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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"*

## EDITORIAL STAFF

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

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### A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Lucile fully expected to be back in Shenandoah in plenty of time to write a letter for this page, but in this life you can't be sure that plans can always be carried out. If we can be sure of *anything*, we can be sure of *that!* We had been expecting a call from her telling us that she was ready for Dorothy to fly down to Albuquerque to drive her home, and when the phone rang and we heard her voice on the other end of the line, we figured that this was what the message would be. How distressed we were to hear instead that she was going to have to have some surgery and, rather than wait until she got back to Shenandoah, she had decided to have it done in Santa Fe at St. Vincent Hospital where she had had her last operation. After that 3-month hospitalization she felt very well acquainted with the doctors and the nursing staff and thought she would prefer a setting completely familiar to her. After a couple of weeks recuperating from the surgery, she returned to Albuquerque. We expect that she'll be starting home in a week or ten days from today.

What would we ever do without telephones? Lucile had one right beside her bed and someone in the family visited with her almost daily. With this convenience we were in close touch with her condition and she was kept up to date on how everything was coming along here at home during her absence.

How grateful I was that Dorothy and Evelyn could arrange their schedules to come for the broadcasts when I needed them. Evelyn, of course, lives closer to Shenandoah so it was easier for her to come, but Dorothy said, when the news came about Lucile, that she could start out the instant a call came that she was needed, and I was grateful that I could count on her too. She can drive to Shenandoah in less than 3 hours, and when such a call was sent out to her she got up at the crack of dawn and made it to Shenandoah in

plenty of time.

This is a busy time of the year, especially for those of you with children graduating from high school. Some of my friends are making formal for the prom and dresses for graduation day, plus all of the other involvements concerning end-of-the-school-year activities. Oliver and I hadn't expected to be participating in anything along this line this year, but we received an invitation to attend the dedication ceremonies of the new physical education building at Doane College, so we are planning to drive over to Crete, Nebr., to this event. Since Martin's graduation from Doane a year ago we've missed the drives over to the college. There are a number of new buildings under construction and we've mentioned frequently that it would be nice to drive over some Sunday to see how things are progressing. The dedication of this newly completed building gives us the opportunity we've been waiting for.

Speaking of Martin, we don't yet know what his plans will be for the summer. We are in hopes that he will be able to come home for a few days when the spring session ends, but from his last phone call we gathered that he might be involved in more drama work at the seminary as soon as classes are over. If this is the situation, Oliver and I will probably try to drive up to Minneapolis to see him. I visited the seminary last fall, but Oliver hasn't had a chance to see it yet.

We are delighted that Martin's interest in drama has continued on in graduate school. He had a fine background in acting while at Doane and although he much enjoyed these experiences, we didn't expect that he would have an opportunity to continue this interest. When a drama group organized at the seminary, he was one of the first to sign up and has become dedicated to the objective of bringing significant drama into the church. The group went on tour during spring vacation with Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners*. The play depicts the dreams of four

prisoners of war, drawn from a biblical context and graphically exposing the human condition. We wish we could have seen one of the many performances they gave but none of them were within a driving distance that we could manage. Some of our Kitchen-Klatter friends did, however, and had a chance to visit with Martin afterwards. Oliver and I appreciated their letters after they attended the play.

Another reason we are anxious to drive to Minneapolis is to see a new baby. Oliver's niece and her husband, Devonna and Nick Long, have a new daughter, their first child. She was named Catherine Emma and was born April 9th. With a new little one in the family I can't pass by a baby shop without stopping. There was an adorable tiny dress in the show window this week that I couldn't resist, so another package went in the mail yesterday for little Kate. Martin stops in to see Dee and Nick frequently, and has given us a detailed description of the baby, but we are still waiting for the first pictures to arrive.

Lucile told you in her letter last month that Juliana and Jed are expecting their second baby. Juli has everything in readiness and hopes these last few weeks will pass quickly.

When Oliver was cleaning the basement last Saturday he brought up his tackle box and suggested that we get our licenses so we would be ready to go fishing on the first nice day. Agreeing with him, I suggested that we run downtown that very evening and get them. I'm glad that we did, for Sunday was a gorgeous day so after church I packed a picnic lunch and we drove to a nearby lake for several hours. I'm glad that I just threw the makings for the lunch in the picnic box and didn't take the time right then to make up sandwiches, count out cookies and bananas, etc., for by late afternoon 9 friends had collected! I opened the basket and shared what we had with them. It was amazing how that food stretched! We would have shared our worms for some fishing, too, but they hadn't yet gotten licenses. It looked like such fun — particularly because we were really catching fish — that I'm sure they'll have licenses before they drive out to the park next time.

Clubs are winding up their year with luncheons and Mother and I enjoyed attending one this week. Next week I'll be going to another one, and then the last will be the week after next. Yesterday's luncheon was followed by a fashion show of dresses from 1900 to the present time. A lively commentary accompanied the parade of fashions, which gave us some historical highlights of interest. I was one of the

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## ABIGAIL HELPED WITH A BAKE SALE

Dear Friends:

I just finished doing something that I haven't done for fifteen or so years — work at a bake sale located in a commercial building. I've participated in any number of bake sales during these past years but they haven't been located in such a setting. Always, since we moved to the city, the bake sales have been held at the church or the club meeting place. Our patrons under these circumstances were almost exclusively from our same group and never was there any close competition.

Back during all the years I lived in small towns in Iowa the downtown bake sale was commonplace (and I suppose it still is), so much so that it wasn't unusual to have two or three located in various stores along main street on any Saturday morning. This was particularly true on the "choice" Saturdays; that is, those Saturdays preceding holidays. I remember that pricing the baked goods was always a bit of a problem, but not really of major concern. But pricing was a major concern at this bake sale from which I've just returned.

perhaps I should first explain just how a bake sale is held in a commercial location out here in suburbia. The large shopping centers located in our suburban communities once or twice a year provide special facilities at a nominal fee to interested organizations. Usually this is at a time when the shopping center has on a special center-wide promotion or sales event. In this particular instance our church women paid a fee of \$10 and received a specific location in the mall of the shopping center, a long table to display our wares and a back drop divider which could also be used for display purposes. They also provided signs for each group.

Fund-raising activities are not confined just to bake sales. Some groups had handmade items for sale, some were selling commercial items and others sponsored games to play for a fee — such as ring toss and the like. But most of the booths seemed to have home-baked items for sale and that is why pricing became so important.

Unfortunately none of us on the first shift had worked a bake sale recently and were not familiar with the going rates. Our initial prices were pretty much wild guesses. It wasn't long before we noticed potential customers looking things over at our display, then walking on and checking prices at the other displays. When the "lookers" didn't return we began to be even more concerned about our pricing. There seemed only one solution: We had to



Mother served the cake at a dinner at her home when several birthdays were combined for the occasion.

"case" the prices our competition was charging.

Feeling like spies we scrutinized the prices and products all up and down the mall. Sure enough, some of our charges were high! We didn't have customer loyalty working in our favor since few of the potential patrons had any special reason to patronize St. James Episcopal Church, so we amateurs were confronted with one of the problems of the commercial retailer: We had to price right. But we had one enormous advantage over the commercial retailer. Every sale beyond ten dollars was profit. You can't lose under these circumstances, which is probably the reason that regardless of where you live, there will be a bake sale somewhere nearby.

This is the time of year when many people start making definite plans for a summer vacation. Colorado is such a popular vacation spot that I am sure a number of you expect to visit our state — perhaps for the umpteenth time.



### PICTURE ALBUM

A young face long grown old meets the eye,

A reminder how quickly decades roll by.

A toddler playing with his favorite toy,  
A small girl hugging her doll with joy.  
The affection for the doll soon transferred

To a baby of her own.

Instead of toys, books and maps, once to

Manhood he has grown.

Child, adolescent, adult, short the  
Distance in between.

With the turn of each page a chapter  
Of life is seen.

Many a smile and rueful sigh compose  
total sum,

A flashback of life's course is an old  
picture album. —Sara Lee Skydell

There are a couple of matters I'd like to call to your attention for consideration when making your plans.

First of all, automobile travel time to reach and travel in the state has been drastically reduced in recent years. The completion of so many miles of interstate highway is responsible. When driving in from the east you are able to reach many localities that formerly lay a half-day's additional driving time further. This year, instead of vacationing along the Front Range of the Rockies, drive further into the mountains and enjoy new territory.

Secondly, you might wish to stay in one of the new ski resort developments such as Vail or Snowmass-at-Aspen. Summertime is their "off" season and reduced rates are available for numerous rental units. In recent years hundreds of condominiums have been built and sold in the mountains, particularly near ski areas. Many of these owners occupy their condominiums only a few weeks out of the year. At other times they want to rent their units, either weekly or monthly. All you have to do is contact the central rental agency in whichever resort or mountain village interests you and ask for the rental rates. All essentials, including linens, are furnished. With a fully equipped kitchen food expense can be held down. Of course there are restaurants open year around if you chose to eat out.

Many of these condominiums are quite interesting in decor and, naturally, the surrounding scenery is spectacular. Hiking, fishing and horseback riding are always available and in some locations golf is also.

I'll have to confess that I have never stayed in one of these condominiums so my information is secondhand. However, Wayne and I hope to do this sometime in the future. Snowmass-at-Aspen is the one that especially appeals to us. This is because we have never seen this large development and we're just plain curious about it. It also appeals to us as a wonderful location in the fall when the aspen leaves have turned the mountain sides to shimmering gold.

Our own summer vacation plans call for a trip to San Francisco in July for the nursery convention. We couldn't be more pleased with the choice for the convention site this year as one of my brothers and his family live nearby, as do some friends of many years standing. It will also be a golden opportunity for us to drive north of San Francisco. We'd like to explore the redwood country and northern California coastline — new territory for us. But right at this time it's too early to tell if all these plans will materialize.

Sincerely,  
Abigail





## ROUNDUP AT THE BONANZA

*A Father-and-Son Night*

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

This year instead of the usual father-son banquet with every one in Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, why not have a barbecue supper keyed to a theme of an evening at the Bonanza Ranch? Wouldn't the boys and their fathers welcome the chance to go to a party in casual ranch-style garb?

The theme offers two possibilities as to location. It can be geared to the usual fellowship hall, with decorations used to set the ranch atmosphere; but why not make this really different and informal by having it out-of-doors? This can be in someone's back yard or patio, or in a farm pasture, or staged in a clearing in the timber, or in a farm grove with the farm buildings and feed lot fences lending the ranch atmosphere so that decorating tasks will be minimum.

If you need to "build in" atmosphere, a few posts, some boards, and a handful of nails can soon be built into a corner of a corral to serve as a backdrop for the serving table and the program, too. Of course you'll want to hang a lariat on a post, and perhaps you can borrow a saddle, some Western hats, and other gear to add to the effect. Put up a large sign with the name "The Bonanza Roundup" lettered on it. A child's wood-burning kit might be borrowed and the name burned on a length of a rough board — the more weathered the sign, the better.

Naturally, if the barbecue is held out-of-doors, nut cups, favors, and table decorations can be dispensed with entirely. For an inside setting, make miniature Western-style hats of felt or paper and place one over each nut cup. Swirl lariats down the centers of the tables with ceramic horses, Western hats, toy star badges (those marshalls were very much a part of the Old West, you know!), with some pots of cacti placed at intervals.

For the outdoor event nothing could beat a genuine beef barbecue over an open pit if you can manage it. Lacking that, settle for large patio grills to do

the job. Barbecued ribs, big crocks of baked beans and potato salad, and baskets of hot rolls — could anything appeal more to those hearty male appetites?

Then let all gather around a campfire to munch on doughnuts or polished red apples, and big bowls or sacks of popcorn, as they join in singing some of the familiar Western songs to guitar accompaniment, or listen to the program that has been planned. If you're using several Western songs for group singing, it might be wise to run off some song sheets in case not everyone is familiar with the words.

A few lanterns strung up around the ranch area will provide both light and atmosphere. Be sure to keep the coffee-pot on the fire and the mugs handy, for many of the "ranch hands" will enjoy sipping coffee as they listen to the program. Cold pop or a fruit beverage might be served to the young boys in the crowd who do not drink coffee.

With this relaxed, ranch-theme party, there needn't be much in addition to the music and singing — perhaps the welcome, a few toasts, and a special musical number or two. If desired, those making toasts and speeches could be asked to cue them to a certain Western term such as lassoed, corralled, spurs, branded, and so on.

Let the master of ceremonies use an old cowbell to call the audience to silence before announcing the various numbers.

### PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

*Welcome:* Welcome to the Bonanza, all you old ranch hands, and howdy to all you young cowpokes. As I look around this circle tonight I can see you old cowhands really know your stuff, for it's plain to see you have put your brand on some mighty fine young hands to take over where you leave off. We hope by now you know that this occasion is a strictly for-fun time together. We think fun together is a grand way to bridge the generation gap we hear so

much about. I expect no musical hit has ever so aptly expressed the thinking of our young ranch hands as the one we sing now to set the theme for our campfire fun as once again we say "Welcome, you-all." Now let's all join in our theme song. "Don't Fence Me In". (Everybody sings.)

*Toast to Sons:* A group of Chicagoans were showing the city to a visiting Texan. "What do you think of our stockyards?" they asked.

"Why, man, we got brandin' corrals in Texas bigger 'n this," was the Texan's reply.

"Well, what do you think of our great skyscrapers over there on the Chicago skyline?"

"Why, man," drawled the big man from Texas, "we got tombstones in Boot Hill bigger 'n those."

That night the city fellows put some snapping turtles in old Tex's bed. When he turned down the covers and asked what they were, he was told they were "Illinois bedbugs".

Tex studied them a moment. "So they are," he agreed. "Young 'uns, aren't they?"

When it comes to our sons, we dads are like the Texans — we refuse to admit that any come any better than our own! To those quicksilver go-getters, those heart-snatcher miniatures of ourselves a few decades back, *our sons*, I'd like to dedicate these lines:

There's nothing that moves all over so  
As a boy does. Even when he has to go  
His way to school, he rolls upon the  
air,

Swings his head, and gives his pants  
hard wear

In unbelievable and quiet places,  
Arches his feet on air, breaks his  
laces.

It is not a walk he does, it is a dance;  
It is a lilt that goes there, not a kid in  
denim pants.

But just so long he dances, then he  
breaks

Into a run, he runs toward the head-  
aches

Of fractions and the least common di-  
visor.

Quicksilver — now he's here, now he  
ain't — he flies, sir.

There's no staying still for a boy 'neath  
the blue sky.

Wind can't shift so sudden, butterfly  
Go so erratic to the honey cup and joy,  
As a halfway-up or almost grown-up  
boy.

—Adapted, with apologies to an un-  
known author.

He is working hard on his stamp col-  
lection.

He is saving clarinet reeds  
And random rocks for their shapes and  
color,

And watermelon seeds.

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## FREDERICK DISCUSSES SOME OF TODAY'S PROBLEMS

Dear Friends:

Well, how about it? After what happened to Apollo 13 do you still think that being superstitious about a number 13 is just nonsense? The other day I read that thousands and thousands of people made radical changes in any of their plans having to do with the 13th day of the month all because of the near disaster of the April moon probe. Oh how easily some of us fall into superstitions all because of something like that! It is not Christian, you know! I am sure that Jesus Christ was never worried by the number 13.

I heard a story about two world travellers who were telling about their queer experiences, and among the stories was this one in which a coincidence proved to be not only strange, but unhappy as well:

"The most amazing thing happened to me at Leopardstown. It was the 11th day of the 11th month. My boy was 11 that day. We lived in a house numbered 11; I arrived at the track at 11 minutes past 11:00. Later in the day I found there were 11 horses to run in the big race, so I put my money on the 11th horse listed on the card."

"My, my! And it won of course?"

"No. It came in 11th!"

Actually, I don't think there is anything very sinful about being a little superstitious at times. What we might occasionally think to be superstitious may only be a bit of good common-sense caution. However, there are some people that really are too cautious. Just a few miles up the Connecticut River from our house they are building an enormous, underground electric light plant, and hundreds of miners are working with electric drilling machinery making tunnels far underground. When we were making plans to visit the project, one of the electric utility executives told me that under no condition should I take Betty or Mary Leanna along. He said: "We simply cannot permit any woman to step one foot into any of the underground system, because the moment a woman enters, every miner walks out never to return." He then went on to tell me that there is an old superstition held by all kinds of miners to the effect that if any woman — or for that matter, any animal of the female sex — enters a mine, a great tragedy soon follows. They are dead serious about it, so much so, that guards are kept at the side of this new underground construction just to make sure that no female human, dog, cat, etc., ever enters the tunnel while the miners are in it. Once the project is completed, the utility company will permit female visitors.



Frederick Driftmier addresses a group of workers at a local factory.

I am a bit like old Will Rogers: "All I know is what I read in the papers!" Remember how he used to say that? Well, this morning I read in the paper that there has just been a wonderful new medical discovery. It is believed that the common old aspirin may be the best thing to prevent heart attacks from blood clotting. The article mentioned the fact that rabbits which were fed two aspirin a day had fewer heart attacks than rabbits which never had aspirin. How about that? Did you know that rabbits have heart attacks? Without realizing it, I have been taking good heart medicine for many years, and I thought I was just taking it for a headache or a muscular pain. Now that they have learned this about aspirin, I am willing to bet that they put a big price on what always has been our cheapest medicine. The largest manufacturer of aspirin is right here in our town of Springfield, Massachusetts, and it may mean good business for them.

When we have been travelling in Africa and India, we have had people beg us for an aspirin. It doesn't seem possible that there are millions of people in the world who would thank God with all their hearts for just one aspirin, but it is true. A little thing like that we take for granted, and yet there are so many people in the world who never have had the blessing of anything that would help to take away their pain. Did I ever tell you that Betty's great uncle was one of the very first physicians in the United States to perform an abdominal operation with a good anesthetic? Every time I visit someone in the hospital, I come away with a prayer of thanksgiving on my lips for the wonderful blessing of pain-killing drugs.

Why must so many young people —

and some adults, too — ruin their lives with drugs? This business of children taking drugs for a kick is something that I simply cannot understand. It must be a form of mass insanity, for no sane person would run the risk of ruining his mind with drugs. What they are doing with drugs helps to make the point: "An evil is a good put to wrong use." God meant pain-killing drugs to be a blessing, not a curse, and they are a curse when they are used as the young people use them today. We have had two of the young people in our church get into serious trouble with drugs, and it simply breaks my heart to see their lives ruined in that way.

Did you by any chance read about that island off the coast of South America where a year ago there was a perfectly horrible drug problem? The problem was so bad that the government had to do something, and that is just what it did. It made the illegal use of drugs a crime so bad that it required the death penalty. As soon as a few illegal drug users were shot to death by the police, the whole problem cleared up at once! Now that is what I call drastic treatment, but it worked! Here in our city we don't have the death sentence for drug use. As a matter of fact, we don't have any penalty but the so-called "slap on the wrist" — suspended sentence, or probation — and as a result the problem grows worse by the day.

You and I did not take drugs when we were children. Why? Because we were afraid to! Because our parents would have drastically punished us if we had! Because we did not want to do anything that would make other people look down on us! But things are different today, and the children are paying a terrible price in terms of acad-

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"I enjoy summer sewing!" exclaimed my friend. "The colors are so gay — and besides, it's such a pleasure to sew something and have it ready to wear right away!"

Do you, too, find that summertime clothes (so quick and easy to make) often are the most enjoyable of your year's sewing? Summer fabrics need not be as expensive as winter woolsens and knits; summer styles allow you to indulge your whims, trying out new fad styles and trends the inexpensive way. Then, if your idea turns out as well as you'd hoped, come fall you'll make it again, more permanently, in lasting fabrics. You always have more ideas than you ever have time or money to make up, don't you? Then summertime is just right to experiment, to make your sewing fun.

Pantdresses are still very much on the scene this year, but they've been softened for a more feminine appearance. Some have an inverted pleat at the front, for a skirt-look, while others offer a concealing skirt-like panel both front and back. (For those of us with less-than-perfect figures, that concealing *back* panel is vital, if these convenient outfits are also to be becoming.) A quick check of this season's new patterns show that there really are styles becoming to everyone, so choose one and sew away. The simpler styles are suitable for the permanent press fabrics, making for easy care as well as for easy sewing. For the very young, who can wear the short-short lengths, 1970 offers swifty little "scooter skirts" which, while tailored, are unmistakably feminine.

Toddlers welcome the little pantdresses — they don't get in a busy little girl's way, when she's playing, nor do "bubble" sunsuits, with elastic at the leg openings. Or make little sunsuits with bloomers, topped with a short-short shift or a brief little crop top. These are all simple to make, but be sure to fit your elastic carefully: too loose, and the bloomers will droop sadly (not at all the effect you had in mind!) while, too tight, the legs will be annoying and uncomfortable. This season, there are more little girls'

bloomer outfits than we've seen in many a year — on sunsuits, with "angel tops", under simple A-line dresses, and made up in tiny calico prints to match those Victorian-style dresses that are "in" this year. The latter often will be eyelet- or lace-trimmed, and the whole effect is ladylike and demure.

Turtleneck, band, and other stand-up collars, even chin-high models, are still "in", but are softened from the Nehru look we saw so much a few seasons ago. The front edge is now often curved, overlapped, and fastened with two buttons. Try edging this collar with frills of dainty lace or rows of the small flat lace daisies, touches that take so little time to add, yet are so fresh and becoming. Whether tailored or delicately trimmed, though, you'll surely agree that the prettiest clothes for girls are those that unmistakably make them *look* like girls. (The girls I know tell me that boys seem to think so, too, although the boys don't come right out and say so.)

When sewing for boys, however, remember that they all hate anything that looks "girlish". Girls will wear, happily, all those new ideas — the more unique the better — but boys insist on looking "just like the other boys". So you'd best look around your neighborhood, or copy ideas from some dependable source, if your boys are more than — well, let's say four years old, for they develop this particular worry quite young. But, for boys, there is one never-fail addition, and that is Pockets (with a capital P). The more pockets, the better! Put at least one of them on everything; often you can add a zippered pocket somewhere, similar to the ones used on camp shorts, and he can stash his treasures safely away in there.

Boxer shorts with separate shirts are grand for little boys' summer wear, but there's also a return of the "shortall", the sunsuit that has a built-up front and back, worn with or without a shirt. The home seamstress can make these quickly, of quality materials, at quite a savings over purchasing them already made up; the sewing is simple, in firm cottons (sport denim or sailcloth are perfect for these) and you can make some really distinctive little outfits. (I think they're easier to make than other styles of boys' pants, really.) The sandpile set finds them comfortable to wear, and you'll find that shortalls keep the children tidy. The short jumpsuit is good, too, made in cotton or doubleknit; add a gripper crotch on toddler sizes one to four.

If you've leftover remnants from other sewing, or can buy them at a bargain, it's easy to make many tot's play clothes from short lengths. You can

use bright, lively prints for boys as well as girls; achieve that boyish look by using tailored styles and well-placed topstitching. Your own choice of bright stripes is good for shirts this year, too, if you can find striped fabric to sew. (Does anyone know why it is so hard to find in yard goods, when there are so many ready-made garment styles in stripes? It baffles me.)

Little boys' shorts seem to have left the category of a stand-by garment in dependable solid colors, and you now see them in sizzling floral prints, the Aztec or jungle-type of prints, that is. The readymades have them in all boys' sizes, in short length, walking shorts, and even in long length — and the colors are the most vivid and sizzling of blues, oranges, tomato red, bright copper. Just follow the rule, "The brighter the better." This, of course, is provided your boy is willing to wear new innovations — which in turn is determined by an alchemy of family habits, local custom, and his own special personality. (Sizzling prints, you see, are not for the shy.)

A new trend, for both boys and girls, is to make jackets from brightly printed floral cotton — a bit less bizarre print than the short — that feature snap fronts, elastic at the wrists, and a stand-up collar. Cotton canvas, sailcloth, or the heavier permanent press cottons are ideal for these jackets, and relatively inexpensive.

You'll see the peasant look everywhere, in all its variations from delicately feminine to bold and gay, in blouses and skirts and one-piece dresses, for tiny tots, teenagers, and for the woman who has a youthful figure. Trims vary from none at all — just bright fabric — to dainty laces, eyelet rufflings, yards of floral embroidered tape, or carefully chosen hand-embroidered motifs. Don't skimp on fabric, for to be really effective, the skirt needs plenty of fullness. (Three times your waist measurement is a good rule for most fabrics, more if it's a thin material that will gather closely without bulk.) The blouses have a narrow bias binding at the neckline and sleeve edges, after they've been gathered to fit, or you can run a narrow casing at these edges, then insert carefully measured narrow elastic to produce instant gathers in very little sewing time. The most professional look comes from using self-bias cut from your fabric. Some peasant blouses feature an eyelet ruffle at the neckline, others bright bands of embroidery or trim.

This year's semi-fitted skimmers are a bit more flared at the hemline, the silhouette suggesting the traditional princess line — which, by the way, is a favorite now too. Make up that newly

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## Reminiscences of the Storm Cellar

by  
Jean Bryson

Forty years ago we received no severe storm or tornado warnings in the rural areas of northwest Missouri. The headphone radio may have given a one-day forecast, but I have only hazy recollections of even that. I do recall vividly enjoying such musical groups as the Dixie Sisters, while my parents enjoyed the several farm and market programs.

Mother, my older sister, and Mickey, our rat terrier, the storm-conscious members of the family, were the "storm warners" for the rest of the family, consisting of my father, myself, another dog, and numerous cats and kittens. Indeed, Mother, Sister, and Mickey were so alert at spotting clouds and shepherding all members of the household to the storm cellar, that it seemed at times that I spent the greater part of my childhood there. Father was not much afraid of storms and a sound sleeper, and I seemed to pattern after him in those respects.

Vigilant as Mother and Sister were, Mickey sometimes surpassed them, particularly if they were working in the house and Mickey was outside. When even a small cloud appeared, he would ask to come in by whining and scratching on the door. He would retreat to the darkest part of the house and get under low, heavy furniture. That was all that was needed to activate my mother and sister. Noting Mickey's fears was as good as today's tornado siren.

One of them would run for the "box", which contained valuable papers and insurance policies. They closed windows and doors, at the same time relaying the alarm to me, and away we went sailing for the storm cellar, I oftentimes being ushered somewhat reluctantly. Father, if he were not in the fields, was advised to join us. If he were sleeping, urgent methods, including vigorous shaking, were employed to arouse him. He seldom accompanied us. On rare occasions I recall his joining us later if he deemed the clouds to be ominous enough.

On one such occasion I can remember his protesting that it was too hot to close the windows in their bedroom, that the storm was far away, and that it would probably never get there, so his protests persuaded Mother to leave them open, with parting reminders to

close them when the storm commenced. As it turned out, it was an unusually severe storm, leaving one large limb on the roof, and accompanied by what we termed a "real gully washer". After the storm had spent its fury, we found Father soundly sleeping in the fairly drenched bedroom. Mother was sorely aggravated, but she was relieved that Father was safe. By the way limbs and small objects had hit the cellar door, she had feared the worst. Father was pertinent this time, and did not mind being recruited for mop-up operations.

There were very few objects gathered up to take with us to the cellar. There was, along with the "box", the kerosene lantern and a supply of matches. Other necessities were permanent equipment of the cellar. Probably the papers were not kept there because of the possibility of mildew, and matches would soon have absorbed enough moisture to become useless. We had a cot, blocks of stove wood as make-shift chairs, a magazine or so, although why I don't know, as Mother and Sister were always too agitated to read, and I too disruntled. There was plenty to eat, because the cellar served as storage for canned fruit and vegetables, as well as butter, milk, cream, and other perishables. Last, but very important, were the ax, spade, and hammer to aid in hacking our way through the wooden door should storm debris make it necessary.

Mickey always arrived at the cellar door first, and my sister and I often gathered up various cats and kittens on the way, she with an eye to their safety, but I with a view of their pleasant company. Because the three "storm warners" were so over alert, often the storm never transpired. The cloud merely passed on or around us. Mother and Sister were so determined that all danger was past that the sun or moon and stars were frequently shining brightly when we emerged from the cellar. Even so, Mickey was so cautious that we sometimes had to carry him out, or we left the door open for him. On the latter occasions he would eventually appear, looking rather sheepish.

The cats were always the first to burst forth through the door, not being fond of the cellar unless it was a par-

ticularly hot day, and would yowl considerably at having been interrupted in their own pursuits.

On one summer day, my father and some neighbor men were working in outlying fields when a storm rained them out, but the downpour had been followed so rapidly by bright sunshine that we in the cellar had not yet made our way out when they got to the house. One of the men dropped a few rocks and other objects on the cellar door, attempting to make us think it was hailing. Father told us later he neither approved nor helped with this trick. (He was a kind man, and realized the consuming fear of Mother and Sister, and he had no wish to make it greater.)

The happiest times in the cellar, if any could be called that, were those rare ones when he came with us. Then my mother and sister were relieved to know that he would be safe, and I was pleased to have his always-welcome company.

Those days of growing up on the farm are long gone, and my dear mother and father have passed on, of causes other than those brought on by storms, I might add. I trust there shall be no storms for either of them, or poor Mickey.

I now live in a small frame house with no basement, located on very high ground at which the winds get a pretty strong sweep. A couple of years ago when the weather bureau reported twisters in nearby areas, I became motivated to crawl under a very heavy old-fashioned bed. My thoughts as I listened to the warnings to people to seek tornado shelters were, "If the storm takes the house and I'm just sitting here, they'll think me stupid, so I guess I better do something so they'll know I had sense enough to take some precaution."

I slid under the bed, and as in days long gone, I was accompanied by pets. My six large housecats came under too, and satisfying themselves that it was just going to be a new sleeping arrangement, curled up contentedly, and we all went to sleep. My sister had a hearty laugh at my account of this.

I have since given away the old bed, and the heaviest piece of furniture now is a modern-style couch. It is in fact so heavy that I cannot move it by myself. When another tornado warning came, I fell asleep beside it, and again my cats approved and joined me. My sister will no doubt enjoy another laugh when I relate my latest attempts at "seeking cover".

I am certain other Midwesterners may recall similar experiences concerning storms and storm cellars. Here's hoping all your storms will be little ones.





# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I just put a rhubarb custard pie in the oven, one of my favorites at this time of year, and while it bakes I'll start my letter to you. I'm writing a little earlier than usual this month because I'm expecting to hear from Lucile any day now that she is ready to come home. We had an agreement before she left that I would fly to Albuquerque and be her chauffeur on the return trip.

I will have to tell you a joke on myself. Frank's sister Edna, who has a serious lung condition, lives in Roswell, New Mexico, where she and her husband moved the first of the year, and of course I will be able to spend a couple of days with them when I go after Lucile. I told everyone not to say anything to Edna because she would be disappointed if the plans fell through. On Edna's birthday Bernie came out to the farm and we called her. Edna asked me what I was sewing these days, and I said that right at that moment I was making her a girdle. She said, "You must be coming to see us real soon." This took me so by surprise I was speechless for a second, and then asked her who had been telling tales. No one had told her anything; she just guessed because of something I said in a letter a long time ago — that I was taking classes on making lingerie, and would make her a girdle sometime and bring it down in person. I had forgotten all about this, but I wouldn't have given it away if I hadn't asked who told her. Frank and Bernie thought this was a good joke on me, because they hadn't agreed with me in the first place; they thought I should tell her so she would have something to look forward to. Maybe they were right, because she knows it now and is counting the days until I arrive.

I thought the recent Earth Day activities were a good thing, and was happy to see the young people become involved in helping to keep our country clean and beautiful. Frank and I both feel very strongly about the way people use the country roads and lanes for their dumping grounds. Our little road used to be beautiful, but now the ditches are filling up not only with cans, but with all other kinds of junk as well. One of our pet peeves is having people use our property for picnics and parties without asking us, and



Howard Driftmier and his sister Dorothy Johnson visit over their coffee cups at a family dinner.

then leaving a mess for us to clean up. Frank reported the other morning that there had been a party in the timber the night before, when they had pulled over some big logs to burn and had gone off and left them burning. In fact they were still burning, and if the ground hadn't been damp it could have spread through the whole timber since there are so many dead elms. Not only that, but they had left about a bushel basket of cans to be picked up. To my knowledge we have never turned down any one who has come to ask if they could fish and have a picnic, and these people are the ones who respect the property of others and never leave clutter behind when they go home.

We have had a lot of rain in our area, so the field work has been awfully slow. Frank has been spending most of his time building new fence while he waited for the fields to dry out. We had some pasture ground we couldn't use until a new fence was built, and this was a good time to get it done. One of the neighbors has been helping him so it will soon be finished.

Mother spent a few days with us recently, her first trip to our house this year. She was in hopes she would get to fish and maybe have a wiener roast over the outdoor fireplace Larry built for us, but the weather didn't co-operate. Frank told her to come up and spend the first week in June and he would have a can of fishworms ready

for her pole, and a fire all laid in the fireplace ready to strike a match for the wieners.

We were happy she got to be with us when we had Frank's birthday dinner. The birthday gift she had ordered for him, and had sent directly to our house, arrived the day before she did, so she got to see it right away. Frank's favorite porch chairs were a real eyesore and Mother and I have wanted him to take them down by the bayou for people to sit in while fishing, but he didn't want to part with them. All last summer we hunted for new chairs just like them, but to no avail. Mother finally found some in a catalog and ordered a couple and a matching coffee table right away for Frank's birthday. I honestly don't think she could have given him anything that will be more appreciated by both of us.

The birthday club I belong to in Lucas had another fund-raising lunch and food sale in the community hall, and initiated the new electrical appliances we purchased for the kitchen. My! what a lovely kitchen we have to work in now, thanks to two of our local men who have donated hours of their time and labor. Bill Crow, who does beautiful cabinet work, built the cupboards, and Charles Rogers put in all the plumbing and installed the lovely stainless steel double sink.

My latest project in the sewing line has been cotton knit T-shirts and dresses. I made the shirts first and found them so simple to make and so comfortable I wondered why I couldn't make a dress from the same pattern by just by making it longer. By putting the same knit ribbing around the neck it would slip over the head without putting in a zipper, and all I had to add was a belt. I have made several now, and they are probably what I will live in this summer because they are so cool and comfortable, and very little care. Margery liked my dresses so well I made her one, and I imagine when Kristin and Juliana see them they will want one or two.

We talk to Kristin quite frequently now because with her busy schedule she doesn't have time to write letters. Somehow phone calls seem much more satisfactory anyway. The little boys have been sick with the flu bug that has been going around, but are both on the mend again. Art's mother had major surgery recently and isn't feeling back to normal yet, but we know she will soon feel better than ever.

I just took the pie out of the oven, so I'll say goodbye for this month and take this letter in to the post office.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

## COVER PICTURE

About ten seconds before the photographer snapped this picture, James Lowey II was the unhappiest two-year-old in all of New Mexico! Can you see the tears still streaming down his little cheeks? Everything was going quite well for him until his mother and father disappeared behind the big flood lights, and then the dam broke. It wasn't until Juliana peaked around the corner that he finally managed a smile.





## Parade of the Brides

*For a Church or Town Centennial*

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

With so many churches and towns observing their centennials these days, perhaps you are looking for something a little bit different from the usual style show of old-time fashions. "Everyone loves a bride"; so goes the old saying; then why not present them with a century of brides? Since most brides cherish and save their wedding gowns, you should have no problem in locating gowns for the show. But many of the original brides will not be able to get into their gowns, so you will need to find models in the various sizes. It seems to add to the historical glamour of the occasion if a daughter or granddaughter or some other relative of the original bride wears the dress if this is at all possible.

For the program, the actual "Parade of the Brides", let the setting be as much like that of a real wedding as possible, with candlelighters lighting the candelabra, baskets of white wedding flowers, the white carpet rolled down the aisle, the traditional wedding music as the brides march down the aisle, and appropriate solos sung throughout the program. Each bride might carry a single rose which she places in a large basket of greenery in memory of the minister who married her. This basket could be placed on a small pedestal at a spot near where the bride comes onto the stage or at the chancel steps if this service is held in the church sanctuary. This basket of roses could be presented to the oldest bride or to the current minister's wife at the close of the program.

In selecting the bridal costumes, try to get a wide variety, representative of the years. You'll find that most of those brides of early years wore dresses of silk, poplin, or muslin, and often in a favorite color. Sometimes it was a dainty muslin with sprigs of tiny flowers. These wedding gowns later served as their best dresses for church and the main social events of the pioneer life. The brides of the depression years, too, had to be practical in

choosing their gowns. Then there were flapper brides and war brides. The latter might have worn the uniform of the army or the navy or of a nurse in one of these services, so not all will be the traditional long white gowns.

The narrator should not only give some details about the gown being modeled, but should give the wedding date, the names of the couple, and any interesting details of the wedding. If there is some humorous incident connected with the wedding, it will add to the enjoyment of the program.

If it is desired to add more humor to the program, the narrator could include various data concerning "that wonderful year"; such as, "1897 — that was the year bicycling was the most spectacular craze, and how daring to see those demure young women of the gay nineties in their cycling costume and veils pedaling on a Sunday afternoon!" Or "1902 — potatoes cost the new bride 30¢ a bushel and eggs were 12¢ a dozen. The very newest game to play that year was ping-pong."

Will the program be followed by a reception in the fellowship hall? The refreshments might be served from a tea table in traditional wedding style. If space permits, some cherished gowns (some too fragile to be worn in the style show) could be displayed on dress forms. The newspaper clipping or scrapbook or wedding photograph might be displayed beside it. The bride might even have dried and preserved her wedding flowers. A granddaughter or other relative might be standing by to give a bit of the history connected with the gown displayed. There could also be a display of wedding photographs or wedding Bibles.

### PRAYER FOR FATHER'S DAY

Thank thee for Father who loves me,  
Who teaches me so patiently  
To work and play, grow strong and tall,  
To help my brothers, and love all.

—Mildred Grenier

## A WASHDAY SHOWER FOR THE BRIDE

by  
Mildred D. Cathcart

Even though the bride has been fêted at several showers, perhaps a small group of close friends, or the neighborhood group would like to have a little personal party. Then why not entertain the bride at a Washday Shower on a Monday morning? This is fun, easy, and certainly very practical.

Make the invitations in the form of a tub, using silvery colored paper to represent tin. On the front print:

"Rub a dub dub

Look what's in the tub."

Open up the invitation and inside print:

"Get your washing on the line,  
Be through around nine;  
Because 10:00 is the hour  
For Mary's Washday Shower."

Plan ahead so gifts will include such washday necessities as washing powder, starch, bleach, clothespins, dampening bags, clothes hamper, clothespin bag, plastic line, clothes basket, and so on. The gifts may be presented in a plastic basket that matches the bride's colors.

For a few fun games, the following will be appropriate:

**Sorting the Clothes:** Ask the first player to tell what she would wash first. The secret is that each must name an article beginning with the letter of her initials. For example, I might name Mitten or Coat. Perhaps you might cue a player in on the game to make it more baffling to the rest.

**Hanging Out the Wash:** This is a kind of relay game in which teams are chosen. Each team is given a sack of clothespins and the same number of towels, washcloths, or other articles to be hung on a plastic line. At a given signal, the first player on each team picks up an article, hangs it on the line and tags the next player on his team who carries on. The team that gets its washing out first is winner.

**The Whitest Washing:** Each new bride is happy if her washing looks dazzling white. All of these answers are two words, the first one being "white".

1. What is a wave with a foaming white crest? White cap
2. What common flower grows in a field? White clover
3. What is a sign of surrender? White flag
4. What do you have that you would like to give away? White elephant
5. What is the capital of Yukon Territory? White Horse
6. What is the famous big house? White House
7. What is a cheap kind of wall paint? White wash



## MARY BETH USES AN EXCITING GAME TO TEACH ARITHMETIC

Dear Friends:

The family is off to church without me this morning. I'm fighting a mean spring cold and light flu, and if I don't pass it on to anyone I shall consider my missing church as my good deed for the week. This is the first child-type illness I have picked up from any of my students, so I guess that isn't too bad. The family has carried on with the household duties while I draped myself in various chairs doing a little sidewalk supervising.

We're on the last leg of the spring semester at school. There will be final examinations for this semester from April through June and then a final report card will be issued for the semester grades. This will not affect me very much, although we begin to teach the children how to handle examinations by giving them small tests. These little ones know from their bigger brothers and sisters when final exams are being given, and they actually want something in the way of a test. (To be able to complain knowledgeably about the terrible exams is quite a part of being one of the "in" group.)

I have slowly come to realize (a little wearily, I might add) that these little children — five- to eight-year-olds — like to do paper work. Not just idle scribbling, but applying their knowledge of writing to the material they cover in class. As a result I am kept considerably busier than I had expected to be, making out little quizzes of ten to twenty questions on almost every subject. And believe me, they want a grade. They are fiercely competitive and will work like little beavers to get a higher score than those next to them. So most of my evenings are spent grading penmanship and phonics and reading comprehension and arithmetic papers.

Right now we're working on a road trip to Disneyland in arithmetic in addition to a written sheet of addition problems each day. Donald suggested a trip someplace by use of addition cards, which we put down on the floor. Each youngster then takes a turn trying to go as far as he can each day. There are better than 150 index-size cards they must know. All of these employ a knowledge of addition facts of numbers which do not exceed 20 in all. These are things they must know before passing on to next year's grade, which is equivalent to second grade. We have used pink index cards just for novelty, and we call it our pink brick road (borrowing a little from *The Wizard of Oz*). The children work up in difficulty through Dubuque, Iowa, to



Leanna Driftmier and her son Donald smile for the camera! Although Don is the youngest of the four Driftmier sons, he is the tallest, measuring 6' 4".

Kansas City, Missouri, then on to New Mexico and Arizona and finally California. On days when it isn't too windy we plot the road right out the porch door that leads out of our room and right across the front yard and around the building. They think it is great sport to be outside during a working period and it makes a nice break for them. They are learning despite the background noises of birds and airplanes.

One sharp little fellow went all the way to Disneyland the *first* day, and although I was delighted, there I was stuck with a project planned to last five weeks! After a little hasty consideration I determined that if he was *that* good I would put him to work helping me, so he is taking people through the road trip, too. I start out with one person and he immediately follows with another, checking their answers as they go. He is doing a splendid job thus far. I surely do appreciate the teachers' problems who have large, 30- to 45-pupil, classes. Thoughtfully grading 15 children's papers is time consuming, and to give each one the deserved attention he should have can take *much* time. I hope that by next year I shall have a complete file of reading comprehension tests which will not have to be made up each day.

The last time I wrote you was from Shenandoah, where we had a most restful week. The trip home wasn't quite so easy as the trip out. Don began to hear a strange noise from the rear of the station wagon, and although we stopped in Iowa City to examine our

tires and found nothing, we nevertheless had a dynamite-sounding blowout after we were back on the expressway. Fortunately Donald is a magnificent driver and knows how to handle any emergency, but we surely did hang on tight when the tire blew and he pulled the car quickly out of the lanes of traffic. You can imagine what had to come out of that car before he could even get to the spare tire. The dog had to be leashed and taken out for a walk lest she jump out the back end. The cat was already frightened by the mere necessity of being in such a roaring monster motor car, so she clawed and fought at leaving it on a leash. Katharine had to jog down the grassy divider strip to recover the hub cap which had gone rolling backwards down the road. And Don flattened himself up against the car as closely as possible while the wind whip from the enormous interstate trucks nearly blew him off balance as they roared by. I always watch how he does this, because someday I'll probably have to change a tire, but it still is a tricky-looking operation.

Katharine has had several interesting letters from people who heard her when she broadcast with her Aunt Marge and Aunt Dorothy in Shenandoah. The dear lady in Minnesota who made her a beautiful bird tree in 1961 or 1962 wrote that she had listened to her. (Katharine still has the tree.) She was delighted to think that somebody out there knew her. Adrienne and Paul were amazed, too, at the whole idea of talking on the radio. And when they went down to the Kitchen-Klatter plant and saw all the operations with the flavorings and the delicious salad dressing, and, as luck would have it, they were printing the magazine, it was just too much to take in. They're still talking about it and they surely think their family in Iowa is plenty talented to run such a number of big businesses.

Donald is back to lawn planting. Would you believe it? He looked at me Saturday as he raked the rocks and nuts and weeds out of the wild section of the yard (the former owner called it a wild bird sanctuary but we think it is more logical to call it a weed patch), and he said, "Would you believe I'm putting in *another* lawn?" There are many small stumps back in this area, probably half an acre, making it impossible to cut it with a mower until they are dug out. I have a feeling this is the year small Paul Driftmier will learn to dig out stumps.

The family will soon be home from church, and it is such a warm summery day I think a cold tuna salad and hard rolls would be fitting for a snack.

Until next month . . .

Mary Beth

### I'VE BEEN ASKED

What would I do with energy

Like that of my small son?

Well, folks, I'd then keep up with him;

I'd have the battle won.

—Gladise Kelly





## Thoughts of Another Day

by  
Leta Fulmer

The slick new album, with its plastic pages ready for inserted photographs, lay side-by-side with the dog-eared book that held pictures of another day. I studied the faded snapshot that I'd painstakingly pried loose. The man was tall and distinguished looking, with a mane of snowy hair and close-cropped mustache. By his side stood a small dark woman. And sitting on a tattered suitcase posed a lanky, adolescent girl. There we were — the three of us — Mom and Dad and I, standing by the old Ford coupe. Our conglomeration of bags and satchels was piled high in preparation for departure. Ah, the memories, the memories!

My dad was an old-time evangelist, a messenger of God who took the Word to people who had no church. And Mom, his enthusiastic partner, had stood staunchly by his side throughout the years. From babyhood I'd sat entranced by the tales of long ago. Those very first meetings in a hostile neighborhood, where the traveling minister was looked upon with disfavor and suspicion. Often Dad had to cut his own firewood for the pot-bellied stove in the schoolhouse. The hymns would be solo, the unresponsive congregation refusing to join in. And when the last AMEN was sounded, the room would be cleared in a flash, without a friendly word or gesture. At these times my father would restoke the fire and curl up on the floor, wrapped in his overcoat for warmth. Happily, there were other times. The families who thirsted for God's word welcomed the preacher with open arms and grateful hearts, inviting him into their homes and into their lives. In my mind's eye I could still envision the shabby sod houses, the slow-gaited mare which had to be prodded constantly. Later there was Mom, accepting whatever came along as part of her life with Dad, jogging along the dusty side roads and lifting her soprano voice in a hymn while Dad boomed out his deep, full bass.

Dad's meager education had been fortified and improved by Mom's constant coaching and correction, which Dad accepted with gratitude. He emitted a forcefulness, a magnetism, that drew even the unbelievers to hear him speak. Even those who steadfastly refused to mend their way never missed a chance

to hear him preach! He pulled no punches; he preached hellfire and damnation! But he preached with love, and with a delicious sense of humor that was enchanting.

As the years passed, it was necessary that Dad do much of his traveling alone, though Mom stayed by his side till the first child was school age. The five children were raised almost entirely on free-will offerings, for it was considered unethical, almost sinful, for the old-time minister to be concerned with thoughts of finance. But there was never a question of Dad's changing his occupation. God had called him to preach. And Mom did her share to supplement the family income. The older children gone, and I in school, she took a job in the laundry. Throughout my childhood I remember Dad's being away more than he was at home. But he kept the mailman busy with his loving letters. Mom and I used to giggle uproariously at his undecipherable scribbling, his outrageous abbreviations. She had never been able to make a dent in his atrocious spelling! His letters were a link that kept me always within the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice. Quite often I felt loneliness, but never rejection nor neglect.

June was circled in red on our calendar. Then school was out and Mom took time off. Ah, that was Utopia. The spirit of the gypsies possessed us and we were off. Little "Henry" seemed almost a living part of the family as he chugged along. His rear end piled high with luggage, his one seat firmly packed with the three of us, we were, indeed, royalty on the road. We sang as we traveled, church songs mostly. When I switched to popular music, it was a solo unless it was an old ballad. If I happened to intercept an amused glance between Mom and Dad, I might simmer down a moment. But soon I'd be right back in the swing of it, in the utter bliss of our being together and going someplace.

The sandhills of Nebraska, the wide open plains of Kansas, the distant acres of the Dakotas — these were our destinations. For even in my day there were countless out-of-the-way places that had neither the money nor the facilities for a regular minister. They'd pounce on us with cries of joy and the news would spread like wildfire. *Broth-*

*er John and Sister Annie are here!* No need to plead with these people for togetherness. It was there in their hearts. At times we pitched our small tent and hung our flickering lantern from the pole. Often a schoolhouse served just as well. And even the humblest home could become the house of God in a jiffy. After the service there was no hastily rushing away. These were moments to be treasured. And we circled the off-key piano or creaking organ and sang in pure delight.

I slipped the little picture into the new album. How precious, memories! And how precious, my heritage! My mom and dad left behind them a veritable treasure-trove — courage to meet each day with unquestioning faith, an unbending sense of right and wrong, the sparkling gift of laughter, and a deep abiding love that still defies all time and space.



### THE CALL OF THE FLAG

It speaks to me, this wondrous weave  
Of red, and white and blue.  
God grant my listening hear receive  
And hold its message true!  
A symbol mere: To me it seems  
By rarest life endowed,  
As in the radiant sun it gleams  
Or flouts the sullen cloud.

It speaks in every crimson line  
Of blood for freedom shed;  
It tells of glorious deeds divine  
Of hallowed martyred dead.  
In humble earthly bed they lie,  
And yet they live again.  
To speak, to strive, to fight, to die  
For love of fellowmen.

Lo! From the white, in accents pure,  
Untinged by selfishness,  
The words of sages, strong and sure,  
The crimson stains caress.  
And from the blue the stars declare  
The triumph of the good;  
And urges forward to the goal  
Of common brotherhood!

—Anonymous

### FROM MILK HOUSE TO FRONT LAWN!

The old cream separator,  
Just inside the milk house door;  
That is, it *used* to be there,  
For it isn't anymore.  
Taken from the dusty barn,  
It's now in prominent view  
Standing on the green front lawn  
And painted a brilliant blue;  
Bright flowers grow inside its bowl  
In a colorful array —  
A modern use for something old  
That's a barn discard today.

—Roy J. Wilkins



**LEMON CAKE DESSERT**

- 1 pkg. lemon cake mix
- 1 beaten egg
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine ingredients with fork and pat into 9- by 13-inch baking pan.

- 1 pkg. lemon frosting mix
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 eggs

Combine frosting mix, cream cheese and flavoring. Set aside 1/2 cup of this mixture. Beat eggs into remainder of mixture. Beat very well for 3 or 4 minutes. Spread over first layer in pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes. When cool, use the 1/2 cup of reserved frosting over top.

This is an exceptionally delicious bar-cake-dessert. It is a fine choice to serve with coffee for a club or church refreshment, to add to a tray of cookies for a tea or for a company dessert at the end of a meal.

—Evelyn

**GROUND BEEF STROGANOFF**

- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1/2 cup minced onion
- 1/4 tsp. powdered garlic
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom pieces, drained
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 bouillon cube in 1 cup boiling water

- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- Cooked rice

Melt the shortening in a large skillet, add the onion and saute about five minutes. Stir in the ground beef, garlic powder, drained mushrooms, salt, pepper, paprika, and dry mustard. Cook five minutes longer. Mix the flour in thoroughly. Add the bouillon slowly, stirring constantly. Cover and simmer slowly for 15 to 20 minutes. Stir in the sour cream and heat but do not boil. Serve over the cooked rice. —Dorothy

**MELT AWAY BARS**

- 1 egg, separated
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- Colored sugar

In large mixer bowl, combine egg yolk and remaining ingredients except walnuts and colored sugar. Blend well at low speed. Stir in 1/2 cup walnuts; mix thoroughly. Spread in ungreased 15- x 10-inch jelly roll pan. Beat egg white until frothy; spread over bars. Sprinkle with remaining walnuts and colored sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool slightly; cut into bars.

If desired, 1/2 cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces and 1/2 cup peanut butter or butterscotch pieces may be sprinkled over bars immediately after baking. Let stand 5 minutes; spread to form marble frosting. Omit colored sugar.

—Margery

**CUCUMBERS IN SOUR CREAM**

- 2 cups thinly sliced cucumbers
- 1/4 cup onions, sliced
- 1/4 cup seasoned vinegar
- 1/4 cup sour cream

Pour seasoned vinegar over cucumbers and onions. Let stand 15 minutes. Drain well. Fold sour cream into drained cucumbers. Chill well.

**Seasoned Vinegar**

- 2 cups cider vinegar
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 1/2 Tbls. salt
- 2 tsp. pepper

Combine ingredients and mix well until salt and sugar are dissolved. Store in jar. Stir before using. Excellent for coleslaws or chopped vegetables. Other spices may be added and mixture may be heated before storing in jar if desired.

—Evelyn

**GINGERSNAPS**

- 1 cup lard
- 1 cup syrup (dark or light)
- 1 cup brown sugar
- Boil this together until the sugar is melted. While hot, add:
- 2 cups sifted flour
- When this is cool, add:
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 tsp. soda dissolved in
- 3 tsp. vinegar
- Stir until well blended.
- Sift together the following ingredients, and stir into the mixture:

- 1 Tbls. ginger
- 1 Tbls. allspice
- 1 Tbls. cinnamon
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 cup cornstarch

The dough will be stiff. On a pastry cloth, roll dough until thin, then cut into any desired shapes. Bake on ungreased cookie sheets in a 350-degree oven 8 to 10 minutes, until slightly browned. Remove from sheets at once.

—Dorothy

**NINE-MINUTE APRICOT JAM**

- 4 cups apricots
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3 cups sugar plus
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Chop apricots. Add lemon juice. Cook 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 3 cups sugar, cook 3 more minutes. Add 2 cups sugar and again cook 3 minutes. Stir well as this scorches easily. Remove from heat and stir in flavoring. Cool until fruit no longer floats. Spoon into sterilized glass jars or jelly glasses and seal with paraffin. —Evelyn

**UNUSUAL COOKED CABBAGE**

- 1 head cabbage, cut in eighths
- Boiling, salted water
- 2 tsp. dill seed, crushed
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- Salt and pepper as needed

Cook cabbage in boiling, salted water until just barely tender. Drain. Combine butter, dill seed and butter flavoring in bottom of pan and stir lightly as butter melts. Combine sour cream with vinegar and add to mixture. Salt and pepper to taste. Heat just to scalding and then serve (do not let this mixture boil after sour cream has been added). This may be prepared on top of the stove or in a *fondue pot*. Just keep the heat low once the butter has been added.



**MARGERY'S FAVORITE CHEESE CAKE**

1 1/2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs  
 3 Tbls. brown sugar  
 3 Tbls. melted butter  
 Mix and pat into round cake tin.  
 3 eggs  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 Pinch of salt  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 4 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, room temperature

Beat eggs until very creamy and add rest of ingredients. Spoon into pan lined with crust. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes. Remove from oven.

1/2 pint sour cream  
 3 Tbls. sugar  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Whip sour cream and add sugar and vanilla. Pour mixture over top and return to bake for 5 more minutes.

**SIX-VEGETABLE SALAD**

1 medium bunch celery, cut in pieces  
 1 green pepper, diced  
 1 small onion, chopped  
 2 Tbls. salt  
 1 can green beans, drained  
 1 can peas, drained  
 4 tomatoes, cubed  
 1 cup sugar  
 1/2 cup vinegar  
 1/2 cup salad oil  
 1/4 cup water  
 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing

Combine celery, green pepper and onion. Sprinkle salt over the vegetables. Let stand 4 hours. Drain well. Add beans, peas and tomatoes. Combine remaining ingredients. Pour over vegetables, refrigerate and let stand overnight or several hours to blend.

This is a different combination of vegetables. Do not be afraid of that amount of salt, the excess is drained off. The size of can of the green beans and peas is not given, a little more or less is fine depending on the size salad desired.

—Evelyn

**BEEF LOAF**

1 onion  
 1/2 green pepper, diced  
 2 Tbls. shortening  
 2 lbs. ground beef chuck  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. sage  
 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 3 celery stalks, diced  
 3 slices soft bread, cubed  
 1/2 cup milk

Mince the onion and green pepper and saute in the shortening. Combine with all the rest of the ingredients and mix well. Pack into a greased loaf pan and bake in a 325-degree oven about two hours.

—Dorothy

**DANISH PASTRY**

2 pkgs. yeast  
 2 cups milk, scalded  
 3 cups flour  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 2 eggs  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 2 tsp. salt  
 4 cups flour, enough for soft dough  
 1 cup cold butter or part butter and part margarine

Scald milk and cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm milk. Stir well. Add 3 cups flour. Beat 2 or 3 minutes with electric mixer. Add sugar, eggs, shortening, vanilla, salt and 3 cups flour. Work in more flour until it kneads well. Knead on lightly floured board until smooth and elastic. Take your time on this, about 10 minutes. Cover, let rest for 10 minutes more. Roll into oblong shape about 1/4-inch thick. Dot two-thirds of this dough with the butter. Fold unbuttered portion of dough over half of buttered portion, then fold over again to make three thicknesses. Turn dough halfway around, roll out with rolling pin. Repeat folding process again without butter. Let rest for 1/2 hour and repeat folding process. The rolls may be made out of dough may rest on floured cloth, covered, in refrigerator overnight. Folding process may be repeated again before using. Cut into any shape desired. Fill with assorted fruit fillings or simply brush top of rolls with mixture of egg yolk and milk. Place on greased cooky sheet, cover and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in 400-degree oven, until golden brown. May be frosted with powdered sugar icing if desired.

—Evelyn

**SAVORY HAMBURGERS**

1 lb. ground beef  
 2 Tbls. chopped onion  
 3/4 tsp. seasoned salt  
 A dash pepper  
 3 Tbls. catsup  
 1 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 1/4 cup cheese

Combine ground beef, onion, salt and pepper. Shape into patties and place on buttered bun half. Combine catsup and Worcestershire sauce. Spread over meat. Sprinkle with cheese which has been grated or use Parmesan cheese. Broil until desired doneness is reached. May be baked in the oven at 375 degrees for a longer period of time.

These are excellent to prepare over a grill or outdoor camp stove. Grill or fry hamburgers on one side. When meat is turned, spread sauce over meat, sprinkle on cheese and continue cooking until done. Serve on warm bun. Fine served with a tossed salad or crisp vegetable sticks.

—Evelyn

**MARY ELLEN'S CHICKEN CASSEROLE**

1/2 cup chicken broth  
 2 cans mushroom soup  
 4 cups diced cooked chicken  
 1/4 cup minced onion  
 1 1/3 cups diced celery  
 1 3-oz. can Chinese noodles  
 1/3 cup toasted almonds

Blend first 6 ingredients; place in casserole. Bake in 325-degree oven for 40 minutes. Sprinkle with almonds just before serving. Yield: 8 servings.

**SPANISH CREAM**

1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin  
 1/4 cup cold water  
 2 eggs, separated  
 2/3 cup sweetened condensed milk  
 Dash of salt  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/4 cup boiling water  
 Soften the gelatin in the cold water for five minutes. Beat the egg yolks and stir in the sweetened condensed milk, salt and vanilla. Pour the boiling water over the gelatin and stir until the gelatin is dissolved, then stir it into the egg and milk mixture. Beat the egg whites until stiff, and fold into the other mixture. Turn into a mold and chill in the refrigerator until firm. Unmold and serve with the following sauce:

**Orange Sauce**

1/4 cup sugar  
 Dash of salt  
 1 Tbls. cornstarch  
 1 cup orange juice  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring  
 1/3 cup cream

Mix the sugar, salt and cornstarch. Add the orange juice and flavoring and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cover and cook over boiling water about ten minutes longer. Stir in the cream.

—Dorothy

**RASPBERRY PUDDING**

2 cups fresh berries or 1 pkg. frozen  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 Juice of 1/2 lemon  
 1/2 pkg. white cake mix or 1 small box  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1 Tbls. cornstarch  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 3/4 cup boiling water

Set oven at 375 degrees. Grease 8" square pan and spread raspberries in bottom. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Mix up cake mix according to directions, adding lemon flavoring. Pour batter over berries. Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt and sprinkle over batter. Then pour on the boiling water. Bake 30 minutes.

—Margery



**SPECIAL TWICE-BAKED POTATOES**

5 baked potatoes  
 1 cup cottage cheese, cream style  
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine  
 A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 2 Tbls. chopped onion or chives  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. white pepper  
 2 Tbls. pimiento, chopped (optional)  
 Bake potatoes until done. Cut lengthwise. Carefully scoop out potato, save shells. Combine all ingredients with the potato and beat until light and fluffy. Spoon potato mixture into shells. Dot top with butter. Return to oven for 12 to 15 minutes, or until lightly browned. (A moderate to moderately hot oven is fine for these.) A little paprika or cheese sprinkled over the top will add a bit more color to these delicious special baked potatoes.

—Evelyn

**BUTTER RICHES**

3/4 cup butter, softened  
 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
 1 egg  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 2 cups all-purpose flour  
 Slivered almonds to garnish  
 In large mixer bowl, cream butter. Gradually add brown sugar, creaming until light and fluffy. Add egg and flavorings, blend well at low speed. Gradually blend in flour at low speed until a stiff dough forms. Chill dough for easier handling, if desired. Shape into balls about the size of small walnut. Place on greased cookie sheets. Bake at 350 degrees for 7 to 9 minutes until golden brown. Cool; frost with

Browned Butter Frosting. Garnish with slivered almonds, if desired.

**Browned Butter Frosting**

1/4 cup butter  
 2 1/2 cups confectioners' sugar  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 3 to 5 Tbls. light cream or milk  
 In medium saucepan, brown butter. Remove from heat, blend in confectioners' sugar, vanilla and enough cream until thick enough to spread.—Margery

**LAMB WITH NOODLES, INDIA-STYLE**

6 arm or blade lamb chops  
 2 medium onions, sliced  
 1 clove garlic, minced  
 1/2 tsp. turmeric  
 1/2 tsp. ginger  
 1/2 tsp. cumin  
 1/2 tsp. coriander seed  
 Salt  
 1 cup water  
 1 Tbls. cornstarch  
 1/3 cup raisins  
 1/3 cup slivered almonds  
 1 pkg. broad egg noodles, cooked and drained

Brown chops in broiler just until brown on both sides, turning once. Combine onions, garlic, spices and water in Dutch oven. Bring to boiling point, add lamb and reduce heat. Simmer, about one hour. Remove lamb, keeping warm. Blend cornstarch with 1 Tbls. water; stir into cooking liquid with raisins and almonds. Cook over moderate heat until thickened. Add noodles and heat. Put noodles in serving dish and top with lamb chops. Serves 6.

The next time you are bored with the prospect of preparing the same old familiar items for dinner, try this recipe. We found it not only delicious, but different also.

—Abigail

**LEMON SUPREME**

1 pkg. lemon gelatin  
 1 cup hot water  
 3/4 cup cold water  
 1 cup sugar  
 Juice of 1 lemon  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk, chilled

12 graham crackers, crushed  
 Dissolve gelatin in hot water; add cold water. Stir together sugar, lemon juice and flavoring; add to gelatin. Whip evaporated milk; add to the mixture. Blend well. Sprinkle half the graham cracker crumbs into 10- x 6-inch glass baking dish. Add mixture; sprinkle on remaining crumbs. Refrigerate for at least 2 hours. Yield: 8 servings.

This dessert was used for refreshments at church recently.

—Margery



Number 1  
 with  
 me!

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## MARY LEANNA FOUND BARBADOS FASCINATING

Dear Friends:

I just finished pinning together a long skirt with matching shawl that I am making from some material I bought in Barbados. As I was doing so it occurred to me that I never told you about my trip to that island, but let me tell you about the outfit first.

I bought a yard and a half of two pieces of material that had the same pattern but contrasting color schemes. I cut five panels for the skirt and two for the shawl. They have to be sewn by Friday (I am writing this on a Wednesday), which is a problem because my sewing machine is being overhauled at the present time. If it's not ready by tomorrow I will have to see if I can find someone at the office who won't mind my appearing on her doorstep after dinner with a handful of material and a mouthful of pins.

My grandmother was with me when I bought the material, and when I explained to her how I intended to combine the prints she didn't think it could possibly look good. I'll have to wear the outfit in her presence to prove her wrong. Using the two color schemes together gives the outfit a peasant appearance that I really like.

If you are a regular listener to the Kitchen-Klatter radio program, you probably remember Mother and I mention that we would be spending a week in Barbados during March. We were the guests of Mother's parents who had rented a house on the Caribbean side of the island. We arrived in a tremendous rain (something that is not supposed to happen at that time of the year) but the skies were clear for the rest of the week. The storm did cause unusually large waves for several days on what is usually the calm side of the island. The last day Mom and I went swimming we thought we were beyond the breakers, only to turn around and find a six-foot wave about to break on top of us. For sheer shock value the wave was much bigger, but actually I guess it was only six feet high. The teenagers went surfing at our beach on a regular basis, but only where coral reefs cause the waves to break away out. This is rather dangerous because if you "wipe out" you might find yourself landing in coral.

When we weren't swimming, relaxing on the patio of our rented house, or shopping in the local shopping center, we did some sight-seeing. Bridgetown, the capitol, is located in the southwestern part of the island and is a favorite stop for cruise ships. It is a busy port with a population of about 40,000. Barbados received its independence in 1966 from England, but



Mary Leanna, standing between her mother, Mrs. Frederick Driftmier, and grandfather, Julian Crandall, graduated from Boston University and is employed in one of the offices on campus.

you can still buy English cottons, china, and French perfumes duty free. We were interested in noting that Trafalgar Square, the center of Bridgetown, has a statue of Lord Nelson that is older than the statue of Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square in London.

Sugar-cane growing is the main occupation of the island, and the by-products — sugar, molasses, and rum — its main exports. We visited a sugar refinery and viewed the whole process from the mashing of the cane through the various stages of boiling and refining, to the separation out of the sugar and molasses. I think it's an extract of molasses that goes into the production of rum, but that took place in a different location.

I was completely enchanted with the windward side of the island. In contrast to the quiet, fashionable resort atmosphere of the leeward side, the Atlantic coast is wild, rugged and relatively unpopulated. No one swims in the huge breakers that crash into the rock outcroppings. The terrain resembles the highlands of Scotland, which probably explains the presence of a small group of hardy Scots who are not really assimilated into the island population.

While we were on the windward side we visited three interesting places. The first was a windmill, no longer in use but saved as a museum, where the wind was harnessed to move the huge grindstones that crushed the juice from the sugar cane. Another interesting landmark is St. John's Church, dating from the seventeenth century, which is located on one of the highest hills in Barbados. Its English churchyard contains the tombs of many important European families. Sam Lord's Castle, the third landmark, is a private

home turned hotel with a beautiful formal garden. The house is furnished with fabulous antiques which the pirate Sam Lord is said to have acquired by setting out false lights so that ships would crash on the rocks.

As far as food goes (my favorite topic) I did not suffer while I was in Barbados! The specialties of the island are christophene (a squash-like vegetable), papaya, and flying fish, all of which I ate at least once a day.

We had a lovely trip and a very educational experience. Would I go back to Barbados? Just give me a piece of sugar cane to chew on and I'll think about it!

Sincerely,  
Mary Leanna

### PATHWAYS

The little paths on village lots  
Are like some crocheted lace;  
They weave themselves round and about,  
Going from place to place.

From one back porch to the next back door,  
'Cross lots and through an alley,  
The little paths connect us up —  
Helen, Debbie and Sally.

A pathway may bring to you, any time,  
A peddler — a neighbor — a tramp  
A freckled face boy with the evening mail  
A kitten, or an aunt.

All of these paths leading to all of these doors  
Are *love paths*, but not for *lovers*  
They carry love back and forth over lots  
But mostly it's kids and their *muvvers*.

—Lois Drew

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### A PRAYER

Give us, O God, a quiet heart that comes  
From faith in Thy abundant love, the sure  
Conviction all our needs will be supplied,  
If we but let omnipotent plans mature.  
Reflect this quiet in alertness of mind,  
O grant, that in our daily chores, some grace,  
Some inner joy may spread to those about;  
Of fear or pompous pride erase all trace.

Tame heart and rule our tongues lest we transgress  
Thy law of love. Let no complaint deny  
Our many blessings; halt censuring words  
And teach our lips to form the soft reply.  
—Seletha Brown



## A GREAT CITY

by

Evelyn Birkby

When Robert told me he had a two-day meeting in Kansas City in the offing I held my breath waiting to see what he would say next. I whooped with delight when the invitation to go along came loud and clear.

A number of years ago I had visited Kansas City for a meeting held for Director's of Religious Education. I was working in that capacity at the Grace Methodist Church in Waterloo, Iowa, and the church sent me to the meeting to see what I could learn. It was all an exciting, worthwhile experience, but absolutely devoid of any time to go sight-seeing. My memory of the city was the Union station and a brief stop at the World War I Memorial nearby.

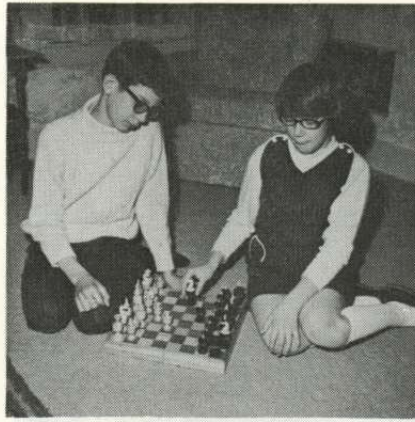
Since that time I have whisked through Kansas City either on the way to or on the way back from somewhere. Never before had I the luxury of two whole days to explore and get acquainted with one of our great Midwest cities.

In the midst of heavy rush hour traffic, we drove into Kansas City and promptly got lost! After finding ourselves in Kansas City, Kansas, it took several hitches of asking and checking maps *very* carefully to get back into the right territory. However, we did see streets and buildings we would have missed completely if we had stayed on the proper highway.

Our hotel was right in the midst of the business district and within walking distance of fine stores, lovely restaurants and theatres. While Robert attended his ASCS brainstorming sessions I enjoyed roaming through the shops and sampling excellent food. Following the rule to ask, ask, ask, I found the places I wanted to see and more besides!

One helpful shopkeeper directed me to the area where clothing is manufactured. Many people, he informed me, go to these outlets to buy remnants to use in making braided rugs. Another native told me of two second-hand stores close by which handled clothing. I found two brown tweed coats made of identical material which will be perfect in the color scheme of the rug I'm making. (In fact, I took some of my material along to have for pick up work when I was waiting for Robert.)

With assistance from the courteous visitor's center I found a Western store where I purchased my first real square dance clothes. A lovely bookshop provided me with *On the Way Home*, by Laura Ingalls Wilder to complete our set of the Little House books. A tie shop beckoned me and I bought new wider-style ties to bring home to the



Paul and Adrienne Driftmier are very enthusiastic chess players. The set the children are using here belongs to their cousin Martin. This is one of our oldest games and often museums have interesting exhibits of ancient sets.

boys. Some bright yellow flowered circle sets to put around pale blue candles was another purchase made in one of the fine department stores.

Robert had time to slip away for two meals while we were in Kansas City. One was a fine Italian dinner with green noodles and meat sauce, spaghetti and meat balls, huge chunks of Italian bread and spumoni ice cream. The second was a marvelous Oriental meal built around a sweet-sour shrimp dish and molded duck. Ummmm, I can still remember the exquisite flavor of those exotic dishes!

A trip to the Nelson Gallery of Art was especially enjoyable. I had obtained a bus schedule at the visitor's center and had no problem boarding the proper bus and getting off near the front door of the gallery. An excellent guide was just ready to take a tour through as I arrived. A young man, a college sophomore, was the other tour member so we had very personal service. Our guide showed us the magnificent paintings, a room filled with exquisite miniatures, the world-renowned Oriental exhibits, beautiful reconstructed rooms of various historical periods, and the interior of a fine Spanish cathedral.

A special African exhibit was being shown at the gallery. Items had been loaned by a number of African museums, the Smithsonian Institute and from private collections, so it was both unusual and outstanding. The three-room display of African sculpture included masks, animals, ceremonial objects and decorative household objects. I was amazed at how modern they looked; the similarity between the primitive African art and our own American Indian and Eskimo crafts was startling. Even many of our modern painters have used the same type of perspective, the same exaggerated features and the same reach into the spirit which many of the

sculptured pieces displayed. Our guide explained the tribal background of each piece and gave the practical use of the items in everyday community life. The blending of the physical, of nature and the spiritual areas of life were particularly impressive. Many of the objects shown were used in religious ceremonies, in initiation rites for their club groups, for healing the sick, for joyous occasions and even for disciplining the unruly!

It was with regret that I bade farewell to my two interesting companions, left the beauties of the art gallery and the wonder of Africa to continue my visit to Kansas City.

The Country Club Plaza area is near enough to the Nelson Art Gallery to be reached easily. It was built over forty years ago and is said to have started the trend for shopping centers. Its architecture is similar to that in Granada, Spain, probably the most colorful city in that country. Brilliant colored tiles on the roofs, lace-like iron grillwork, delightful statues, courtyards and wide winding streets, comprise a shopping area of over 150 shops. The Giralda Tower on the Swanson building caught my eye. A friendly pedestrian told me it was an exact replica of one in Spain. She also suggested I go into Swanson's to see the elegant fashions which are their specialty.

Thanks to this helpful resident of Kansas City, I also spent some time in Hall's. This block-long store is owned by the Hallmark people but includes far more than the usual napkins, cards and party items. A "country store" features many gourmet cooking utensils, recipe books filled with exotic recipes and clever items to add to kitchen decor. A gift shop displayed original paintings and art objects, the china, glass and silver department looked like an extension of the art gallery, and an Oriental bazaar showed robes, scarves, baskets, bells and delicate toys from far away romantic places. A nearby candy counter brought me down to earth with its lollipops and stick candies along with some glamorous-looking chocolates!

It was nearly time for my bus back to the hotel and as I hurried to the corner where it stopped I looked longingly, fleetingly at the tiny triangular art shop, the gay cafe with its *outdoor* European atmosphere and a shop with a sign declaring ANTIQUES.

-As we packed our suitcases into the car in readiness to leave the city I asked Robert if please, could we return again to Kansas City? "I'm sure I didn't get to see everything in just two days."

Robert grinned as he fastened his seat belt around him. "Sure we can come back someday. I hear they have a great baseball team here!"



## SELF-EXPRESSION

by  
Helene B. Dillon

We are living in an era of excitement — some good and constructive; some not so good, yet not wholly bad. These are days of anxiety, revolts, strikes. Groups both young and old are establishing a new society, a new way of thinking, a new way of living — even a new way of being born or not being born. This is a restless era. Do we sometimes wonder what brought this about? When it is all simmered down isn't it an effort to release self-expression? We each, in our own way, want to be heard. We read, we listen to radio, watch television, then we turn all of this information over in our minds and take out that which coincides with our own ideas and call it *self-expression*.

The artist has many ways of expressing his personality. Maybe his brush will produce a beautiful landscape, a portrait, or depict many facets of life. Again perhaps he will come up with a startling, frenzied work of art, something which is disturbing to some people. With his brush, pen, or pencil the artist finds freedom in his work.

The musician may be a devotee of classical music. With his compositions he will be able to bring out only the finest instincts in man. Yet with those same notes he may compose music to stir our worst nature. Music such as we find in the hymnals and many of the classics and ballads bring about conversion from a drab life to one of religious dedication. The composer finds self-expression in his music.

Self-expression has a wide range in writing. The written word can be of great beauty or sordid and destructive. Wouldn't you rather read something lovely that will stay with you and stimulate you to good thinking and noble deeds than to fill your mind with some of the literature available on every hand? Yet all of these writers are striving for self-expression.

Self-expression is to be found in the way we keep our homes and the way we make the most of our possessions and surroundings. It isn't what we spend on furnishings as much as the desire to express our creative talent that makes a desirable home.

The homemaker who can turn out a balanced meal is finding release of her creative powers, as well as the woman who can turn out a smart-looking outfit at about half the price of a ready-made garment. You are showing self-expression every day you live.

The school teacher who has a way with children finds it rewarding to teach. She finds self-expression in the passing of her knowledge to another.



Helene B. Dillon, contributor, lives in Columbus Junction, Iowa.

We are, each of us, whether we are aware of it or not, striving to take our place where we can express our talent.

Let us consider self-expression in church life. We all have talents to give if we could but use them in the right category. It is too bad when we are asked to serve in a capacity where we tackle the job with a half-hearted attitude when there are tasks we could do efficiently and enjoy the work. If you need music in your worship service, try to single out a member who is not only capable of performing but one who firmly believes music is a way of touching people and bringing out their finer impulses.

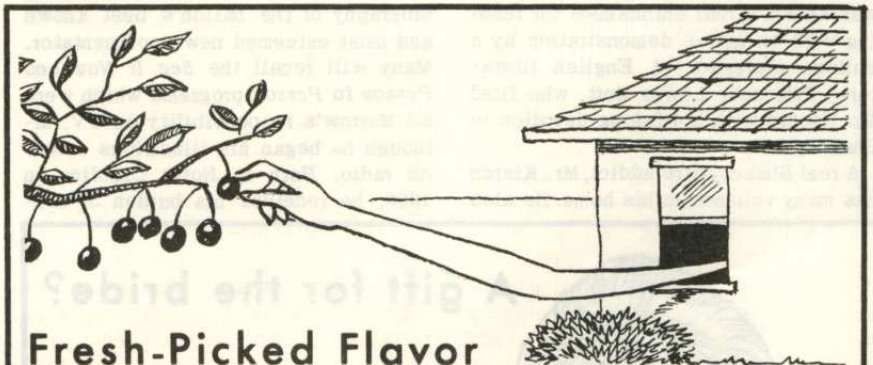
Some church members like to give a program, really enjoy getting it together, but complain a bit about being hostess to a church meeting. So try to keep this in mind when the committee meets to form the year's program. The program leader finds self-expression in putting words together; the homemaker loves having people in to enjoy her hospitality.

Select a woman with a knowledge of business to be your treasurer, to keep your finances in order.

Do you have a person in the group who finds great delight in decorating the tables for a special luncheon or party? Give her the job.

Christian self-expression could, if properly used, convert many people to a better way of life — could work miracles. Just a picture, strain of music, an inspirational bit of poetry or prose, a sermon — any of these efforts of self-expression may do great things to promote godliness in man, strengthen his character, give him a completely new way of life. Harness your self-expression into the right channel and it will surprise you what can come of it.

I can hear you saying, "But I don't have talent." I can't agree with you. If you have the talent of taking another's hand in yours and giving that person a warm friendly smile, you are doing your part to right the world's wrongs, bringing great joy, and at the same time you are practicing Christian self-expression. Try it!



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## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

John Kieran says a book is "the cake you eat and still have. If sturdily bound, it may last a lifetime even with frequent use . . . There are always new beauties to be found in favorite books."

In *Books I Love* (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$4.95) John Kieran records a selection of 100 titles for a home library, along with delightful comments on other books, authors and reading in general. He explains his reasons for the selections in anecdotal style, relates tales about authors and offers thought-provoking opinions. He reminds us tastes in reading are purely personal and no two persons savor the same type book.

Born in a house that was filled with books, Mr. Kieran recalls his early childhood and "reading" one of the exciting volumes of *The Cyclopaedia of Universal History* by John Clark Ridpath. After outgrowing the usual books for children, he searched the bookshelves at their home for richer treasures, which he immediately found. He was shown a real enthusiasm for reading with an active demonstration by a college professor of English literature, Professor Lewis Mott, who fired Mr. Kieran with a lifelong devotion to Shakespeare.

A real Shakespeare addict, Mr. Kieran has many volumes in his home. He also

has read the pocket-size books, often with one hand clutching the strap of a New York subway and the other holding a Shakespeare volume. (These books were from a family Shakespeare set published by D. Appleton & Co. in 1896.) A twelve-volume set, he wore out the covers and bindings of five and the seven survivors are "weak at the joints" but he cannot bear to throw them away. When asked to list his favorite Shakespearean plays, he found twenty-eight. Some of the plays he mentions as being the "meat and potatoes" of elementary education and any degree of culture in the English-speaking world. After all, "How many high school performers have hurled 'To be, or not to be' at parents and neighborhood friends . . . How many have begun with the words 'Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.'"

So, he says, with a Bible and a complete Shakespeare, we have the cornerstones of a good home library. His favorites span centuries and subject matter, ranging from Dante and Plutarch through works of Cervantes, Voltaire, Swift, Lewis Carroll, Melville and Mark Twain up to Masfield, Hemingway, Joyce, Maugham and O'Neill.

*Books I Love* is engrossing and absorbing as we relive with Mr. Kieran many of his own happiest reading hours.

*Prime Time The Life of Edward R. Murrow* (Little, Brown and Co., \$8.95) by Alexander Kendrick is a fascinating biography of the nation's best known and most esteemed news commentator. Many will recall the *See It Now* and *Person to Person* programs which were Ed Murrow's responsibility on TV, although he began his illustrious career on radio. Born in North Carolina in 1908, he received his burden of con-

science from his remarkable Quaker mother. He often said in later life that not working made him feel "miserable" and that he had never been "equipped to have fun." Looking back over his college years, he said: "A man is the product of his education, his work, his travel, his reading, his experience. But first among these is education."

When he began his radio career, he stated the most important element in radio was the broadcaster and his content. In 1937 he became the CBS European director which gave him the opportunity to watch Europe "tear up its maps." He was in Vienna in 1938 when Hitler arrived. He was under Nazi bombs in the London Blitz, when his "This . . . is London" established rapport with the American nation. On D-Day, radio as a news medium reached a peak of effectiveness in communication. In some periods of the day listening was statistically 200 per cent of normal. After the war, Mr. Murrow led the fight for the conscience of broadcasting. He believed in the educative function of radio and TV. The real Voice of America, Ed Murrow died in 1965.

*Prime Time* is a tremendous book, a 515-page volume of the life of an intelligent and honest man, who believed in public service rather than "servicing the public." The closing sentence of the book "Ed Murrow was dead. The Beverly Hillbillies lived on." Think about that.

*The Coming Collecting Boom* (A. S. Barnes and Co., \$8.50) by John Mebane is written out of the author's conviction that since the widely recognized and avidly sought antiques are diminishing in quantity and increasing in price, a new opportunity presents itself to the imaginative: the chance to pioneer new and challenging areas of collecting. Items mentioned include a description and extensive history, illustrations, and information on values at present. Samples: novelty clocks, pincushions, food grinders, drawer pulls, thimbles, toy vehicles, wicker furniture, and fruit jars. Regarding fruit jars, the author says they were produced by the hundreds of thousands and are still abundant. The trick is to distinguish between relatively modern jars and the old ones. It is wise to learn something about the collectible ones. Which reminds me of the talk I heard given by a dealer in antiques. People would call their shop wishing to sell fruit jars to them. Her husband became exasperated and finally answered each call this way, "No, thanks, I'm not doing any canning today!"

*The Coming Collecting Boom* is an adventure into a world filled with treasures not yet fully appreciated.



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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

"Each year we have a problem among the exhibitors at our flower show," writes Mrs. M. G., Minnesota. "Two of our garden club members run off with all the top ribbons in both the artistic and horticulture classes. One of them works for the local florist and has knowledge and access to all the tricks of the trade, so to speak. She invariably wins all the top ribbons in the artistic classes. The other grows perennials in her back yard and sells roots and cuttings to the public. Many of our members have taken the 'what's the use' attitude and no longer want to enter the show. We haven't a chance of winning a top ribbon, no matter how hard we try. Now the two gals mentioned above are excellent garden club members, doing their full share (and more) of the work in setting up shows or whatever activity the club engages in. We would hate to lose them as members. Do you have a solution?"

Many garden clubs encounter this problem as letters from readers across the country indicate. There are several solutions and you may take the one that will work best in your particular situation. First only "amateurs" can exhibit in an "amateur flower show". What is an amateur? An amateur is one who does not engage in the sale of plants for any part of his livelihood and who does not accept pay as a gardener, garden consultant, or landscape architect. This topic should be brought up and discussed at one of your meetings so that all members will understand it. The best way to solve such a problem is to make up a schedule that will allow these eager beaver exhibitors a chance to show their skills in only certain classes, but that will not let them exhibit in most of the regular classes for novices and amateurs. Why not ask these two gals to set up a horticulture display showing the latest and better plant introductions of the year — perhaps exhibits of the "All-America Award winners". Then see that the judge's attention is called to it and a suitable ribbon awarded for excellence. Have a few artistic classes where "judges and commercial" folks can enter. Once I read a schedule that had a section for "Super-advanced exhibitors — for exhibitors brave enough to enter against consistent blue-ribbon winners". You can believe that only the "bravest" entered in this challenging section. Try it in your club if you have a problem such as Mrs. M. G. has in her club.

## THIS AND THAT

by

Helene B. Dillon

Swing wide the gateway to June! Let's turn our thoughts to the story of all growing things and look for interesting worlds other than our own.

Watch the butterfly resort; watch them as they flit from flower to flower, their lovely coloring and beauty of movement. Over there is an ant city, a real masterpiece. Take a lesson on perseverance from these busy little bodies. What is more beautiful than spider bridges decorated with dew diamonds? Don't forget the magic factory in which the thorny climber produces not only clusters of beautiful roses but delightful perfume.

June is willow whistles for boys and girls, fresh crunchy radishes, beautiful vacation days.

\*\*\*\*\*

Stars of the holy firmament are reflected in the eyes of the bride as she lovingly waits at the altar for the approach of her groom.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bird song is at its best in early summer. I like the soft comforting song of the robin at the close of day.

\*\*\*\*\*

Remember when summer meant porch sitting for the older folk and yard games for the neighborhood children? We finished off the evening with glasses of homemade lemonade or dishes of ice cream. If the night was quite warm many people sat on their porches until all hours and the children were bedded down on pallets — such excitement!

\*\*\*\*\*

Did you ever braid white clover and make chains or a crown for your hair? This simple pleasure lends itself to the month of June when the clover seems to be especially full and fragrant.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Beauty is the best of all we know."

--- I say, "June is the most perfect of the three summer months. June is soft: the month of roses, warm days, but not hot; clover sweetness is everywhere and the world is rain-washed to a spanking green cleanliness.

\*\*\*\*\*

A beautiful experience is two-fold. First, we have the excitement of seeing something very beautiful, or the thrill of doing something different. Second, we relive the occasion in our memory bringing as much pleasure as the actual experience.



## AS IMPORTANT AS THE SKILLET

Summertime means fun time, with picnics, weekends in the country, vacations in the mountains and lots of work for Mom. Fortunately, she knows all about **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** . . . and knows it's just as important on a camping trip as it is the rest of the year at home.

She knows how it goes into solution immediately, even in hardest water. She knows how it goes after grime and dirt . . . even ground-in, greasy dirt (like smoke stains on the coffee pot, maybe?). And she knows from experience that it really saves her time, because it doesn't make foam or scum to rinse away. And, because a little bit goes a long way, it's economical, too! So when you're packing the skillet and bathing suit, don't forget old reliable:

**Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**



**SUMMER SEWING — Concluded**

flared skimmer in traditional India print, for a "this-minute" look! (If you can't find this fabric with the yard goods, you may find exactly what you need in the tablecloth or bedspread department.)

Dirndl skirts are popular, too, and a neat twist on this style is to use plaid that's printed diagonally on the material (perhaps in Dacron-cotton poplin, or I've seen it in the reasonably priced Acrilan knit). The diagonal plaid is quite slenderizing, as well as giving you that new look you want.

That new look includes blouses that are definitely darker than the skirts with which they're worn. Or, try something entirely new, and sew yourself or



We had a picture-taking session before Don and Mary Beth and family returned to Wisconsin. Pictured with Mother are grandchildren Paul, Katharine and Adrienne.

your girls some "Western" shirts in unexpected fabrics — flowered voile, perhaps, or pastel checked gingham. Fashion is fabulous this year, and your unique ideas fit into the fun pattern of the times!

Your simple patterns can make outfits singing with surprises, by the imaginative use of pockets. Try low-set pockets on a shift, with the belt running around the lowered waistline and under the pocket flaps. Or, stitch a flapped, top-stitched pocket above the elbow on the left sleeve of your long-sleeved shirt or jacket — you'll see this on boys' and girls' styles, too. On wash dresses for women or children, the conventional patch pockets are varied by putting them on in pairs, one of each in a contrasting color, and slightly staggered; the bottom pocket shows out from under the other in the form of an upside-down "L".

Try the new dresses and blouses with puffed sleeves; the puff at the shoulder is back, and some sleeves have fullness caught in to the arm at one or more intervals, faintly reminiscent of the "leg-o'-mutton" sleeves of days long ago. Indeed, the Victorian look inspired many of these newly revived variations on the puff sleeve mode. Just look around, collect ideas, and copy those you particularly like.

"... But," you say, "I can't afford a whole new wardrobe, no matter how much fun it might be to make it." Then use what's good from last year, but make the entire wardrobe look new by adding specialized touches. For instance, plan a special new blouse to wear with that skirt you always liked, then make an up-to-date skirt to pair with last year's still-becoming blouse. Carefully done, it will appear that you have two new outfits (for the cost of one.) The tailored blouse you already have takes on an entirely new appearance when teamed with a swingy dirndl skirt; color-match a perky new scarf to the skirt, and tuck it into the neckline. With a bit of experimenting, you can

make some bright new scarves for yourself, at a fraction of the store cost. (I know — I did!) Cut a rectangle 44" by 6", fold down the center and shape the ends to suit your fancy; fold with wrong sides together and stitch, leaving a 3" opening on the side to turn the scarf. This opening is slipstitched closed by hand after scarf is turned and carefully pressed. Wear this style scarf flapped once, or pulled through a scarf ring. Or, on some dresses, you pull the scarf through a special tab of the dress fabric that is part of the dress design.

On some styles, try such simple tricks as tucking in the blouse and adding a bold, wide patent belt to accent the waistline and — yes, you really do have the "now" look for a minimum investment. Try the ribbed fabric that's on the scene this season; for an up-to-the-minute skirt, it's decidedly new and in fashion to turn the ribs *crosswise*, and this will make your whole outfit look new. Then, too, much summer sewing requires no interlining, and a minimum of interfacing. Often dramatic use of cut and color make it unnecessary to add additional trimming, for that would be (as it once was expressed) simply "gilding the lily". Remember, such small savings soon add up. And this is the year for embroidery — by machine or by hand, delicate tracteries or bold, brilliant crewelwork. Accentuate your simplest styles with the elegance of embroidery at the neckline, cuffs, or dramatically down the entire length of the front panel.

Slim skirts, or A-lines with an inverted front pleat, are easy and fun to make at home, with a definite savings over the ready-to-wear cost. Polyester-cotton poplin, bonded knit, or double-knit are all easy to work with, and give you that professional result for a minimum of time and money spent. A slim skirt in size 12, for instance, can be made for something like a dollar and a half — just try buying one for that kind of money!

Other "for fun" styles are quickie beach wraps, ponchos (with and without fringe around the edges) and perky little vests. Boleros are in favor again; try one in felt, trimmed with bright embroidery or scrolls of narrow braid, for the swinging young look. Sleeveless princess dresses have the "now" look when topped with a short shoulder cape — and those capes are far easier to make than you might think. Then the dress is perfect to wear for hot afternoons; whip on the cape when chilly breezes spring up in the evenings. Style plus comfort, a perfect combination!

So, do increase your savings and your fun by careful planning, and by use of your sewing skill and imagination.



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**FATHER-SON NIGHT - Concluded**

There are seventeen white mice in his dresser  
And eleven turtles on top.  
I hope, when it's time to think about girls,  
His collecting spirit will stop!

—Author Unknown

To our sons, God bless them every-one!

*Toast to Fathers:* What is a father? Well, he's someone who keeps saying, "When I was your age ---". He's the guy who coaches your football game loud and often, but he's never been listed as coach on the faculty list. He can leave his dirty sox strewn around as easily as us kids, but, brother, if we leave his hammer on the garage floor or misplace his saw! A father is someone who likes to sing the old songs, and wants all his kids to play some kind of instrument. He is someone that sputters a lot when you get your fishline all snarled up and all the while his strong, quick fingers are plucking away at the stubborn knots. A father is a fixer — he can fix a leaky boot, a busted egg beater, a dripping faucet, a broken bike chain, a dolly's crippled arm, Mom's washing machine, or Tom Cat's chewed tail. He is that fellow with the wide grin, who claps the loudest there in his seat on the front row of the auditorium whenever his kid is on the program. He is someone who isn't so crazy about a tea, or a dinner dance, or all that fancy stuff, but who can spend hours sittin' on the creek bank with a fishing rod in hand, or can always *make* time to watch all the football games on TV, and thinks bowling is what keeps him in such good condition. He knows everything — like why the plug in the wall makes the refrigerator cold but lets the iron get hot, and what makes a submarine stay "sunk" and why the astronauts didn't get lost behind the moon, but insists "wimmin'" are a different thing entirely — he'll never understand 'em. But he sure let's everyone know he thinks Mom is awful special.

He laughs at anyone's being afraid of the dark or a mouse, and I'm sure a roaring lion wouldn't faze him, but he gets as nervous and shaky as a bowl of Jello if he has to make a speech in front of a crowd, or if he is standing by while one of his kids has his tonsils out. But best of all, a father is the man who can pick you up when you're little and afraid and suddenly everything is right and wonderful again; and when you're older, by the grip of his hand or the gleam in his eye, he can make you feel ten feet tall, and so glad you can say "That's my dad!"

*Toast to Grandfathers:* Grandfathers are very special persons indeed — their love and understanding a security blanket to the boy who calls him

"Gran'pa". To Gran'pa we dedicate this poem:

I'm goin' back to Gran'pa's.

I won't be comin' back no more

To hear remarks about my feet

A-muddyin' up the floor.

They's too much said about my clothes,

The scoldin's never done —

I'm goin' back to Gran'pa's,

Where a boy can have some fun.

I dug up half his garden

A-gittin' worms for bait;

He says he used to do it, too,

When I lie abed so late.

He says that pie is good for boys

An' candy makes 'em grow.

An' he never says he's too busy

To tell me what I want to know.

He even run a race with me —

I won; he had to stop and cough.

He rode my bicycle an' laughed and laughed

Becuz he tumbled off.

He knows the best fishin' spots

Around for many a mile

An' is allus willin' to take

Me fishin' for a while.

I bet you Grandpa's lonesome,

I don't care what you say;

He allus looks 'most like cryin'

When it's time I go away.

So if things ain't goin' my way

I know just where to go —

'Cuz he has a special way to tell me

He's glad I'm there, you know.

**Meditation:** The world today is looking for:

Men who are not for sale;

Men who are honest, sound from center

to circumference, true to the heart's core;

Men with consciences as steady as the needle to the pole;

Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels;

Men who can tell the truth and look the world right in the eye;

Men who neither brag nor run;

Men who neither flag nor flinch;

Men who can have courage without shouting it;

Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep and strong;

Men who know their message and tell it;

Men who know their place and fill it;

Men who know their business and attend it;

Men who will not lie, or shirk, or dodge;

Men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor;

Men who are willing to eat what they have earned and wear what they have paid for;

Men who are not ashamed to say "No" with emphasis and who are not ashamed to say, "I can't afford it".

God is looking for men. He wants those who can unite around a common faith — who can join hands in a common task — for such a time as this. God give us men!

—From a speech by United States Senator Frank Carlson of Kansas.

The test of your worth is the number of people who are thankful that you are you.



# CHECKS OUT!

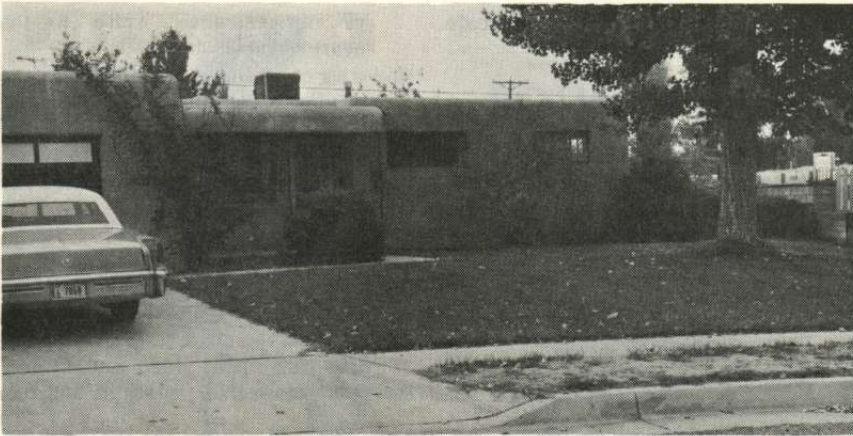
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New Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops is the laundry detergent that scores highest on every test . . . especially in your washer. Your grocer is featuring it right now.

## Kitchen-Klatter BLUE DROPS





Several of you have asked to see a picture of Lucile's home in Albuquerque, so we looked through our pictures and believe that this is the best one we can come up with. There aren't many flowers in the front, but the back yard is a riot of color.



## What's cooking?

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<b>KSMN</b>	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
<b>KCOB</b>	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
<b>KSCJ</b>	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.

### MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

models and the dress I wore dated from World War I. It was an evening dress of black satin and lace trimmed with jets. After fastening all the snaps and hooks and eyes, I was grateful that I'm living in the days of zippers! One of the members took pictures of each of the models for our scrapbook. The musical accompaniment was in keeping with the period of each dress, which was nostalgic in itself. It was lots of fun!

Speaking of memories, we did a good deal of reminiscing a couple of weeks ago when my cousin Josephine Field Nelson and her husband Al were here for a brief visit. They were enroute to their home in Clinton, Iowa, after spending the winter in Arizona. I didn't get to see them on my trip west as they were in Mesa and I didn't get that far north, but we did have fun talking about Arizona, my stop in Tucson (which is one of their favorite cities) and the relatives I did get to see.

We're expecting Frederick and Betty sometime this summer, but a date hasn't been set for their visit as yet. We're hoping that it will be sometime in June, but a lot depends upon when Frederick has days free, what with weddings to perform as well as other affairs. As with most of us, he finds it necessary to make spur-of-the-moment plans.

Mother just called that she has some letters to be taken down to the office, so I'll bring this to a close and be on my way.

Sincerely,

*Margery*

### THE REASON

Just take a look at this wonderful world  
And all the beauty that's in it.  
We know it isn't the world going wrong,  
It's just some folks that are in it!

—Gladys Billings Bratton

### FLOWERS

What is so beautiful as a flower

So fragile, so fragrant . . .

We do not see of what it is made

Only the beauty it has displayed.

And then, at second glance, we see

The skill of structure,

The brilliance of color,

The beauty of nature,

The work of God

The same tender care that was used  
In the molding of you and me.

—Lucile Ault Pfister

### FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

ic and social failure. Several children in our state have killed themselves with drugs, and we are told that the condition is going to get much worse before it gets any better.

Here in Springfield we have had several riots in our schools, and in most of the junior high and high schools there are policemen on regular duty. I predicted this would happen when the courts forced the school department to permit children to dress in any manner they wished, wear their hair in any manner they wished, and in other ways be their own judge of conduct. It would seem that seven thousand years of human history has taught us nothing about the necessity of discipline! It is my conviction that children act in a direct correlation with the way they keep their personal appearance. Dirty, shabbily dressed children have a strong tendency to act like little bums! Well-scrubbed, cleanly and neatly dressed children act accordingly. There are exceptions to every rule, but generally it is true that casual dress encourages casual conduct, and sexually stimulating dress produces promiscuous conduct. If I were in a position of authority, I would insist that all school children be neat and clean with well-groomed hair, and when the weather permitted, the boys in jackets. That would be a first step toward getting some respect for authority and the encouragement of courtesy.

I write this to you out of a long background of experience in both kinds of schools — those with strict discipline, and those with no discipline. One reason the social dancing has become so wild and vulgar is the fact that dress standards for social occasions have been lowered. Can you picture this modern style of dancing being done in strict formal attire? There might be a little of it, but nothing like the scene today.

Considering how we of the older generation have abandoned our own standards of discipline, I think it is amazing that our children are as good as they are. What do you think?

Sincerely,

Frederick



## "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.

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