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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

As a rule there isn't much noise around my house, but this morning there's a chain saw going full blast a short distance from the living room and it sounds downright ferocious.

Two big elms in the adjoining yard are coming down because of Dutch Elm disease. Shenandoah has been hard hit by this ailment, and I guess most towns share our trouble. When we go out for a ride I am surprised by the large number of trees marked with a red x, and this means that they are scheduled to be cut down. For several years there has been much wrangling about what to do, and thus I don't know if all the wrangling contributed to the trouble or if nothing can really be done in a community when Dutch Elm disease moves in. I love big trees and so I regret losing so many of them.

Well, this has certainly been the year of the roofs and the year of the vacuum cleaners. Before I sold my place north of Santa Fe I had to put a new roof on the guest house. After I bought my house in Albuquerque I discovered that a whole new roof had to be put on. Then I returned to Iowa in early June only to have a heavy rain reveal a whole string of leaks in the living room ceiling. One of these days I'll have to take action on this, but for the time being I am simply hopeful that we won't have another severe storm before I can get someone lined up to repair the roof. I'm tired of roof trouble!

When I moved from Santa Fe to Albuquerque I brought the vacuum cleaner, of course, but the first time Paula tried it on the new carpet it came to a dead halt and refused to budge. I'd had it ten years and gotten a lot of service from it, so I decided that I'd had my money's worth out of it and should buy a new vacuum. I did. The first time the new vacuum was run it came to a halt in about 20 minutes. When the service man came he found that the carpet hadn't been cleaned adequately when

it was laid, so this meant that heavy lint had gotten jammed into the mechanism. It had to be returned to the store where it was purchased so it could get professional attention.

I went through the same version of trouble when I got back to Shenandoah, so now we have a new vacuum here and thus far it seems to be doing all right. I feel I've fooled around with vacuum cleaners enough to last me eight or ten years.

This last week a very strange thing happened to me, and I have to go back to the beginning to account for it clearly.

One day six years ago I was sitting in the living room when Russell came in with a bunch of keys in his hand. He held them up and said: "Lucile, these are very important keys. If anything should happen to me you'll find them . . ." and then he went ahead to tell me where they would be.

Now I recall all of this as clearly as if it had happened just a day ago, but I blanked out when he said "If anything should happen to me" and I could never, never remember (and still can't) where he said I'd find the keys.

In December Russell died of a heart attack without a moment's warning and suddenly those keys became very, very important. I could always clearly recollect how he came in with the keys, but my mind always came to a halt right there and to save my life I couldn't remember where I'd find the keys.

This house was absolutely torn to pieces. Myrt was with me at the time and she didn't leave a single thing untouched. My family came to help search, but in spite of all this effort the keys were never found. Consequently we had to have quite a few locks broken by a locksmith and new locks installed.

In the years since this happened I have again and again tried to figure out where in the world those keys could be—not because they could ever be used again, but simply to solve the mystery.

Well, yesterday I found the keys. The top two drawers of the secretary always held my sewing equipment so when I needed thread I went in there and looked at the big box of thread to see if I could find the right color. In stirring those spools around my eye was taken with some leather at the bottom of the box, and there, unbelievably enough, were the missing keys. I could hardly believe it! They can never be used, as I said, but at least it solved something that had kept me continually baffled.

By the way, Juliana gave James her wallet to play with and it was never seen again. We couldn't imagine what in the world he'd done with it since he was in the house and not in the yard, but that's been three months ago and the wallet never appeared again. All of Juliana's credit cards, driver's license, etc., were in it and this meant a lot of work to get the cards cancelled, take a driver's test and all the rest. It's still hard to believe that a baby could hide *anything* so successfully.

In just a few days now Juliana, Jed and James will be taking a plane back to Massachusetts for their annual visit with Jed's family. Just imagine what a change they will see in James! He was only four months old on the last trip and now he is a real little boy tearing all around with boundless energy. Juliana dreads the long plane trip with him, but at that it seems miraculous to be able to cover such a distance in only a few hours. I bought him a darling little yellow suit to wear on this auspicious occasion.

When I talked to Juliana last Sunday she said that she'd intended to write to you this month, but she's so buried in fruit that she just couldn't find the time. Ever since the apricots first ripened she has been head over heels with fruit—everything from raspberries to plums. She put up a tremendous collection of apricot preserves and moved from that into the raspberries. As of last week she was trying to get everything canned before the peaches ripened. I have two big trees in my yard and she told me Sunday that the fruit was as big as grapefruit and in such a solid mass that some of the branches had broken because of the weight. I had had hopes that I'd be there to enjoy the peaches but it doesn't look now as if I'll make it for they'll be in Massachusetts for three weeks and I don't want to go out much before they get back home.

My crazy peach tree here in the garden has failed to produce the one peach this year. Last year that one peach looked so silly! Every year in August my big magnolia tree produces about 20 big blossoms, and I noticed

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## MARGERY HAD A SESSION IN THE HOSPITAL

Dear Friends:

Last week it seemed questionable that I would be writing a letter to you this month as I was flat on my back in the hospital. It certainly was the most inconvenient time of the month for my back to give out on me as I had so much to do on this issue, but somehow we managed to plan articles and layouts for the pages with our dependable employees making frequent trips out to the hospital to consult with me. Now I am out of traction and coming along quite well. The doctor, however, has given me strict orders to "take it easy", and just because I'm feeling much improved doesn't mean that I can resume normal activities for a while. I must rest my back frequently, so I'm not spending as much time at the office as I usually do, but hope that I'll soon be resuming my old schedule.

Kristin and her two boys arrived while I was in the hospital and I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to see them. This was particularly depressing for I hadn't yet laid eyes on the baby, little Aaron. Just in the nick of time the doctor left orders that I could get up in a wheelchair for a little bit, so the nurse wheeled me down to the waiting room and I got to see the children out there for a few minutes. This was hardly enough time to get acquainted with a new little great-nephew, but I was grateful to be able to see him at all. I couldn't get over the changes in Andrew since he was in Iowa last summer. He is a real grown-up little boy, ready to start to kindergarten this year, and is so gentle and loving with his baby brother.

It looked for a time that I might possibly have to undergo back surgery, so I thought this might be all that I would see of the children this trip. However, with steady improvement I was able to get home in time to see them again when Dorothy brought them back to Shenandoah for a few hours before taking them to catch their train in Omaha for the return trip to Laramie. Dorothy will be telling you about this visit in her letter next month, so I won't go into detail. I respect her right as grandmother to tell you about her dear grandchildren!

It was also fortunate that I was dismissed before Wayne and Abigail's arrival. They had been in the East attending a nursery convention and stopped off in Omaha and rented a car for the drive on to Shenandoah for an overnight visit with the family. Lucile planned a big family dinner the evening they were here and although I couldn't join the family on this occasion, they didn't leave me out! A huge tray was



Day lilies and phlox bloom profusely in Grandmother's garden, but so do weeds. Her grandson, Martin Strom, took on the job of cleaning them out.

fixed and brought up just before they sat down to the table. Although the food at the hospital had been very good, it was a treat to have such a banquet of home-cooked food from Lucile's house my first evening home.

How grateful I was that Martin was spending the summer at home. He had given thought to lining up a job out of town for the summer, but there were so many things that needed attention at the farm, at Mother's and at our house, that he stayed home and has been helping with these many jobs. The most urgent on his list was tearing down an old hog shed on the farm so that new ones could be put up in its place. Then the rains came! My such rains — day after day. It didn't dry up so that the yard work and painting jobs could be tackled for quite a period of time. With several days unoccupied, he took the opportunity to make a trip to North Carolina by bus to visit a college friend and her family. Once home again, he launched into the yard work and is almost finished. This has taken a big load off Oliver as he has little time on weekends to take care of the yards.

I don't have back issues of the magazine on the desk here at home to refer to, but I think we mentioned that our cousin Ruth Shambaugh Watkins and her family were coming from California to spend part of the summer on the farm they own near Clarinda. They are the ones who are renovating a beautiful huge barn into a home. It has received much attention as it has been an unusual project. The house is about three stories tall with a massive fireplace that runs through the center of the house with openings on each floor. The top floor contains their art studio with a huge expanse of glass on the north. The family is eager to get all

the work wound up on it so they can move back. Ruth and Bob and the five younger children have just arrived to spend several weeks in the house, as it has reached the place where it is somewhat liveable, and how the children are enjoying the freedom of the country after many years of city life. We expect to get together for a family picnic there very soon and this will give us a chance to see what progress has been made since we were over last. They have been spending summer vacations overseeing the work for several years.

As Lucile tells you in her letter, Juliana and Jed and the baby are leaving shortly for a few weeks in Massachusetts. Juliana wrote to me that this vacation would get her out of the canning business for a while and she would be good and ready for it. When she mentioned all she had canned I could well understand that she would be ready for a rest from the kitchen! She said that the relatives could all be expecting preserves for Christmas this year as a look at the shelves and one could see that the two of them could not possibly eat all that she had made.

She also mentioned that Albuquerque had never experienced such temperatures and humidity as they had had this summer — at least, not in the years she has spent in Albuquerque. It sounded more like Iowa weather where we expect heat and humidity for what we call "good corn-growing weather".

Oliver just called from the office in Council Bluffs with word that he is driving home this evening so I must give some attention to our evening meal.

Sincerely,

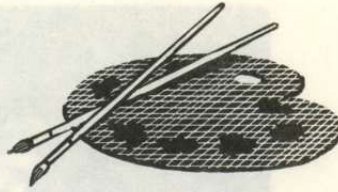
*Margery*



# YOU in Living Color

Program to Open the New Club or Church Year

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



Cut large sheets of bright-colored paper into various shapes and fasten them about the room to form bold, dashing patterns of "living color". Cut out large letters to spell the word "DUTY". Fasten each letter to a different color and shape of paper and fasten them to an easel or bulletin board placed in full view of the audience. If a candle-lighting service is desired, have four candles, one to be lighted for each letter at the appropriate time, perhaps by the president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer.

**Leader:** All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, and sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life. Someone has said that man is not born to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out what he has to do; then keep unto himself that goal, and do it. Another man of wisdom wrote, "Study the big problems all of the time, but never skip a small task, for one of the simple duties may hold the key to the biggest problem." It is with these thoughts I challenge you to think for a few moments about the new year ahead and you in living color as an important part of that club (society) year.

How often when we plan our club year, as when we plan our daily lives, we concentrate on the big tasks. Yet if we were to faithfully and cheerfully do the *little* day-to-day tasks for our families and our neighborhood, giving of our love to family and neighbors, and lending a helping hand, heart, and ears to those around us, who knows? Therein we might find the answers to the *big* problems, the *larger* tasks.

Let us also beware of what Ralph W. Deager calls the "Fixed Focus" when he wrote:

Her eyes were always fixed upon the ground,  
She liked to know precisely where she stood;  
No stone or hidden root but what she found  
It first, and so removed the likelihood  
That she would stumble, stub her toe, or slip.  
And so she went her picky, cautious way,  
Avoiding obstacles where she might trip,  
Though one would hardly say her walk was gay.

She missed the clouds, the gull, the apple tree

Caught with its boughs a-bloom against the sky,

But she knew well just where her feet would be,

Yet neither sun nor stars shown in her eye.

One never drains the fullness of the cup

Until one learns to drink it looking up.

**YOU, IN LIVING COLOR.** What kind of participant will you be this year, as a member, an officer, a committee-woman, a friend?

I have asked some members to present thoughts to challenge us, to point us the way to be members in living color.

**First Speaker:** When you joined this club you accepted responsibility as well as social pleasure. Club work is designed for participation and enjoyment of all members of the group, yet how often the most critical "backseat drivers" are members who just go along for the ride! How do you rate as a member?

Are you an active member,  
The kind who would be missed?

Or are you just contented  
That your name is on the list?

Do you attend all meetings  
And mingle with the flock?

Or do you stay at home  
And criticize and knock?

Do you ever go to visit  
A member who is sick,

Or leave the work to just a few  
And talk about the clique?

We've quite a program scheduled  
That I'm sure you've heard about,

And we will all appreciate it  
If you'll come and help us out.

Come to as many meetings as you can  
And help with hand and heart.

Don't be just a member,  
Dig in, and do your part.

Think this over, sister,  
You know right from wrong.

Are you a LIVING COLOR member  
Or do you just belong?

—Adapted (with apologies to  
an unknown author)

**Leader:** I wonder, does this poem sound a familiar note?

"What's this?" you ask. "Will I an office take?

Oh, no! Not me! I'd love to for your sake,

But there are others better qualified than I,

To take office is not my piece of pie.

Then, too, I am not free,  
I'm just too busy, don't you see?  
I simply do not have the time.

"Then would I a circle leader be?  
Oh, dear! I must say no; to be a leader's not for me.

I'm sure there are others you can find,  
Although not one name comes to mind,  
But, then, I'm not free,  
I'm just so very busy, don't you see?  
I simply do not have the time.

"What! Would I *one* program undertake?  
Oh, no! But for the Fair I'll bake a cake

When I can go and sit and listen,  
But taking a program's not my ambition.

Then, too, I'm not free,  
I'm just so very busy, don't you see?  
I simply do not have the time."

**Second Speaker:** Because of the many who are "too busy" to be officers, we are doubly grateful to those who are willing to accept responsibility, to be active living color members. We offer this parody on Kipling's famous poem as a salute to our own president and her fellow officers for the new club year.

IF you can be a leader every minute,  
Yet follow other's wishes with a will;  
IF you can smooth your temper when it's ruffled,  
And keep the burning tongue of anger still;

IF you can gently handle all discussion,

Encourage each to speak and have her say,

And bring up everything that needs attention

But yet not let yourself be carried away;

IF you can wait with patience when it's needful,

Yet keep no member waiting for yourself,

And of all other's troubles be most heedful,

But keep your own sad stories on the shelf;

IF you can coax, encourage, induce, or charm,

Make chairmanships sound like a lot of fun,

IF you can tempt, inspire, allure, disarm,

Until each job at long, long last is done;

IF your concern is what is best for most,

And your pride in club work shines for all to see,

Then you will do your best, and give your all,

And be the officers we knew you'd be!

—Anonymous

**Leader:** I herewith present to you now this BILL OF RIGHTS FOR  
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## LET'S REAR THEM FOR DEMOCRACY

by  
Letha O. Lile

One of the sweetest pictures I have seen in real life lately I viewed from my kitchen window while washing dishes. The busy mother who lives next door had solved the problem of giving six-month-old Donald some fresh air and sunshine, without her constant attendance, by putting him in a lined laundry basket and setting basket and baby in the back yard where she could see them as she worked. There, protected from insects and dampness, the baby, who does not sit alone with confidence, would view the world, play with his toys, and enjoy a sense of security.

When I complimented the mother later on her ingenuity, she became apologetic.

"I don't know what the neighbors will think, but....." Then she proceeded to explain with an air of self-condemnation, not because her idea was harmful to her child, but because she feared her neighbors might think her negligent as a mother.

Over and over, as an older parent surrounded by young parents and their families, I note this air of apology as the mothers talk with me or with each other. Their concern is not "Is it good for my child?" but "What will the neighbors think?"

As a young mother, I may have had a similar fear but, if I did, I've forgotten it. My chief objective as a teacher, a mother, and now a grandmother has always been to help a child entrusted to my care enjoy the dignity of individuality without trespassing on the rights and privileges of others. My husband and I always tried to give our son the feeling that he was a person with certain rights and certain obligations. We were not rearing him to please the neighbors. We were rearing him to take his place as a good citizen and a happy individual in a democratic society.

If a child is to develop good citizenship, he must understand the rules of an organized community. This is not easy. He must learn not to use Mrs. Jacob's flower bed for a sand pile no matter how much he enjoys playing in that nice loose dirt. He must learn that Mrs. Jacob's flowers are important to her and he must respect her rights and feelings. He will learn that both by precept and example. His parents must guide him by explaining these abstract concepts to him but more important than this is their own attitudes toward the rights and feelings of others, including each other and their child.



Lisa Nenneman, daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman of Lincoln, Nebr., starts to school this fall. Grandparents Howard and Mae Driftmier report that she can scarcely wait for opening day.

I have a young maple tree in my backyard with a fork about a foot from the ground. Four-year-old Stephen loves to put his foot in the fork and try to climb the tree. I understand his desire. I liked to climb forked trees when I was a child — still feel the urge when I see one. In fact, I am growing this forked tree for the enjoyment of my grandchildren — real and adopted — in years to come. But to protect the tree now, I explained to Stephen that this is a baby tree and, that if little boys climbs in it now, it will be broken and will never grow into a big tree.

My house and yard are a gathering place for all the children in the neighborhood. They love to come here and I love to have them. We establish certain rules about what we may do and what we may not do and we live by them. Even the toddlers seem to understand. But when a child's parents interfere by trying to help me, problems develop. I know full well that the parents' intentions are good but the children consider me the authority in my house and yard. Consequently, they resent orders from their parents when they are there. Stephen's father overheard our conversation about the tree. When he forbade Stephen to climb in the little tree, a problem was born. The tree became something forbidden by an order from Stephen's supreme authority in MY backyard.

Recently, while I was working in the yard, Stephen came over to help. All my little neighbors are accorded the privilege of "helping" me from time to time when I work in the yard.

"Is this a baby tree?" he asked, walking over to the maple.

"Yes, that's a baby tree," I said.

"I can climb in it when it gets big?"

"Yes, when it grows into a big tree, you may climb in it."

He put his foot gently in the fork and

then said in low, confidential tones, "I'd better not let my daddy see me with my foot in this tree."

"But you know why you shouldn't climb in the tree, don't you?"

"Sure, I know. It's a baby tree. I would break it."

"Then should you climb in it even when Daddy isn't looking?" I asked.

"No, I shouldn't" he said, hanging his head. Then he came close to me, looked up into my face with round, innocent eyes, and said in sweet confidence: "But sometimes when I see that little tree I feel like I've just got to climb in it." The "forbidden fruit" has its special appeal even for the child.

Then we had a long conversation about why we can't always do what we feel like doing because we might be hurting someone else. In this case, the baby tree. The conversation ended with a lesson on the different parts of the tree — trunk, branches, twigs, bark, leaves, roots. Apparently Stephen has never had another over-powering urge to climb that tree. Today he is its chief defender.

No American, child or adult, responds wholeheartedly to a command he does not understand. A child is entitled to an explanation of why he must forego the pleasure of doing everything he wants to do. My son and I had a pact on this. If I gave a positive command instead of a request, he was to obey me without question. If he didn't understand why, he was to obey with the full knowledge that when the time was right his question would be answered. I did not permit the "But why?" act so many children "get by" with but I did explain when the circumstances permitted if his question was an honest one.

I used the mother quail as an example of our pact. In driving along country lanes in early summer, we often observed how every single baby in a large brood of quails would hide quickly when the mother gave a certain call. I explained to my son that in time of danger, the mother quail had no time to explain to her babies why they must hide. They trusted her instinct and authority. She taught them to obey instantly when she gave a certain call.

Children understand explanations like this if given an opportunity to do so. After confidential discussions of this nature, the parent no longer represents an unreasonable, uncompromising symbol of authority. He is still an authority but at the same time he is an ally who is helping the child understand the need for the rules which govern his conduct.

In our society today, we see the  
(Continued on page 20)



## MARY BETH SHARES SOME INTERESTING NEWS

Dear Friends:

I have lots to tell you this month but first I want to explain about the picture I've enclosed. Do you remember last fall when the children found a tiny baby flying squirrel lying on his back on the road? They brought him home and he lived for many, many weeks in a plastic container in the kitchen, being fed and nourished lovingly with cream and wheat germ. It was with great heartache that we convinced the children that if we didn't put him back into a normal situation and allow him to hibernate over the winter we could never expect him to live.

We watched the trees all spring and summer for a sign of this cute fellow but never really expected to see him again. One evening Paul came into the kitchen and announced that there was something in the living room fireplace. (There is a glass door across this fireplace hearth because the swallows nest in the upper part of the chimney and there have been birds in the house.) When Don and I finally adjusted our eyes to the dimness of the hearth we saw, much to our surprise, that the flying squirrel had returned. He was absolutely unafraid of us, but we were a little uneasy about opening the doors for fear that we would not allow himself to be captured, and we were not anxious to have a squirrel loose in the house.

My father kept a "Kindness Trap" in his garden to get rid of rabbits, which he would then take far away and release in some woody area. We borrowed this and waited until the next evening to see if our friend returned, and sure enough, along about dusk, he scampered back down the chimney to pay us a call.

He finally entered the trap which we had slipped into the fireplace and had baited with crackers and peanut butter. The children enjoyed his company for about a day and fed him handsomely with cream and walnuts and things which they considered gourmet treats. The next evening Donald took the trap far up into the woods and hopefully the squirrel won't come back. But what fun it was for all of us to see him again! He had grown to four times the size he was when we originally found him and his markings were lovely.

In the last four weeks since I wrote you Donald and I have taken the final giant steps toward the beginning of a new life for ourselves, new in practically every respect. These steps have indeed been just about as giant as any decisions we've ever made for ourselves.

To take you back a little, all the time we were living in Wisconsin we knew that eventually we would come back to



Can you see the little creature crouched in the fireplace? Mary Beth tells you the circumstances which brought about his visit.

the home office in Anderson, Indiana. We were all fond of Wisconsin, and the area in which we lived, particularly. Year after year slipped by and before we knew it we had been in the Milwaukee area nearly nine years, and were ready to plant shrubbery — an action unheard of by transient families who are associated with any large corporation, especially in a sales department. We had been out to look over the shrubbery nurseries when Don came home with the announcement that we were going back to the home office. In spite of the wrench it was for us to leave, Don felt we had to come back to his job in Anderson. So last August we moved to the Anderson area, into a spacious house that afforded us every chance to be just as happy as we had been in Wisconsin.

Month by month slipped by and we simply couldn't recapture that happy feeling that we had enjoyed in Wisconsin. After much soul searching and weighing of what is important in life, Donald announced that we were going to return to Milwaukee as soon as school was out and he had decided where he would work.

Step by step we have accomplished this, and by the time you read this we will be well settled in our ninth home, including apartments, since we were

### MOVING DAY

The furniture is only part  
Of what gets moved on moving day,  
For back of stove and darkened nook  
Conceal great sins of yesterday.  
Each tiny cranny must be cleaned  
Lest hidden trap holds firm a mouse,  
And when the moving van pulls out —  
Indeed, we leave an empty house.

—Romi Rich

married fifteen years ago. We will have packed our worldly goods, gone through the discomfort and expense of moving, and the agony of wondering if and when we would be able to sell our present house, which was accomplished in less than one week, much to our relief.

We made many trips to Milwaukee, and Donald made trips alone to decide where he wanted to spend his hours as a wage earner. This much he knew for certain. He loves his children and after fifteen years he is weary of being away from home so much of the time, so a job that involved traveling did not interest him any longer.

While he was in Brookfield on one of his trips he went to visit with the children's teachers at the Academy of Basic Education, and as fate will unfold in strange ways, the headmaster of the school mentioned that he was looking for a man to rework the mathematics department and be responsible for the teaching of this subject from kindergarten through the senior year of high school. Donald thought this over; as a graduate of Iowa State University School of Engineering he had as much math as a person could need for elementary and secondary school. (In the state of Wisconsin parochial and private schools do not require a teacher's degree to teach in their institutions.) So everything fit together because we were anxious to get the children back in their school if we did move back to Milwaukee.

Donald is now head of the mathematics department for the Academy of Basic Education, and we have bought a house in Delafield, Wisconsin. The children ride the eleven miles to school with their father in a small compact car we have purchased. We are within three quarters of a mile of four beautiful lakes. Our home is a 13-year-old, three-bedroom ranch style, one-floor house located on a beautiful wooded lot. The town of Delafield is small, and steeped in Wisconsin history. There is a mill on the dam in the center of town, and there is a military academy which was established in 1892.

For the first time in our married life Don and I will have a chance to be together. Life is short and precious and maybe now we'll have some time to do something fun together. Sometime when there is more space left I'll tell you about our school. Katharine nearly smothered her father with kisses when he finally let them all in on his secret. She has missed her school and her friends. Paul's first reaction to his father's news was utter shock. He was a little alarmed that Daddy might be his math teacher, but Daddy assured him that he wouldn't be the first year.

Goodbye for now,

*Mary Beth*



## FREDERICK WRITES FROM NOVA SCOTIA

Dear Friends:

In a few days Betty and I will pack our cars, drive to the dock, and go aboard the ship for our trip back to Springfield. It has been a good summer and I feel spiritually refreshed. Here in the deep woods of Nova Scotia surrounded by rivers and lakes teeming with wild life, it seems hard to believe all the trouble one hears on the radio news. God's world is so beautiful! As I sit here by the fireplace looking out across the front lawn, I can see miles, and miles of forest on gently rolling hills. The air is filled with the singing of birds, and down near the orchard I see a young deer nibbling at the green apples. Riots, and strikes, and war are just unreal words to me this morning! As much as I look forward to seeing my church again, I do hate the thought of leaving here.

On a beautiful day in Nova Scotia, I wonder if in all the world there is any place as beautiful. Of course there is, and of course I have seen those places. I have seen much of this world, and I have yet to visit any country that did not have some great beauty. Even the Sahara Desert has its beauty — spectacular sunsets, long vistas of brilliantly colored granite hills, etc. I think of the terrible beauty of a tropical storm over the jungles of Africa, and of the mysterious beauty of the dense forests along the Amazon River in Brazil. Perhaps God's most precious gift to us mortals is the ability to see beauty everywhere.

When people ask me what I consider to be the most beautiful scenes I have had the privilege to see, I find the question hard to answer. There are, however, some magnificent vistas that stand out in my memory more than others. First of all, I think of the view one gets of the Himalaya Mountains from the small mountain village of Darjeeling near the border of India and Tibet. That view literally took my breath away because of the high altitude and lack of oxygen!! Certainly anyone who has stood on the famous observation point at the peak of the Pali in back of Honolulu would agree that the Pali view looking down on the windward side of Oahu is one never to be forgotten. Then there is the view of Hong Kong Harbor that one gets from the cable car route winding up over the mountain in back of the city. But there are so many others!!

I suppose the most beautiful scene for anyone is the first glimpse of a home he loves after having been away from it for a time. As much as we love this beautiful Nova Scotia home, when



Betty Driftmier, standing behind the table, serves enormous lobsters to church members attending one of the retreats at the lodge in Nova Scotia.

we drive up in front of the South Church parsonage in Springfield in a few days, it will look so beautiful! It will be so good to be home! The old familiar things will have an appeal that is hard to surpass.

What I am saying seems to suggest that beauty is a very subjective thing — and it is true! Recognition of beauty begins in the heart! Thank God it is so! We do not have to travel one mile to find it. Isn't it wonderful? There is an element of faith in all of this, a fact made clear to me whenever I observe how some people can never see the beauty of an electrical storm because of their fear of lightning. Some of our guests who have to sail across the stormy Bay of Fundy to get here do not appreciate the beauty of the ocean because of their fear of it. And the same thing can be said of people who are afraid of flying. If you are afraid to look out of the window you certainly are going to miss some magnificently beautiful scenes.

Sometimes I am asked what our many summer house guests find most surprising about Nova Scotia. It is the flowers! People don't expect to see the most beautiful flower gardens they ever have seen. I never cease to be surprised at the beauty of Nova Scotia flowers. Up here in the woods where the season is shorter, and the weather always cooler, the flowers are bigger, and lusher, and brighter than any we have in the Connecticut River Valley. Some say the explanation lies in the heavy morning dews. Each morning the flowers are soaked in dew, but can that make up for the thin, rocky soil we have here? I don't know, but I do know that my garden in Springfield is never as nice as the garden here in Argyle Head, Nova Scotia.

Perhaps the most surprising thing on this particular property is the way the landscaping around the house is done. Three times each summer the lovely trees around the foundation of the house are replaced. They are not planted. They are merely stuck into the ground the same way you would stick a Christmas tree into a sand box. When the trees begin to get brown needles they are replaced with fresher trees. You see, trees that are planted grow so fast that in no time at all they have to be cut down, and then there to the problem of the remaining stumps. Since we have literally millions of trees on the place and are continually having to thin out the woods nearest the house, it is no problem to get replacements for landscaping. Did you ever hear of such a practice as that?

As I write this, I am watching a large hawk swooping back and forth over the front lawn. He is an enormous bird! At first I thought he was a young eagle. He is looking for the hummingbirds that feed in the flowers we have in our window boxes! I hope he doesn't catch one! We love our hummingbirds, and we have several of them. I wonder why we have them here in Nova Scotia and have none in Springfield. Ah! The hawk has just caught a shrew! We have many shrews and I guess God intends for hawks to eat them. Our big wildcats eat shrews, and they would eat the hawks too if they could catch them. Have you ever heard a wildcat scream at night? It is a frightening sound, enough to chill your blood. We almost never see them, but they are around, and they are big ones, too.

I hope this letter finds you well and in good spirits. When you have an opportunity, drop me a line. Sincerely,

Frederick





"When will you begin to make school clothes, Mother? In my new magazine, it shows the neatest plaid jumper. Do suppose...?"

And of course you do suppose. You check the local fabric store, or the catalog, for appropriate goods, and you purchase a new pattern in exactly the right style. You've been fortunate to find the special shiny buckles for the suspenders, too. You check everything; yes, you're ready to begin.

And the weather outside is — what? (Never mind, I *know* it's sweltering out there! Nevertheless, it's time to begin your fall sewing "immediately, if not sooner.")

What, then, are your plans? These vary, of course, depending upon whether you have girls or boys, and upon their ages — kindergarten, college, or junior high.

It's the most fun, perhaps, to sew for the younger ones, from kindergarten to fifth grade, while you're still sewing your own ideas rather than filling orders for theirs.

There's nothing cuter for your little girl than dirndl skirts on her dresses. Do enjoy your little girl's femininity, and dress her that way; with today's marvelous easy-care fabrics, it's not necessary to choose clothes that force one to look twice to ascertain whether the child is a boy or a girl! Even with jeans or slacks, the top chosen can have touches of unmistakable femininity.

Perhaps there's some fabric left from your washable dresses. It can be used, if it's suitable, for the dirndl skirts on little-girl dresses; for each, choose a harmonizing solid color to make the "blouse", and add a purchased expanded plastic belt to match for professional look. Carefully done, these dresses can look like expensive ready-mades. You may, if you prefer, use white for the top or "blouse" of the outfit.

Have you, when shopping, seen the ready-made skirts with elastic waistbands? If you can find a source to buy the elastic, these skirts are extra simple to duplicate. You can make perky little dirndl skirts in most any

fabric you choose, or box-pleated skirts in plaid or solids, made of Acrilan or polyester blends that closely resemble wool, but are completely washable. Stretch the elastic to fit the goods as you stitch, and sew at a moderate speed. I like to use a medium size zigzag stitch, which is less apt to break or pucker than is a straight stitch.

Try those same fabrics for all age groups, to make this year's popular jumpers, skirts, suits, and blazer jackets, for both boys and girls. The jacket styles are basically the same as they have been, except for the button arrangement. There are three pairs of buttons, two of which are in the conventional double-breasted arrangement. The last two are placed above these, with a much wider space between; in fact, one button is sewed onto the side of the jacket where the buttonholes are. (Consult the fashion ads, or a good mail order catalog, and you'll immediately see what I mean.) Blazer jackets have almost become a wardrobe "basic", but they're so expensive. If you're careful in choice of fabric, it's possible to save quite a bit by making it yourself. Or, you don't mind the cost, but those dry cleaning bills...! In this case make it, choosing some of those washable blends previously mentioned. Besides conventional flannels and twills, there's now a trend toward the use of polyester doubleknits for blazers and other jackets, for boys as well as for girls.

In fact, there's a trend toward the use of those versatile doubleknits for just about everything you can think of! For the schoolgirl's wardrobe, they're nearly indispensable. Use them for college clothes — fitted dresses, skimmers, jumpers, skirts, suits, for one-piece dresses that give a two-piece look — in fact, for any style that blends happily with the weight and drape of this material. Their firmness makes for easy handling and there are few special techniques to learn. Don't be discouraged by the word "knit," for the modern, marvelous doubleknits and bonded knits are a far cry from the jerseys you may have struggled with in previous years. (Jerseys, in my opinion, are still difficult for most home seamstresses.)

For knits and other winterweight fabrics, plaids are experiencing a renewed surge of popularity, in bright shades and subdued. Very little extraneous trimming is added, other than well-chosen buttons. However, the plaid itself is used in intriguing ways: a suspender skirt with the main portions and the suspenders cut on the straight grain of the goods, the wide waistband and low set pockets

cut smartly on the bias. (It's wise to interface the bias portions, using straight cut fabrics or some of the non-woven, no-grain interfacing, to prevent stretching out of shape.) When a rolled cowl collar is cut on the bias, you'll want to omit the interfacing to get that perfect "roll"; then you'll be especially careful to press from the edge of the collar toward the neckline, rather than along the length of the collar, to prevent stretching the edge. It's the little details such as these that draw the line between a professional appearance and a "loving hands at home" look. For this reason, it pays to be meticulous about the little details.

You'll certainly want to make several items with that all-important leather look that is tops with the young folks, as is any Western or Indian style this year. These styles seem equally popular with all ages from the youngest clear through college. There is, of course, nothing like the quality of of real leather, but you can copy the look using expanded vinyl fabric. (I found it listed in my trusty, big mail order catalog. It's 54 inches wide, comes in tan, black, white, and walnut, and costs about \$2.50 a yard.) The vinyl is really better suited for children's wear than real leather, since the vinyl cleans with a damp cloth.

It's almost mandatory that you should "make a muslin" for your vinyl garment. Cut your pattern first from any old cotton cloth you have — a discarded sheet or tablecloth will be fine. Make all changes until this trial garment fits perfectly, then transfer the changes to your paper pattern. You absolutely do not want alterations or ripped stitches showing on your vinyl. To paraphrase the old familiar saying about the driven snow, when you rip on vinyl — "every stitch will show."

You'll want to choose quite simple patterns for vinyl, such as the A-line skirt, plain or eight-gore vest, a simple cape, or a simple gored jumper, zipped front or back. Your teenager will probably already have chosen the exact outfit she wants you to copy!

Sew slowly and carefully, holding the pieces in place with your fingers, since you cannot pin or baste vinyl. Be sure to use a fairly long stitch — eight to the inch is ideal, but don't use more than ten. Too many needle perforations weaken the vinyl, and you certainly don't want it to tear along the seamline.

Bandless tops are the ideal finish for vinyl skirts; this method avoids further weakening of the fabric with extra stitching, and the band hides neatly inside. The new invisible zippers are perfect for use on vinyl

(Continued on page 17)



## OFF TO SCHOOL - AGAIN

by  
Evelyn Birkby

It is a very hot, nearly fall day as I sit here at the typewriter. My mind has been going back and comparing my feelings this fall with those of last year. A year has gone by since our oldest son went off as a freshman in college and how different we all feel now than we did twelve months ago!

Every decision then seemed to be of major importance, mainly because we were striking out into unexplored territory. Would the clothing purchased be adequate? How much bedding is enough? What arrangements are best for laundry? Is the amount of money budgeted for books and fees adequate?

As I look back now I can see that the greatest area of tension was simply the fact of not knowing what to expect. It came as no surprise that as parents we had considerable adjusting to do as we became used to the idea that a member of our family had grown mature enough to be off on his own.

The other evening a radio program presented a group of college girls who were discussing the important points to consider during the first year in college. Adding to their thoughts some of the ideas of students I know here in Sidney, here are a few suggestions for someone just starting out.

1. Remember, *it takes time* to get used to the different life of college so be patient with yourself and others. Don't become discouraged if college life seems difficult and strange for quite a long time. Especially trying can be adjusting to a roommate, often someone whose habits are entirely different from your own. The noises and confusion of dorm living are rough to take at first, but it's surprising how soon it becomes part of college life. Learning to get along with a variety of people can be a maturing experience.

2. Take your time to make *really close* friends. Finding a *group* which is congenial is great, but it doesn't often happen the first week of school. It may take a semester or more to find the people with whom you really feel at home. Remember, too, that a group usually pulls a student *down* to its common level so it is especially important to find out just what an organization stands for and the way its members act before joining. Keep your goals high and do not limit activity to just one area of college life. Many interesting and worthwhile people come from a great variety of backgrounds, so don't be too exclusive.

3. Since college presents many different types of experiences it is important to be *selective*. You can't possibly join every organization, go out for



A fine band program is part of the educational opportunities offered by many schools. The Sidney, Iowa, band is well known for its musicianship at the annual rodeo held in that town as well as appearance in various parades around the state. The young man with the horn in the foreground of the picture is Craig Birkby.

every extracurricular activity, or get involved with every worthwhile project the school has to offer. Decide which ones seem of most value and keep the number in balance with the time you can spare from your studies. These outside activities are an exciting and valuable part of an education, but they do need to be kept in perspective.

4. Being homesick comes to many students sometime during the first few weeks of college. If a student has had experiences away from home during high school years these help enormously in keeping such sad experiences at a minimum. Remember that *homesickness is temporary* and usually does not last long once you get into the activities of the school. Try to keep busy, take in social and get-acquainted programs planned for freshmen, and don't sit around feeling sorry for yourself. It seems easier, too, for students who do not go home every weekend or who do not receive too frequent phone calls from their parents.

5. Keep on top of assignments. *PLAN!* Plan to do the best work possible, plan time to study, to take care of your personal needs (laundry can pile up in a hurry!) and time to play. Schedule your time and then stick to it as closely as you can. *Good study habits* cannot be overemphasized. If you find the dorm too noisy a place to study, other places are available. Discover the best time for you to read and write; some people work best in the early morning, others later in the day. And don't wait until the last minute to start a heavy reading assignment or a term paper!

6. Try to *get enough sleep* and *eat wisely*. This may sound like very ele-

mentary advice to people old enough to be in college, but many students ruin their educational careers by too little sleep and irregular or unwise eating habits. Use of stay-awake pills can become a dangerous habit, too.

It might follow here that the fellow who goes overboard with drugs and drinking is not just in danger of throwing his educational opportunities down the drain but his *whole future* as a thinking, rational individual as well. The advice of my student friends is to stay away from these like a *plague!*

7. *Set your own standards* and stick to the decisions you feel are right for you. College is a time to explore new fields, learn about broad areas of life and test different experiences. Keeping an open mind is important to shake out a lot of the old prejudices and ignorant ideas. Holding firm to decisions of what is worthwhile, the valuable, and the correct action for you in particular situations gives you a firm foundation from which to explore these various areas of life.

8. Don't let uncertainty about your chosen field of study throw you. Almost fifty percent of the students who enter college are not sure what they want to do professionally. The first two years of higher education are usually spent in sampling various potentials in a wide variety of fields. Delving into many areas of learning is a luxury students do not have once they move into a specialized field, so make the most of the opportunity.

9. Remember that teachers and faculty are *friends* and *helpers*. A statement one of the collegians made on the radio interview was, "I wish I had known

(Continued on page 20)



## YOU CAN AFFORD SENTIMENT

by  
Donna Ashworth

I will call him Jim Martin. He was a personable gentleman, but I always felt he was cold. I had known him casually for a long time. He had heard somewhere that I had some antiques that might be valuable. (He was a collector who always sold for a profit.) Today he stood before my collection of dishes, looking it over with a critical and appraising eye.

"Would you sell that green satin glass rose bowl?" he asked.

"No." I looked at him curiously, wondering why he thought I would. "That is one of my treasures," I explained. "It belonged to my great-grandmother. I have a sentimental fondness for it."

"And I suppose it is the same with that cranberry bowl beside it," he said.

"Yes," I answered. "I don't know who told you these were for sale, but they aren't. I have a sentimental fondness for them. The time may come when I'll have to sell, but it hasn't come yet."

"I can't afford sentiment," he said.

I looked at him curiously. I had never heard anyone say anything like that. He was rich in worldly goods, and he associated with important people, but now I knew why I didn't really like him, why I felt he was cold. His values were all calculated in dollars and cents. He always figured on a good return on his investment.

No sentiment! I looked at the satin glass rose bowl. My grandmother had treasured it. I could remember as a child seeing it on the table in the parlor of her day. My mother had loved it, and I could see it on the dining room table in later years, sometimes filled with flowers, sometimes empty.

And now it was mine. Sell it? Sell a part of my life? I thought of the various things I treasured — some things of little value, others worth a good deal — but all of them a part of me. They were all part of the life I had lived, filled with associations of friends and events and memories that lingered through the years to be treasured and remembered.

I recalled a speech I once heard. A famous woman lawyer was telling about her ancestors and how her great-grandmother, hating to leave her home and follow her pioneering husband to the West, felt that she could not leave all her treasures behind. Sentimentally she took on the back of their covered wagon, across the plains and mountains, a rhubarb plant from her eastern garden, and planted it in the West where it grew and flourished for the next generation.

I don't think people should be sickly sentimental, but they should have the



This 90-year-old rocker was carefully restored by Mrs. C. W. Carlson of Humboldt, Iowa. Draped over the rocker is a lovely afghan she crocheted last winter. Mrs. Carlson, like so many of us, treasures the antiques she has collected.

warmth of feeling which is called sentiment. The dictionary says "sentiment is a thought prompted by passion or feeling." It is a feeling that comes from the heart, a welling up of emotion, and without it something is lacking in the individual.

Sentiment should be encouraged. Money may be important, but so is sentiment, warmth, emotion, and feeling. Don't try to crush your sentimental feeling for things, for memories, for your personal treasures. They may have no value to anyone else, but if they have for you, do not be ashamed to admit it.

## RECIPES FOR STAYING YOUNG

In answer to a questionnaire sent out by Vassar, the class of 1909 came back with these answers to the question on how best to combat the ravages of time. The majority suggested: "Keep busy, keep active mentally, have interests, don't worry." Here are other recipes they offered for staying young:

Be your age, but don't use it as an alibi to get out of things.

Cultivate a love for the outdoors, a love for one's fellow men.

Why try to combat the inevitable?

Play with your grandchildren.

"On the train of life, ride in the cab, not the observation car."

Keep active, but have mental reserves to fall back on.

Release the mind to inhabit an even wider perspective as the range of possibilities contracts.

—Sent in by Mabel Nair Brown

## PRAYER FOR LABOR DAY

I thank thee, God, for Labor Day,  
For we must work, just as we play.  
Help me, dear God, to do my share  
And not complain. That is my prayer.

—Mildred Grenier

## TEN COMMANDMENTS OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW

I. Thou shalt remember that parliamentary law is the mother of laws. The four basic principles on which it rests: Justice and courtesy to all; one thing at a time; the rule of the majority; the right of the minority.

II. Thou shalt master the main motion first.

III. Thou shalt secure the floor in the proper manner: First, the member rises; second, the member addresses the chair; third, the chair recognizes the member.

IV. Thou shalt choose officers who are qualified for the duties of the office, not because of personal popularity.

V. Thou shalt remember that all motions are made in the affirmative.

VI. Thou shalt remember the six essentials of a motion: First, its purpose; second, when in order; third, is it amendable?; fourth, is it debatable?; fifth, takes a majority to carry it; sixth, can it be reconsidered.

VII. Thou shalt not forget the rule — one thing at a time.

VIII. Thou shalt remember that a motion curtailing the rights or privileges of a member, or one to change or suspend established customs requires a two-thirds vote.

IX. Thou shalt remember to prepare thyself to be qualified to perform the duties of a club office when called upon to assume your share of responsibility.

X. Thou shalt remember that a club is the meeting ground of those with high ideals and generous impulses for the common good of all — with no room for strife or self-seeking. —Selected

## BEATITUDES FOR FRIENDS OF THE AGED

Blessed are they who understand my faltering step and palsied hand.

Blessed are they who know that my ears today must strain to catch the things they say.

Blessed are they who seem to know that my eyes are dim and my wits are slow.

Blessed are they who looked away when coffee spilled at table today.

Blessed are they with a cheery smile who stop to chat for a little while.

Blessed are they who never say, "You've told that story twice today."

Blessed are they who know the ways to bring back memories of yesterdays.

Blessed are they who make it known that I'm loved, respected and not alone.

Blessed are they who know I'm at a loss to find the strength to carry the cross.

Blessed are they who ease the days on my journey Home in loving ways.

—Esther M. Walker



## FOR LIFE, LIBERTY, AND PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Program Helps for Gold Star Month

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

The evening star a child espied,  
The one star in the sky,  
"Is that God's service flag?" he cried,  
And waited for reply.  
The mother paused a moment ere  
She told the little one,  
"Yes, that is why the star is there.  
God gave His only son."

### RESPONSIVE READING:

**Leader:** Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

**Response:** Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

**Leader:** For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

**Response:** "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

**Leader:** Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand.

**Response:** "Our country's voice is pleading, ye men of God, arise! His Providence is leading, the land before you lies."

**Leader:** Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

**Response:** And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

**Leader:** Above all, taking a shield of faith, wherein ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

**Response:**  
Father, hear the prayer we offer:  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously;  
Be our strength in hours of weakness;  
In our wanderings be our Guide;  
Through endeavor, conflict, danger,  
Father, be Thou at our side. Amen.

**Music:** "Follow the Gleam"—(duet)

### THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

"No longer can I sleep as once I slept,



Leanna Driftmier met her newest great-grandson, Aaron, when granddaughter Kristin came from Laramie to visit her parents, Dorothy and Frank Johnson. Andrew, out of camera range, got the big smile from his baby brother.

Believing that the peace for which we  
died  
Would be forever and forever kept.

"Now often have I half-waked, terrified  
Of some infernal dream in which I saw  
Bombs dropping and gas spreading till  
men fell

Like so much mown hay, into Death's  
grim jaw,  
And youths and wives and all mankind  
— into hell.

"Not I alone am restless in my dreams,  
But to all, all of us who died, it seems,  
In some strange way, the peace we  
hoped to bring  
Is much imperiled and seriously  
shaken,  
Needing but words to send it tottering.  
GREAT GOD IN HEAVEN, SAY WE  
ARE MISTAKEN!"

—Author Unknown

**Leader:** Angelo Patri has said "Man has slaved through the ages that we might be free. He has battled that we might have peace . . . He has left us a heritage of the ages that we in turn might carry it on! God gave His only Son, who in turn laid down His life that we might have Life Eternal."

The question looms before every one of us today — *How do we keep faith with those who have given their all for us? And how do we keep faith with the living — the parents, the widows, the orphans?*

What are we doing to promote peace and brotherhood to all mankind? How are we showing our gratefulness for all that is ours here in America? Perhaps it would be well to hear what it is that will make a man lay down his life for the principles for which he stands. Hear, then, the thoughts of one young

American girl as she speaks to us through her essay "I Speak for Democracy".

**Reading:** "I Speak for Democracy". (This is the prize-winning essay in a Voice of Democracy Contest some years ago, and has been reprinted in many publications. Ask for it at your library or see "Inspiration Ideals" — 1955.)

**Song:** "America the Beautiful"

### A WOMAN'S PRAYER

I, a woman, do pledge myself before  
my God  
To share with all women in implement-  
ing Peace.  
I shall not allow terror and greed,  
cruelty and oppression  
To invade my domestic tranquility.  
  
I will encircle my hearth and my home  
With the warmth of human affection.  
I shall strive to give my children, and  
my children's children  
A world that is secure and free.

I shall teach them to love and lend aid  
To their fellow men, as I shall do,  
And above all I shall clasp the hand of  
my neighbor  
From sea to sea in lasting friendship.  
(Written especially for the  
United Women's Conference.)

**Closing Hymn:** "Come to Every Man and Nation". (On the 3rd stanza a large candle might be lighted in memory of the gold stars, and as a talisman for us to carry forward the cause for which they died.)

(Note: A setting for this program might be a white cross with a cluster of the bright red Veteran's Day poppies arranged around the base with a large white candle placed to the right.)



**HONEY-ALMOND COOKIES**

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup margarine or butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 3 to 4 cups flour

Cream sugar and margarine or butter together. Add butter flavoring and honey and blend well. Beat in egg and almond flavoring. Sift 3 cups flour and soda together. Add to batter. If more flour is needed to make dough firm enough it may be added. Chill well. Make into balls, place on greased cookie sheet and flatten with fork or two fingers. Bake at 350 degrees for 6 to 10 minutes, depending on the size. Watch closely, baked products made with honey tend to brown very rapidly.

These honey-almond cookies are delicious and keep very well. Mark them as excellent for mailing purposes.

—Evelyn

**ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE**

- 1 box frozen zucchini squash
- 1/4 tsp. minced garlic
- 1 can solid pack tomatoes
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. fresh minced onion
- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 1 cup crushed corn flakes

Boil the squash in salted water to which the minced garlic has been added. When tender, drain well. Thick- en the tomatoes with the cornstarch and add the butter and minced onion, and salt and pepper to taste. Brown the ground beef in a skillet and add a little salt and pepper. In a greased casse- role, put a layer of squash, ground beef, tomatoes and cheese, then repeat in the same order. Cover the top with the crushed corn flakes, and bake one hour in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

**FRESH PEACH COBBLER**

- 5 large peaches
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/3 cup milk

Peel and slice peaches. Add sugar and place in bottom of 8-inch square pan. Sift dry ingredients, put in short- ening, add milk with pastry blender as for making pastry. Place on top of peaches. Cut slits in dough to allow steam to escape. Bake for 20 minutes. While this is baking, make a syrup with 1/4 cup sugar, 1/4 cup water and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavor- ing and just a few drops Kitchen-Klat- ter almond flavoring. Cook for 3 or 4 minutes, then pour over the cobbler and continue baking for 10 more minutes. Serve hot or cool.

—Margery

**BAKED LUNCHEON SANDWICH**

- 6 slices toasted bread
- 6 slices cooked ham
- 6 slices cheese
- 1 pkg. frozen, cooked asparagus
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter no- calorie sweetener
- A dash of salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup sour cream

Butter toast. Cover with slice of ham, then cheese, then several spears of cooked, drained asparagus (fresh or canned may be used as well as frozen). Separate eggs. Beat yolks, add re- maining ingredients with exception of egg whites. Beat well. Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Fold into egg yolk mixture. Spoon over top of sand- wiches. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes or until golden brown.

These make a delightful luncheon dish. With a fruit gelatin salad or fruit with cookies for dessert you would have an entire meal.

**TOMATO COCKTAIL**

- 2 quarts finely chopped tomatoes
- 2 small onions, chopped fine
- 8 whole cloves, tied in a cloth
- 1 bay leaf
- 3 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. black pepper
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup water

Simmer ingredients for 1 hour. Fish out the bay leaf which will float on top. Strain. Add 1/4 cup vinegar and boil for one minute. Seal. This is a very mild tomato juice cocktail, and absolutely delicious! —Margery

**RUTH'S COUPLES' CLUB DESSERT**

- 30 whole graham crackers
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 3 egg whites, beaten stiff
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 6-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 3 3/4 cups liquid (drained pineapple juice and water)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Butter a 9 by 13 pan. Put graham crackers in a layer on bottom of pan. In a bowl cream butter or margarine with 3/4 cup sugar, beat in egg yolks. Fold in crushed pineapple which has been *very well* drained. Add pineapple flavoring. Beat egg whites until frothy, gradually beat in 1/4 cup sugar and continue beating until firm peaks form. Fold into pineapple mixture. Spread over graham crackers. Put another layer of graham crackers over top of fruit layer. Chill.

Prepare gelatin by combining with liquid which has been heated. Add strawberry flavoring. Let cool until it begins to congeal. Spoon over top of dessert. Refrigerate until firm. Serve in squares with a dollop of whipped cream on top.

My sister Ruth sent this from Arizona where it is an extremely popular com- pany dessert.

—Evelyn

**TANGY SAUSAGE SKILLET**

- 1 lb. sausage
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup raw macaroni
- 1 can (2 cups) tomatoes
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. chili powder

Brown the sausage in a skillet with the 1/3 cup of onion. Add the macaroni and cook about three minutes. Drain off the fat and stir in the rest of the ingre- dients. When it begins to boil, cover and turn the fire to simmer and let it cook until the macaroni is tender, about 20 to 30 minutes. —Dorothy



**COCONUT REFRIGERATOR COOKIES**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup shredded coconut

Cream butter; add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Add egg and flavorings. Gradually mix in sifted dry ingredients alternately with coconut. Form into rolls about 2 inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill for several hours. Cut into 1/8- to 1/4-inch slices. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees for 10 minutes. Makes 4 1/2 dozen cookies.

—Margery

**DIFFERENT BAKED CHICKEN**

- 1 frying chicken
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 2 Tbls. water
- Dry potato flakes
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- Salt and pepper to taste

Dip frying chicken in mixture made of egg and water. Season to taste and roll in dry potato flakes. Melt margarine in shallow baking pan. Add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring for a rich, buttery flavor. Arrange coated pieces of chicken in the pan and bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. Turn pieces and bake an additional 30 minutes.

A different way to prepare chicken and the result is delicious! —Evelyn

**ICE CREAM SANDWICH**

- 1/4 cup corn syrup
- 2/3 cup crunchy peanut butter
- 3 Tbls. water
- 1 quart ice cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Graham crackers

Blend syrup, peanut butter and water until smooth. Mix into softened ice cream. Add flavoring. Spoon into 9 by 5 pan. Freeze. Cut into squares and make into a sandwich by placing a graham cracker on each side.

This may also be made by putting graham crackers into the pan before spooning in the ice cream layer, then topping with another layer of graham crackers. Freeze before serving. A graham cracker crust could also be made and the ice cream mixture spooned into it for an unusual frozen pie. A handy freezer dessert to keep on hand for snacks, unexpected company or a treat for hungry children. —Evelyn

**PINEAPPLE-GOOSEBERRY PIE**

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- Pinch of salt
- 2 cups gooseberries (fresh, frozen or canned)
- 1 1/4 cup crushed pineapple (drained well before measuring)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Pastry for a two-crust pie  
Mix the dry ingredients together. Add flavorings to crushed pineapple. Blend dry ingredients with all the fruit. Pour into a 9-inch unbaked pie shell and cover with top crust. Cut a hole in the center of the top crust. Bake in a 425-degree oven for 20 minutes, reduce heat to 375 degrees and bake about 30 minutes longer, or until the filling bubbles in the center hole. —Dorothy

**COMPANY BEETS**

- 2 cups cooked beets
  - 2 Tbls. beet juice
  - 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
  - 1/2 cup onion, sliced thin
  - 1/4 cup celery, diced
  - Salt and pepper to taste
- Drain juice from cooked or canned beets, reserving 2 Tbls. Melt butter or margarine in heavy pan. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer until vegetables are tender, about 10 minutes. Serve hot.

**APPLE PIE ALASKA**

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups water
- 1/3 cup red cinnamon candies
- 1/2 tsp. red food coloring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 4 apples, peeled and sliced
- 1 9-inch baked pie crust
- 1 quart vanilla ice cream
- 3 egg whites
- 6 Tbls. sugar

In a large saucepan combine the sugar, water, cinnamon candies, food coloring and vanilla. Heat this until the candies are dissolved. Add the apple slices and cook until tender but not mushy. Set this off the stove and let it stand until the apples are a lovely red shade, then drain off the liquid and let the apples cool. Line the bottom and sides of the pie crust with the apple slices, cover with ice cream and place in the freezer for several hours. Using the egg whites and 6 Tbls. of sugar, make a meringue to swirl over the top of the ice cream and brown it lightly in a 500-degree oven shortly before you are ready to serve. —Dorothy

**BUTTERSCOTCH ALMOND COOKIES**

- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 1/2 cups shortening
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 cup chopped almonds

Cream the sugars and shortening together. Add the beaten eggs and flavorings, and the soda which has been dissolved in the vinegar. Add sifted dry ingredients and then the nuts. Drop by teaspoons on a greased cookie sheet and bake 12 minutes in a 375-degree oven. This will make approximately six dozen cookies.

**HAMBURGER PIE**

- 3/4 cup diced onion
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/8 tsp. chili powder
- 1 can green beans, drained
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 cups mashed potatoes
- 1/3 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Brown the onion and beef in a skillet and drain off all fat. Combine this with the next six ingredients and place in a greased casserole. Beat the egg into the mashed potatoes and spoon this in mounds over the top of the casserole. Sprinkle the Cheddar cheese over the top and bake about 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

**RUSSIAN DILLS**

- 2 cups white vinegar
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 cup salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- Onions
- Fresh dill
- Cucumbers

Wash and slice cucumbers into quart jars. For each quart add 1 sliced onion and a head of fresh dill. Combine remaining ingredients. Bring to a rolling boil. Pour immediately to cover contents of jar; fill to within 1/2 inch of top of jar. Seal. This is enough brine for 2 quarts. This is a quick, easy pickle to prepare. It is not an overly strong, sour dill pickle. Of course, this can be prepared in pint jars as well as quarts with a smaller amount of onion and dill for each jar.



**CHOCOLATE ALMOND CAKE**

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs, separated
- 4 squares chocolate, melted
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 3/4 cup chopped almonds

To the shortening gradually add 1 1/2 cups of the sugar and cream until light and fluffy. Beat the egg yolks and blend thoroughly with the sugar mixture. Stir in the melted chocolate. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk and flavorings. Stir in the nuts. Beat the egg whites until stiff, gradually beating in the remaining sugar, and fold into the batter. Bake in a 350-degree oven in either two layer pans or a large 9- by 13-inch loaf pan. Frost with your favorite icing.

—Dorothy

**GOOD CUCUMBER SALAD**

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1/2 cup English walnuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 grated onion
- 2 cups grated cucumber
- 1/2 cup salad dressing

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water and cool until partially congealed. Combine remaining ingredients and add. Chill until firm.

—Margery

**EASY HOT MUFFINS**

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

Sift dry ingredients into a bowl. Cut in shortening. Combine remaining ingredients. Add liquid mixture all at once. Stir with a fork until dry ingredients are just dampened. *Do not beat.* Spoon into greased muffin tins. Bake at 400 degrees about 20 minutes or until golden brown.

This is such a quick recipe it may be made often. If the dry ingredients are combined with shortening and liquid ingredients mixed and stored in refrigerator, the two can be combined and in the oven in jig time for a hot breakfast bread.

Many variation may be used for this basic muffin recipe: blueberries with 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring, 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring added to batter and sugar sprinkled over top, cinnamon and sugar mixture sprinkled on before baking, raisins and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring, etc.

**EXCELLENT CUCUMBER RELISH**

- 12 large cucumbers
- 10 medium onions
- 1 cabbage
- 1 celery
- 2 green peppers
- 2 red peppers
- 1/2 cup salt
- 2 Tbls. celery seed
- 1 Tbls. mustard seed
- 1 Tbls. turmeric
- 4 cups sugar
- 4 cups vinegar

Remove seeds from cucumbers. Dice into very small pieces or grind with coarse blade of food grinder. Cover with cold water and let stand overnight. Grind remaining vegetables and sprinkle with salt. Let stand overnight. In the morning, drain cucumbers and vegetables well. Combine with remaining ingredients. Simmer 20 minutes. Seal in hot sterilized jars.

This is an excellent pickle relish. It is especially good for using up those cucumbers which grow too large to use in making other types of pickles.

—Evelyn

**BAKED ONIONS IN CREAM**

- 3/4 cup cracker crumbs
- 4 cups sliced Bermuda onions
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup thin cream, scalded
- 2 Tbls. butter

Put the onions, 1/2 cup of the cracker crumbs and the seasonings into a buttered casserole. Toss the ingredients together until well mixed. Pour the hot cream over the onions, sprinkle with the rest of the crumbs and dot with butter. Cover and bake 1 1/4 hours in a 350-degree oven.

**BOHEMIAN KOLACHE**

- 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 cups milk, scalded
- 4 egg yolks, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

- 1 1/2 pkgs. yeast (1 1/2 Tbls.)
- 5 cups flour (about)

Cream shortening and sugar together. Stir in salt, milk, beaten egg yolks and flavoring. When lukewarm, add yeast to mixture. Let stand 5 minutes. Add flour, beating well. Knead down into bowl. The dough will be slightly sticky. Let rise 1 hour. Cut off small balls of dough. Roll into rounds in your hand and place on greased cookie sheet 2 inches apart. Let rise 15 minutes. Press a depression into the center of each roll. Add fruit filling: jam or jelly. Bake at 450 degrees until brown.

This is a very hot oven so watch carefully.



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## THE VALUE OF SALT

by

Edris Probstfield Hack

"He isn't worth his salt!" This statement has a disparaging sound to anyone who hears it. The implication is that he isn't worth very much, since salt is an inexpensive and plentiful commodity. But wait a minute! Perhaps it is not the serious indictment that it seems.

In the days of the Romans salt was sometimes used in payment or part payment for services rendered. A little research reveals the fact that the word *salt* derives from the same root as the word *salary*. Then the statement may well read, "He isn't worth his pay." If his pay is generous, it really means that he is overpaid, but *not* that he is worth very little.

Jesus said, "Ye are the salt of the earth." In the same chapter (Matthew 5:13,14) He also said, "Ye are the light of the world." Now we all know that light is a most essential element in this world of ours. The growth of vegetation and the health of people and animals is dependent upon the light of the sun; therefore, light is all-important. Since Jesus used His statement concerning salt in the same context, we must assume that He did not mean that salt was of little worth but just the opposite, of great worth.

Of what value is salt? Just go on a salt-free diet for a few days and you will know what salt does for foods. Not only does it bring out the fullness of food flavor, but it is necessary in the production of hydrochloric acid for food digestion. It is a preservative for both fish and meat. Salt is used in brine for the production of pickles and the making of sauerkraut. Before the time of toothpaste, it was used for the brushing of teeth. It has also been popular as a gargle.

In our day many tons of salt are used each year in the melting of snow from streets and sidewalks, but the most important use of salt today is in the making of other chemicals. These chemicals are essential in the manufacture of steel, rubber, drugs, and dyes. Chemicals used for water softening and the bleaching of cloth, as well as for cleansing wool and the making of leather, are made from salt. This is only part of the list of its uses.

There is little danger that the world will ever run out of salt. All water contains a small amount of it; the Mississippi River at Memphis containing .02 of one percent. Since this is true, the ocean and undrained lakes have become in the course of time extremely salty. (The Great Salt Lake in Utah is 12% common salt.) When a great concentration is reached, salt crystalizes and is deposited. Beds of common salt



The new pony Dorothy and Frank purchased for their grandchildren is as gentle as can be — a fact Mother learned when she spent a few days on the farm recently.

which were laid down in the past are to be found in many of our states as well as many foreign countries. Such salt layers have been worked extensively in the states of California, New York, Michigan, Kansas, and others. Should this source of salt ever become depleted, which seems impossible, there is a vast amount of ocean water from which salt could be derived.

Although the source of supply is so great as to assure us that the price of salt is unlikely ever to become exorbitant, the desirability and necessity for its use is our guarantee of its value. We can be sure, also, of the value Jesus meant to convey to His disciples of their own worth when He said to them, "Ye are the salt of the earth."

## HINTS FROM A HOMEMAKER

by

Dagney M. Tinkey

Dislike that dead-ash look in your empty fireplace? Here is what I do about mine:

Between fires this year, our grates are heaped with huge, beautiful pine cones gathered during a California vacation. We love to look at them. We have tried placing attractive driftwood to take away the staring, cold firebox appearance; a bouquet of evergreen branches looks pleasant. Once an artist friend painted a temporary design on our glass fireplace doors. A most practical idea is to place logs in the fireplace, ready for the touch of a match.

This dress-up keeps the family from using the fireplace as an extra wastebasket in which to deposit old letters, newspapers and bits of string.

Hamburger will brown better if a teaspoon of cornstarch is mixed into each pound of meat. This helps keep burgers from tasting greasy, too.

Don't fight that sticky bun dough. Before shaping rolls, try dipping your hands in cold water. Repeat as often as necessary.

To store frosted cake in your freezer, leave the goody uncovered until it is frozen. Then it can be covered without ruining the icing.

Peppers are the easiest of vegetables to freeze. They do not have to be scalded. Just clean, break into pieces and tie into plastic bags and put them into the freezer until needed. This is a boon to the "townwife" as well as to woman who gardens. Peppers can be purchased while they are low priced and kept for use during the astronomical-cost season.

I like to freeze even the leftovers that are to be used the following day. Taste stays fresher and if meal plans change, the dish will not be a garbage can filler.

To take the curse out of salad preparation, it is smart to prepare a week's supply of vegetables at once. Tie convenient amounts in plastic bags to conserve moisture, and store in the refrigerator crisper drawer. You'll find yourself using more carrot sticks and greens when messy washing and scraping are done, and think of the time saved by having to clean the sink after one salad-bout instead of seven.

Did you ever try to oven-fry pork steak in the same way you prepare chicken? Dip the steak in milk, then in crushed cornflakes or prepared crumbs. Roast uncovered and turn once to brown on both sides. A temperature of 350 degrees works best with my oven. The steak is tender and not too greasy this way.

An "Everything" roast dinner is a favorite at our house and an easy busy-day meal. A small roast or a thick chuck steak is baked until half done. Then the meat in the roaster is surrounded by "everything", usually potatoes, whole carrots, onions and sometimes peppers and celery, whatever we have. One food flavors another, delectably.

A memory book called, "My Pets" is a gift a child will treasure and even grownups may enjoy. Into it go snapshots of Shep the grand old dog, John with his angleworm collection, Danny the Hamster or Foolish the funny cat. Anecdotes about the animals and favorite poems about pets can be added.



## "THE MINUTES ARE APPROVED AS READ"

by  
Virginia Thomas

If nothing else, there is one thing which the recent "wave" of centennial observances throughout the Midwest has pointed up, and that is the importance of the keeping of good records by clubs, churches, and other organizations. If you have ever had occasion to compile a history of such a group, you certainly learned fast to appreciate the recording secretary who made neat, detailed, legibly written records in a well-bound book, with every recorded meeting and record carefully dated. Or perhaps you've been one who has tried to go back through secretarial records searching for the exact wording, or date, of a specific motion, or to verify some club financial record or project report only to find you must wade through a hopeless jumble of notes jotted on scraps of paper or the backs of envelopes, or too abbreviated notes in a small memo pad, often undated.

If you have been elected recording secretary of an organization do not underestimate the importance of your office. In some instances I'm inclined to think the secretary's job carries even more responsibility than does the office of president.

We have mentioned the historical value of good records and also their value in verifying action taken by the group, but there is still another important result of a good secretarial record. The reading of detailed and accurate minutes of the previous meeting is the perfect "refresher" to set the mood of the meeting and get the minds of all centered on the business at hand, while those who were absent at the last meeting are brought up to date on what has taken place.

It would be nice if the secretary could take her notes in shorthand but most club or aid secretaries have to rely on longhand; but they, too, can work out a few abbreviations or symbols that can help in quickly getting down the proceedings. Pres. P. would later be written in the permanent record as the president presided. Min. R&A would mean minutes were read and approved. Tr. A would mean the treasurer's report was given, and followed by FA would mean it had been filed for auditing. You can soon work out your own bit of shorthand on phrases or expressions used most frequently.

Be generous in taking notes. You can always eliminate unnecessary information when you write up the minutes later, but you won't be so likely to miss some vital record — this is a case of better too much than too little.

Familiarize yourself with the names



Katharine Driftmier, oldest of Donald's and Mary Beth's three children is a young lady of 14 now.

(and spellings) of the members so you can readily get the name of a person making or seconding a motion. Do not hesitate to stop the proceedings long enough to get these names as well as get a motion or resolution stated accurately. This is your job and it will save embarrassment later if you are asked to read the motion aloud before a vote is taken.

A copy of the club constitution and bylaws should be kept with the secretary's book for reference. It is your job to see that all amendments have been noted on these documents, and the date of the meetings when the amendments were made. It is helpful for fast reference if these dates are written with red ink.

You will find that the standard stenographer's notebook is ideal for taking the notes during the meeting. It offers a permanent form for your notes which you will want to preserve during your term of office. Often a question on the accuracy of a motion or other proceedings can be settled only by referring to these original notes.

After you have taken copious notes comes the moment to decide how much should go into your recorded minutes. It will help you in selecting what to include if you remember that the rules of order say to record "what was done and not what was said" when writing the final minutes. In other words, when writing the minutes you write down the final motion (as amended, if done), but you need not write down all the lengthy debate which may have taken place. The original motion is stated, of course, and then the final motion as amended.

There will be occasions, however, when you will want to make note of certain discussions or conclusions of the group even though no vote was taken. For example: "After a thorough discussion it was the general agreement of the club that the sewing for the

children's home would be dispensed with for the summer."

When recording the reports given by an officer or a committee it is not necessary to go into detail, but do give the gist of the report and be sure to give the name of the person reporting and her official position. There may be occasions where written reports will be given to you, in which case you indicate in the minutes what you have done with them. "Mrs. Jones presented the report on the Youth Center redecorating project, which is attached hereto for filing" is an example.

It will be your duty to read any correspondence or communications sent to the club and your minutes should include a brief reference of these with a notation of action taken in regard to any of them.

Typewritten minutes are most easily read, but if you must do yours in longhand make sure that it is in the most legible script possible, so that it can easily be read by future members who might be searching your minutes. Get these minutes into your permanent book as soon as approved. It is wise to have a large envelope for filing any vital papers which are in your keeping being sure to file them neatly and in order. This envelope is passed along to your successor along with your book of minutes.

## WHEN YOU CALL THE ROLL

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

SEPTEMBER: A way parents can help teachers. My favorite teacher and why. My favorite school dress. My first recitation.

OCTOBER: My favorite fall outing. My favorite apple and why. My favorite fall flower and where I saw it growing.

NOVEMBER: "Talking Turkey" — how I cook it. A national shrine or landmark I have visited. The best Thanksgiving Day I remember. Something I make especially for Thanksgiving.

DECEMBER: Some special thing my family does each Christmas. Something new I'll be doing this Christmas. The gift I remember best.

JANUARY: A New Year's resolution I would never make. A resolution which I know someone kept. One new thing I want to try this year.

FEBRUARY: My silliest Valentine. A Valentine I wish I had the courage to send. How I met my Valentine (husband). My favorite Lincoln or Washington anecdote.

MARCH: The tallest (windiest) tale I ever heard. The housecleaning job I dislike the most to do. The housecleaning job I tackle first. What I like

(Continued on page 22)



**SCHOOL CLOTHES - Continued**

garments, solving any puckering problems you may have anticipated on zipper insertion, while they're worth every penny of the cost. The best way to hem these garments, you'll find, is to turn up the edge and glue with contact cement, adjusting fullness evenly with the fingers as you go.

If you work carefully with vinyl, you can achieve a really professional appearing garment, and will save a worthwhile sum of money at the same time. But if you've several youngsters, you'd better be prepared to tackle the job more than once!

Speaking of jumpers, they are great favorites with all ages, and in many fabrics. For youngsters, a popular combination is a deep toned poplin or corduroy jumper over a dark plaid gingham dress with three-quarter or long sleeves. Then, for a complete change, pair the jumper with a ruffled white blouse; the blouse, in turn, can team with those elastic waisted skirts you made. Or, you may plan a couple of neat blouse slips to mix and match with jumpers. There are several satisfactory ways of making blouse slips, but a simple one is to cut the blouse to a length just slightly below the waistline; then cut the skirt on the bias for easy fit, using an A-line skirt pattern. Add a ruffle at the hemline if you wish, to peek out prettily — but determine your hem length accurately, so that it will peek rather than sag! A just-right blouse slip is a joy indeed, while one too long is almost a disaster.

Another sewing trick that really works out this year is to make dresses that are actually one piece, but through ingenious use of contrasting fabrics (such as white "blouse", red "vest" and plaid "skirt") they can look like two- or three-piece separates. You'll find that often remnants and short pieces can be used, saving pennies or even dollars. (In these days of soaring prices, all budget stretching tips seem welcome!) It's fun to exercise your creative imagination, dreaming up new combinations for this type of sewing. Perhaps you'll try the peasant look, adding a white set-in yoke, collar and sleeves on a dark dress, simulating a blouse and jumper. Bands of embroidered tape around the long puffy sleeves, and rickrack at the "jumper neckline" create the mood for this style, reminiscent of Heidi of our childhood days.

For boys of all ages, chambray is the Number One new hit fashion this fall, in solids and in stripes. The frosted tones this season are a bit deeper than in previous years. Other popular fabrics for right-now shirts

are plaid or wide striped gingham, tattersall checks, paisley and bright but deep hues of Oxford cloth. Button-down collars are a "must." Make the shirts long sleeved for fall and winter; then shorten the sleeves come spring, since all of the listed fabrics are equally smart as short sleeved shirts. (Another budget saver, since shirts that can be worn long-sleeved-only are often completely outgrown by the next winter.)

Girls wear shirts nowadays, too, and the latest feature huge, overstated notched collars and wide, wide cuffs. These most often are bright 'n' deep broadcloth, with the favorite color a glowing deep brown. If you can find broadcloth with 80% polyester, its own built-in gleam closely rivals the beauty of pure silk — but with the added convenience of easy washability, often no ironing.

Where to get your ideas? Do as your youngsters did — scan the latest magazines, the newspaper ads, the mail order catalog. Window shop a bit if you have time. You'll soon have more ideas than you possibly have time to make up. But if you can manage to inject a Western, Indian, or peasant theme, as we mentioned before, it's sure to be a hit this year. These themes lend themselves to such infinite variations that there's never any need to duplicate.

Another source of ideas (for me, at least) is to know basically what is

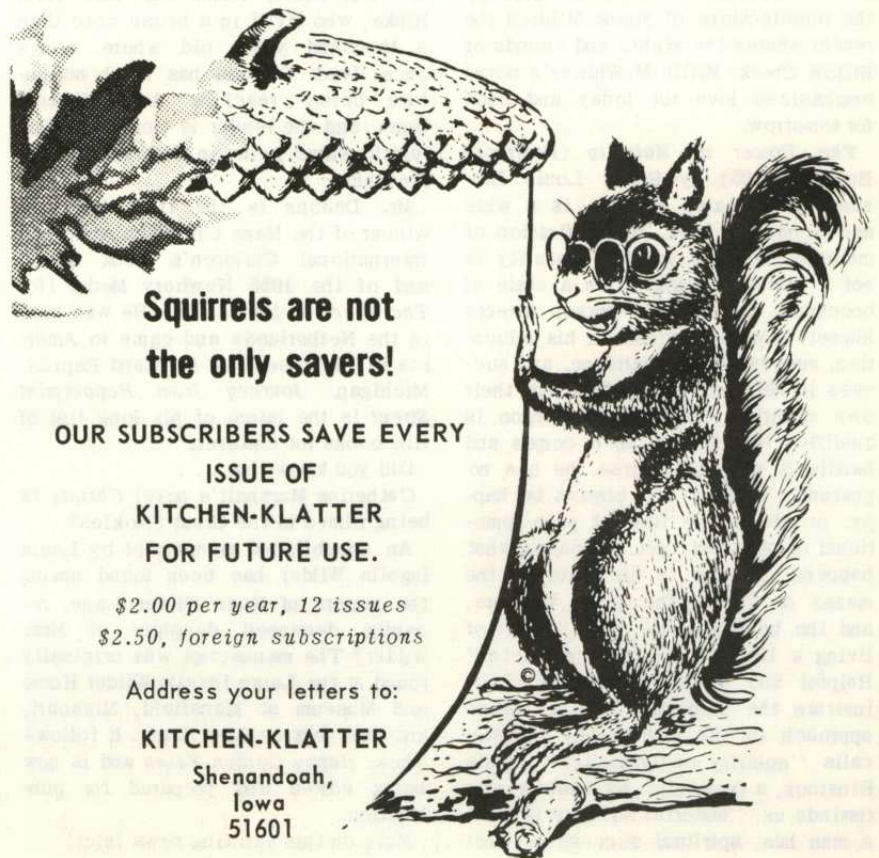
needed, then shop for fabric. Often the fabric itself will almost demand to be made up in a certain way, and your problem is solved.

Or you may prefer to shop directly from the pattern catalogs (since the pattern companies make it their business to be quite up-to-date on styles offered). Then, pattern in hand, you choose appropriate fabric and findings.

The method (or mixture of methods) is completely up to you; use those that work best. And then, one day while you're sewing busily away, the fabric suddenly reminds you of your school days, long ago. That all-important first day of school! And off you skipped, wearing a dainty little blue checked gingham, with a ruffle-trimmed white pique yoke. What a wonderful year that was....

Yet, do you really pine for the Good Old Days? Well, not in the field of textiles, at any rate! You wouldn't trade today's marvelous fabrics for the old standbys, now would you? My mind goes back to pre-World War II days, when my mother sewed for me. Cotton (that must be starched and ironed), wool and silk (dry clean only), linen, and rayon (widely undependable from one piece to another. Remember the kind that simply vanished at the touch of a too-hot iron?)

Then came nylon — those hard-to-get nylon hose, during the war, and afterward the first timid beginnings of the  
(Continued on page 20)



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## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

September means back to school. In *Small Windows on a Big World* (Abingdon Press, \$2.95), J. Gordon Howard says, "It is the teacher who makes the school. A good teacher will have a good school in a barn, and a poor teacher will have a poor school in a marble palace." Those who daily stand at the front of the classroom deserve our support.

A person usually has warm feelings toward the area of the country in which he grows up. So it is with Millie McWhirter, who wrote *Hushed Were the Hills* (Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave., So., Nashville, Tenn. 37202, \$3.95). Locating in the hills of Tennessee during the Depression, a young widowed school teacher and her two daughters, Mildred and Polly, live in a three-room house near Willow Creek during the 30's. Life is not tame, as adventures make it changeable and mysterious. The city family learns to "make do" and enjoy simple pleasures — "enough cornbread to eat, a warm fire on a brisk November night, a bit of licorice from the local store." Through the recollections of young Mildred the reader shares the sights and sounds of Willow Creek. Millie McWhirter's novel emphasizes love for today and hope for tomorrow.

*The Power of Maturity* (Hawthorn Books, \$5.95) by Rabbi Louis Binstock of Chicago, Illinois, is a wise and wonderful book. His definition of maturity says so much: "Maturity is not a state of being; it is a state of becoming. The mature person directs himself toward success in his education, success in his marriage, and success in helping his children find their own maturity. The mature person is qualified to take life as it comes and handle it well. Of course, he has no guarantee that he will always be happy, or always be free of pain, emotional or physical. Yet, no matter what happens, he has in his maturity the means of finding the good, the true, and the beautiful. He has the gift of living a life that is truly complete." Helpful and down-to-earth stories illustrate the principles of a mature approach to life, which our minister calls "nobility of character." Louis Binstock, a counselor for many years, reminds us, "Material success is what a man has; spiritual success is what

he is." Doesn't this whet your appetite to read *The Power of Maturity*?

Number three of Books You Can Read Before You Know How for the children is *Wheels* (David McKay Co., 750 Third Ave., New York, New York, 10017, \$1.95) by Ellie Simmons. The little boy visits the country fair with his father. The grandstand show features old cars, farm machinery, buggies — wheels on parade. At home, trying to provide himself with wheels of his own, the boy is frustrated. His father provides a solution that should please any small boy.

The model for the country fair depicted in *Wheels* was the "Old Threshers' and Settlers' Reunion" in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Detailed line drawings by Mrs. Simmons make *Wheels* a delight.

(If a bookstore is not handy, you may order direct from the publisher provided orders are accompanied with a check, plus sales tax if applicable.)

Meindert DeJong is the winner of the first National Book Award for Children's Literature of 1969 with his *Journey from Peppermint Street* (Harper & Row, \$4.50). For ages 10 and up, Mr. DeJong easily puts the reader in young Siebren's shoes as experiences unfold in *Journey from Peppermint Street*. It was Siebren's job to care for his younger brother Knillis while Mother took care of the home. Then exciting and strange things happened when Siebren was allowed to go with Grandpa to visit Sister Anna and also Aunt Hinka, who lived in a house more than a thousand years old where monks once lived. Siebren has much adventure before reaching Aunt Hinka's home, and the reader is treated to fine relationships between Siebren and the grownups.

Mr. DeJong is the first American winner of the Hans Christian Andersen International Children's Book Award and of the 1955 Newbery Medal (for *The Wheel on the School*). He was born in the Netherlands and came to America in 1918, settling in Grand Rapids, Michigan. *Journey from Peppermint Street* is the latest of his long list of fine books for children.

Did you know that . . .

Catherine Marshall's novel *Christy* is being filmed in the Great Smokies?

An unpublished manuscript by Laura Ingalls Wilder has been found among the papers of Rose Wilder Lane, recently deceased daughter of Mrs. Wilder? The manuscript was originally found at the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum at Mansfield, Missouri, and was sent to Rose Lane. It follows *These Happy Golden Years* and is now being edited and prepared for publication.

More on this exciting news later!



Leanna Driftmier and great-grandson Andrew enjoying a lively chat.

## HOW I DID IT

by  
Frances E. Lancaster

When I was invited to a bridal shower recently, I wanted my gift to be different. Brides usually receive enough linens, towels, dishes, and other larger items, so I decided to make my gift an assortment of little things — things seldom given at showers but all vital to housekeeping.

To add a touch of humor, I wrote jingles to accompany each item. These two-line verses would not capture any prizes in literary fields, but my idea was to make the gift more personal. Here are some examples:

"A rubber scraper for bowls and pans;

Thick hot-pads to protect your hands."

"A dish for butter, a cutlery tray;  
Some rags for dusting on cleaning day."

"A choice of aprons for you to wear

When you're alone, or guests are there."

"A small hand towel, adorned with flowers;

Recipes to try for dinner hours."

Other items selected were measuring cups and spoons, a flour sifter, a dish mop, a can opener, a spoon rest, and a mat for hot dishes. A couple of giant coffee cups, with a note to include the prospective bridegroom, added a romantic touch.

After the box was packed, I wrapped it with a large bath towel and fashioned a "bow" of ribbon, a large cooking spoon and two spatulas, one with a long handle and one short-handled. The card on top of the box read:

"This package is called a what's-it box,  
Filled with practical things for you;

A lot of different thing-ama-bobs  
For jobs all wives must do."



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

"We moved last month to our new farm home which has an old and badly neglected perennial border running full length of the driveway," writes Harriet T., So. Dak. "My neighbors tell me it had once been one of the prettiest sights in the neighborhood until the poor health of the owner made it impossible for him to give it care. I would like to restore this border to its former beauty, but having never seen it in bloom, I cannot tell the variety of many of the plants. I know there are at least three clumps of gas plant, many peony plants and some delphinium. We hesitate to disturb the gas plants or the peonies, but it would be a very difficult job to work the soil around them. Weeds and grass have taken over and the best solution would be to plow up the whole strip and work it down, then replant it. Have you any suggestions?"

This is the ideal time to do the job and to obtain the best results all the perennials should be dug, divided if needed (or discarded if there is evidence of disease), and then healed in (planted closely together in a trench) in a shady location. You might make a chart of the strip first on paper and indicate by number the approximate location of each peony and gas plant clump. As the clumps are dug, put a corresponding number on a stake and heel it in with the plant.

After all the wanted plants have been removed, use a roto-tiller to work the soil to a depth of ten inches and go over it several times until it is of fine tilth. The surface could be treated with a good fumigant to kill weed seeds and to make it sterile. We use vapam for such jobs and then wait two weeks before planting again to be sure the chemical has evaporated and leached out so it won't harm the plant roots. It might be a good idea to spread superphosphate and bone meal over the surface and to till into the soil before the perennial plants are replaced. It will take a lot of hard work to restore this border but once achieved, it should be easier to maintain and will grow in beauty with each passing season.



### THE GOLDENROD

A blaze of golden blossoms  
Light up the autumn day;  
They wave and bend and beckon,  
Like children in their play.

Along the grassy roadside,  
Among the sumac red,  
And far across the meadow  
We see their beauty spread.

These feathery wands of beauty  
We welcome every year;  
The queen of bright September,  
The goldenrod is here.

—Unknown



## A GARDEN SURPRISE

After a scorching hot summer you are not planning your garden for next August! But if you would not miss the real garden surprise of the year you should be planting the Lycoris bulbs in your flower borders before long. You have never heard of them? Perhaps you have called them 'hardy amaryllis' and you are certain they grow only in warmer climates.

These large bulbs may be planted as long as the ground isn't frozen. They remain dormant until early March when they put forth a luxuriant, slender-leaved foliage which disappears within a few weeks. No bloom, you think the plants are dead. Some hot August day when the garden is a sorry plot, suddenly the thick cane-like stalks shoot out of the ground and, without foliage, appears a whorl of eight or ten exquisite pink lily-shaped blossoms. These lilies remain regally beautiful through the heat for about two weeks.

The Lycoris appears to be fragile but it is as long-lived as the daffodil and it multiplies as rapidly. It makes an excellent perennial.

The bulbs like partial shade and well-drained soil, are practically no care and require very little fertilizer. Since they are large, give them plenty of room.

The Lycoris is lovely and I hope you have an entire border of them next summer.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

## WEEDS MAKE LOVELY WINTER BOUQUETS

Milkweed pods, hibiscus seed pods, foxtail grass, buckbrush, the blue berries of the red cedar, and other common weeds and seed pods in our yards, fields and pastures make lovely winter bouquets. Be certain that the weeds or pods are dried thoroughly, then paint them with ordinary household 4-hour enamel. Use blue, pink, green, yellow and white, and also the gold and silver paints. Or, after the enamel has dried, you may wish to touch up the colors with splashes of gold and silver. The outside of the milkweed pod may be enameled blue or pink, and the inside a gold or silver. Use whatever strikes your fancy, selecting colors and sizes to harmonize when arranging the bouquets.

Cattails may be soaked in varnish overnight, and will stay beautiful and shatterproof all winter; or, after the varnish has dried, you may touch them up with gold paint. Large iris leaves, enameled green, go beautifully with the cattails.

Evergreen wreaths may be made for Christmas decorations at home or for the cemetery. After the evergreen is anchored to the wire circle, paint the evergreen with green enamel or with clear varnish or shellac to bring out the color, and to preserve it. Small, different colored berries or very small seed pods painted various colors may be scattered around the wreath.

—Mildred Grenier

## If you don't listen to KITCHEN-KLATTER, you're missing a lot!

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.



**OFF TO SCHOOL - Concluded**

earlier in my college life that teachers and administrators are people, too!" Go out of your way to get acquainted with your teachers. Take your problems to a counselor before they become overwhelming. It is easier to tackle small difficulties than wait until they get too large to solve.

10. Don't forget that *everyone* makes mistakes. You can expect to make your share. No one is perfect. Mistakes can become important learning situations.

11. It is important to realize that discouragement, boredom and some depression is all *part of the life* of a freshman. Expect "transferitis" to hit the campus about Thanksgiving time, at the end of the first semester or quarter and along in March. The best suggestion came from one student who

recommended staying two years before even thinking about transferring so you can give both the college and yourself a chance before coming to such a serious decision.

This list is certainly not complete, as any college freshman will agree. Having one member of the family off to college and listening to a group of students certainly does not make me an authority! But I am listening, and learning. It is a process which, hopefully, will continue for many years to come.

**TO BE AWARE**

"The best years of my life," we say  
Of some past span of grace.  
If only we had known it then  
And savored every trace!

—Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

**SCHOOL CLOTHES - Concluded**

man-made fabrics. Remember the fancy patterned puckers they used to make the first no-iron nylon yard goods? Some were so durable that they were next to impossible to wear out. They were in the stores, I believe, about 1950. Just think a moment of the hundreds of textile advances in less than two decades.

Think, and count your blessings, and choose as many as possible of the marvelous new fabrics for your back-to-school sewing. The choices are myriad, the sewing fun, the time is...NOW!

**REAR THEM FOR DEMOCRACY -**

**Concluded**

results of a lack of respect for authority. But as parents of children who in another 25 or 30 years will be the leaders in charge of affairs, we certainly are charged with the responsibility of teaching them to respect the rights and property of others. But they are citizens of a democracy. They, too, are entitled, even in their formative years, to certain rights, each of which carries with it a degree of responsibility.

The role of the parent today is not an easy one. The role of parenthood never was an easy one. We are human and we make mistakes — mistakes in judgment, mistakes which arise from our own emotional problems. Since we are human and subject to error, we are often curt and even unreasonable with our children, particularly when we are ill, worried, tired, or in a hurry. My young son often set me back on my heels when I became cross or unjust with this gentle remark, "You don't feel well today, do you, Mother?" Usually he was right but, whether he was or not, he reminded me by his attitude that there was something wrong in our relationship — something which needed my attention.

Charles Evan Hughes, when Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, once made this statement, "While democracy must have its organizations and controls, its vital breath is individual liberty."

Are we not rearing our children with the hope that they will devote their energies toward the preservation of that vital breath? We, in turn, should use that concept of democracy in evaluating our parent-child relationship. That does not mean over-permissiveness. Instead, it means obligations as well as privileges — respect for the rights and feelings of other people. Should not each of us ask himself this question: "Am I rearing my child to take his place as a happy, well-adjusted person in a democratic society?"



## Enzyme pre-soaks are fine . . . if you've got all night.

Experts tell us: "since the effectiveness of enzymes depends on their 'digesting' or breaking down stains, they need time to do so; for stubborn stains, overnight soaking may be essential."

Some protein stains may demand an enzyme pre-soak. If so, go ahead. **But remember:** you'll still need to bleach, and you'll still need a detergent. And that's where we come in.

**Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, since it contains no chlorine, works with enzymes, not against them. And it bleaches *bright*, with no danger to fine fabrics. Even permanent-press synthetics are safe in **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

And as for detergents, you're not going to beat **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops**, the concentrated, low-suds detergent for all types of washers, all kinds of fabrics. **Blue Drop's** special soil suspension guarantees a fragrant wash, clean clear through.

So pre-soak if you must . . . just don't neglect the important ingredients of a completely clean wash:

**Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**  
**Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops**



**SEPTEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded LEADERS:**

1. Every leader shall enjoy the right to try new things without hesitating because it has never been done that way before, or because a previous idea of hers failed to work out.

2. Every leader shall have the right to receive encouragement and concern — concern for her health and activities and interests and personal situation — indicating that here in our club are those who care.

3. Every leader shall have the right to be prayed for, for the job a leader does depends on the woman she is, and the woman she is depends on what her faith means in her life, and that faith depends largely on prayer — her prayers and the prayers of others.

4. Every leader shall have the right to cooperation and response. She shall not be classified as willing to work by those willing to let her; she shall have the right to work with those willing to give loyal hands, and hearts, and tongues, as together they work for their club, their homes, and their community, and find enjoyment and inspiration in each other.

Let us resolve that today we will each shine forth in living color. Today is the only day we have in which to play our parts. What our parts may signify in the great whole of this year in our lives we may not understand; but we are here to play it. NOW is the time to do. This we know: It is a part of love, not criticism. It is for us to do what is to be done in love and helpfulness, and concern for our fellow man.

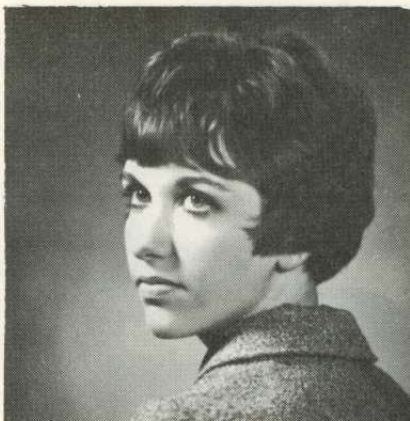
Our letters spell out the word DUTY. We spell it out now in thoughts of living color.

(An officer might speak a part for a letter and then light a candle.)

**"D"** — DARE to do your duty as a member, your duty wherever you find it and as you know it. It is not the critic who counts, not the member who points out how the strong one stumbled, or where some one might have done better. No, the credit goes to the one whose face may be marred by dust, and blood, and sweat, perhaps by tears; who errs and comes up short, but who rises again and again to be about a worthy cause — one who DARES to be DETERMINED.

**"U"** — USE what we have; begin where we are. Each of us has a duty to use her time, her talents, her love, and her friendship to brighten the corner where we are. Booker T. Washington once said, "Cast down your bucket where you are. Remember, that which you do not use, you lose."

**"T"** — TRUST is an important part of our duty as members — trust in our officers, trust in each other, and trust in the Great Leader, of course, know-



Jean Marie Cathcart, daughter of Mildred and John Cathcart of Centerville, Iowa. Through the years our readers have enjoyed articles by Mildred. Many of you will remember pictures of Jean Marie as a tiny little girl.

ing that through Him we can accomplish the goals which we set, if they be worthy goals.

**"Y"** — YOU, YOU, YOU. Remember the hit tune of that title a few years back? Well, certainly, when it comes to the duty of a club member it comes back to you, you, you. Will you be a doer or a taker? An attender or an absentee? A pillar or a sleeper? A wing or a weight? A power or a problem? A supporter or a sponger? A worker or a worrier? A doer or a ducker? A builder or a bucker? A giver or a getter? A friend or a fault finder? A helper or a hinderer? Will you be a member who shines forth in living color?

**Leader:** "I am but one, but I am one. I can't do everything, but I can do something. What I can do, I ought to do; and what I ought to do, God helping me, I will do." May each of you make this your pledge for the new year ahead. Thus you will LOOK alive, COME alive, BE alive to meet the challenge of each new day — a new YOU in LIVING COLOR who is living life at its best.

**THE PERFECT CHURCH**

I think that I shall never see  
A church that's all it ought to be;  
A church whose members never stray  
Beyond the straight and narrow way;  
A church that has no empty pews,  
Whose pastor never has the blues;  
A church whose deacons always deak,  
And none is proud, and all are meek;  
Where gossips never peddle lies,  
Or make complaints or criticize;  
Where all are always sweet and kind;  
And all to other's faults are blind.  
Such perfect churches there may be,  
But none of them is known to me.  
And still we'll work and pray and plan  
To make our own the best we can.

—From a church bulletin

**SUMMER'S CHANGE**

Summer's frock is changing  
To shades of shining gold,  
From green to crimson, peach and orange,  
Tints delicate and bold.

Her garden flaunts its brilliance,  
Far gaudier than June;  
Each blossom shows defiance  
Of silver harvest moon.

For quiet time is coming,  
That winter interlude,  
When Summer plans her wardrobe  
To fit next season's mood.

—Inez Baker

**trim off extra inches**

Most overweight problems, as you know, can be solved by cutting down on calories. And how easy that is, when you use **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener!**

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## HELLO, TEACHER

Hello, Teacher, I wish you knew  
How much you did for me,  
How often through the years I've  
thought

Of days that used to be.  
You opened the door to knowledge,  
Showed me the world of books,  
Started me reading and writing,  
Taught me to listen and look.  
I'm sorry I waited so long,  
Dear teacher of yesterday,  
To wish you the best and thank you  
For helping to light my way.

—Inez Baker

## KNOW THYSELF . . .

A recent Gallup Poll revealed that most Americans think litterbugs are "thoughtless" ... "slobs" ... "pigs". Yet most of these same people admit to littering just a little bit themselves, but don't relate their littering to the growing national problem that soaked taxpayers for more than \$28 million last year.

BETTER BREAKFAST MONTH  
BEGINS IN SEPTEMBER

To remind you that a good breakfast is vital to a good start in the morning, September 1-30 has been designated *National Better Breakfast Month*.

A bird-size breakfast is just for birds. If you're a human, you'd better not try it.

Good nutrition starts with breakfast, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture nutritionists. One-fourth of the day's food should be eaten at breakfast. A basic breakfast plan of fruit, cereal or bread (or both), milk, and/or eggs, can be varied by using a different form of fruit or by adding meat.

So get with it . . . Stay with it . . . Start the day with a break from last night's fast . . . And live a little better for the best years of your life.



Eleven-year-old Paul Driftmier is the son of Mary Beth and Donald.

## ROLL CALLS — Concluded

best to do on a stormy March day.

**APRIL:** The hat I remember best. My prettiest Easter outfit. Something special I do for Easter. Something I like to grow. The time I was caught in a heavy rainstorm.

**MAY:** My favorite May basket? My junior-senior prom dress. The theme for my senior prom.

**JUNE:** An unusual visitor I have had. My idea of summer fun. My best memory concerned with roses. My favorite memory of my father.

**JULY:** The most unusual place I ever visited. The most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me on a trip. An idea for keeping cool.

**AUGUST:** A novel picnic idea. My favorite food to take to a picnic. My favorite picnic spot. A travel help. How I entertained my children while traveling.

## LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

yesterday that they're out again.

Tom and Donna are settled now in Lincoln with Lisa and Natalie. Donna was telling me something the last time she was here that struck me as very, very funny.

She said that the little girls were playing downstairs in the recreation room when Lisa came up from there fussing and whining and demanding that her mother punish Natalie because she'd thrown the tinker toy box at her. Donna explained that she couldn't punish anyone unless she'd seen for herself exactly what happened. About that time Natalie came upstairs so Donna asked her if she really had thrown the tinker toy box at Lisa.

Natalie thought for a minute and then said no, she hadn't thrown the box, but she *had* just "rolled it through the air". Something about that phrase strikes me as hilarious.

I'm writing this at the desk in my room and I just now turned on TV long enough to get the noon news. When I was in the hospital so long last summer I rented a TV with remote controls, so when I got back home I decided to buy a TV with remote controls for my room. Now those controls have me in a continuous state of wonder! I have tried burying the small box under bedding and pillows just to see if it would still work. It does. I find it downright eerie to be able to press a button on something buried so deeply and still have it click right on without a second's delay. I'm sure I don't know how the thing works — it's all a mystery to me.

By the way, I didn't miss a single second of man's trip to the moon. I simply sat there in a state of awe — it seemed too fantastic to believe. How I wish Russell could have lived to see it for he was always a firm believer in the fact that Man was going to be able to travel in outer space.

It looks to me as if I've taken more than my share of space, so until next month . . .

*Lucile*

## COVER PICTURE

Twelve times a year Margery faces an uphill situation: What shall we use for a cover picture? When she had her portrait taken for Oliver and Martin I did something just a little bit sneaky! I told her that I wanted to select the cover picture for September, and I had in mind to use the nice photograph of her that was taken not long ago. I knew she would never permit it if she knew what I was up to. But in one way or another I got around her, so this month you have a good picture of Margery. Our family likes it.

—Lucile



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**3 Big Bulbs 25¢**



## "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.

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

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

**FREMONT FAMILIES Favorites Cookbook**. Compiled by Farm Bureau Women. \$2.85 postpaid. Mrs. Lloyd Lorimer, Rt. 2, Farragut, Iowa 51639.

**BIRTHDAY cards**. \$2.00. Bear, 2118 Burt St., Omaha, Nebr. 68102.

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**SEND FOR THE PATTERN** for large stuffed frog. 50¢. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, Rt. 2, Garner, Iowa 50438.

## MY LAST ONE

My last little one's now a scholar;  
He took a big lunch,  
Pencils tied in a bunch,  
Some paper, erasers, a ruler.  
Left the dog and the cat,  
Parakeet and white rat —  
They're lonesome and would not deny it.

He left all the toys,  
But took all his noise,  
And left here with me too much quiet.

—Unknown

## A KITCHEN-KLATTER WIFE

I have no worries anymore  
When stains are on a blouse,  
Or woodwork needs a washing  
With Kitchen-Klatter in the house.

I just put the Kleener in  
Bleach and Blue Drops too;  
My wash is safe, and white again  
Now washday isn't blue.

My family thrives on tasty fare —  
I'm the envy of my friends.  
My pantry shelves are always stocked  
With Kitchen-Klatter blends.

There's every choice of flavorings,  
No-Calorie Sweetener too.  
I enjoy my food and remain slim;  
This I have learned to do.

All these at such a savings;  
The price remains the same.  
I fill my grocery cart each week  
With Kitchen-Klatter things.

I'm proud to say since I tried these  
I lead a happier life.  
My hubby teases me and says I am  
His Kitchen-Klatter wife.

—Valentina Baldon

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## ICE BREAKERS

by  
Mildred D. Cathcart

If you are entertaining a large group of people who are not acquainted with each other, you will find these suggestions helpful. The stunts may be changed to suit your particular age group.

### DO YOU HAVE?

Give each person a slip of paper with these questions on it. Each person will introduce himself to another person and ask one of the questions. If the one being questioned can answer "yes", he signs his name on that line. The first player to have his list filled is winner.

1. Do you have an older brother?
2. Do you have a piano in your home?
3. Do you own a black and white dog?
4. Do you have a watch with a second hand on it?
5. Do you set an alarm clock to get you up in the mornings?
6. Do you have a class ring?
7. Do you live in a house that is painted white?
8. Do you own a cat?
9. Do you have a twin or do you have twin brothers or sisters?
10. Do you play an instrument?

### WHO?

Try to find a person who fits one of these descriptions and have him sign his name on the accompanying line.

Signal as soon as you have all lines completed.

### WHO -

1. Has brown eyes?
2. Wears a number 7½ shoe?
3. Can speak Spanish - after a fashion?
4. Can repeat the first sentence of the Gettysburg Address?
5. Has a ring with a blue set in it?
6. Has a brother named John or a sister named Mary?
7. Is wearing brown shoes?
8. Has on dangling gold earrings?
9. Has been in Mexico?
10. Has some headache tablets in her purse?
11. Has had a course in chemistry?
12. Has red hair?

### SONG FEST

This will be a noisy "ice breaker". Hand out equal numbers of well-known songs such as "America, the Beautiful", "Old MacDonald Had a Farm", "A Bicycle Built for Two", etc. Each person finds others with the same song. All get into groups and at a given signal, all groups begin singing THEIR song.

### A MOVING STORY

When you are on a train in motion, the trees appear to move.

When you are on a plane in motion, the land appears to move.

When you are on the earth, which is always in motion, the heavens appear to move.

No wonder everyone is confused.

## RESULTS

A smile is light and gay,  
As contagious as a yawn.  
A frown is dark and sad,  
Dreary as a rainy dawn.  
A smile begets a smile,  
Friends will seek you out.  
A frown begets a frown,  
Bringing loneliness about.

—Sara Lee Skydell

### MY DOG

She wags her tail in grateful glee,  
Because I've come back home, you see.  
You'd think that I'd been gone for hours -

It took ten minutes to pick those flowers.  
—Gladise Kelly

### VISITING THE SPRING

The path that leads you to the spring  
Winds around hawthorn and fern.  
Birds flash in bushes, or they sing  
From thickets, just around a turn.

You can hear the water's hum  
Before you reach it, quick and light  
Like notes that a guitar might strum  
And then you see it, clear and bright.

A kind of miracle, it spills  
Over the rocks. Pure and cold,  
Fit for a king or queen, it fills  
The bucket or the cup you hold.

Visiting the spring, you'll find  
The pleasantest task of any day,  
Rather like a dream, - a kind  
Of easy work that seems like play!

—Bertha Garland

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