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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Last month I wrote to you from Albuquerque on a day when every conceivable thing had gone wrong. In fact, even that letter was something of a triumph because I had just launched into it when my typewriter ribbon jammed and refused to budge at all until Jed came across the street and figured out what ailed the thing.

But let me start at the beginning of that ridiculous day and just hit the high spots of all that went wrong.

It was Paula's first day with me and we started it normally enough by sitting down to have coffee. When this was over we discovered that the double tub sink was plugged up, so we tried all kinds of home remedies to correct it. Nothing worked so there was no way to avoid a call from the plumbers and in around two hours they were there.

With the sink back in working order we started to wash a big pile of dishes that had just been unpacked, but we couldn't make headway with this job because the gas heater had gone out — no hot water. Another call, another two-hour wait and then the service man arrived and got the thing lighted.

With hot water once again Paula started to do a laundry, but the tub had just filled when we ran out of hot water — heater was acting up again. We decided to go ahead and let the washing machine run through its cycle, but on the first rinse the machine went haywire and flooded the utility area with its nice new indoor-outdoor carpet.

At this point Paula and I felt so frustrated that she suggested she just get out of the house entirely — would take this opportunity, she said, to run the car through a car wash place just a few blocks down the street. Now this you won't believe, but when the car was halfway done the car wash mechanism broke down and the job couldn't be finished. When Paula came back to the house with this report she was almost in tears.

Well, several other things went wrong that day, but I've said enough to give you the general idea. It was surely a maddening sequence of events.

Even though I couldn't be in my home very long after we were finally unpacked, I certainly enjoyed my new set-up. It is such a friendly neighborhood that I felt quite settled in during those first days. My next-door neighbors came to call on a Sunday evening and they solved one thing for me: how to keep up my yard. They have a very dependable eleven-year-old boy and to my relief he was willing to mow the lawn, turn on the sprinklers, weed and all of the rest. I told him that I'd noticed how everyone on the street kept up their yards beautifully and I didn't want an eyesore out of mine just because I wouldn't be there all of the time.

Juliana tells me that Ronnie is very industriously taking care of everything and that my front and back yards look like a brilliant green velvet carpet. This was certainly good news to me and I feel fortunate to have such a dependable boy next door.

Last week the workmen arrived to hang all of the new drapes. I hadn't expected them that early and can only say that they gave me marvelous service. This drapery shop has a small panel truck that is full of big samples and it surely is nice to sit right in the various rooms and arrive at decisions. I've never had too steady a sense of color, and this way I could select the shades that would go well with the upholstered furniture and carpet. Now when I return to Albuquerque I won't be living in a fish bowl and that is surely the way I felt when there wasn't a single curtain at the windows.

I was glad to be in Albuquerque at the time I arrived for everyone was exclaiming about the fantastically beautiful roses. Even old-timers said they had never before seen such flowers. The wall in back of my house was covered with lovely yellow roses, a climber that I'd never seen before.

But Juliana had the roses to finish

them all and that was a spectacular display of Peace roses. There were over 200 blooms along the wall in her side yard and the flowers were so big that you couldn't really believe them. Never have I seen such roses. I surely hope I can be there next year in June so I can enjoy them again.

As I told you last month, Anita and I had to part company because of the complications involved with her sister's death. For a while I began to wonder just how in the world I was going to get back to Iowa, live in my house, etc. There are not many people who are in a position to pick up and leave for a stay in Iowa, then a return to Albuquerque and all the rest. I was almost on the verge of panic when Paula crossed my horizon and we worked out a very satisfactory arrangement. I hope to spend about half of my time here in Shenandoah and the other half in New Mexico. Paula is a wonderful driver and that means a lot when you're going back and forth such a distance.

Very shortly after we got home Frederick arrived and we surely had a good visit during the few days that he could spend in town. It seems as if always before some emergency had arisen to cut short his stay, but this time there wasn't word of any kind to send him hurrying back to Massachusetts.

Incidentally, we think the picture of Mother and Frederick that is on this month's cover is certainly very good of them. Marge has a new Polaroid camera that has already proved to be invaluable and she has enjoyed working with it.

Very shortly after Frederick left for home we had a nice surprise when Alison arrived from Denver. She and Martin have always been very compatible and consequently they enjoyed working together in the garden at my house in the morning and out at their grandmother's farm in the afternoon. She had an old hog shed that she wanted torn down and they pitched into the job with real enthusiasm. We had hoped that Alison would stay several weeks, but she began to worry about the summer job she had looking after some horses at a big stable and felt that she had better get back to it.

Little James spends about every waking hour out in the garden and has gotten very brown from the intense summer sun. He runs every place now and has given up creeping completely. He is starting to repeat words now. When I was there in June he cut four large molars and was so miserable that he was quite fussy until those teeth finally came through. Almost immediately his sunny nature returned and he was his usual happy self. I miss him

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FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Flying back to New England after a wonderful visit with my mother in Shenandoah, I thought of the little verse on a card which said: "Most all of the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, BUT ONLY ONE MOTHER IN THE WHOLE WORLD! Oh why couldn't I have a dozen of you?"

If you know my mother, I am sure that you will agree with me when I say that there is not her equal in the whole world. She has been in her wheelchair for thirty-nine years, but never a word of complaint has she spoken. She still goes to church and goes for rides and works around the house and even works in the garden, and does it all in her wheelchair. It always is an inspiration for me to be in her presence, and after this most recent visit, I returned to my parish work in Springfield, Massachusetts, encouraged and refreshed.

Our church is now holding union services with its mother church four blocks down the street. One hundred and twenty-seven years ago the Old First Church had far too many members, and so some of the people left to form a new church a few blocks south. Each summer we of South Church go "home" to worship with our friends in Old First, and it is a warm and friendly welcome we receive there. Since each of these two large churches has more than one minister, the preaching load is not too heavy for any one of us, and it makes possible a good vacation schedule.

There is a special significance in my going back to preach in Old First Church, founded in 1636 by some of the Pilgrims, for I had fourteen of my ancestors in the membership of that church before 1640. One of my ancestors was one of the first Clerks of the church. If ever you are driving through New England and you have an opportunity to visit this lovely old colonial church, I hope you will do so. It stands on the Town Green, right in the heart of the business section.

One of these days I am going to preach a sermon to help some of those unhappy persons who take a lot of joy out of their own lives as well as out of the lives of others by just being too critical of their fellow men. Did you ever stop to think about all the unhappiness we cause ourselves by being too critical of people who do not measure up to our own standards of goodness? President Robert F. Goheen of Princeton University closed his com-



The sun came out long enough between showers to take a picture of summer visitors, Ray and Lettie Bianco and their daughter Jean Ann from Marseilles, Illinois, who came with Aunt Bertha Field to call on Mother and Frederick. Lettie is the youngest daughter of our uncle, the late Henry Field.

mencement address with these words: "To those of you who intend to be engaged in the struggle to right our society's wrongs — and I would hope this includes most of you — my final word is: 'Beware the narrowness, the deception, the self-defeat the self-righteousness carries with it.'"

When I was a boy living back in the Midwest, I used to think that some of the religious people I knew were the most narrow-minded people in the world, but the older I became, and the more I saw of life and the world, the more I realized that most people of conviction are intolerant of the convictions of others. Religious convictions, political convictions, ethical convictions, or whatever — the people who have them and hold them sincerely and with passion, are usually very, very slow to listen to opposing views with an open mind.

Someone once said: "If you would persuade someone to your point of view, you cannot afford to be more than 85% right!" How true that is, and yet how difficult it is for devoutly religious people to accept that position. It is not easy for a person to believe himself right and at the same time keep an open mind toward the faith and the conviction of others.

I think that clergymen are some of the worst offenders when it comes to having closed minds. Because they give their lives to preaching a certain kind of doctrine and to defending a certain religious and philosophical point of view, they just naturally resist any idea that does not concur with their own. Frequently I have occasion to counsel with young men going into the ministry, and I try to help them to see that often the lay people in the churches are far more correct in their thinking than the young

minister realizes. I remind them that they are just as human and just as fallible as those generous, hard-working people who sit in the pews each Sunday, and who often sacrifice to pay their minister's salary. It is my observation that many young ministers do not appreciate how much they can learn from the years and years of experience represented in their congregations each Sunday.

I don't know who wrote this little poem, but it certainly is a good one. I keep a copy of it on the corner of my desk at all times.

Snug lie those who slumber
Beneath convictions roof,
Their floors are sturdy timber,
Their windows weatherproof.

But I sleep cold forever,
And cold sleep all my kind,
For I was born to shiver
In the draft of an open mind.

I must admit that with so many changes being made in our society we who have our strong convictions about personal conduct, and religious faith, and business ethics, find ourselves hard pressed to be good listeners when the young people defend what to us are often outrageous breaches of decorum and flagrant violations of our codes of decency. But the real danger is that we close our ears altogether and fail to hear the truth that is mixed in with the falsehood. The difficulty of our having such high standards is our proneness to reject all arguments by all opposition simply because they are those of the opposition, and in so doing, shutting our minds to any element of new truth that may be buried under all the chaff of demonstrations.

As I sit here writing this letter, I think of how fortunate I am to be a
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Wisdom from a Watermelon

AN OUTDOOR VESPER SERVICE

by Mabel Nair Brown

This will be a little different from many of our worship services in that it will be most informal, each person will have a part in it, and since part of it is sharing and discussion, it cannot be entirely set down here in black and white. New ways of worship are showing us that more participation makes for a more meaningful service.

Setting: Sometime ahead of the service ask each of those who will be attending to bring one thing that is especially meaningful to him that he can place on the altar at the service. (Perhaps they will be puzzled and ask for suggestions, but try not to tell them what to bring, urging that they think about this a bit and then decide.) Someone might bring a flower from his garden, or a vegetable he has grown, a poem he's enjoyed, a song he likes to sing, a bottle of milk, a hobby, a record for the phonograph, a hoe, a book, some knitting — this can be a real challenge for some beforehand thinking. You, yourself, will take a large watermelon.

For the altar, if the audience is to be seated upon chairs or benches, spread a plain cloth or a length of brown wrapping paper over a nearby picnic table. Unless your group is older, plan to have everyone seated informally in a circle on the grass. Spread a cloth or large blanket on the ground in the center for the altar. Place your large watermelon in the center of the improvised altar, and as the people come, have them place their objects on the altar.

If there are guitarists in your group invite them to bring their instruments and provide the music to set the mood for the worship service and to help with the singing. Lacking this, use a portable record player to provide the music.

The African hymn "Kum Ba Yah" would be lovely played softly as the audience is gathering, and if someone feels like joining the guitar and singing the words, so much the better.

When all have assembled, you, as leader, might speak the words of the African hymn in English to the guitar accompaniment, just the one verse if you prefer. "Come by here, my Lord, come by here. Come by here, my Lord, come by here. Someone needs you, Lord. Kum ba yah. O Lord, come by here." If you are unable to use this,

other hymns might be "Open My Eyes That I May See", "Be Thou My Vision", or "God Who Touchest Earth with Beauty".

Call to Worship:

Lift up your eyes and see the stars!
Who calls them each by name?

Is it not He whose singing hills

Give Him their glad acclaim?

Behold, "He taketh up the aisles",

A very little thing.

He sits upon the earth's circle as

Its Lord, Creator, King.

Who else has measured waters in

The hollows of His hand?

He weighs the hills and mountains
which

Stand firm at His command.

If you will wait upon the Lord

In blessed quietude,

You shall mount up with eagle wings;

Your strength shall be renewed.

To whom then shall we liken Him?

Oh, shout His name abroad;

Have you not known, have you not
heard,

How great, how great is God?

Hymn: "How Great Thou Art".

Scripture: Psalms 147:7-9; 74:15-17.

Prayer: Father, we thank Thee for the help we receive from song and fellowship and prayer and talking together and especially for the inspiration of the beauty of this place. Grant that here each of us may find some special experience that may impel us and empower us to be and to do that which the crisis of this age demands. In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

Leader: What makes life meaningful to us? In the conflicts and crises of this age how can we understand it all? What does God want us to do? What is meaningful in our lives? How can we make life even more meaningful when all about us life seems flying apart, uncertain, often purposeless? For a few quiet moments let us think on these things.

I asked each of you to place upon our altar something which had special meaning in your life. I have placed there a watermelon. It has special meaning for me since I heard the story William Jennings Bryan told about a watermelon. I'd like to share it with you.

It seems that one time while on a speaking tour Mr. Bryan was eating in a restaurant and ordered a slice of watermelon, which was so good that

he asked the waiter to dry some of the seed so he could take them home and plant them. Then he began to think more about the watermelon. The next morning he had some of the seeds weighed and found it would take five thousand watermelon seeds to weigh a pound. He estimated the big watermelon from which his slice had come weighed forty pounds. Then he applied mathematics to the watermelon. A few weeks before, someone had planted a little seed in the ground. Under the influence of sunshine and shower that little watermelon seed had taken off its coat and gone to work.

It had gathered from somewhere two hundred thousand times its own weight, and forced that enormous weight through a tiny stem and built up a watermelon. On the outside it had a green covering, within that a rind of white, and within that a core of red, and scattered through the red, little seeds, each one capable of doing the same work over again.

What architect drew the plan? Where did that little watermelon seed get its tremendous strength? Where did it find its flavoring extract and its coloring matter? How did it build a watermelon?

Until you can explain a watermelon, do not be too sure that you can set limits to the power of the Almighty or tell just what He would do, or how He would do it.

The most learned man in the world cannot explain a watermelon, but the most ignorant man can eat a watermelon and enjoy it. God has given us the things we need, and He has given us the knowledge necessary to use those things, and the truth that He has revealed to us is infinitely more important for our welfare than it would be to understand the mystery of the watermelon. It is this: if we will only try to live up to the things that we do understand we will not have time to worry about the things we do not understand.

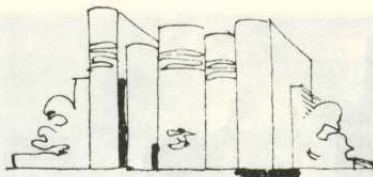
To me the watermelon's wisdom has a quieting influence when all the pressures of living and of the world news begin to loom up so as to be almost overpowering. I think of the watermelon's message: Live up to what you do understand and let God take care of the rest. In other words, I hear a Voice saying, "Be still, and know that I am God." God lending me strength, I can do what I know needs to be done, taking each day as it comes. This is the wisdom I learned from the watermelon.

Hymn: Repeat the verse (with the guitar background) of "Kum Ba Yah".

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QUOTH THE RAVEN, "NEVERMORE!"

by
Mary Feese



Reading . . . there's nothing else in world quite like it! For those nights when nothing on TV seems tempting, a good book is the perfect solution. For you can choose your "friends" among the books and magazines, and have comfort when you're sad, something cheerful or humorous when you want a touch of fun, a teacher for specific instructions you need, inspiration to help you rise above the "sameness" of daily life. If, when you've begun a book, you find that it's not what you wanted after all . . . why, there's nothing to keep you from laying it aside and trying another, is there?

Books that are tried-and-true friends you'll want to keep on your shelves, ready at hand whenever you want a quick visit with them. For others, it will serve nicely to get them from your lending library. It's unhandy to go to the library? Then do find out about borrowing books by mail; our state library (Missouri), for instance, seems to have a wonderful selection. Using the special Library Rate on postage, seven or eight cents will return even a big fat book — a cost that any of us can afford.

Do you ever read the classics? "No!" you exclaim emphatically, "when I was in school I had them jammed down my throat, and it's just soured me forever on classics!" Does this sound like you? Did you, upon leaving school, firmly close the covers of any book called "classic" and, like Poe's immortal raven, utter a firm and bitter "Nevermore"? Well, relent a bit! (You don't have to tell anyone, if you don't want to.) Take a copy of whatever classic is most handy (if you've school children there's apt to be one somewhere around the house,) open that cover, and browse through. It just might surprise you by being interesting, now that you're grown up. And — as a free and responsible adult — if you still don't like it, you can always close it again, with apologies to no one. But you owe it to yourself to try.

One approach to reading classics, that will help you to choose what interests you, is to sample a quotation book. There's an inexpensive paperback edition, *The Shorter Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, put out by Pocket Books, Inc., that's a handy size to pick up and run through when the mood strikes. It's fascinating, the things you'll learn! For instance, our old familiar saying about necessity, the mother of invention: now tell the truth

— did you really know that quotation came from Plato? And have you read Kipling's fascinating comparison of the world to a book, or Emerson's wry comment, "Can anybody remember when the times were not hard and money not scarce?" (Who said the classics weren't timely, anyway?)

Be forewarned, though — reading quotations from good authors is akin to eating one salted peanut: one taste arouses an irresistible desire for more!

Leaving the question of the classics aside for now, though, what do you enjoy reading? Some of you homemakers read very little besides your daily mail; some read, with pleasure, the many grand women's magazines being published nowadays, but books? "I haven't time" is the protest. And some of you — compulsive readers, indeed — read a wild assortment: novels of cities and suburbia, travel blurbs, Robert Frost, *Kitchen-Klatter*, mail order catalogs, book club selections, the Bible, farm journals, *Heloise*, and probably the sides of the cereal boxes. Everything printed, that is, for which you can snatch the time to read, from your busy schedules. (Why, I even read the "Gus" stories in *Popular Science* magazine, and if there's a less mechanically minded housewife than I am, in this whole state, I'd hate to meet her . . .)

Have you tried, for the fun of it, listing your ten favorite books? (This was an item on a recent questionnaire.) When you love to read, it's unbelievably hard to decide on *only* ten books! Make your own list, then ask your husband for his favorites. What a diversity of choices you'll find! We agreed on three: *the Bible*, *Gone with the Wind*, and *Desire of Ages* — beyond that, our selections ranged from such opposites as *Profiles in Courage* to the writings of Ogden Nash! Our ten-year-old, if asked, would surely say the entire "Little House" series, by Laura Ingalls Wilder. He's fascinated by her thrilling (and true) accounts of pioneer times, and reads the whole set over, and rereads passages, and chuckles. A cousin of the same age is similarly enthralled. Usually a little live wire, he will at intervals spend hours flat on the sofa, occasionally twitching a toe or laughing aloud, but absorbed to the point of oblivion in the small (and live wire) Laura's daily doings. This set is a grand addition to the family bookshelf. (You're apt to find yourself temporarily neglecting

other interests to spend *your* evening with the fascinating Ingalls family!)

But, if you stalled on that list of ten favorite books (as I did, "this one — no, I *can't* leave out . . .") why not try an easier list? Write down the last ten books you've actually read. Do this at regular intervals — perhaps four times a year — and you might be surprised. Get your best friend to make up her list, too, and compare notes. (Watch out — your character's showing!) "In that indiscriminate, gluttonous fashion, I have been reading . . ." says Leslie Conger of her own list, in her lively book *Adventures of an Ordinary Mind*.

"Well, what's on your list?" I hear you ask. (I don't know just what character this particular selection may indicate, but here goes!) First, Leslie Conger's book that I just mentioned, *The Road to Serfdom* by Friedrich A. Hayek, sometimes used as a college textbook, but I found it utterly absorbing. *True Grit*, by Charles Portis, a new and refreshingly different book; it's an odd blend of modern and "old-timey", told through the voice of a 14-year-old girl who's vowed to avenge her father's murder. Of course, I've read another textbook on creative writing. Then, *The Unlikeliest Hero*, the story of Desmond Doss in World War II, by Booton Herndon. *Love and Laughter* by Marjorie Holmes — any woman would surely love this one. Just to read the chapter titles irresistibly stimulates the desire to read the whole book. For instance: *It's Not the Dirt*, *It's the Disorder*, *Ways to Outwit the Ironing*, *Times When Women Weep*, and *the Runaway Canoe*. (That canoe . . . first I chuckled, then I snickered, and at the last gave up and laughed helplessly aloud.)

Next, *The Gift Shop*, by Charlotte Armstrong. Even though you don't usually read "who-dun-its", do try a few by this author; she's refreshing. I read about half of a paperback collection of Goethe's writing, with enjoyment, but set the rest aside to read later. Not right now. For — don't you find that you, too, read by fits and starts, and have several books going at once, overlapping, as it were? Don't we all?

And among this odd mixture of choices was a little paperback Western given me by a friend, covers tattered almost to oblivion, but it looked interesting: *The Return of the Outlaw*, by Michael Carder. "Interesting" turned out to be a lukewarm word for it; I found the book to be well written and thoughtful (in a Western!) as well as having an enticing plot. A short quote: "Like Leila, Clay had heard laughter where there was none, had listened to music when no songs were sung". The

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Our long-anticipated trip to Wyoming is now just a wonderful memory and I'm anxious to tell all about it.

In my last letter I told you of our plans for a family reunion in Laramie with Kristin and her family, since two of Frank's sisters (Bernie, whose home is in Lucas, and Ruth, of Kansas City) were driving out with me, and the other sister, Edna, and her husband were driving up from Arizona. All of us were anticipating this, so we were saddened when Raymond called to say that Edna was in the hospital and they would be unable to come. We felt as if our bubble of happiness had burst, but I know Edna and Raymond felt even worse because they live so far from the rest of the family and had been counting the days until we would be together.

Ruth came from Kansas City to Chariton by train, and while Bernie met her I prepared lunch for all of us. This gave Frank an opportunity to visit with Ruth before we left. The girls did the dishes while I packed the car, and we drove out of the yard at 2:00 o'clock. Since neither Bernie or Ruth had ever visited Pioneer Village at Minden, Nebraska, we planned to stay all night in Minden so they could enjoy this fabulous collection of antiques.

Although we made good time driving on Interstate 80 across Nebraska, it was obvious we would be too late to see anything that night, so we drove to Grand Island for supper at a restaurant Ruth had heard about. We had been in there over an hour when suddenly, on the public address system, I heard, "To the party driving a Buick with Iowa liscence No. so and so, your lights are on." That was me, so I dashed out to turn off the lights and noticed an oil station close by in case I couldn't get the car started but fortunately it started without any trouble.

We learned that the Village opened at 8:00 in the morning, so we got up early, breakfasted, packed the car, and were ready to go in when the doors opened. We could allow ourselves only a couple of hours of sight-seeing because Kristin was expecting us in Laramie by late afternoon. Two hours is no time at all in



We were all very proud of our niece Kristin when she received her Master's degree from the University of Wyoming, and so glad that her mother could attend the commencement exercises.

this museum where one could spend days and still not see it all. Knowing which sections would be of special interest to the girls, I was able to help them cover quite a bit of it in the time we had, but we decided to spend a little more time here on our return trip, and to stay over night on our way home.

It was just 5:00 when we drove up in front of Kristin's home, and how wonderful it was to see Art and Andy and Kristin again after so many months. This moment was very special for me since I got to meet our newest grandson, Aaron John, for the first time. It didn't seem possible that this bouncing six-and-a-half month old boy with seven teeth, who was crawling around on the floor like a streak of lightning, was actually my grandson. I couldn't realize he was so big already. Not only does he crawl, but he pulls himself up to anything and does a fair job of walking around it. This was quite a shock, when I had him pictured as a little baby in spite of having seen pictures of him right along. Like all grandmothers, I think he's the cutest and the smartest.

Kristin had supper ready and Andy was anxious for us to eat because he had helped make the cake.

Art and Kristin planned to take us on a picnic the next day, but it started to snow after breakfast. Soon the sun came out and we decided to go ahead as planned. Art thought it would be better to drive south into Colorado where it would no doubt be sunnier,

but I wanted to go to Vedauwoo in the Medicine Bow National Forest. By the time we got up to this higher elevation we were really in a snow-storm, but I don't know when I have had so much fun on a picnic, simply because it was so wild. We found a fireplace and picnic table underneath a huge rock ledge where we were completely dry, and wieners have never tasted so good.

When we got back to town, Bernie and Ruth wanted to shop, so I had a nice time with the grandchildren, Kristin, and Art. Art's mother had a lovely supper for all of us, and we spent a nice evening together.

I had had a letter from a friend in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, whose son was also graduating from the University, so I left the family long enough for a good visit with her.

After church Sunday morning, and a light meal, we went to the Wyoming War Memorial Field House to attend Commencement and see Kristin receive her Master's degree in Guidance and Counselor Education. We were happy and grateful to see this degree conferred upon her, but I know she was the happiest of all because she worked hard to attain this goal. After the graduates had filed out and everyone went outside to try to find their graduates, several Kitchen-Klatter friends recognized me in the mob and came up to make themselves acquainted. I am always pleased when our friends do this, and it never ceases to amaze me when I am recognized.

Art said he would stay home with Aaron so the four of us and Andy could take a ride and have a good visit. Andy wanted to go to the park to play, so while he found some children to play with we sat in the car and just talked.

Kristin and Art originally planned to follow us back to Iowa for a short visit, but the night before we arrived they got a call from Washington about job interviews, and they were having a hard time deciding which trip to take, since they could be gone only a week whichever direction they went. They finally decided they had better head west, and then Kristin and the children could come back on the train at the end of July when they could have a longer visit. Ruth and Bernie and I naturally felt a little sad when we left for home at 9:00 the next morning. Our visit seemed so much shorter when we realized they weren't going to follow us back.

Andy thought he wanted to go with us, and even put his mattress and pillow and a few toys in the back seat, but this idea didn't go over with his parents. When we left he

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THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS HAVE INTERESTING VACATION

Dear Friends,

This letter is being written from the youngest incorporated city in Colorado, Wheat Ridge. This is one of the oldest named locales surrounding Denver, but in all these years it has never been anything more definite than the "Wheat Ridge area". Now all that is changed after numerous previous rejections of incorporation. It should be an interesting experience watching the imposition of urban government on top of the makeshift structures accumulated during the past hundred years.

Wheat Ridge has a population of about 34,000, lots of residences, a relatively small business district, and virtually no industry. A considerable amount of the land within its boundaries is developed, so there is little possibility of substantial commercial or industrial development in the near future. In short, we are a "bedroom" city. Because our schools are organized on a county-wide basis, they remain unaffected by this new status.

Summer is always filled with arrival and departures, both our own and those of relatives and friends. So perhaps I should bring you up to date on a few current items.

Emily is living in Los Angeles this summer. She has a full-time job as a file clerk for a large insurance firm and hopes to work part-time in her off hours for Sears. Being able to save a tidy sum of money is vitally important to her plans for the next school year. She expects to enroll at the University of the Americas in Mexico City next September. Non-Mexicans cannot be employed until five years residency is completed. Therefore she cannot hope to earn money during the academic year as she has done these past two years at the University of Colorado. Mexico is full of almost irresistible places to visit. Doubtless she will have a strong desire to visit her Costa Rican "families" and friends while she is in that part of the world. The only way to manage even half of what she will want to do is to make this a hard-working, thrifty summer.

Wayne, Alison, Clark, our dog, and I have recently returned from a delightful jaunt into southwestern Colorado and southeastern Utah. We couldn't possibly have ordered better weather for a trip to these environs. It was sunny and cool when it should have been scorchingly hot.

Our first day's drive took us as far as Silverton, Colorado. On the way we passed alongside Blue Mesa Lake



Following the camping trip, Alison came to Shenandoah for a week's visit. She and her cousin Martin spent several hours a day weeding their Aunt Lucile's garden.

created a few years ago when the Curecanti Project dammed up the Gunnison River. This was one of the state's really great fishing streams. Power boats have replaced men in fishing boots in its waters now.

We consider the southwestern corner of our state by far the most spectacular; those of you who have traveled through the San Juan Range know whereof I write. Many of you have been thrilled and perhaps even been alarmed by the drive from Ouray to Silverton, called "the million dollar highway". It follows pretty much along an old railroad grade, and I'm always grateful I didn't have to drive it back in the "good old days" when it was only one lane wide.

Alison, Clark, and Lucky camped out that night in a beautiful location near Silverton, the South Mineral Campground. The streams were running full and made continuous waterfalls as they cascaded down the mountain walls. The elevation is quite high here so there never is such a thing as a warm night. This particular night the temperature dropped considerably and the situation was enlivened by a spectacular electrical storm, an occurrence that sets off Lucky into hysterical barking. But they seemed to find the entire experience most rewarding, while Wayne and I found our motel room better suited to our age and comfort. We had enjoyed steaks cooked out in the campground immensely, and this fulfilled our camping yen.

The next day was spent with friends who have bought and leased land in McElmo canyon and valley a few miles west of Cortez, Colorado. These people have a vast fund of knowledge and experience in the environs of Colorado and Utah. They have located numerous ancient Indian sites on their ground which they and their interested

visitors are digging and exploring. Clark dug up an almost perfect arrowhead to add to the impressive collection of artifacts found on their place.

That night Alison and Clark put their sleeping bags under a cliff overhang. Mositure accumulates nearby, so they were treated to the sound of little creatures traveling to and from the watering spot. The moon was obscured, so they could only speculate in the dark as to the source of the scurrying sounds.

Our friends have covered on foot and in their Land Rover every trail and road throughout this region, so we were able to check out with them which dirt roads were suited to our conventional automobile. Of course a heavy rainstorm would make these roads impassable, but fortunately that didn't occur. We were able to take a back road to Hovenweep National Monument; the main route could hardly be classified as a major highway. Only a small section of these Indian ruins are open to the public, but because they are in such an obscure location, we weren't overrun by throngs of fellow viewers.

From here we found our way to Utah highway 47 and drove as far south as Mexican Hat to get gas. We never pass up a chance to fill the gas tank when traveling in the unsettled regions of the West. One never knows when what looks like a small town on the map will prove to be an abandoned filling station and general store, totally devoid of habitation. We were at the northern edge of Monument Valley but time limitations forced us to save that for another trip. Instead we took a 17-mile-long road which traverses the "Valley of the Gods", another fabulous region of spectacular eroded rock formations. Also in this same general locale is a better road leading to a small state park overlooking the "Gooseheads of the San Juan River". This is one of the most outstanding viewpoints in a region where every casual glance looks out on fabulous natural formations.

On the map we could see that Utah 261 was the route for us to take to get to Natural Bridges National Monument, but as we neared the enormous escarpment that blocked exit out of the valley we couldn't see any road leading up and out. Hidden as it is, there is a road that climbs 1100 feet in a series of switchbacks. It's two lanes wide and not difficult to drive except for the distraction of the overpowering view.

Later I was driving when we made a similar climb on a road that was only one bumpy lane wide near the top. I

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Summer Raccoon

by
Elaine Derendinger

You are unlikely to have a pet raccoon for very long, but you are likely to remember it forever.

Ours was called Hairy; it was a fitting name. He was hairy all over except for a pair of beady black eyes, an icy nose, and feet that strangely resembled human hands. And did you know that when a raccoon walks along, he places his hind feet exactly in the tracks made by his front feet, which are just slightly larger?

We learned many things about raccoons during the summer we had ours, and first was this fact: these masked bandits of the animal world are cute as kittens, tricky as teddy bears, wily as foxes, and more clever than all three.

Raccoons are the cleanest of animals. They have no odor except that of clean, wind-swept fur. However, they do not wash their food because of an almost fanatical cleanliness. They simply lack saliva.

Raccoons eat sitting up on their hind legs. Some favorite foods are bread, which they tear in pieces, and eat first here, and then there; grapes, which they can eat faster than one can toss them; crackers that crunch; apples; any kind of meat. In fact, a list of things they do *not* eat would be a mighty short one.

In the woods they hunt and eat insects (Hairy was especially fond of grasshoppers, grown fat on grain), mice, berries, and nuts, particularly pecans.

I hadn't known how much they liked pecans until one afternoon when I went to the nearest tree to collect some, and was surprised to see the ground bare. Suddenly Hairy scampered up, tossed his tail in my general direction, and climbed the tree, where he went from one cluster to another, choosing nuts to crunch, while I stood below, unable to reach a single one.

Hairy often ate items that aren't exactly edible, like buttons. Our small daughter's favorite plaything is the button box. One day Hairy came in and began playing with her. Suddenly there was a loud, crackling sound, and plastic particles flew across the room as he chewed.

Raccoons have a pleasant little way of talking all their own. It's not exactly a purr and it's not quite a chirp. It falls in between and is called "churring". Churring is a friendly sound.

In fact, raccoons are friendly animals. Once they learn to trust humans, they are not a bit afraid of strangers. This can sometimes prove their undoing, as there are many people who think all



Summertime brings thousands of visitors to Shenandoah to see the test gardens for nurseries, the acres and acres of growing stock, as well as the industries. We are pleased to meet you when you stop by our Kitchen-Klatter building, whether you come by car or by chartered buses as did these friends from the Hastings, Nebraska, area.

wild animals are plotting to attack them.

Our raccoon had a habit of running beneath the chairs of startled guests and gently nibbling on their ankles. He especially enjoyed doing this to those who seemed suspicious of pets, and seemed to delight in the sight and sound of a lady's shrieking as she leaped up.

When raccoons are angry or frightened, they flatten their ears, much like cats. When curious or alert, the ears stand up. (They almost *always* stand up.)

Hairy was naturally nosy, as are all his kind. Sometimes he would run out to the road, or into the house and onto the table, and, like a naughty child, had to be removed by force.

My husband thinks the mothers of all small furry animals carry their young by the scruff of the neck, and perhaps they do. However, this was no *small* animal, and when he removed Hairy this way, he would hang limp and docile from his hand. I always had a feeling that he was playing dead and enjoying it. My way of picking up Hairy, and remaining unbiten by nips of affection or mischief, was to grasp him from behind, just beneath his front legs. It sounds backwards until you try it, but he couldn't *quite* bite me this way.

Raccoons thrive on entertainment and affection, and, of course, food. Some like music; others radio or TV.

Our raccoon liked to wrestle. He would wrestle the dog. He would wrestle us humans. He would wrestle almost anything. Once Dan, our 16-year-old, was trying to work underneath his car. Hairy ran and leaped on him to begin a wrestling match. Finally Dan solved the problem by putting Hairy *in* the car,

where he sniffed and felt over the interior.

Raccoons can learn to open almost any door. An exception was ours — a big, thick, heavy, handmade door with long iron hinges. But Hairy really rattled the knob.

Probably no animal is more typically American than the raccoon (*procyon lotor*). He does not exist outside of North America, and once abounded in the United States to such an extent that the skins were used as a medium of exchange in the Mississippi Valley states.

Each spring from four to six young raccoons are born in a single litter, and members of the same family live and travel together for about one year. During this time, the young ones are taught how to catch fish, find nuts and other food, and fight off the attacks of badgers, dogs, and other animals.

A grown raccoon can fight off a single dog, and, if in water, can drown a dog with ease. But the real danger to a pet raccoon is this: after a time, he will become pals with one's own dog and in this way he comes to trust *all* dogs. Most dogs definitely *cannot* be trusted.

Other than the dog, the greatest danger to the raccoon is the hunter who hunts, not because he needs the food or fur, but for the "sport" of it. Once you've had a pet raccoon, you will never again think of coon-hunting as a sport. You will have another name for it.

It is said that raccoons hibernate in winter, but I'm not sure they do. Just below our house there is a place in the road we call the "coon-crossin'", because on almost any moonlit night in winter, car lights will reveal the furry

(Continued on page 20)

MARY BETH WRITES ABOUT SUMMER ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

The house is calm and silent this morning. Only the snapping of the whippoorwill calling to its mate in a tree far across the golf course, and the occasional drum of a woodpecker can be heard. The children are all asleep with the exception of Paul, who rose early to run his daily mile with his father. Now he is working free of interruptions on his balsa wood model airplane. He has great hopes of finishing it today. We've had one of Adrienne's little Brookfield, Wisconsin, school friends here for almost three weeks, so when I said the children are "all" asleep there are still more in bed than out.

Our guest, Sherry Kuehn, has been the perfect tonic for a lonely Adrienne. Sherry is Adrienne's age, same build — same hair coloring. They look like two little peas out of a unique pod. When we visited in Brookfield three weeks ago, I invited this dear girl to come home with us, but I didn't know how well it would work to expect a nine-year-old to be away from her mother and sisters for several weeks. However, as we near the end of her visit I am delighted that we undertook the risk of making an extra trip back to Wisconsin in case she gets homesick. She has been fun to have around, and the two little girls have been very congenial — not total harmony but far better than I dreamed possible. They managed to conduct their disagreements with dignity and without adult help.

There have been endless games on the living room floor that went on for days — Monopoly and Clue and Parcheesi and dolls, dolls, dolls! The doll clothes have been washed and ironed and the dolls played with more these last three weeks than the previous 49 weeks.

We've done a minimum of entertaining of these two girls. Mostly I've been busy, and more importantly I couldn't see the wisdom of entertaining them. Left to their own devices they have been far more creative than if I had organized their days for them. Daylight savings has provided us with more daylight hours than were truly ideal, but we solved that by challenging these children with fast-moving games in the evening. Paul and Katharine were included in these evening entertainments, and we've all learned a lot. They are learning to pay close attention to a game, and Don and I are learning that these youngsters are pretty quick on their feet. Don has been home evenings the past two weeks, and the children have enjoyed



Adrienne Driftmier (left) and her little house guest Sherry Kuehn, had little difficulty stirring up things to do.

his company and having fun with him.

We squeezed in a breakfast picnic at a big country park one cool morning. There is absolutely nothing to beat the taste of fried potatoes and bacon and coffee with all the trimmings cooked outside on a cool morning in an absolutely deserted park. I don't know why more people don't come out for morning picnics. There are no tired children, no impatient parents, great hearty appetites, and no crowds. The children loved this and the littlest girls entertained themselves for hours on the play equipment.

They have had one very special treat. My mother noticed that the movie "Oliver" was being shown in Indianapolis, which is quite close to Anderson, so she suggested that we go with her. She doesn't have a car large enough to accommodate our whole gang, so we took our big, red station wagon. Allow me to give an unsolicited testimonial to the movie "Oliver". It is beautiful! The picture is packed with children, which makes it especially appealing to the junior members and particularly the boys. It is a good adaptation of Charles Dickens' *Oliver Twist*. It was made in England and in this era of distasteful movies and books it is a rare delight to find a beautiful family movie. The children are already begging to see it again, but it has slightly elevated prices, so they will have to dig into their own allowances for this kind of super-treat.

Katharine and Adrienne have had summer birthdays. Adrienne is now nine years old, and as self-confident and self-reliant as any nine-year-old that was ever born. Her main birthday

present, although it wasn't present for the glorious celebration, was a Siamese cat. It was still too young to leave its mother, so it was rather comical to see so many of Adrienne's presents of a feline nature. She got a cat collar and a book about raising cats. Then with some money she received she bought herself a cat hair brush, a cat harness, a cat leash, and beautiful, dehydrated, sun-dried anchovies! We'll send you a picture of this new addition to the family as soon as possible. (Hopefully it will not eat the pet mice that Paul received for his birthday.)

Katharine has now passed the fourteen-year mark. She's all ready to enter high school this fall. She's been entertaining herself these summer days with drawing and sketching with oil crayons and working some with oil paints on canvas. One interesting art form she has worked with has been glass mosaics. She bought broken chips of colored glass from an art glass company in town where they make leaded colored glass windows, and these she worked into a design on a piece of cut plate glass. She used transparent glue to hold them to the glass, and has spent many happy hours working out her original designs. I wish frequently I had some of her artistic talent, but alas! I was standing behind the door when this flair for art work was being doled out.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

LET'S FACE IT!

"It's my hair!" shouted the old-timer. "I can do whatever I want with it. It's still a free country!"

But his words were silenced by the condemning roar from the crowd of men.

One of them, a giant of a man, grabbed the old-timer. "Out of town with you!" he ordered. "We don't want your brand of nonsense in our community."

"Ride him out of town," screamed another.

"Yeah, out of town!" echoed the crowd.

Little else to report except that the old-timer left town.

What had happened and why had the men treated him so harshly?

The old-timer had shaved his face — all over! Not even a long sideburn or the whisper of a whisker was left.

That a man's face should be completely clean shaven in this particular California town in 1889 was absolutely unforgivable . . .

Oh, well, the subject remains the same: hair today, hair tomorrow . . . more or less.

WHAT AM I BID?

by
Evelyn Birkby

"We've never been to an auction sale. Will you take us to one?" my two nieces from Omaha, Luanne Mannon and Marjorie Barnard, urged. Marjorie and her husband Bill had a guest room just waiting for a set of bedroom furniture and Luanne was interested in finding some *fabulous* bargain to give her husband Duane for a birthday gift.

Quick as you can say, "What am I bid . . . ?" I slipped off my apron, tossed aside the tea towel I had been using, left the dishes in the drainer, dust on the furniture and the vacuum in the middle of the bedroom, and walked out the door. Attending a household auction was a far more interesting way to spend a morning than doing such routine tasks.

"You know I'm not very experienced at auctions," I commented as I slipped onto the car seat beside my sister-in-law, Ruthella Barnard.

"You've at least attended *some* and bid on furniture and dishes," Ruthella insisted. "The girls and I will tell you what we like and you can bid for us."

"It is good we will get to the sale early, then." I settled back in this new role as an *authority*! "Look over everything offered for sale, write down what you think you want and the very top price you'll spend for it. Then I'll try to bid in on it and get it for less. Of course, if someone else wants what you want the price may go up fast. Solid furniture, in particular, is selling well. I hear that round oak tables are a real find. Old picture frames seem to be at a premium."

"Some professional dealers frequent the sales and then send their purchases to city shops where they command a much higher price tag. This tends to push prices higher at these country auctions."

By this time we had pulled into a drive a block from the sale location. It was an easy place to find for furniture, dishes, bedding, pots, kettles, baskets, yard implements, lamps, tools and many other items, were clustered about the yard. Walking around the articles for sale, looking into a box here and pulling out a drawer there, was a growing crowd of people. Some were there to buy, some were looking for a particular piece of furniture, as was Marjorie, or to find a bargain, as was Luanne. I'm sure a number of those present came just to enjoy the activity and excitement.

One could write pages on the interesting people who attended: the large man in bib overalls chewing on a huge cigar, an antique dealer in her fine suit, a chubby lady in a pair of bright



The crowd at the auction sale may look like any other group of people, but they are not. These interested and excited spectators are watching with good humor as the auctioneer cries out for bids on a floor lamp.

lounging pajamas, and a neighbor with a flowered terry cloth jacket pulled around her thin shoulders. However, I had business to do; I had to keep my eye on the auctioneer and be sure to get my bid in on that bedroom set!

"Will you bid on the round table for me, too?" Marjorie asked. And it came up for sale first. The base was in poor condition and would need a great deal of work but the top seemed solid. I stayed with the bidding until it reached \$16.00, then Marjorie shook her head at me and I shook my head at the auctioneer. Someone else took up the bid and the table went, finally, for \$20.00. The new owner loaded it into his truck chuckling at his good fortune. "I have a good pedestal at home," he explained his reasoning for his purchase. He drove away grinning broadly.

Ruthella and I picked up bargains at the next table when we bought a cast iron Dutch oven for \$2.00 and two iron skillets, one for 75¢ and the other for 25¢. These are not only great for cooking over the stove at home but also perfect for campfire cookery! From the same table I picked up several items as gifts for members of my family who are collectors. Luanne found her gift for Duane on the next bid so she, too, was grinning happily.

The next section of the yard held an old trunk and the bidding grew lively on this *collector's item*. "My college daughter brings so much stuff home with her," the man who won the final bid remarked. "Now she'll have a BIG trunk to put some of it in."

The crowds pushed close around the auctioneer and it was difficult to see the item which was being offered for sale. The bidding moved rapidly and anyone interested in buying had to be on his toes and get the auctioneer's attention early.

Several hand-braided rugs were sold

next and I was fortunate enough to get first choice. I picked out three for 50¢ each. After I took the neatest and most colorful rugs from the pile, another lady took the remaining ones. She remarked, "The rugs I wanted *she* took!" And she glared right in my direction. "Sure," the auctioneer chuckled, "You have to get right in with your bid or you lose choice. You know that!" And everyone, good humor restored, laughed.

But on the next item I lost out. I was just not fast enough and a cream can in excellent condition was *knocked down* for only \$1.00. "Shucks," I grimaced to Luanne. "That would have been lovely to decoupage and use in the recreation room."

"Or in my front hallway as an umbrella holder," Luanne grimaced back.

The auctioneer finally reached the furniture. A neighbor bought a marvelous solid walnut dresser with a marble top and a fine mirror with a carved wooden frame. It sold for \$56.00 and is a real beauty. When I asked her how she would treat the wood she said she used diluted vinegar and it restores old furniture beautifully.

Near the end of the sale the furniture Marjorie wanted finally was ready for auction. It is oak with the old-fashioned curved front. A highboy with a mirror, a low dresser (which looks much like one my mother has had for over fifty years) complete with a fine large mirror, a commode with a hand-cut dowl on the rack, and a fine bed to match, made up the four pieces. It took some doing to obtain all four, since they were sold separately, but we did it. Total cost: \$53.00!

Marjorie plans to antique the furniture in white. She will put it in her guest room with a red rug to enhance the lightness of the finish. Surely she was the happiest woman at the sale, unless it was the person who walked off with an *honest-to-goodness* Tiffany lamp and shade!

As we drove home we remarked at the nostalgia which permeates a household sale. A box of worn music, a tiny knife shaped like a high-topped shoe, a tin box filled with exciting old buttons, a worn wheel chair, an unusual *fainting couch*, a treasured piece of caramel slag, a sparkling cut glass pitcher, all part of the life of someone who no longer has need of these articles.

But the glamour and excitement are present, too, as the auctioneer calls out, "What am I bid . . . Fifteen? Twenty-Five? Thirty? *Sold!*"

ALWAYS

Always expect the best . . .
Always prepare for the worst . . .
Always accept what happens.

DO IT WITH SEALS

by Hazel E. Howard



Many people have yet to realize the possibilities offered by gum-backed seals. Mothers are familiar with the vari-colored and sized stars as awards on a chart for children. For years, Sunday school teachers have given stars for attendance, memory verses, etc. Bible book stores carry seals in the form of Bibles, crosses, lambs, lilies, pictures of Christ, and many others. A piano teacher bought some in the shape of a grand piano in a music store and used them when her pupils' lessons met her standards. But the majority of people limit their use to *sealing envelopes*.

Comparatively few realize that one can find seals at most stationers, in small books or packages, picturing Indians, cowboys, farm, domestic, and circus animals, several kinds of birds, butterflies, roses, and spring flowers. Then there is the patriotic group — flags, shields, eagles, Washington, and Lincoln; and those highlighting special days — Valentine's, St. Patrick's, Easter, Halloween, Thanksgiving, and, of course, Christmas.

But what can you *do* with seals? Use your imagination. Do you have a glass-topped coffee table? Choose an attractive place mat. With glass removed, center the mat, fastening its corners with seals. One homemaker used one with a white background that appeared to be made of fine net. In the middle was a splash of bright yellow flowers. She secured it to the table with yellow flower seals and replaced the top. She had a conversation piece. Another woman decorated her parchment lampshades with butterflies, and seals can brighten a plain desk-blotter pad.

Should you run short of Christmas tags or cards to tuck in with gifts, put a seal on a white card cut to size, punch a hole in the corner, and attach with a bit of ribbon. Let the children, on a rainy day, make seal picture or scrapbooks, small ones, of course.

And what about parties? Seals can decorate invitations and place cards, and carry out your theme at the table when you use them on plain white or colored paper plates and nut cups, as well as on the outside of drinking cups or glasses, and on candles if not lighted.

Use pinking shears to cut round or oblong paper napkins from dinner-sized ones and then design a simple

pattern with seals. You might use bright-colored stars, or those which come assorted in a box in tiny diamond, round, and heart shapes. There are snowflakes, too. Guests' names can be written with alphabet seals across a corner of a napkin or on gift packages. For a children's party, you can carry out a circus, cowboy, or other theme with seals.

To personalize your correspondence, buy plain white or pastel-colored note paper and place a seal in one corner or the center. In the spring use robins, daffodils, or violets; in summer, roses are apropos; for fall, you will find gay-colored autumn leaves, squirrels, or chrysanthemums.

If you start collecting seals, a package or book now and then (new ones are always being stocked), you soon will have a large variety to choose from.

You can do so much for so little when you *do it with seals!*

PARTY PLACE CARDS

While place cards can be purchased, it is fun and less expensive to make them. They may be as plain or fancy as you wish; take little time and you need not have a talent for drawing.

Buy a package of unruled white index file cards, measuring 5x3 inches, from the variety or stationery store, and a bottle of white glue, which leaves no telltale marks. Variety and craft stores carry packages of sequins in assorted colors, and at stationery and Bible book stores you will find gummed-back seals in booklets or small envelopes. Take your pick of flowers, butterflies, birds, flags and many others. There are many uses for leftover sequins and seals.

On a table place a couple of paper towels to work on, a pair of tweezers, ruler, pencil, pen and the cards, sequins, seals and glue.

Draw a line lightly across each card two inches from the end. Draw a second line two inches below this, leaving a one-inch section.

Next, crease card along the first line, folding it in the opposite direction on the second line, then stand upright, using the short section for a base.

When this is done, lay cards flat to decorate them. Select a seal, moisten the back and attach it to the upper left-hand corner. Then choose your sequins to embellish the seal, laying them on in a pattern. Squeeze a spot of glue onto the towel, pick up sequin near the edge and with tweezers, brush it lightly across the glue and drop it on the seal, pressing it down with top of tweezers. You can also make a design with sequins at the

SUMMER LAWN

I love the lawns of summertime
That, green and close-clipped, slope
away

To the trees that children climb,
The wickets set up for croquet,
The sand piles and the wooden swings,
The arbor where young lovers talk,
The bush where the canary sings,
The porch where women sit and rock.

The lawns of summertime can keep
Snowballs blooming in a mass,
A hammock for a man asleep,
A picnic spread out on the grass,
A boy's feet bare, content and cool,
Enough roses for a vase,
Sunshine gathered like a jewel
To dials counting perfect days!

—Bertha Garland

BLESSED ARE THEY

Blessed are they who are pleasant to
live with.

Blessed are they who sing in the morn-
ing,

Whose faces have smiles for their early
adorning,

Who come down to breakfast companioned
with cheer,

Who won't dwell on trouble or entertain
fear,

Whose eyes smile so bravely, whose
lips curve to say:

"Life, I salute you! Good morning, new
day!"

Blessed are they who are pleasant to
live with.

Blessed are they who treat one another,
Though a sister, a father, a brother,
With the very same courtesy they would
extend

To a casual acquaintance or dearly
loved friend,

Who choose for the telling, encouraging
things,

And choke back the bitter, the sharp
word that stings.

Blessed are they who are pleasant to
live with.

Blessed are they who give of their
best,

Who bring to the home bright laughter,
gay jest,

Who make themselves charming for no
other reason

Than charm is a blossom for home's
every season,

Who bestow love on others throughout
the long day —

Pleasant to live with and blessed are
they.

—Author Unknown

card's corners, or maybe a border. Wait a few minutes until glue has set, then write or print guest's name on card with pen, using any color ink preferred.

**SOUR CREAM NOODLE BAKE**

- 1/2 lb. noodles
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup sour cream
- 6 green onions, chopped
- Buttered bread crumbs

Cook noodles in salted boiling water until tender. Drain. Brown beef in butter or margarine. Add butter flavoring, seasonings and tomato sauce. Simmer 4 or 5 minutes. Stir in remaining ingredients and spoon into casserole and top with bread crumbs. Cheddar cheese may be grated over the top if desired. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes or until mixture is bubbly and bread crumbs are browned. This makes a very rich, delicious one-dish meal.

—Evelyn

PEANUT-CRUNCH APPLE PIE

- 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 3/4 cup sugar
 - 2 Tbls. flour
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 2 tsp. lemon juice
 - 7 tart apples, thinly sliced
 - 9-inch unbaked pie shell
 - 3 Tbls. melted butter
 - 3 Tbls. cold chunk-style peanut butter
 - 1/4 cup sugar
 - 1/2 cup coarsely crushed corn flakes
- Combine the salt, 3/4 cup sugar, flour, vanilla and lemon juice. Toss with the apples. Spoon into the pie shell and drizzle with butter. Blend the chilled peanut butter, 1/4 cup sugar, corn flakes and sprinkle over the apple layer. Bake at 350 degrees for about 50 to 60 minutes, or until done.

The next time you take a notion to bake an apple pie, try this recipe. You'll enjoy the different flavor.

—Margery

CHEF'S COLD SLAW

- 1 head cabbage, shredded
- 1 onion, chopped
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie sweetener
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 3/4 cup salad oil

Combine cabbage, onion and sugar. Combine remaining ingredients in saucepan and bring to rolling boil. Pour hot over cabbage mixture. When cooled slightly, cover and refrigerate until time to use. Let stand at least 4 hours or overnight before using. This will keep for several days if kept tightly covered in refrigerator.

This could be made into a sugar-free recipe if you would rather use all sweetener instead of sugar as given.

—Evelyn

FREEZER POPS

- 1 pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 envelope cherry powdered fruit drink
- 3 cups water
- Sugar to taste
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Combine cherry gelatin and hot water. Stir until dissolved. Combine with remaining ingredients. Sweeten with sugar or Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie sweetener to taste. Pour into small paper cups. Freeze until mushy. Stand a plastic spoon or caramel apple stick in center of each cup and return to freezer. Freeze until firm. Loosen freezer pops by running a little warm water over outside of paper cup.

This is a wonderful recipe. The pops do not get icy hard. Children enjoy these treats and are nice to keep on hand for snacks or to use as part of refreshments for a children's party. Any flavor or combination of flavors may be used according to your taste or color scheme.

—Evelyn

PEACH CRISP

- 6 peaches
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/2 cup flour
- 3/4 cup brown sugar

Peel peaches and slice into buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Combine remaining ingredients. Spread over top of peaches. Bake in 350-degree oven for about 30 minutes, or until done. Serve with cream.

This is equally good prepared with apples. A simple, delicious dessert.

CRISPY SWEET PICKLES

- 14 dill-sized cucumbers
- 1 quart vinegar
- 8 cups sugar
- 3 sticks cinnamon
- 1 tsp. celery salt

Wash cucumbers and place in stone jar or crock. Pour boiling water to cover. The following morning, drain off water and again pour boiling water to cover. Repeat twice more. On the 5th morning, drain and slice cucumbers into 1/4-inch slices. Combine remaining ingredients given in recipe and bring to a rolling boil. Pour syrup over sliced cucumbers. Reheat 2 more mornings and pour over cucumbers. On 8th morning, simmer syrup and cucumber slices together for 3 or 4 minutes (just to heat through) and seal in hot, sterilized jars.

This is really a simple recipe. It does take several days, eight to be exact, but nothing takes long on any one day and by the conclusion of the 8th day you have delicious crispy sweet pickles.

—Evelyn

SIMPLE SWEET PICKLES

- 1 gallon cucumbers, sliced
- 3/4 cup pickling salt
- Boiling water
- 2 cups vinegar
- 6 cups water
- 1 Tbls. alum
- 1 Tbls. turmeric
- 1 1/2 cups vinegar
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 6 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. dill seed
- 1 tsp. mixed pickling spices

Slice cucumbers 1/4 inch thick. Add pickling salt and cover with boiling water. Let stand overnight. Wash and drain. Simmer cucumbers for 30 minutes in 2 cups vinegar, 6 cups water, alum and turmeric. Drain cucumbers, rinse and drain. Pack cucumbers in jars and combine remaining ingredients in a kettle. Bring to a good rolling boil. Pour over pickles and seal.

—Evelyn

BUTTERSCOTCH TORTE

- 1 box yellow cake mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 pkg. butterscotch pudding mix
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 8-oz. pkg. dates, cut
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Frosting as desired

Make up yellow cake mix according to directions. Stir in lemon flavoring. Bake in two greased round layer pans. When baked (according to directions on box), remove from pans and split each to make four layers.

Cook butterscotch pudding with milk as given. Stir in dates, nuts, butter and flavorings. Cool. Spoon between layers of cake. Frost top with light powdered sugar icing or with a white frosting mix made according to directions.

As you can see, most of this delicious torte comes from box mixes. It makes simple cake, pudding and frosting mixes into a company dessert. Be sure to add the Kitchen-Klatter flavorings to add that homemade touch.

HOT OPEN-FACE CRAB-MEAT SANDWICHES

(Makes 6)

- 3 buns (split) or 6 slices of bread
- 1 7-oz. can flaked crab meat, drained
- 1/2 cup shredded sharp process cheese
- 1/4 cup chili sauce
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Toast bread on one side. Combine the remaining ingredients and spread on untoasted side; broil till heated through.

—Margery

HAMBURGER-NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup celery, diced
- 1/2 cup onion
- 6 oz. noodles
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup rich milk
- 2/3 cup shredded cheese

Brown the beef in a little fat, stir in celery and onion and cook until vegetables are tender. Meanwhile, cook the noodles in salted boiling water until done. Drain and add to the meat mixture. Combine the soups, milk and cheese and pour over meat and noodles and stir lightly until mixed. Pour into a greased casserole, cover and bake at 325 degrees for about 1 hour. —Margery

LEANNA'S ESCALLOPED CORN

- 1 can cream-style corn
- 3 Tbls. cream
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 2 cups hot milk
- 2 tsp. butter

Beat the eggs lightly, add remaining ingredients and pour into a well-greased casserole. Bake at 350 degrees until light brown on top, and when knife inserted in center comes out clean.

MASHED POTATO PUFFS

- 2 cups leftover mashed potatoes
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 2 Tbls. grated sharp cheese

Mix all ingredients together and drop by tablespoon into hot deep fat. Fry until browned, drain on paper toweling and serve at once.

This is a fine way to use that leftover mashed potato.

—Margery

BANANA BARS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup black walnuts (If you don't have black walnuts, use English walnuts and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring.)

Cream sugar and shortening. Add flavorings and eggs and beat well. Add sour cream and mashed bananas alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Lastly, fold in the nutmeats. Bake in a large greased pan, about 10 by 16 inches, at 350 degrees for about 25 minutes, or until done. Frost with the following frosting:

Frosting

- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 5 Tbls. soft butter
- 1/4 cup milk
- Powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Bring brown sugar and butter to a boil, add milk, and bring to a boil again. Cool. Add enough powdered sugar to desired consistency to spread. Add flavoring.

—Margery

SPECIAL BLUEBERRY PARTY SALAD**1st Layer**

- 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Pour into a 9- x 13-inch pan and chill until firm.

2nd Layer

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup coffee cream
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Soften the gelatin in the cold water. Heat the cream and sugar until hot, but not boiling. Place all the ingredients in a bowl except the nuts, and blend until smooth. Stir in the nuts. Pour over the first layer in the pan, and chill until firm.

3rd Layer

- 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 can blueberries
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Stir in the entire can of blueberries and the flavoring. Pour over the cheese layer and chill.

Be sure that the ingredients for the second and third layers are not too hot when poured over the preceding layers. Let them cool down some so they don't melt the layer underneath.

—Dorothy

BAKED DEVILED EGGS

- 2 dozen hard-cooked eggs
- Cut in half and prepare deviled eggs as your family likes them.

- 2 cups cream of mushroom soup, undiluted
- 1 14½-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1 can mushrooms (bits and pieces is fine)
- 3 cups shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
- 2 cups crushed wheat cereal flakes
- 1 good-sized pkg. dried beef, snipped in pieces

Prepare the deviled eggs and lay them in a greased baking dish. Blend the soup and evaporated milk and add the additional mushrooms. Pour this mixture over the egg halves. Sprinkle the shredded cheese and crushed cereal over the top, and then sprinkle top with the dried beef pieces. Bake in a 350-degree oven until bubbly and light brown.

—Mary Beth

ALMOND COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 cups unsifted flour
- 1 cup finely chopped or coarsely ground blanched almonds

Cream the butter or shortening with the sugar until light and fluffy. Beat the egg yolks and add flavorings and beat in. Stir in the flour and almonds. (You may have to work it in with your hands as the dough will be very stiff.) Form dough into small balls. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet. Press down to form cookies about 1/4-inch thick. I put an almond on top of some of them for variety for the tea tray. Bake at 325 degrees for about 15 minutes, or until lightly brown. —Margery

GRAPE PIE WITH CRUMB TOP

- 3 1/2 cups Concord grapes
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 1/2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 8-inch unbaked pastry shell

Wash the grapes and slip off skins. Set skins aside to add later. Cook the pulp until soft. Press through a sieve to remove seeds. Combine sugar, flour, salt, skins, lemon juice, lemon flavoring, butter and grape pulp. Pour into a

pie shell. Sprinkle the crumb topping over top.

Crumb Topping

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/3 cup butter

Sift sugar and flour and cut in the butter until mixture is crumbly. Sprinkle over top of pie and bake at 450 degrees for 10 minutes, and then reduce temperature to 350 degrees and cook for 25 additional minutes.

The friend who sent in this recipe says that she has been making this pie since 1952 and that it is the best grape pie she has ever eaten. —Lucile

APPLE-CHEESE SALAD

- 3 cups boiling water
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 1 #303 can apple sauce
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1-lb. carton cottage cheese, drained
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1 cup diced celery

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Chill until syrupy. Mix together flavoring and apple sauce in bottom of 2-quart mold. Pour in half the gelatin and mix thoroughly. Chill until almost set. Beat mayonnaise into remaining half of gelatin. Stir in drained cheese, salt, pecans and celery. Keep at room temperature until gelatin in mold begins to firm. Spoon cottage cheese mixture on top and return to refrigerator until firm. —Margery

CHERRY-PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup cherry juice
- 1 13 1/2-oz. can crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1 cup thoroughly drained cherries
- 12 diced marshmallows

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add flavorings, crushed pineapple and cherry juice. Let chill until gelatin begins to congeal and then add the cherries and diced marshmallows. Pour into an 8-inch square pan and chill.

ELEGANT POTATO FUDGE CAKE

- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 squares chocolate, melted and cooled
- 3/4 cup butter
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup riced or mashed potatoes
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk

Sift the dry ingredients together three times. Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add potatoes, flavorings and cooled chocolate. Blend. Turn mixer to low speed and add the sifted ingredients alternately with the buttermilk or sour milk. Bake in a greased 9 by 13 pan at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. Frost as desired. We like either caramel frosting or the frosting that is used on the German chocolate cake.

Please note this: The batter will be rather thin, but don't tamper with the recipe! It is right as is.

CARAWAY SKILLET SLAW

- 4 slices bacon, fried till crisp and crumbled
- 1/4 cup bacon drippings
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 Tbls. chopped green onion
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 cups shredded cabbage
- 1 tsp. caraway seed

Prepare the bacon. Remove from drippings. Combine with drippings the vinegar, chopped green onion, brown sugar and salt. Add shredded cabbage and caraway seed and cook until the cabbage is tender. Top with crumbled bacon and serve hot. —Lucile

**... AND HOW TO MAKE GOOD ONES BETTER**

FIRST: Use your favorite recipe . . . one you know and trust.

THEN: Add Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings . . . and imagination!

If it's chocolate cake you're planning, spruce it up with mint. Or add lemon or almond or pineapple to your favorite white frosting (and watch for expressions of delighted surprise!). Any dessert — or gelatin salad — will get an extra big lift when you splash in your favorite **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring** (same kind, or an entirely different flavor). And remember, in anything you make or bake, the flavor's in to stay: There are 16 exciting kinds: **Butter, Blueberry, Banana, Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon, Almond, Raspberry, Coconut, Maple, Burnt Sugar, Black Walnut, Mint, Pineapple, and Vanilla.**

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

ASK YOUR GROCER FIRST. However, if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay the postage.

USUAL AND UNUSUAL USES FOR FLAVORINGS

by
Mary Feese

You've finally reached your goal! There, on the shelf before you, are those delicious little bottles of flavorings — every kind on the list. You run your finger down the line, naming them off as you go: vanilla, lemon, maple, butter, orange, burnt sugar, strawberry, raspberry, coconut, cherry, almond, black walnut, pineapple, blueberry, banana, mint . . .

Now, when you're baking, you've whatever flavor the recipe calls for right there at hand. And, of course, there are lots of recipes that call for vanilla, and lemon, and maple; when you use the Kitchen-Klatter recipes, you'll find all the flavorings used at one time or another. And yet, there they are . . . some of those flavors look so good . . . and you'd like to do a bit of experimenting, if only you dared, if only someone would give you some ideas to start you off. If you're at all adventurous, some of these tips will be familiar to you, while others will be entirely new.

For instance, have you ever tried adding a little lemon flavoring to your raisin pie? Or your recipe calls for grated lemon peel, and you find that you're out — just substitute 1/2 tsp. lemon flavoring for every teaspoon grated lemon peel called for. (Sometimes you'll want to boost the flavor of your baked goods by adding 1/4 tsp. or so of lemon flavoring — or orange — besides the grated peel.) To liven up plain cupcakes, add a small amount of either orange or lemon flavoring besides the usual vanilla.

Put a little mint flavoring in the chocolate sauce you're making, or add a bit to the seven-minute icing for that luscious chocolate cake you've just baked. Another delicious variation on seven-minute icing is to add coconut flavoring, then sprinkle the top thickly with shredded coconut, topping a simple yellow or white cake.

Almond flavoring almost needs a label: "Caution, Handle with Care!" For, to be good, it must be used sparingly; just a touch, to add a hint of aroma. Make some homemade ice cream, or soften some commercial ice cream; add some finely chopped peaches and a touch of almond flavoring. (In recipes, use about 1/3 as much almond flavoring as the recipe specifies for vanilla.) Add a few drops of almond flavor to the fruit mixture for peach upside-down cake, or for your extra-special cherry pie filling. Incidentally, you might like to boost the cherry flavor with a spoonful of cherry flavoring, also add-



This is Paula Martinez, Lucile's new companion. She came to the rescue when Anita had to leave because of her sister's death. Paula is a graduate of St. Vincent's School of Nursing and, prior to coming here, was staff nurse at the State School for the Deaf in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

ing a bit of red food coloring for eye appeal.

Make a chocolate cake, with a super-deluxe icing — seven-minute or other fluffy icing to which you've added cherry flavoring and bits of chopped marachino cherries, and enough coloring to tint it a delicate pink.

When making caramel icing, add some burnt sugar flavoring, plus a little vanilla. Burnt sugar goes well in most chocolate recipes, or those calling for brown sugar, and adds a good deal to a spice cake recipe.

Of course you'll want to boost the banana flavor in cake or pie with a spoonful of banana flavoring (especially when the bananas weren't quite as ripe as you'd hoped,) but have you tried adding sliced banana and a teaspoonful of banana flavoring to rhubarb, for a pie filling? It's unusual, different — and good. Or, speaking of rhubarb, work a delicious change with 1 tsp. orange flavoring to every four cups of rhubarb.

Personally, I love the combination of orange and chocolate, so often top chocolate cake with orange icing, or make an orange cake (sometimes with a mix) and top it with chocolate fudge. 1 tsp. orange flavoring substitutes for the grated rind of one orange, if you wish, and orange flavoring makes a distinctive addition to peanut butter cookies, to pineapple recipes of almost any sort. It's delicious in apricot recipes. Try adding just a few drops to the next coconut pie you make. Or, for a deliciously different apple pie, pre-

pare your filling and add 1/4 cup orange juice, 1 tsp. orange flavoring, and a generous sprinkling of nutmeg.

Another addition to apple pie filling is a teaspoon of maple flavoring. Maple is good, too, when you're making popcorn balls for the children; rather than sorghum, substitute corn syrup in the recipe, and flavor with maple — they're sure to love it! Maple is a luscious addition to your favorite pecan pie recipe, too — and you may want to try the corn syrup substitution in that recipe, also, for many families prefer it to the original sorghum. By the way, have you ever tried making a "pecan" pie with no nuts at all? Just substitute grape-nuts cereal, cup for cup, and add a little of that maple flavoring again.

You're making cookies or cake, and have almost enough nuts? Put in what you have, and add a teaspoonful of black walnut flavoring; it really does duplicate that true "nutty" flavor successfully.

Perhaps someone in your family must be careful about the use of spices, yet your family loves pumpkin pie. Experiment a bit; cut the spices to just a minimum amount of cinnamon and nutmeg; then add additional flavor with a spoonful of vanilla, or maple, or burnt sugar — try them out and see which you prefer. (They're all good!)

If you've ever tried using mulberries, You'll know that they have a very bland flavor. "And what," you ask dispiritedly, "can be done to liven up that flat flavor? We have gallons of mulberries this year, but . . ." A friend gave me a tip that really works, for delicious mulberry desserts: just use a reliable blueberry recipe, that calls for added lemon juice and butter. Then add a generous amount of blueberry flavoring. For variety you might substitute raspberry flavoring.

If you're fortunate enough to have fresh raspberries or strawberries, make a fresh berry pie that's really a beauty. Have your fresh berries ready, and a baked crust. Combine 3 Tbls. cornstarch, 1 cup cold water, and 1 cup sugar. Mix and cook until clear. Add 1 Tbls. butter and a pinch of salt when removing from heat. When cool, add some red coloring and 1 tsp. of raspberry or strawberry flavoring, to correspond with the berries you're using. Pour over fresh fruit, pile carefully into baked crust, and top with whipped cream. This makes a "company-pretty" dessert.

And then there's our good old standby, vanilla. But have you tried a little vanilla in your apple pie? or a teaspoonful of vanilla in your cranberry sauce? or a touch of vanilla in your cooked prunes?

The other day I was looking through
(Continued on page 22)

MARY LEANNA DESCRIBES HER APARTMENT

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter on the dining room table in my apartment in Cambridge, Mass. At the moment it is strewn with my typewriter, a typing book, and assorted papers. After much futile job-hunting in the spring I decided that typing would be a good thing to know, so I enrolled in an evening course at Bryant & Stratton Business School. It was exciting to discover that my fingers would actually hit the right keys when I wanted them to. The alphabet was easy but I'm still having trouble with the numbers and various keys that go around the edge of the typewriter.

We're actually very fortunate to have a dining room. The apartments of many of my friends are too small to have a real dining room. I bought a cute book last year called *Saucepans and the Single Girl* which has many helpful hints for young people who have to use some ingenuity in their entertaining. One of the hints was that if you're really desperate you can spread a tablecloth on your ironing board and use that as a table. I think of that and feel quite luxurious every time I sit down for a meal at our real dining room table.

Besides the dining room we have a living room, two bedrooms, a very modern bathroom, and a huge kitchen with a breakfast nook (so we even have two tables). Our apartment is actually the first floor of a house. The landlords, a charming young English couple, live upstairs, so our maintenance problems are quickly solved. We're located about a ten-minute walk from Harvard Square. It is not a bad walk during the summer, and during the winter I hope to convince my roommates to drive me places in their cars. From Harvard Square I can get the subway or the bus into Boston.

I share the apartment with Sally Downey from Bloomington, Indiana, and Elissa Emerson from Deland, Florida. They are both social workers, specifically baby workers. They place babies in foster homes, then bring them in for adoption. This necessitates carrying baby beds in their cars. We've decided that the neighbors must think it strange to see single girls carrying baby beds in and out of the house, but it's all in a day's work. Elissa's parents and sister and a friend of ours from Radcliffe stayed with us the weekend of Harvard graduation. There were not quite enough beds to go around, but a sleeping bag on the floor proved reasonably comfortable and it was fun having them with us.

While they were here the Emersons



Dorothy Johnson holds her little grandson Aaron for the first time.

took us up to Kittery, Maine, for a delicious meal of lobster. The restaurant where we ate, Warren's Lobster House, invited its customers to go back through the kitchen to see their lobster pound. This might be a fun thing for you to do if you're on the East Coast this summer and your children have never seen live lobsters. My family and I did the same thing when we were in Hong Kong. We ate dinner on one of the famous floating restaurants and made a visit to their fish pound. We saw quite a few exotic creatures there.

A little visitor just crawled into my lap. It's thanking me for the fact that I had to get up a few minutes ago and make an emergency trip to the store for cat food. We have two cats. Tigris, my visitor, is a beautifully marked male tiger cat. We show his unusually spotted stomach off to our friends when they come over. Euphrates is black. Neither of the cats shows any inclination to go outside, which is probably a good thing because our neighborhood is swarming with dogs, children, and cars. Those of you who own cats are familiar with their antics, but for me it was a totally new experience to watch them stalking each other, then tearing off across the house, or peacefully sleeping on a chair together.

When I wrote to you last I told you about some of the things there are to do in Boston in the spring. Now from my new vantage point across the river I'll tell you a little about Cambridge. There is plenty of intellectual stimulation to be found in the vicinity of Harvard. There are free lectures that you can find out about by reading a great newspaper called "Boston After Dark" (which also lists all events, museum hours, etc., in the Boston area). Various Harvard houses put on occasional plays. For Humphrey Bogart fans there are several nearby theatres that specialize in such vintage films. Harvard Square has more than its share of interesting coffee houses, each with its own unique atmosphere, and all kinds of boutiques and shops. Sunday afternoon is my favorite time of the week.

Sometimes I buy a New York Times and settle on the bank of the Charles River to read it. Sometimes I join a friend for a dip in the MDC pool which costs ten cents for Cambridge residents. Cambridge Common is where the hippies head for on Sunday afternoons. Performers in free rock concerts vie with "hare krishna" dancers for the attention of the audience. It's a great people-watching place.

Everyone's home from work now and it's time to think about dinner. Good-bye for now.

Sincerely,
Mary Leanna

EXCEPT !!!

by
Mary Feese

Remember Fibber McGee's closet, of old-time radio fame, ready to explode with sound and fury at the slightest touch? Around many of today's homes, however, it's not the closets that are bulging at the seams — it's the drawers!

"But my drawers are all neat and tidy," you protest vigorously, "except . . ."

Exactly!

Except for:

the drawer full of urgent correspondence, letters that should be answered "immediately if not sooner" and have been lying there since . . . well, when?

the drawer full of mending and darning to be done "someday" — that mythical someday when time and inclination shall miraculously merge.

the drawer your teenage son hopelessly scrambled in his search for his favorite pair of socks. You proffered two or three possible substitute pairs, to be met with the wail, "But they're the only decent pair I own!"

and yes, except for The Drawer. Every home has one, somewhere about the house. And it's there that you thankfully deposit each day's unclassifiable debris: the stray pencils, the school papers, the buttons, the odds and ends, the hair clips, the burn ointment, and particularly all the ubiquitous little knots and wheels that seem to mysteriously accumulate and that you never seem to need until they're thrown out. And when you're asked, "Where can I find . . .?" you sing out confidently (to the family), "Just look in The Drawer."

So the question arises in your mind: "Am I a good housekeeper?" You begin to enumerate briskly, yes, of course: you have a clean and tidy kitchen, well-made beds, an attractive living room, delicious food. Yes, you say, your conscience is clear, company is welcome to drop in any time, except . . .

COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

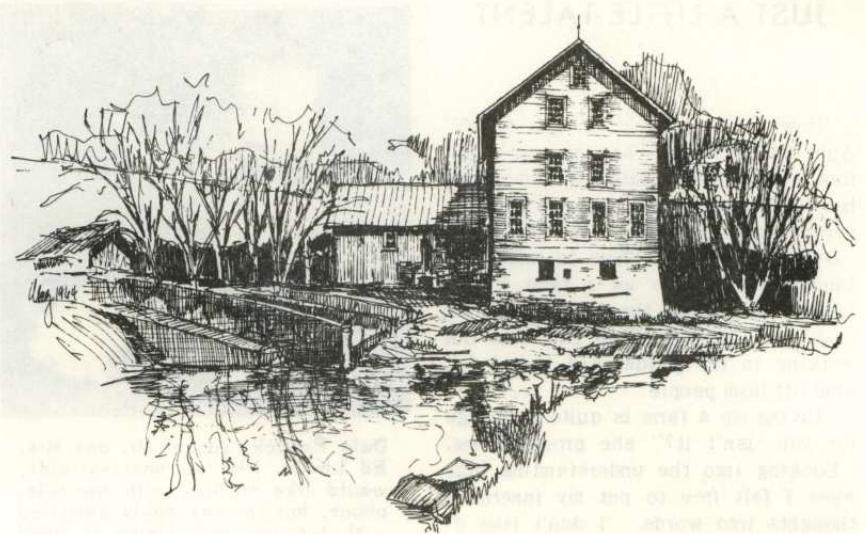
Do you know why the Little Brown Church at Nashua, Iowa, is painted brown? Or what county in Iowa is famous for the development of the Delicious apple? Or how Kate Shelley saved a train from plunging into the Des Moines River? These questions are answered in a remarkable illustrated guide and narrative to some of Iowa's past and present historical spots and buildings called *Sixty Sketches of Iowa's Past & Present* (\$8.75) by William J. Wagner, F.A.I.A. and well-known Des Moines architect.

For those interested in preservation of old landmarks and members of historical societies, this book will emphasize Iowa's exciting past and cause the reader to become more appreciative of our heritage. Beautiful sketches by Mr. Wagner are delightful. Year after year he has furnished faithful and artistic sketches of historical spots in Iowa, and now these are packaged in one huge book. A definite plus is the addition of little stories written about each sketch. Wagner "told" the stories on tape, and they were transcribed from the tapes by Mrs. Donna M. Brown, business manager for the publication.

The Bily Brothers, Frank and Joseph, brought glory to Spillville, Iowa, with their delicately carved housings for clocks. Most of the clocks have Swiss-made music boxes. Over fifty-five thousand persons from all over the United States come to Spillville each year to view the Bily Brothers' clocks.

Those of you who have visited the Herbert Hoover Presidential Library Complex at West Branch, Iowa, have probably noted the Overlook Area where former President and Mrs. Hoover are laid to rest. Bill Wagner was asked to design this; it is simple and dignified.

The old capitol building at Iowa City, Iowa, is historic. It has been reproduced on both American money and American stamps. In 1946, the government issued a half-dollar in observance of Iowa's statehood centennial and in 1938, the Iowa Territorial Stamp issue commemorated the 100th anniversary of the establishment of the Iowa Territory of July 3, 1838. Now part of the State University of Iowa, the stately building has four massive Doric-style columns which support the north and south porticos. Individual stones used in the building weigh as much as four tons. An unusual hang-



The Wiest Mill at Fort Atkinson, Iowa, sketched by Wm. J. Wagner, was purchased in 1893 by Henry Wiest and has been run by members of that family ever since. Two Samson turbine water wheels are the main source of power yet today.

ing reverse curved spiral stairway is an attraction.

Stone City, near Anamosa, Iowa, was known for quarrying limestone. In 1896 it was to become a great industrial center, but Portland Cement became the villain. In 1932, Grant Wood made Stone City his headquarters for the summer Art Colony. His "American Gothic" painting is familiar to many. The depression was another villain and the Art Colony disappeared.

The Amana Colonies, meaning "Believe faithfully" lived for seven generations as the Community of True Inspiration. It was reorganized in 1932 into a joint stock company. Many readers have made delightful tours to the Colonies to see their fine woolen mills, furniture shops, etc.

The What Cheer Opera House is an example of local people saving a building of historical significance. Destruction had nearly begun when the towns people bought off the wrecking company for \$500. In 1966 a future was assured for the old opera house with the appearance of Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

Across the street from Salisbury Cathedral in Salisbury, England, is a house known as King's House. On a visit to England, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Weeks decided they wanted a modification of King's House. In 1928, Salisbury House was completed in Des Moines, Iowa. It contains original paneling, fireplaces and roof beams salvaged from dismantled buildings in England. The home is located at 4025 Tonawanda Drive, Des Moines, amid 10 acres of natural woodland. Now owned by the Iowa State Education Association, several rooms are open

to the public and are maintained as a museum.

The Grotto of the Redemption at West Bend, Iowa, the General Dodge home at Council Bluffs, the Grundy Center home of author Herbert Quick, Abbie Gardner's home near Okoboji Lake — these are just a few of the many sketches.

Bill Wagner is to be complimented on this tremendous book with its superb sketches and valuable stories that accompany them. Readers will enjoy the humorous additions to the stories. School libraries and public libraries should have a copy for Iowa history. For transplanted Iowans, for travelers passing through the state, for those interested in state history, *Sixty Sketches of Iowa's Past & Present* will be sure to please. As a memorial book to a library, or as a birthday gift, this is most worthy.

Answering those questions — brown was the cheapest of paints and the congregation was not rich; Madison County; she crawled across a 671 foot-long bridge to flag down the train.

(See "Little Ads" for information about obtaining the book.)

RAINBOW GOLD

Capture a rainbow —

You can use it for years:

Pink for laughter and joy

To chase sorrow and tears;

Use the blue for the sky

When it's dreary and gray;

The yellow for sunshine

When clouds block the way;

The orange and red are

For hope's rising glow;

Green and purple for growth

When the heart's covered with snow.

—R. L. Hansen

JUST A LITTLE TALENT

by
Evelyn Witter

"How is everything on the farm?" Aunt Martha asked as soon as I set foot in her immaculate kitchen. I felt her eyes studying me. I knew she suspected that everything was not right.

But I didn't know how to tell her I found my new life as a farm wife a lonely one. That the house was too empty for comfort when Bill was out working in the fields, and that I felt shut off from people.

"Living on a farm is quite a change for you, isn't it?" she prompted me.

Looking into the understanding blue eyes I felt free to put my innermost thoughts into words. "I don't like it. I'm desperately lonely," I said simply.

"You don't need to be if you look around instead of closing your eyes and mind," she said.

"How do you mean, Aunt Martha?"

"I mean you have a great talent for observation, but maybe you haven't been using that talent. You've been busy brooding."

I was puzzled. "Talent for observation? I do?"

"Of course you do!" Aunt Martha patted my hand reassuringly. "Your



Dale Patrick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lewis, like all one-year-olds, would like to play with the telephone, but is reasonably satisfied with his toy one. Helen is head bookkeeper at our plant and while Dale is still so young works only in the afternoons.

mother often told me how, when you came home from a party or a gathering of any kind, you told her about where you had been with such vivid description of everything, even to the tiniest detail, that she felt as if she had been there, too."

"Oh, but that's no real talent, Aunt Martha!"

"But it is . . . it is," she insisted emphatically. And then with that all-to-one-side sweet smile of hers, she came closer and said, "You ought to reread the parable of the talents. By telling this parable Jesus was stressing the necessity of using the abilities we have."

"I remember it," I said.

"Then you remember, according to the parable, that we dare not bury the talent we have. We must do what we are able to do. You must use your powers of observation."

I took the talk Aunt Martha and I had quite seriously, and determined to use the talent she said I had. I began making myself look around. I took note of the beauties of the season, the coloring of the trees around the house, yard, the sumac on the hills, the bitter-sweet in the timber.

Soon my heart was filled with the glory of it all, and I wanted to know more and more about the native foliage. I began to acquire books on botany. The more I read, the more I wanted to know. As the months went on I became a familiar figure at the local library.

With more knowledge of the world about me, my powers of observation were heightened. I saw more than I would have believed existed. Gradually my interests expanded to allied subjects — birds, wild flowers, seeds, soil conservation, crop rotation, uses of plants, and so on. Life became so rich and full!

Then one day I heard my husband say to a friend. "My wife likes living on a farm better than any other person I know."

"That must make you very happy," the man said.

"It does! And it makes her happy too," Bill replied.

It was so. I liked "living on the land."

Shortly after that when Aunt Martha came to visit us she remarked "It's been several years since you told me you were lonely. I've noticed for a long time now that you don't seem a bit that way."

"Lonely? Oh, goodness no!" I laughed. "I'm so busy looking around — reading, collecting, taking my private little field trips, and learning new and fascinating things, I haven't the time to be lonely."



BUTTERFLIES

Butterflies fluttering, fluttering around,
Swooping up high, then down to
the ground;

Sipping up nectar from each bright
flower,

Then flying away with every spring
shower;

Parading their garments of every bright
hue,

Flitting past spider-webbed cur-
tains of dew;

Delicate butterflies, God's gift to you.

—Gay Welty (Age 12)

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

was standing by the car door begging me to take him and crying. "But Grandma Johnson, don't you know you are breaking my heart?" I told him if he didn't stop crying he was going to break Grandma Johnson's heart. I knew the tears wouldn't last long as soon as we were out of sight.

We stopped in Minden overnight as planned, and spent a little more time at the Village. We also stopped in Shenandoah to give Mother a resume of our trip, and to tell her not to expect Kristin and family until later. I knew she would be counting the hours until they arrived with the children.

Frank was relieved to see us drive into the yard safe and sound, and he was glad Ruth could stay a few days longer with us.

I have used much more than my allotted space to tell you about the trip, so until next month...

Sincerely,

Dorothy

**DON'T
WAIT**

NO!

Don't wait until after vacation to send in your renewal to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. You might miss an issue!

Mail your subscription
today
before you forget.

\$2.00 for 1 year (12 issues)
\$2.50 to foreign countries

Send your subscription to:

Kitchen-Klatter
Shenandoah, Iowa — 51601
(Don't forget to add your zip code)



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

A year ago last spring we planted a large trade packet of Giant Pacific Delphinium in mixed colors. We had so many seedlings we didn't know what to do with them. We put dozens and dozens of them in peat pots to sell and still the seed pan contained more plants. "You'll simply have to put them on the compost pile," I said, but no one took me seriously. So they remained in the pan, sometimes partly shriveled from lack of water and then miraculously revived when a shower came along. When we finally found time to empty and collect the seed flats to store away until planting time rolled around again, I personally dumped the delphinium plants on the compost and forgot about them.

One warm day last April, I was wandering around the yard inspecting beds and borders to see which plants had survived the winter and if any were coming up. Right at the edge of the woods that bound the yard on the west side, I saw a newly worked kidney-shaped strip of ground — at least it had been worked up in late fall. On closer examination I found several green sheaves poking through the soil at regular-spaced intervals. I carefully unfolded a tiny leaf and it looked like that of delphinium. It seems my husband came on the poor discarded seedlings that had made such a valiant effort to survive all summer and had rescued them from the compost heap. He had made the little bed unbeknown to me and set out the strongest of the plants. Enough of the plants bloomed to show a delightful range of color among them. With the care they have received this past summer, we should get an impressive display another year.

If you have never enjoyed the beauty of Pacific Hybrid delphinium, do grow some from seed. Plant the seed on the surface of wet sphagnum moss, press gently into the moss, and then place the container in a plastic bag. Set in a cool, shaded place and wait patiently for twenty days for germination to take place. After the seedlings have their first pair of true leaves, prick the plants out of the moss and pot up individually in small, soil-filled peat pots. If you start them in the fall, you should winter the little plants in a cold frame where they can be given protection during the winter. If you start them in the spring, the plants can be set where they are to grow and bloom.



Frederick Driftmier and his nephew, Martin Strom, visit in Mother's backyard after a family dinner.

ABIGAIL'S LETTER — Concluded

was hugging the inside so closely that Wayne was sure I was going to drive the car right into the drainage gutter. There we would have been stranded with not one soul in miles to help — a situation much preferable to going over the outside edge in my mind. This particular road is Utah 95 leading from Blanding to Natural Bridges Monument. Within this monument are three bridges which can be viewed from a scenic drive or reached by hiking.

Later on this trip we visited Arches National Monument and had a glimpse of the spectacular country which has recently been set aside to comprise Canyonlands National Park. But time and space tell me that's all I can write for this month.

Cordially,
Abigail

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU

Want to make the world a better place?

Sure . . .

Then do but one thing to help somebody else every day. That's all — one good thing a day.

In a lifetime as brief as 25 years you will have performed over 9,000 deeds of goodness.

Just imagine, then, if you were to help more than one person every day for 25 years. The amount of goodness multiplies.

And the world is a better place just because of you.

QUALITY FOOD — BARGAIN PRICES

In the summertime, when fruits and vegetables are in season, you'll often find frozen fruits and vegetables offered at bargain prices. Before you buy, however, be sure they are truly bargains.

According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture it's a good idea to buy one package and check its quality before buying in quantity. Use this checklist:

(1) Note whether frost has formed inside the package. Large amounts of frost may indicate quality has been impaired.

(2) Note the color of the food. Is it normal and bright? Some color changes betray food that has been held too long and at too high temperatures. Avoid peach slices and red cherries that have turned brown; berries that have lost their brightness; snap beans turned olive green; green peas that become grayed green then yellowish.

(3) Look for undesirable changes in texture.

(4) Check for flavor.

And happy eating this summer.

These DUTCH IRIS
look like Orchids



Special 6 for 10¢
offer

Shipped direct to you at proper
planting time.

These unusual iris will delight you with their exotic blooms. Lovely enough to wear as a corsage. Sturdy and hardy. All bulbs are blooming-size, imported direct from Holland. We want you to try these exotics in your garden—so send 10¢, we'll send you 6 bulbs—two blue, two golden and two white. Sorry—only one order per customer at this low, low price.

EARL MAY Seed and Nursery Co.

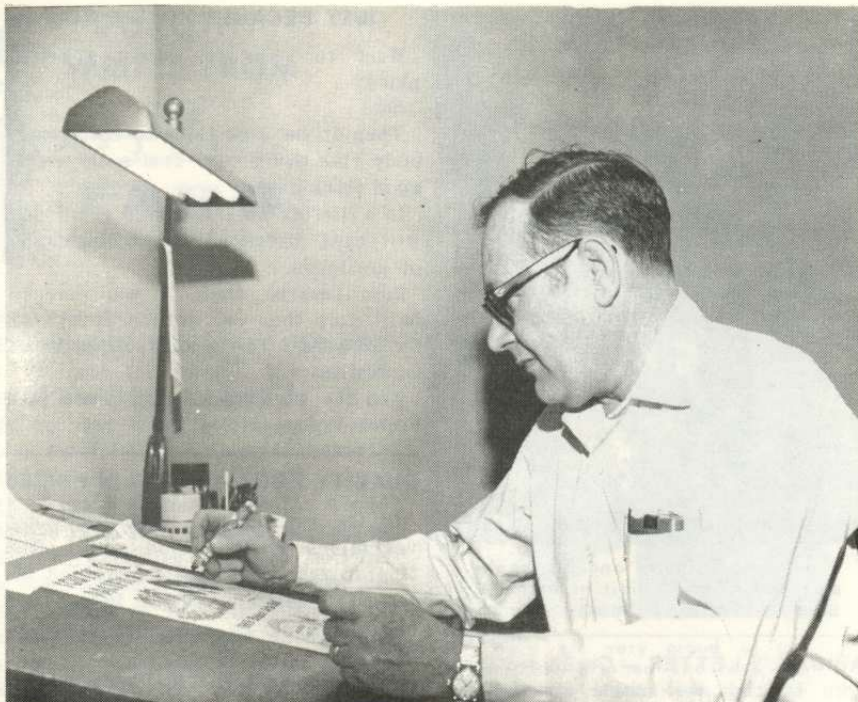
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I enclose 10¢ . . . send me your Dutch Iris bulbs and free catalog.

Name

Address

City State Zip



For a number of years you readers of our *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* have noticed advertisements for the products that we manufacture at our plant in Shenandoah. These advertisements are written by a long-time family friend, Bill Overbey, who is pictured here at his drawing board. Those of you who are on the mailing list for catalogs and leaflets from the May Seed and Nursery Company also see his work because he is their director of advertising. Bill and his wife, Mary Wallace, first came to Shenandoah in 1942, but that was only a brief stay because World War II put Bill in the Pacific for four years. In 1946 they returned and settled down permanently. They have two sons, Sandy, who is also an advertising man in Kansas City, and Mike, who was a friend of Juliana's in high school and is now working for the State Legislature in Des Moines. Their dear little grandchildren in Kansas City are Christian, five, and Marisol, three.

RUSH THE RACE OF LIFE

Life is so short, too short. Yet, every part is a race toward the next part.

The youngster craves to be a teen. Once a teen, he looks to twenty and maturity.

Now, the race is more swift and wild, as he competes for better and bigger jobs.

With bride along, he rushes to earn the honors of money, dignity.

His children, too, demand his time and energies, rushing him to satisfy their needs.

And he ages as he rushes to complete his final plans and retire so that he need not rush.

At last retired, the challenge of life at rush is gone.

Why the rush of life?

Why the waste of racing?

Why do so many people save and plan for their retirement and then complain when they retire?

Why . . .

SUMMER RACCOON - Concluded

form of a raccoon crossing the road.

In some towns one is required to have a permit and pay a fee to keep a pet raccoon. It is well worth both the permit and the fee.

As I said in the beginning - you are unlikely to have a pet raccoon very long. (We had ours only one summer.) But you are likely to remember it forever.

QUOTH THE RAVEN - Concluded

author's prose approaches poetry, and - well, you'll just have to read it for yourself!

Then, too, I've read portions of the Bible. Some of the newer versions in modern English are so clear and easy to understand. We often like to read one of these and the familiar King James version together, comparing verses and clarifying meanings. Have you tried this?

To quote briefly from one of the classics, Goethe has this to say: "Seize this very minute. What you can do, or dream you can, begin it."

BEGIN IT! Magic words, indeed. Adopt them as your motto, and you may be surprised at the new and interesting things that come your way. As a home-maker, your mind need not exist sluggishly within the confines of four walls, thinking only of your daily duties. With direction your mind can encompass the world, or the specific portions of it that catch your interest.

So stop that ravenlike croaking, "Nevermore," and spend some of your evenings discovering that "Happiness Is . . ." (in addition to your own home and loving family) access to the wonderland of books!



TIME OUT!

LISTEN TO KITCHEN-KLATTER

We are heard on the following 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.

LITTER IS FIRE AND HIGHWAY HAZARD

Litter has been variously described as a blot on the beautiful face of America, a drain on the taxpayer, a threat to health and highway safety, and a national disgrace. These are *costly* by-products of carelessness. And there is still another, according to Keep America Beautiful, Inc. Litter is also a fire hazard.

Quoting James C. Hullett, former president of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, KAB, Inc. — the national organization for the prevention of litter points out that litter and rubbish account for a substantial part of the nation's overall yearly billion dollar fire loss. Trash accumulation in cellars, attics, alleyways, and vacant lots is a fire hazard which can result in costly damage to property and even loss of life. Remains and wrappers from a picnic lunch thoughtlessly tossed on highways, or in parks, forest, and recreation areas may involuntarily provide ammunition for a devastating forest fire.

While the problem of controlling trash-caused fires is tremendous (rubbish and litter were responsible for more than twice as many fires in the past ten years as in the previous decade) KAB says that encouraging strides have been made and can, in many instances, be attributed to a concentrated educational program of litter prevention.

Until just a few years ago hardly anyone had ever heard of litterbags. Today a large percentage of the American public considers the portable trash container an essential piece of traveling equipment and wouldn't dream of taking off in the family car without one.

This would indicate that concern over the trash-tossing propensities of the motoring public is getting results. Many Americans are accepting an individual responsibility for maintaining the clean, attractive appearance of their highways and recreation areas, and regard the litterbag as a valuable aid to good outdoor housekeeping. Well and good. But unless *everyone* cooperates, highway clean-up costs will continue to be exorbitant — \$50,000,000 a year for primary highways alone — litter will continue to be a fire and safety hazard, and litterbugs will continue treating the countryside as a trash heap.

Between 750 and 1,000 people are killed and nearly 100,000 seriously injured each year as a result of cars striking or swerving to avoid objects thrown on the highways.

Like everyone else there must have been times when you've wondered what to do with sticky wrappers, used tis-



Mother enjoyed a visit with her niece Lettie (Field) Bianco and daughter Jean Ann.

sues, the remains of a picnic lunch, or the many other articles which accumulate during the course of normal automotive travel. After a slight but quickly subdued twinge of conscience, perhaps you've surreptitiously tossed the whole mess out of the window. But why abuse the conveniences modern packaging brings you? From now on resolve to use a litterbag instead.

The litter problem in America is a direct result of the daily thoughtlessness of millions of individuals. It will be eliminated only when these careless habits are changed, so why not resolve to always carry a litterbag in your car? Spread the word around to your friends and neighbors — and let's get everyone in the act!

AUGUST DEVOTIONS — Concluded

Leader: As I have shared my thoughts about the watermelon with you, will you now share some thoughts about the offering you brought — how and why it is meaningful to you? (The leader may start by calling upon a person on the right to begin and continue around the circle. After every few talks, sing the verse of "Kum Ba Yah" and again after the last talk. Let the melody be played softly as the following prayer poem is given.)

Prayer:

Oh God, I have to stretch my thoughts to think of You,

For You are great, as great as all the world,

And I cannot imagine all the world. I can only understand the part I see, And think, "Like that, and more of that, and more, and more,"

Until it seems to go right on forever. I stand on tiptoe and reach up and up, Trying to see beyond the clouds and sky,

And think, "The world is taller still than that,

And God is greater even than the world." —From church paper

Closing: Join in singing all of "Kum Ba Yah" or use one of the other hymns suggested above.

Note: As leader you will need to be prepared to carry along smoothly if some person chooses not to talk about his offering.



NOT WEIGHT-WATCHERS ... YET

But one of these days these young ladies may look in the mirror and discover an extra pound (or inch) or two — even as you and I. And that's the time to start cutting down on calories. Fortunately, you no longer need sugar to satisfy your sweet tooth. Now, you can bake what you like, eat what you want, if you remember to sweeten with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**.

This clear, sweet liquid in the handy flip-top bottle makes any dessert or drink as sweet as can be, but never, never adds a single calorie. No bitter aftertaste, and economical, too! Pick up a bottle next time you shop.

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.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
 minister of a fine church. What a rewarding life mine is! And yet it is a frustrating life too. One of my big frustrations at the moment is a shortage of time! Have any of you come up with a good idea about putting more hours into each day? To get all the things done that I want to do, I simply have to have a few more hours added to each day. There are so many young families that I would like to help, families where there are little children and no fathers! Right now I can think of at least ten families broken by death or divorce where there are young children that I would just love to take to the circus or to the beach or up for an airplane ride. Perhaps before this summer is over I may arrange for some of these children to visit us at our summer home in Nova Scotia. Last year I took several fatherless boys for a ten-day trip to Nova Scotia, and they did have such a good time!

I do hope that you have a good summer. Please remember us in your prayers just as we remember to pray for all of you.

Sincerely,
 Frederick

SAVE YOUR HANDS



If your hands are scrubbing and rubbing at stains and fingerprints — if they are rinsing or wiping away froth, scum and leftover suds — if they are mopping when they should be only wiping, then your hands are doing the work your cleaner should be doing.

In other words, you aren't using **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**! Because even stubborn, ground-in spots and smudges vanish like magic when this modern miracle cleaner goes to work. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** dissolves immediately, making a hard-working soft water solution even in hardest water. And it never leaves froth or scum to rinse or wash away. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** works hard and works fast, but it is face-soap gentle to tender hands.

And it saves them lots of work.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner



James had just heard an emphatic "No" from his mother, Juliana Lowey, when he was caught pulling blooms off the flowers.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

very much, of course, but I feel most fortunate to have that house in Albuquerque right across the street. I read so many letters from grandmothers who get to see their children once a year (if they're lucky) that it makes me count my blessings very soberly.

Lisa and Natalie came to see me the other day and I was highly amused when they asked me if they could pet the goldfish. I told them I'd never heard of petting goldfish and explained that fish couldn't live unless they were in water. Lisa was all ready with the answer to this one. She'd spotted an old fish net in the greenhouse and by putting this down into the water she could snare the fish and pet them. Because of her asthma and allergies she can't be anywhere near a dog or a cat, so I suppose petting the goldfish was the best compensation she could dream up.

On our return trip from Albuquerque we turned off Interstate 70 in Kansas and drove into Abilene so we could see the Eisenhower Memorial Center. I was astounded at the crowds we saw there. Since then I've read items in the papers about the thousands and thousands of people who pour into Abilene every day of the week. Even last January when it was snowing we were amazed to see so many people at the Center.

These are busy days for almost everyone, I think, but if you have time to write to us we would appreciate it. As Mother says, mail is still the high point of every day.

Faithfully yours,

Lucile



RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF EVERY PARENT

1. Parents have the DUTY to be the guardians of the person and property of their children.

2. The parent has the DUTY to support his child by providing necessary food, shelter, clothing, and medical care in a manner suitable to the circumstances.

3. The parent has the DUTY to educate his child.

4. The parent has the DUTY to see that the life, health, safety, and morals of the child are never endangered and that the child is never placed in a situation in which his life, health, safety, and morals will be endangered.

5. The parent has the DUTY to rear and discipline his child.

6. Either parent has the DUTY and RIGHT to inflict reasonable and moderate chastisement on the child for the punishment of faults or disobedience and the enforcement of parental authority, as long as he or she does it for the welfare of the child.

7. The parent has the RIGHT to prescribe a course of reasonable conduct for the development of the child and to control the child in order to compel obedience to reasonable and necessary directions.

8. The parent has the RIGHT to recover from a third person whose wrongful act or neglect has resulted in injury to or death of his child.

9. The RIGHTS of the parent with respect to his children are not absolute, but may be restricted and regulated by appropriate legislative or judicial action to protect the health, safety, morals, and welfare of the children.

10. Parents are the natural guardians of their children and cannot be deprived of the RIGHT of their care, custody, society, and services except by a proceeding showing unfitness, unwillingness, or inability to perform parental duties.

FLAVORINGS - Concluded

an old, old, book of household hints and found another use for vanilla — it said, "When painting where you must keep the house shut up, put 1 ounce of vanilla to every half gallon of paint, and there would be no paint odor." I haven't tried that one, but maybe you'd like to experiment!

"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.

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

THE DRIFTMIR 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.

WORLDWIDE DELICACIES COOKBOOK. 1000 recipes, no duplications, 256 pages. 2nd edition. Designed for economical living. \$2.75, tax and handling included. Crescent Publishing Co., Hills, Minn. 56138.

GRANDMA'S COOKBOOK, recipes, superstitions, home remedies. \$2.25 postpaid. Mrs. Dean Lashley, Medford, Okla. 73759.

WCS COOKBOOK. Homey recipes - \$2.25 postpaid. Mrs. J. C. Pond, Medford, Okla. 73759.

AFRICAN VIOLETS: Newest varieties, plants and leaves, stamp for list. Kasin's Violets, Blair Heights, Camdenton, Mo. 65020.

RECIPES: 50 choice no-bake cookies - \$1.00. 50 luscious unusual cakes money can't buy \$1.00. Both sets - \$1.75. Anna Andersen, Box 62K, Cedar Falls, Ia. 50613

LADIES - WANT beautiful complexion? Try Beauty Masque Way. Write Wilfred, 5225-kk Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19139.

FREE MAILERS: Send name and 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.

SIXTY SKETCHES OF IOWA'S PAST AND PRESENT by Wm. J. Wagner, a book of sketches and stories. \$8.75 plus 75¢ tax and handling (total \$9.50) for each book ordered. C.O.D. orders accepted. Brown and Wagner, 2013 Crown Flair Drive, West Des Moines, Iowa 50265.

PATTERNS for magnetic refrigerator butterflies, owls, dogs, rooster and hen, teddy bear, squirrels, swans. \$1.25 for all. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, Rt. 2, Garner, Ia. 50438.

SOUVENIR MAP handkerchiefs, all states available. Free list. Jo Stetz, 138 Passaic Street, Passaic, New Jersey 07055.

HAVE ALL BACK ISSUES of Kitchen-Klatter from 1940 on - 2 for 15¢ postpaid. Cora Sill, 808 5th Ave. S. W., Austin, Minn. 55912.

RECIPE CLUB COOKBOOK, Volume 2. Over 425 favorite recipes from good cooks nation wide. \$2.75 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Edith Soles, Windsor, Mo. 65360.

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

WANTED: Cambridge crystal - Caprice pattern. My set incomplete. Send list of pieces you have and price wanted. H. E. Kite, 315 Farnham, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601

20 BIRTHDAY cards - \$1.50. 2118 Burt St. Omaha, Nebr. 68102.

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.

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WHEN THE CHILDREN TRAVEL

Catch and Tell: Start a story with something you see on your side of the road. Another child adds to the story when he sees something interesting on his side. In the end you'll have a long story full of laughs and perhaps haystacks, bicycles, tractors, rosebushes, kittens, and a sailboat.

Alphabet Diary: Before leaving home buy an inexpensive scrapbook and tab-index the pages with letters of the al-

phabet. Let the child keep a diary of things he sees along the trip, trying to get something for each letter. Try to see that it isn't just the letters, but sights seen, places visited, or things done, as "Swimming in the Pacific Ocean" to go under "S", etc.

The Odds Have It: On a page of the diary notebook list the names of eating places that have funny names, or list buildings built in unusual shapes, such as a Dutch mill, coffee pot, etc.

FUN AT HOME ON A HIKE

Watch and Write Hike: Have each child make a list of objects seen on a hike. Give certain points for different objects sighted, as a crow, one point; squirrel, five points; cardinal, ten points.

Adventure Hike: Divide the children so that each one goes a different route (you can write out clues for the routes if you like) to arrive at the same place. Each person tries to have as adventuresome a hike as possible. When all have reached the designation, let each one relate his adventures, allowing for some flights of imagination. A cat might become a ferocious tiger ready to spring from the lilac bushes, or a rock in the path

become a high mountain. If several children are playing, a prize might be given for the best adventure. At a children's party the guests might be divided in groups to do this.

NEIGHBORHOOD PET SHOW

How about a pet show for the youngsters and their dads in the early evening after the dads get home from work? Allow each youngster to enter one pet. He must provide means for confining it, if necessary, and be responsible for its behavior.

The showing and the judging will provide the entertainment. Perhaps one of the dads will act as master of ceremonies and call each child to bring his pet "on stage" to be shown off, and visit with him about the pet.

Make up fancy paper badges which three of the dads will award as they take the part of the judges. Badges might be awarded for the pet with the most appealing eyes, the biggest mouth, the littlest mouth, the loudest voice, the oldest pet, the youngest, the friendliest, the one knowing the most tricks, the one with the sleekest coat, the longest tail, and so on. Try to arrange it so every child gets a badge.

* * *



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