such tidbits as "laser" stands for "light amplification by stimulated radio emission" and was invented in 1960 by Dr. Charles H. Townes.

New English is something else again. Like history, it seems most unnecessary, but apparently we are stuck with it. With all but the hippest teens having trouble, Grandma needs a full-time interpreter, perhaps something similar to the U.N.'s simultaneous translations. The latest Websters offer little help. Even the unabridged are abridged before they reach market when

phrases like "black power", "red power", and "flower power", are among the high voltage terms being generated and making the scene. Dig me?

Well, then, it's time to pack lunch. Do you prefer plain bread and jam? Personally, I'm taking peanut butter and jelly.

* * *

LOYALTY TO WHAT

No finer trait than loyalty

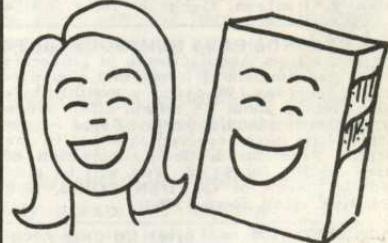
Is found in sea or dust.

Be sure, however, that the cause

Is worthy of your trust.

—Flo Montgomery Tidwell

HAPPY COUPLE



YOU'LL be half of a happy couple — when you discover this year's newest washday sensation: Kitchen-Klatter's **BLUE DROPS**.

Blue Drops is the brand-new low suds detergent for all types of washers . . . and all types of *washes*. It's concentrated, too, so it saves you money at the same time it's giving you the cleanest, brightest, nicest smelling wash you ever had!

You'll be so happy with **BLUE DROPS**, you'll be telling all your friends. And then we'll be happy, too!

Kitchen-Klatter



BLUE DROPS