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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

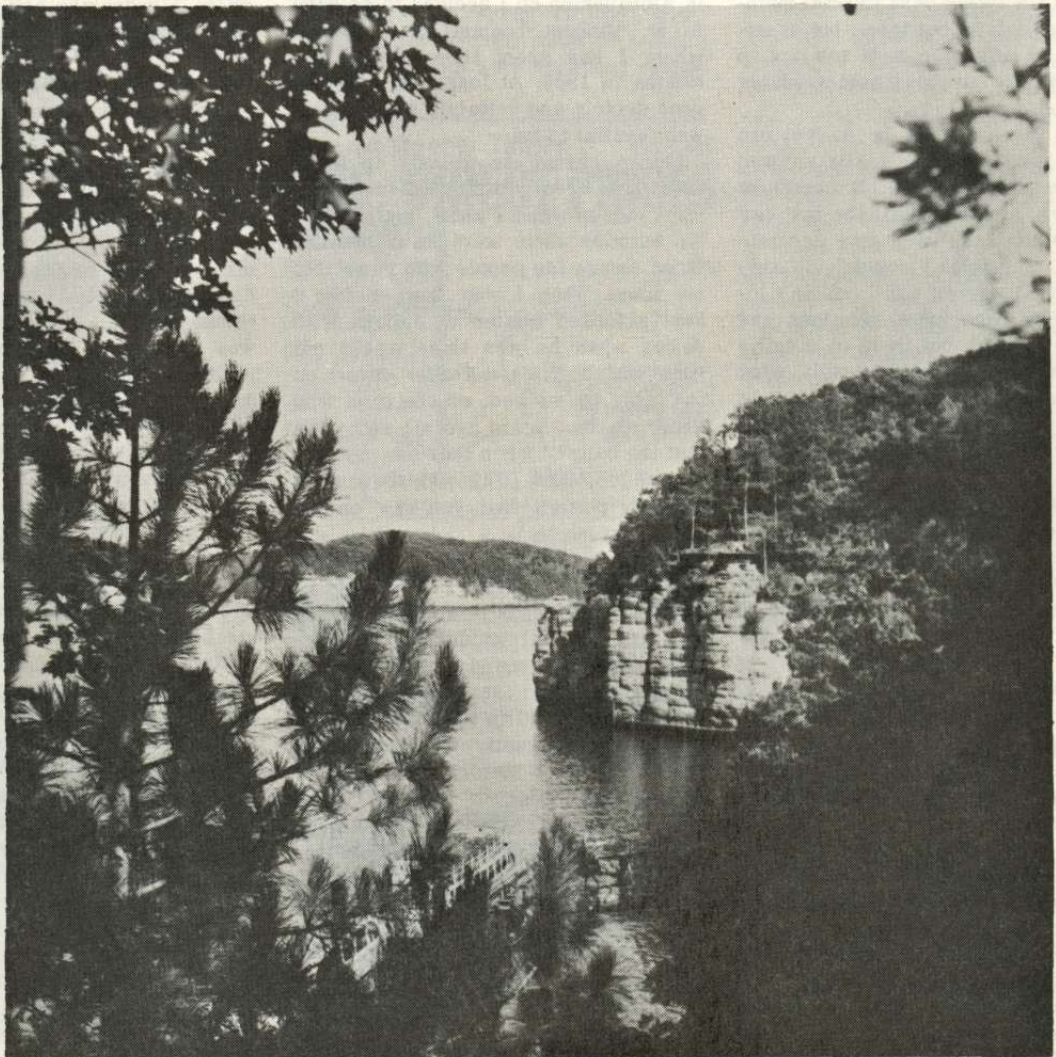
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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a perfectly beautiful June day in Iowa, a day simply made to order for having coffee outside — and that's exactly what I've been doing. In my case "outside" means a small porch that opens off the living room. Summer mornings are delightful out there, but usually by early afternoon it is too hot to linger and the air conditioning inside feels good.

This is the first time in the last two or three years that I've really enjoyed my little porch because it overlooks the garden, although until the last few days it would have been more accurate to call it a jungle. I couldn't do anything about it myself and I couldn't locate anyone who knew plantings and was able to work out there on a fairly permanent basis so, as a result, what had once been a beautiful well-kept garden turned into a weedy wilderness that depressed me every time I looked at it.

When I returned from Albuquerque three weeks ago and saw how terrible my place looked I almost concluded that perhaps the time had really come when I should just give up trying to cope with it and move into an apartment. I didn't want to do this, of course, but I certainly was discouraged at the thought of starting all over again to try to do something about it.

In view of all this you can imagine how happy I was to find exactly what I had been looking for these last six years: a semi-retired man who knew plantings and wanted to do part-time work. I can still scarcely believe my good fortune. He comes every morning about 7:45 and works until noon, and in even this short time there has been such a transformation that I can hardly recognize my own property. I feel extremely fortunate to have located such competent help.

When I went out to Albuquerque around the middle of March I expected to be gone only a month or six weeks,

but as things turned out I was gone just about twice that long. I was preparing to call Dorothy to find out when she could fly to Albuquerque to drive us back when a deep-seated cyst in my side became badly infected and showed every symptom of needing surgical attention. I didn't know a single doctor in Albuquerque so I decided to go back to St. Vincent hospital in Santa Fe where I had spent three and a half months in 1968. At least there I knew good doctors and certainly the hospital was familiar to me.

Things change so quickly in these times that I really didn't expect to see many nurses whom I knew, but much to my surprise there were many familiar faces among the people who came into my room. When I was there before I kept a framed picture of Juliana with James when he was three weeks old (this was a *Kitchen-Klatter* cover) on the table by my bed, so the girls who knew me two years ago all said: "Is that the baby?" when they saw my new picture of James. (This was the second birthday portrait that you saw on the cover last month.)

Fortunately, I only had to spend two weeks at St. Vincent, but it took me another three weeks or so in Albuquerque to feel well enough to start the drive back to Shenandoah. It's hard to get a good sound rest in any hospital, and of course no trip to surgery leaves you feeling exactly chipper. Well, that's all past history now and I'm feeling back to par.

The month of April in Albuquerque was mostly disagreeable, weatherwise. Day after day we had very high winds, dust storms and far below normal temperatures. At least those cold days and nights were good for one thing and that was to keep shrubs and flowers in bloom for a long, long time. My fruit trees were beautiful for over a month, and Juliana had flowering quince in bloom a full six weeks. Her early tulips were in bloom when I arrived there and she still had some late tulips in the front yard when I returned to Iowa.

It has now been over a year since I bought my house on Chapala Drive in Albuquerque, and the longer I'm there the happier I am that I made the move. It's a place that fits my needs at this period of my life, and although I purchased it impulsively it has turned out to be one of the wisest things I've ever done. Property turns over so fast in Albuquerque that if I had taken even two or three days to make up my mind I would probably have lost out. Thank goodness I made my decision very swiftly.

Those of you who have read this magazine for several years will probably remember my references to Chris, Juliana's dear friend. They were roommates during their first two years at the University of New Mexico, and after they left Hokonah Hall they lived together in apartments. When Russell died Chris flew back here with Juliana, and when I was desperate for a way to get to Juliana's wedding, Chris is the one who came to my rescue and drove me to Albuquerque and back. She certainly has a very warm place in my heart.

In early March Juliana spent a week in San Francisco with Chris and her husband, Steve Crouse. He has one more year to go in his residency and then will be practicing medicine as a neurologist. Juliana was three years old when Russell and I left San Francisco to move to Shenandoah, and she has always been eager to see the things that we told her about as she was growing up. Jed urged her to go since he was able to take care of James and keep the home fires going.

That was a wonderful week for Juliana. She took her camera with her and snapped many pictures so that I could see if things had changed. CHANGED? The only things that looked just the same to me were scenes shot in Golden Gate Park, and the house where we lived at 1020 Anza Street. (It was not a great distance from the Golden Gate Bridge.)

When I looked at the pictures of our old house I noticed something instantly that I had completely forgotten — it had *never* crossed my mind in all of these years. There is a long flight of steps leading up to the front door, and there are no railings at the sides. I certainly lived a very active life during the two years it was our home, and it astounded me that I had never once given those steps a thought. Now that I'm in a wheelchair the word "steps" is always the foremost thing in my mind when I think about going anywhere.

The day before Juliana left San Francisco to return to Albuquerque, Steve and Chris had their first baby, a little

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MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

It seems strange not to be running into Mother's for lunch this noon. Oliver and I drove her to Lucas last weekend to spend some time on the farm with Dorothy and Frank, so she's gone this week. We had a threatening looking sky that morning and it rained a bit off and on, but by the time we reached the farm and sat down for lunch the skies were beginning to clear. We were glad we didn't let the clouds scare us out of the notion of going.

As Dorothy has told you many times in her letters, they have a pretty good fishing spot on their property. We were glad the fish were biting that day; in less than two hours we caught about a dozen. I like to fish when I can catch some!

While Mother is gone her nurse-companion, Ruby Treese, is taking the week off to help with the wedding preparations of one of her granddaughters. I've been stopping in to take care of the mail and water the houseplants and it certainly is a lonesome, empty house. My dog, Nickie, runs down with me and he wanders through the house looking for Ruby and Mother. They usually give him a "handout" when he goes down there and he can't make out what has happened to them and why no special tidbit!

We've had two short visits from our son Martin recently. He came home one weekend rather unexpectedly when he had a short vacation from his studies. It was time for him to have his eyes checked so he took care of that while he was home. The second trip was made for the sole purpose of attending commencement at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska, where he completed his undergraduate work last year. Several of his friends were to receive their degrees and he wanted very much to be present. He spent a day with us at that time and we had a chance for another little visit.

Oliver and I drove over to Crete the day the new physical education building was dedicated and learned at that time that David Lawrence, editor of *U.S. News and World Report*, was scheduled to give the commencement address. If at all possible, I wanted to be there. Well, it turned out to be possible! (It doesn't always!) Oliver wasn't able to go so I invited our minister and another church friend to go with me. We caught glimpses of Martin now and then. His time was pretty much taken up with his friends (some of whom he realized he might not see again for a number of years), but we expect to see him again before too long. He will be working at the semin-



Nickie is a mighty happy dog when Martin comes home and scarcely leaves his side.

ary this summer and we intend to stop by and see him while on vacation.

We're having quite a time finding two weeks when both Oliver and I can leave our jobs at the same time. I suppose this isn't unusual when both husband and wife work. But unless something comes up we may make it in July sometime. At least this is what we are aiming for.

I'll be attending our church state conference as a delegate again this year and will be leaving for these meetings next week. The theme this year is "Hungers of Man" and in preparation for the conference we held a sacrificial meal at the church this week. I helped make the soup and while it was simmering at the back of the stove we prepared some bulletin boards with pictures taken in underdeveloped countries as well as in poverty areas in our own nation. These were placed at the entrance to the dining room so they were viewed by the members as they arrived. Our meal was followed by a film strip and discussion. A freewill offering was taken which will be dedicated at one of the sessions at conference.

I thought I'd be reporting to you this month on all the sewing I've accomplished. That isn't the case! Two dresses are cut out but that is as far as I've gotten. I won't say I haven't had time because that wouldn't exactly be true. One evening, for instance, I was reading the evening paper on the back porch and had just announced to myself that I would get busy at the sewing machine when several of my neighbors came by on their bicycles and asked me to join them. We rounded up another bike and off I went. I used this as a "for instance", but it has been happening quite frequently. It is good exercise (which I need!) but it isn't helping in the sewing department.

Abigail called last week to tell us

that Alison and a college friend might be arriving on the scene. We aren't certain if they will visit Dorothy and Frank on the farm before they stop in Shenandoah or after. I have the guest room ready for the girls and hope they can spend several days with us when they turn up.

Typing that last paragraph reminds me that many of our new readers have asked for a family tree. Perhaps this is just the spot for it!

There are seven Driftmier children — Howard, Lucile, Dorothy, Frederick, Wayne, Margery (me!) and Donald. Howard and his wife, Mae, live in Shenandoah. Their daughter, Donna, and Tom have two little girls, Lisa and Natalie. Lincoln, Nebraska, is their home while Tom is working on his doctor's degree.

Lucile's husband, Russell, passed away a few years ago. A friend, Eula Blake, is making her home with her now. Lucile's daughter, Juliana, and Jed live in Albuquerque. They have a little two-year-old son, James, and are expecting another baby momentarily.

Dorothy and Frank live on a farm 130 miles from Shenandoah near the small town of Lucas, Iowa. They have an only daughter, also, named Kristin, who with her husband, Art, and two young sons, Andrew and Aaron, lives in Laramie, Wyoming. Kristin is working on her doctor's degree at the University of Wyoming.

Frederick is a minister in Springfield, Massachusetts. His wife's name is Betty. They have two children, Mary Leanna and David.

Wayne and Abigail live in Wheat Ridge, Colorado, a suburb of Denver. Emily and Alison are in college and Clark is in high school.

I'm next in line! My husband's name is Oliver. Our only son, Martin, is a seminary student at New Brighton, Minnesota.

The baby of the family is 6'4" Donald. He and his wife, Mary Beth, live in Delafield, Wisconsin, which is in the Milwaukee area. They have three children, Katharine, Paul and Adrienne.

The mother of these seven Driftmiers is Leanna Field Driftmier. Our father, Martin H., passed away a few years ago after several years of declining health.

Other relatives are mentioned from time to time, but we try to remember to identify them as we go along. If I started listing all of them, we would have little space for anything else in this issue!

The girls at the office are waiting for my letter to finish up this issue, so I'll bring this to a close.

Sincerely,

Margery

Have a Centennial or Anniversary Coming Up?

by
Mabel Nair Brown



It seems that almost every community here in the Midwest is observing a centennial of some kind these days — either the founding of the town, a church, or some organization. If you are on a committee to plan such a celebration, perhaps the following suggestions and clippings will be just what's needed to inspire you to get started.

Whatever the observance, there will probably be a luncheon or dinner involved when you will need to go "all out" in decorations on the theme. Instead of the more usual gold numerals "50th", "75th", etc., try to create conversation pieces to bring back reminiscences of those earlier days.

I have never seen lovelier table settings than those where cherished heirlooms were used as containers for flowers as the table centerpieces, with smaller pieces serving as interest catchers between the larger arrangements. Old-fashioned garden flowers were used, each arrangement having flowers particularly suited to the container. As to the containers, there wasn't a vase in the lot! Instead, there were cut glass bowls, silver pitchers, coffee and tea pots, pewter pitchers and mugs, Wedgewood pieces, stone apple butter jugs, old-fashioned balance scales, wooden scoops, coffee grinders, and delicate china bowls. The old wooden kraut stompers, churn dashers, and potato mashers, with flowers entwined around the handles, were laid on the tables between the large arrangements. Toothpick holders, bone dishes, salt dishes, small porcelain figurines, and spoon holders are other items which might be used as part of the decorations.

If garden flowers aren't available, plastic and velour flowers can be worked into beautiful arrangements; in fact, you might decide to use them because they could be done well ahead of time.

If your event happens to be a luncheon to be followed by a fashion show featuring costumes worn in years gone by, then your table decorations can follow suit. Use hat pins and hat pin holders, old jewelry boxes, old jewelry, collar boxes (for men's stiff collars), button hooks, curling irons, and pleating irons, to name a few.

If you are fortunate enough to have available old files of your local paper, you will find there fascinating items about social events of a long ago era. There are two ways these might be used. You might pattern some anniversary or centennial affairs after those described in the old papers; or, the reading of some of these items will make for a most entertaining and enlightening program. The style of writing used fifty or more years ago is so very much more flowery and flattering than is used in present-day news stories that it is often vastly amusing.

In case you do not have access to such newspaper files, here are a few interesting items I copied as I worked on a centennial history book for a neighboring town last year.

You could have a ball re-enacting this wedding for your program as a narrator reads the account. (I've changed the names, of course.)

"One of the most charming events of the season were the nuptials of Miss Mona James and Howard Leonard celebrated at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Harvy James, Saturday evening, September 26, 1908, in the presence of eighty guests.

"The decorations were yellow and white and the parlors were beautifully decorated with masses of yellow and white asters, with trailing white clematis falling gracefully over lace drapery, forming a veritable bower of beauty in the space set apart for the marriage ceremony.

"Promptly at 7:30 P.M., Mrs. E. L. Jones sang sweetly and impressively, 'I Love You Truly'. Then, to the strains of Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' played by Miss Josie Hamilton, entered 18 girls, all cousins of the bride or groom, beautifully gowned in white lingerie dresses, bearing over their shoulders a rope of white clematis, forming an aisle directly in front of the lace and flowers across which was tied white satin ribbons.

"Overhead the chandeliers, festooned in white clematis and exhaling its sweet perfume, formed a canopy for the aisle of happy faces and fragrant flowers through which came little Betsy James dressed in the airiest creation of yellow silk muslin and white lace.

"With all the dignity and deliberation

imaginable and with her dark eyes sparkling (it was the proudest moment of her life!) and feeling the importance of her trust, she untied the ribbons.

"Then came Miss Harriet James, maid-of-honor and sister of the bride, dressed in beautiful white and lavender organdy, trimmed in lace and velvet ribbon.

"The officiating clergyman, Rev. John Hicks, cousin of the bride, entered, followed by the groom.

"Mid a hush of expectancy and joyous anticipation the bride appeared, and as she passed, to the sweet strains of the 'Wedding March', with head slightly bowed, down the floral aisle, it was the finishing touch to a most lovely wedding.

"The bride was dressed in white satin taffeta with trimmings of silk Cluny lace, and ruffles of Irish point lace, and wore a bridal veil. The bridal bouquet was a bunch of white Alaska daisies.

"The wedding ring was made by the groom himself.

"Following the congratulations choice refreshments were served in the dining room where the yellow and white color scheme was tastefully carried out."

(Note: I love that "bunch" of daisies for the bridal bouquet!)

"There is great excitement over the elaborate Masquerade Ball to be held at the opera house next week. Everyone is invited to come if he can solemnly swear to:

'I am safely through the teething season

Thru' with scarlet fever and the mumps,

Whooping cough, chicken pox, everything in season,

And my mother says I never have the dumps.'

"Very grand and intricate decorations are being planned for the ballroom — no pains have been spared by the committee, many of whom have worked into the wee hours of the morning to prepare for this big event.

"The following rules will govern the ball. Everyone please heed!

1. All masks must be lifted, upon request, at the door.

2. No gentleman will be allowed in lady's costume or no lady allowed dressed in a gentleman's costume.

3. No person will be permitted to dance unless a mask is worn.

4. General unmasking will be at midnight."

—1899

'It has been something like four years since the first vacuum cleaners came on the market and since that time it seems wonderful improvements have been made since that first plunger

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

I played hookey today! About once every four years I take a day off and go fishing for the famous Connecticut River shad. Some people call it the poor man's salmon. It is good sport to catch, and it is good eating, particularly when it is broiled with strips of bacon over it. During the early summer shad is a delicacy served in the best restaurants and clubs. I think that Betty prepares it better than anyone else, and we love to have friends in for fresh shad, especially if I caught it.

Shad act just like salmon; i.e., they spawn in the upper waters of the eastern rivers and then go out to sea. Each year in the early summer they come back from the sea and swim far, far up to the clear, cold water in the streams that come down out of the mountains. Some of the old-timers tell me that fifty and sixty years ago the rivers around here actually were crowded with the shad; so crowded that there wasn't room for them, and then came the industrial pollution that almost finished the shad once and for all. Things are a bit better now that the state governments have taken steps to clean up the rivers. I doubt very much if you who live in the Midwest and far West ever have a chance to eat shad for it is not frozen or canned. Right here on the banks of the river we only have shad at this time of the year.

We eat a great deal of fish in our house, having it once or twice a week all year 'round. Of course, we are close to the supply, with fresh fish shipped out of Boston each morning. Within a matter of minutes after the fishing boats dock in Boston, some of the catch is on its way to Springfield. Every once in a while Betty will call the church office and ask me to pick up some fresh fish on my way home for supper. We love fresh ocean bluefish or bass, but our favorite is filet of flounder served for breakfast. When we go to Nova Scotia, we will catch all the fish we eat. Very shortly after you get this letter I shall be out on the cold, rough Bay of Fundy fishing for haddock and cod, and I shall probably have about ten seasick youngsters with me.

The other day one of our radio friends wrote and asked me what our church was doing about the present state of unrest in this country since she had read that right here in Springfield we were having student strikes and racial demonstrations. I suppose that the best answer to that question is to say that our church is doing its best to help its members keep some kind of a balance in a world that seems very un-



Frederick's busy wife, Betty, is always grateful for a chance to enjoy the great outdoors and is the first to voice her approval when someone suggests a picnic. Standing at the right with a hamburger in hand, she visits with some church members at a church school picnic.

balanced much of the time. All of us are being bombarded by ideological pressures of all sorts these days, and sometimes we reach a point of not knowing what to think or what to say. We are like the man in the musical production called: "Stop the World! I Want to Get Off!". We read and hear what so many good authorities are saying on both sides of every issue until we reach a point of complete bewilderment and confusion. If anything can help us keep our balance it is the great store of church tradition—traditions of worship, of conscience, of morality, of charity.

As I write this to you, I am reminded of the popular Broadway musical now a big hit in theaters throughout the East called: "The Fiddler on the Roof". This is a musical that has perfectly captured the ancient dignity of the Jewish community, its ritual dances, its solemn respect for family and tradition, and its warm humor. In the play a man acting the part of a village dairyman says to the audience: "In our little village every one of us is like a fiddler on the roof, trying to scratch out a pleasant, simple tune without breaking his neck. How do we keep our balance? That I can tell you in one word — TRADITION! Because of our traditions we've kept our balance for years. Because of our traditions everyone here knows who he is and what God expects him to do. Without our traditions our life would be as shaky as a fiddler on the roof."

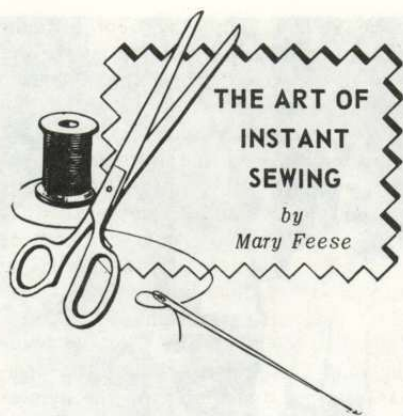
I like to think that that helps to explain what our church is trying to do — encouraging the old traditions of the faith to help all of us keep our balance while we try to scratch our simple,

pleasant tunes of life without losing our balance and breaking our necks. Believe me, it is not easy, and there is no minister in the world who can manage to help all people with their own individual situations of stress and concern.

Our church is noted for the beauty and dignity of its worship services, and a very important part of any service is what we call the "Psalter Reading". If you have such in your church, something from Scripture that is read responsively, you will understand why I find so amusing this little bit of wit: "Minister, just before beginning the responsive reading says: 'Will the lady who always arrives at the still waters while the rest of us are in the green pastures please wait for us this time?' " Actually, I would never have to say that in my church because my choir is trained to lead the people in their responses, and that makes it just impossible for some eager reader to get out ahead of the others.

Beginning with the first Sunday in July our church will hold its morning services at the Old First Church in the very heart of downtown Springfield. Our two churches have gone together for union services every summer for many, many years. For us in our church it is like going home since Old First is the "mother church" of all our Congregational churches in this area. It was founded in 1636, and at the time of its founding, I had at least ten ancestors on my mother's side of the family in that church. One hundred and twenty-eight years ago that church was so crowded with members that some of them built a new church two blocks

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You love to sew, you say, but there's so little time to spare for it!

And yet, you just won't settle for mass-produced styles, those "cheapies" off the rack at the discount store. No, they make you feel too much like "Mrs. Everywoman" as you walk down the street. On the other hand, the better readymades seem so expensive; it really would save money, if you only had time to sew.

In these days of instant everything, then, the solution comes to mind: you will perfect the art of instant sewing. You will really be a whiz. Will you be able to sew it today and wear it tomorrow? Well, really, what you had in mind was to sew it this afternoon and wear it tonight!

While not all projects are quite that instant, there really are a great many sewing tips and shortcuts that reduce time spent without sacrificing a bit of style or quality. So, the following suggestions are all selected with time saving foremost in mind.

Remember to think quality, all the way; there is never any substitute for it. Fine fabric needn't cost a fortune, either, if you choose carefully. There are many durable, attractive materials that also launder well, for under a dollar a yard, and a great many more under two dollars. There are, however, some fabrics that lose their "bounce" after only a few wearings, and would be no bargain if they were given to you. Even with swift sewing methods, still it makes good sense to sew garments you'll wear with pride throughout the entire season.

Remember, too, that patterns with few pieces and simple lines, and styles that require a minimum of fitting, are the easiest and quickest to make. For work and for play, often they are also the most satisfactory.

Keep in mind that hand sewing, as a general rule, is more time consuming than that done on the machine. So, it is worthwhile to plan your sewing to utilize machine work whenever possible. By all means finish by hand if it's a detail that will make a good deal of difference in the appearance of the

completed garment. Quite often, though, you can use machine finishing for nearly all the work — so long as you planned for it when you began. Another useful idea, if you've not already thought of it, is to turn readymades inside out and study them to see how they've been put together. On inexpensive and moderately priced lines, the manufacturers have worked out ways to give a satisfactory garment with the least possible sewing time. And often, these are shortcuts not mentioned on pattern direction sheets, nor in your fat, trusty sewing book that is supposed to give you complete directions on how to sew. Yet these shortcut methods have one main point to recommend them: they do work! So experiment a bit; try them out. Some, you won't like, but others you'll find so swift and easy that you'll wonder how you ever sewed without them.

Keep "swift and easy" in mind, too, when choosing your fabric. Avoid stripes, or large florals that require careful matching both when cutting and when sewing. For quicker sewing, choose solid colors, tweeds, small checks, or allover small-sized floral or paisley prints. Bonded knits in solid colors, perhaps with attractively textured surfaces, require no additional lining (a timesaver in itself) and, should you possess even a modest sewing skill, will reward you with outfits that look expertly done.

In this time-saving campaign, why not let your fabric do the work? By some inverse "rule of thumb", the more elegant the fabric, the simpler the pattern used. If you examine beautiful brocade dresses, you'll find simple, uncluttered lines with nothing to detract the eye from the brocade. You'll find, too, that they are more effective this way, and look more expensive, than if they were cluttered with surplus seams or trim. This holds true for your finest knits, too. You can sew swiftly and still have the outfits of your dreams, by following the formula. A fine fabric, simply styled and perfectly fitted, is always a wise choice for any woman's wardrobe.

Some pattern companies identify these simple styles, that lend themselves so readily to your instant sewing, as Quickies or Jiffies, and recently have some super-simplified for beginners. You may, of course, find relatively simple patterns that aren't so labeled, but you'll do well to avoid styles with a great deal of detail. For, sure as you're born, those details require time (that you can scarcely spare) to make up.

Study the instruction sheets that come with those time-saver patterns. Often you can transfer the ideas to other garments you make, thus saving still more time.

Contrasting colors can be used to "trim" a dress, with no additional sewing time needed. Or buttons can be sewed on for decorative purposes only, at the added "cost" of only a few minutes' time. When you do want additional trim, choose carefully; some can be attached in moments, while other trims demand a good deal of patient, invisible hand stitching.

Sometimes you'll want ruffles, though, as when you're making dresses for tiny girls. Commercial pre-ruffled trim is a real timesaver here — much faster than gathering your own, and at a modest cost. Careful choice of goods, however, sometimes produces a dainty, feminine little outfit without a ruffle to its name! For instance, a tot's A-line jumper (with scoop neck to slip over the head, no back closures required) is one of the simplest sewing projects you can find. Made up in solid color corduroy or a good grade of poplin or Indianhead, this style will switch with ease from tailored to feminine, according to the blouse you choose to pair with it. Possible choices are a turtleneck knit shirt, a tailored blouse in crisp white that has Peter Pan collar and neat cuffs, a lace-frosted Dacron blend beauty with long, full sleeves, or a delicate small print with a flowing tie at the neckline.

Many children's clothes, especially the summer ones, can be made from fabric with lots of body to it. This eliminates the need for much interfacing or underfacing or lining, and to a corresponding extent, reduces sewing time. Fitted and semi-fitted dresses and blouses for children look well made of firm, supple broadcloth or gingham, while A-line dresses or jumpers, and many skirt styles, support their flare better in a heavier goods, as sport denim, poplin, or sailcloth. A-lines can slip over the head, or perhaps have tie shoulders, for quick construction.

Then there are shorts, slacks, and sunsuits. They are comfortable for pre-schoolers to wear, and quick for you to make, with elastic at the waist when practical. Shortalls for toddler boys have built-up shoulders with a single button and buttonhole on each. The first pair you make might be a bit time consuming, as new patterns often are until you've "gotten acquainted" with them, so to speak, but subsequent pairs are a snap. This style goes together far more quickly than overall styles that call for separate straps and a lined and faced bib, and the shortalls can also be cut out more quickly.

While we're speaking of cutting out, you can use the factory shortcut of cutting several garments at one time; with sharp scissors you can easily cut three layers of broadcloth or two of

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American Mini-facts

by
Virginia Thomas



Many of us have the idea that George Washington was one of the first colonial advocates of independence. Not so, for he was of a most conservative nature, and even months after the battle of Bunker Hill, Washington was strongly opposed to complete independence, and spoke out for continued allegiance to the mother country. When the Declaration of Independence was signed, Washington was leading a force of patriots against the Redcoats in New York, so he was not one of the signers of the historical document.

Looking at the famous Gilbert Stuart painting of the father of our country and other famous paintings of him, one might well assume that he wore one of the snowy white wigs — the "thing" to wear in his day — but Washington disliked wearing a wig, so he powdered his own long light brown hair, tying it back with a bit of ribbon.

In the Stuart portrait, and others, Mr. Washington appears of stern countenance with lips firmly closed. There was probably a reason. George wore false teeth which were so ill fitting that he wasn't about to exhibit them for posterity. He also wore spectacles (now on display at Mount Vernon) but he didn't wear them when posing for portraits.

Washington was most ambitious as a young man, and we are told that by the time he was sixteen he had saved up enough money to buy 550 acres of land. At the age of 24, three years before his marriage, he inherited the large family estate of Mount Vernon; thus, the rich young Virginian was a most eligible catch for the wealthy widow, Martha Custis. With their combined wealth and grand estates it is no wonder they could entertain lavishly and live in an elegant style. Later, when he became our first president, the Washingtons furnished a splendid president's home in Philadelphia and later in New York City, and graciously entertained a stream of famous and important guests and friends. Martha rode about the city in a splendid coach drawn by the finest matched horses, always a gracious and dignified First Lady.

This made it a bit difficult for the Adamses who followed the Washingtons

as the First Family, for they were a family of moderate means and a simple New England style of living, though they had often been entertained in the courts of France and England while Adams represented our new nation abroad. The indomitable Abigail Adams refused to be intimidated by all the grandeur that had gone before, and presided over the president's home cheerfully and graciously, making do with what she had. At the close of John Adams' term, late in 1800, the Adamses moved into the unfinished executive mansion in the newly platted Washington, D.C., and Abigail calmly hung her washing to dry in some of the large unfinished rooms.

To the dashing Dolley Madison must go much of the credit for furnishing the new President's Mansion, as it was first called. She often acted as hostess for the third president, Thomas Jefferson, a widower, but became officially first lady when her husband became president in 1809. She has often been called our most "popular First Lady. She used excellent taste in furnishing the mansion, was a marvelous hostess, and loved it all.

Dolley Madison (yes, she used the "e" in Dolley) proved herself a real heroine when the British burned the President's Mansion during the War of 1812; for, with the enemy practically at the door, Dolley took time to remove the famous Stuart portrait of Washington from its frame, and, with the help of servants, gathered up other valuable papers and furnishings and saw that they were hauled away and safely hidden from the enemy.

It was following the repairing and the painting of the mansion after that burning in 1812 that the mansion became known as the White House.

The capitol city, you will note, is named for both George Washington and Christopher Columbus. Washington chose the site for the new city and it seems natural that he would choose a site along his beloved Potomac River. It was a most unhealthful spot, however, often jeered at as a "swamp town" or "the mud hole".

A Frenchman, Charles L'Enfant, who had served in the continental army, designed the new city, always called

"The Federal City" by George Washington. The Capitol building is like the hub of a wheel, with the avenues, named for the states of the union, the spokes radiating from it. From the Capitol building, in the center of the city, extend North Capitol, East Capitol, and South Capitol Streets and The Mall, dividing the city into four sections. This capitol city is unusual in that it was planned solely as the seat of the national government.

Charles L'Enfant died in 1825, leaving only \$46 and his watch and compasses, and was buried on the plantation of a friend. He had managed to irritate many people while laying plans for the city, for he strode around with a high hat and long-tailed coat, giving orders in a dictatorial manner, and criticizing anything which he thought might destroy his original plan for the city. He finally fell into disgrace over his highhanded tactics and was dismissed. In 1909, however, the government had his body moved to Arlington National Cemetery to be entombed in honor there.

AMERICAN SYMBOLS

The official emblem of the United States is the BALD EAGLE. It signifies power, courage, and freedom.

The world-famous STATUE OF LIBERTY, a gift of France, stands in New York harbor as a symbol of freedom and of friendship. It weighs 225 tons, and stands 150 feet high. It took the French sculptor, Bartholdi, 12 years to finish the statue. Homecoming soldiers, homesick American tourists, and thousands of eager, hopeful immigrants have watched for the first glimpse of the great goddess of liberty as their ship steamed into the harbor. There is something heart-catching about the inscription on the statue: "Give me your tired, your huddled masses, yearning to be free. The wretched refuse of your teaming shore, send these, the homeless, temptest-tossed, to me. I lift the lamp beside the golden door."

UNCLE SAM is a figure that has come to symbolize our country to people everywhere. It is thought the nickname originated during the War of 1812, when Samuel Wilson, a government inspector of meat, was always called "Uncle Sam". The inspected meat was always stamped with the government stamp, "U.S. — E.A." (the latter for the name of the army contractor, E. Anderson). When someone asked a joking workman what those letters meant, he replied he didn't know unless they stood for "Uncle Sam and E. Anderson". Thus the nickname started, and soon the tall, thin character with the chin beard, dressed in our national colors, became the personification of the name and our country.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I was just looking up something in my daily record book and one of its special features made me chuckle. The first six pages contain small spaces for the 365 days of the year, and at the top is written "Plan for the year 1970". I wonder if there really are those who can make a detailed plan for every day and carry it through. At this house we don't know for sure what our plans will be for tomorrow, much less next week or next month.

Last month I told you I was waiting to hear from Lucile that she was ready for me to come to Albuquerque and drive her home. The best way to get through a "waiting" period is to keep busy, and I had no trouble doing that. When the ground finally dried out Frank had a lot to do all at once. I keep telling him I could do a lot more to help if he had another tractor, but as it is I just have to stand by on call and be ready to do what I can. I rode in the seeder cart and kept the hopper full while he seeded his oats and alfalfa. Along came a few more showers, enough to stop the field work, so Frank finished a new fence he was putting in around some pasture ground he wants to turn the cattle into this summer.

Kristin liked the cotton knit dress I sent her, and thought it would be perfect for easy-care summer wear. She hinted she would like a few more if I had time to make them. I took action at once by mailing her one I had made for myself, and then got busy and made her two more, thinking this would keep her going until I got home from the trip and had time to do more sewing.

Finally Lucile called to say she was ready to come home. Bright and early the next morning I drove to the airport in Des Moines to make my reservations for the next day and get my ticket, and was back home again by mid-morning. I didn't want to leave home until the laundry had been done, so I sorted clothes and got an early dinner so I could go in to the laundromat. I had completed all my errands by 2:30, so I picked up Aunt Delia Johnson and brought her home with me to save an extra trip to town, since Bernie was having us all for dinner.

After a delicious meal, finished off with cake and ice cream, we decided to call Edna in Roswell to tell her she would be seeing me on Friday. She had



James' most exciting discovery while exploring the picnic grounds was the little bridge which he is showing to his great-aunt Dorothy.

just received my letter saying I didn't know when I would be there, so she could hardly believe what she heard.

I had originally planned to go by way of Laramie and spend a couple of days with Kristin and Art and the boys, but Frank suggested that Kristin was going to be so rushed with the end of the school year that it made more sense for me to go out a little later when I could stay a few days longer. With all of her tests behind her she could relax and enjoy our visit more. When we called her to see how she felt about it, she agreed, so I will be making that trip later this summer. Maybe Mother will be ready for a trip to Denver by that time and can go with me.

Everyone in our family knows I don't like to fly because I have suffered from motion sickness from the day I was born, so if I couldn't get where I wanted to go without flying, I just didn't go at all. This time I had no choice. I couldn't get there from here by train; I couldn't drive because there was already a car there for me to drive home. Everyone told me if I would take a pill made specifically to prevent motion sickness, I would get along fine. Since my reaction to motion has always been so bad I have been sick for two or three days after a plane trip, I had no faith whatsoever in a little pill. No one could be happier than I am to report that it worked!

The morning I left it was a horrible day, weatherwise. It had rained hard in the night, the sky was completely overcast, and it was foggy. I was afraid we wouldn't even get off the ground. By the time we were ready to leave home at 1:30 it was still cloudy, but the fog was gone and it wasn't raining. One of our neighbors, Ralph Marker, rode along to keep Frank company on the way home. The plane was a half hour late taking off for Denver, and since I had to change planes there for Albuquerque

and didn't have much time at best, I feared this delay would make it necessary for me to take a later flight.

I had two nice young girls to visit with on the plane. One was a teacher on a week-end trip to Oregon for job interviews, and the other on her way to see her parents in Arizona. When the plane had risen above the clouds the sun was shining brightly in a blue sky, but we had complete cloud cover under us all the way to Denver. I made it in time to catch my plane, but only because I have long legs and am a fast walker, and because the plane I was to take had been delayed 15 minutes before takeoff. I knew I wouldn't get to see Wayne and Abigail in Denver this trip, but thought I might at least have time to call them. Since I was next to the last one to get my ticket confirmed and my seat reservation before they called for the passengers to board, there was no time for a phone call.

Jed was at the airport to meet me, and Lucile and Eula had a delicious leg-of-lamb dinner ready when I got to the house. We had a lot of visiting to catch up on since Lucile and I hadn't seen each other for a long time. I went across the street to see Juliana but didn't get to see James until the next morning because he was already in bed. Jed and James came over early in the morning to drive me to the bus depot for the trip on to Roswell. I must say James is every bit as adorable as Lucile says he is. Being around him made me all the more homesick to see my own two little grandsons.

I arrived in Roswell at 1:00 P.M., and Edna and Raymond were there to meet me. When I saw the tears of joy in Edna's eyes I was certainly glad it was possible for me to make the trip.

Edna and Raymond have a brand-new two-bedroom mobile home. They had a mobile home in Mesa, but when they decided to move they sold it and bought a new one when they got to Roswell. They live in a pleasant trailer park with trees on both sides of their lot, which gives them lots of shade. They have a nice small yard and a cement patio. I had never visited a trailer park before, and always supposed it would be noisy with the homes so close together. This wasn't true at all. It was as quiet as if they lived in a house on a big lot with no close neighbors. I was amazed at how much room their mobile home has. I think they said it is 12' x 60'. They have a large kitchen, living room, two bedrooms, a bath, and a hall — a lot more room than some apartments Frank and I have lived in.

I saw more of Roswell this time than I did last fall, and was surprised at the large area the town covers. Roswell reminds me very much of a Middle-

(Continued on page 20)



A PATRIOTIC PARTY

by

Virginia Thomas

DECORATIONS

An Uncle Sam hat centerpiece is most attractive. For the hats, first cut the tops from cardboard — sides slanted, top rounded slightly. Cut red and white stripes of construction paper and glue them to the top two thirds of the hats on both sides. Cover the lower thirds of the hats with dark blue paper and glue to the blue a sprinkling of white stars. For a "cradle of democracy", glue a hat to each end of a small rectangular box on each side of which you have glued red and white paper ruffles. From heavy white paper cut the rockers for the cradle and glue on each end. Line the cradle with white paper if desired. You can use this to hold red, white, and blue flowers, or party favors, or even a display of small flags arranged on a needle-point flower holder. Matching ruffles of red, white, and blue paper could be used on candleholders, perhaps with a few large white stars pasted to the ruffles for accent.

Nut cups, with a bit of imagination, can be quickly covered with stripes of red and white paper and glue on a round blue base to become miniature Uncle Sam hats.

Another idea for a nut cup favor is to make a tiny drum for each guest. The drum is a squat, plastic pill bottle (or use construction paper) covered with red paper on the sides and cream paper on the ends. Decorate the sides with white, blue, or gold cord in drum fashion. After filling the drum with candies, place two crossed round toothpicks on the top as the drumsticks.

Large fat candles can also be wrapped with paper to most effectively resemble giant firecrackers as part of the decorations. Set them on circles of ruffled red, white, and blue crepe paper.

If your party is a large one with many tables being used, streamers of red paper, with a sprinkling of large blue stars here and there, are always attractive on a white cloth, and you won't need many other decorations.

ENTERTAINMENT

The word *independence*, as this quiz will reveal, covers many things. Using only the letters in the words "Independence Day" (never more times than they are repeated in the original words), and the clues given, what things do you find revealed?

1. College official — dean
2. Suggestion — idea
3. Waltz — dance
4. A necessity — need
5. Rely upon — depend
6. Used in writing — pen
7. A conjunction — and
8. Legally yours — deed
9. To long for — pine
10. Cloak — cape
11. A fop — dandy
12. Part of the Gold Rush — pan
13. Interjection — indeed
14. Bite — nip
15. Affectionately yours — Dad
16. Affirmative — yea
17. Vegetable — pea
18. To refuse — deny
19. Part of an old song title — Annie
20. Profound — deep

Capital Spelling Bee: This game is in spelling bee fashion with a different slant. The leader may call the name of a state with the player then spelling the name of the capital, or she may call for the state after naming the capitals. The first is more fun, for it's surprising how often we mistake the most talked about, or the largest, city for the capital — let alone knowing how to spell it!

Pinpointing the Center is a variation of the pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey game. Hang up a large United States map. Give each blindfolded player a small paper circle stuck on a pin. The winner of the game is the one who locates the pin closest to the center of the U.S. (Kansas) — or you can give out several designated locations in turn, and add points won at the end.

REFRESHMENTS

Certainly squares of a blueberry torte topped with a red cherry would carry out the patriotic color scheme. Cream cheese can be tinted blue and spread on small crackers for tasty appetizers. The old stand-by, angel food cake, can be split in layers and filled with whipped cream tinted red or blue, with the punch served in the other color.

Instead of trying for the color scheme, how about digging out great-grandmother's old cookbook to come up with refreshments served long ago, in pioneer days, such as floating island dessert, raspberry flip, or grape juice punch?

History teaches that nations have died from ills that could have been cured.

CAR-RIDING FUN

by

Mabel Nair Brown

"Remember" is a game to keep the children occupied while the car is stopped for gas as well as after it is on the road again. While at the station everyone is to quietly observe all objects he sees from the car window, or going to and from the rest rooms. Once on the road again, the children write down everything they remember. The longest list wins. The youngster not old enough to write can whisper his list to Mother.

Find Twenty: Mother assigns the players to opposite sides of the highway to watch for certain objects — grey houses, cats, red-headed people, white barns — and the first to find twenty (or any given number) wins the game.

Snack Sacks: We have always had fun with this. Before starting on a trip certain favorite snacks — candy bars, little packages of fancy crackers, caramel corn, etc. — are divided into sacks, one for each person in the car. (Oh, yes, it's more fun if Mother and Dad join in.) Then it is decided what times of day will be snack or "goodie" times. We usually had them at 9:30 A.M. and 3:00 P.M. At the designated time on the clock, each chose one thing from his "goodie" sack. There was always lots of fun and kidding over these weighty (?) decisions — and it saved a lot of that whining, "Why can't we stop at the drive-in, Daddy?" Of course when Daddy did stop for a surprise treat, it was that much more fun.

Add-a-Bit continued stories are fun. When someone sees something interesting beside the road, he begins the story, telling something interesting he's seen or imagines about it. Sister adds to it when she sees something interesting on her side of the road. Smaller youngsters might like to draw their story with pictures and then compare them. What a funny story as you weave in an airplane, a farm dog, tractor, and an old buggy!

Inventions can really trigger the imagination of the whole car load and cause them to put on their thinking caps. Someone begins by saying something like, "I would like to invent something to feed me my ice cream cone, so I can have my hands free to read or study the road guides and maps." The rest start to figure ways to do this. "A wire frame around your neck?" "A battery-operated 'poker-in-er' that would put the cone to your mouth at regular intervals?" When someone suggests something the one beginning thinks is practical or suitable or amusing, he says, (Continued on page 23)

MARY BETH TELLS ABOUT THE LAST DAYS OF SCHOOL

Dear Friends:

This is the last of my busy weekends and by the time you read this I shall have settled back to the unhurried schedule of a full-time housewife. Today before the sun sets I have to type a ditto copy of some interesting verse or poem for the children in my class to write for their penmanship semester examination. Our school operates on a three-semester year and June brings with it the last set of examinations. I have already made up tests covering the semester's material in phonics and spelling and arithmetic. After I do the penmanship I must make out a comprehension test covering the book we have been reading the past two weeks. It is the last book in the Beatrix Potter series, and is entitled *The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes*. There are many good, meaty words which the class has met for the first time in this book, and they have looked each one up in their dictionaries. I shall ask them to complete a matching word-to-definition section in this reading test. I am truly impressed with these six-going-on-seven year olds' ability to rapidly find a word in the dictionary. This once again convinces me of the wisdom of teaching children to read by the phonetic method. I am sure that there is almost *no* word they cannot sound out, and for this reason they can handle the definitions that are given in the dictionary.

After the children have had their last test on Thursday we're going to have a little party. One of the mothers is bringing cupcakes and we'll probably have cartons of milk. Don has been busy making gold key pins for each of my fifteen. I found little keys shaped like an old-time skeleton key in a stationery store in Oconomowoc, intended as party favors. I think they are plastic. Anyway, Don is wiring tiny gold safety pins to the back of each one, and I'll award them to the children to wear on their shirts or dresses as recognition of their having earned one of the keys to wisdom. And the most important key is reading and the handling of a dictionary properly.

I've also had fun the past two weeks in poring through the shelves of the local bookstore to find a gift book for the boy or girl with the year's highest cumulative grade average, and fortunately I have been given permission to award two academic awards because two of the children are so close in their grades. One little girl had a 95.1 average, and the boy a 94.9 average. It would be difficult to reward one and not the other for such fine workmanship. The other award book I had



When Donald and Mary Beth and their children have a free afternoon, they frequently visit the geodesic botanical gardens in downtown Milwaukee. They recommend it to you if you ever pass through the city. Paul, pictured here, says you will enjoy it.

the fun of choosing was for the Character award. This book will go to the child who has consistently tried hard to come up to the Academy standards of hard work and has shown determination to do his best at all times. There is one little boy who is now six, but for seven of the nine months was only five years old, who has quietly but consistently done better and better each day. His grades have not been outstanding but his attitude to do his best is commendable and he always tried hard. His attitude toward me has been one of respect at all times, whereas there were times when the others allowed themselves the liberty of occasional discourtesies.

There were so many enticing, tempting books that I almost drove myself wild trying to choose just the right one to fit each child. But this is over now until things start again next fall. I am sure I shall find the second year of teaching (the first full year for me) easier, and Donald agrees that he has learned a lot about teaching and keeping control of a class that he will profit by come September.

Don will be teaching summer school at the Academy during the morning hours when there are classes. He will teach only math this summer, whereas next fall he will have an additional physics class for the seniors. Next fall Paul will be in junior high school; and Adrienne will be in fifth grade. I find that we now have two years with Katharine before we must seriously begin to consider the right college. During their junior year they go around visiting campuses and taking their warm-up NEDT tests, which are conducted nationally. I'm happy we don't have the prospect of her being in college next year. I would worry terribly

if she were in a situation where there were bomb scares from the two percent of the radical students who seem so ill-advised in their path of endeavor.

One weekend we were invited by one of the high school teachers to a New England fish boil dinner with them and some of the other faculty and a happy mixture of their neighbors. I have never had such good fish in my life and it simply made the party. They had a boiler, bigger than any corn-on-the-cob pan I have ever seen, boiling in the back yard on a red-hot layer of charcoal. Into this they dropped whole medium-sized potatoes, and after the water had come to a boil they cooked them eight minutes. Then came the fish, which were thick, beautiful fresh pieces of lake trout. These were placed in the wire vegetable holder on top of the potatoes and then lowered into the boiling water. This was timed exactly to six minutes after boiling had commenced, and when the time was up, we ate! Everything was ready on the table and it was absolutely the best taste I have ever had in a fish dish. The meal had just the right amount of food so that we were not stuffed, and my dinner partner was almost as fascinating as the food. I had never met him before but I knew of him and found him a walking expert on food and nutrition.

One thing led to another and he finally began to tell me about their experiences with trying to nurse to health a child who had been born with a dozen or more allergies, and their experiences first with milk and later with breads until now they have their child of six in exceptionally good health with *no* allergies. He already knew about raw, unpasteurized honey for allergic children, so I was glad that he agreed with me about the one modicum of health facts I knew. By the time the evening was over I was convinced we should change some of our food habits, and the prospect of eating some of the foods we had in the refrigerator was enough to make me sick.

To make a long story short, one of the buying habits we have changed is that of milk. We've begun to buy certified raw milk and everyone in the family likes it. Don says it is better than any milk we have ever bought. He especially likes the thick rich cream on top of each bottle. He says it takes him back to his boyhood days when milk came with cream. I really felt funny when the children were questioning the funny-looking layer on top of the milk. We've bought skim milk all of their lives, and they weren't too sure this was edible. They have since changed their minds. I'll tell you more next month...

Sincerely,
Mary Beth



A SHELF FOR CHILDRENS' BOOKS

by
Marjorie Fuller

THE BOOK TREE

A Book Tree is a Knowledge Tree,
As almost anyone can see.

Long, long ago its seed was sown.
For years and years the Tree has
grown,
Ten thousand thousand hearts and
heads

Have cared for it, so now it spreads
Its roots and branches far and wide,
And casts its shade on every side.

This Tree bears fruit of different kinds
For many hearts and many minds.
So all you children have to do
Is just to take what's best for you.
But no one ever soils or breaks
The golden fruit he needs and takes,
And no one ever bends or tears
The Book the Tree of Knowledge bears.

Because children's books stimulate active thinking and challenge curious, agile minds, nursery rhymes romp across our bookshelves amongst the fairy tales. Albert Payson Terhune's dog stories play peek-a-boo with *The Bobbsey Twins* and Carolyn Keene Mysteries. A complete *Hardy Boy* series is flanked by sports stories of all kinds on one side and *Robin Hood*, *Treasure Island* and *Zane Grey* on the other. Mark Twain is tipped to one side by Louisa May Alcott.

Row upon row of children's good books assure there need be no reruns unless their delightful magic demands it. Reading by the shelf-full whets the appetite for fun and fact, developing

simultaneously vocabulary and good grammar.

Each of our seven grandchildren has a stimulated interest in the books their mommy and daddy enjoyed as children. An exciting variety to their own books, still some new ones are old. Seven-year-old Sheri has just received a new Heidi book, a stepped-up version of the copy her grandmother treasures from childhood. On the top shelf out of reach stands *The Five Little Peppers*, a book Sheri's great-grandmother read seventy-five years ago. A smaller, condensed version of Margaret Sidney's Pepper story fascinates Sheri as it did her mother twenty-five years ago.

Along with the Random House Pop-Ups, *Bright and Early Books for Beginning Readers*, the Doctor Seuss books, and the Grosset and Dunlap Puppet series, the old familiar *Mother Goose*, *A Child's Garden of Verse*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Bobbsey Twins* and *Tom Swift* remain on current book lists to enchant each new generation of children. While much of the content has changed little, picture technique has been developed providing children with prolific color and the three dimensional page.

The exploring minds of Kim and Randy browse through familiar old books, landmarks in children's reading, a real harvest of fun and fancy.



PRAYER FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

Thank you for Independence Day;
I'll see parades, the band will play.
For freedom, Father, I thank thee,
And for the laws that protect me.

—Mildred Grenier

The Towel Doll

by
Lois Huncer

Materials:

- 1 Doll Face
- 1 Large Towel, but not bath size
- 1 Hand Towel
- 1 Washcloth
- 3 Balls of Ball Fringe
- 2 Yards of Ribbon

The teen-age face recommended for this is 3" long, and this size face, with any type features, is the best. This is a "mask" not a full head. Hair is easily added, either take a little of your own and tape on, or use a felt marker to draw curls.

The towels should be a matching set and the balls of fringe and ribbon should be a color to go with them.

Lay the large towel flat, fold the long edge to the center, fold the other edge to the center to meet the first. Then fold each side again to the center. Depending on the size of the towel these two folds may be enough, or one more fold of each side to the center may be necessary. You should have a long strip not over 3" wide. This strip may be fastened in three different ways — pinned, basted or stitched permanently, depending on its intended use. Use one of these methods to fasten together the open edges the length of the strip. The fastening should not show.

Fold the small towel and fasten the same way. The washcloth is folded double, but lay it aside until later.

The large towel, after fastening, is folded in half lengthwise. This center fold is placed *inside* the back of the face, with the long ends hanging down. Fold the small towel to find the center, and center this over the *outside* and around the outside edges of the face. These ends hang down loose also, right over the larger towel.

Tie a piece of the ribbon over all four sections of the towels, at the neck of the face. Tie tightly enough to hold face and towels in place. Make a small bow under the chin. The outside (small towel) now has become the doll's arms, and you may tie a piece of ribbon around each end, where a cuff would be. The inside (large towel) is the body and legs, and a piece of ribbon may go around each ankle.

The washcloth, fold side up, is wrapped around the body towel, but *under* the arm towel, making a jacket. Lap the front, add the balls for buttons, and fold back the corners at the neck for the lapels. These may need to be pinned or tacked to hold. If the washcloth is too large you may make a tuck down the center of the back, and tack to hold.



**BAKED PORK STEAK**

Pork steak (or chops)
1 egg, beaten
Cracker crumbs
1 stick margarine
Salt and pepper to taste
Water

Dip steak in egg, then in crumbs. Brown in margarine; place in roaster. Add water to half cover; season. Bake, cover for 1½ hours at 325 degrees. Add more water if needed. —Margery

ORANGE BALL COOKIES

1 12-oz. box vanilla wafers, crushed
1/2 cup frozen orange concentrate, undiluted
3/4 cup powdered sugar, sifted
3/4 cup shredded coconut
1/2 cup walnuts, chopped
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine all ingredients in a large bowl. Work together with hands to make a well-blended mixture. Shape into small balls. Chill well and then store in covered container in refrigerator.

Coconut flavoring may be used in place of the orange flavoring, making more of a coconut ball than an orange cookie. This particular recipe has the advantage of no shortening. Makes about 50 balls. —Evelyn

PACIFIC SALAD

1 pkg. lime gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 cup cottage cheese, small curd
1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
9-oz. can crushed pineapple
1/4 cup pecans, chopped
1 Tbls. horseradish

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the lemon flavoring. Then add cottage cheese and pineapple. Stir in the mayonnaise, pecans and horseradish. Chill until firm.

We took this to a salad luncheon and everyone thought it had a delicious flavor. —Margery

WALNUT CAKE

3 stick (or 1 1/2 cups) butter
2 cups sugar
6 eggs, separated
1 cup milk
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
3 1/2 cups cake flour
1/2 tsp. salt
2 cups coarsely chopped walnuts
1 tsp. cream of tartar

Work 3 sticks or 1 1/2 cups butter until it is creamy and gradually beat in 2 cups sugar until the mixture is smooth. Mix in 6 egg yolks, lightly beaten. Mix 1 cup milk with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift 3 1/2 cups cake flour with 1/2 teaspoon salt. Stir the two mixtures alternately into the egg mixture. Add 2 cups coarsely chopped walnuts to the batter. Beat 6 egg whites until they are foamy, add 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, and beat the whites until they hold definite peaks. Fold the meringue into the batter gently but thoroughly. Pour the mixture into a 10-inch tube pan, oiled, lined with brown paper, and oiled again. Bake the cake in a slow oven (275 degrees) for 2½ to 3 hours, or until it tests done. Cool the cake on a wire rack for about 30 minutes. Remove it from the pan and cool the cake completely. Peel off the paper carefully and sprinkle the top with sifted confectioners' sugar.

—Mary Beth

WHIPPED HONEY BUTTER

1 lb. butter or margarine
3/4 cup canned milk
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/4 cup honey or sorghum

Let ingredients warm to room temperature. With electric mixer beat butter or margarine until smooth and creamy. Slowly beat in remaining ingredients. Beat until light and fluffy. Spoon into containers which can be covered. Refrigerate until time to use.

This may be used as a plain spread by increasing the milk to 1 cup and eliminating the honey or sorghum.

FAVORITE PICKLED BEETS

2 cups sugar
2 cups vinegar
2 cups water
1 tsp. cloves
1 tsp. allspice
1 Tbls. cinnamon
10 to 15 beets, depending on size
Trim tops of beets down to within 1 inch of beet . . . do not cut into beet or the color will "bleed" during cooking. Clean. Cook in boiling water to cover until tender. Drain and cover with cold water. Slip skins and trim off tops and roots. Slice if large.

Combine ingredients for syrup and bring to a boil. Add beets. Boil 10 minutes. Ladle into sterilized jars and seal.

If whole spices are used, tie in a bag and remove before canning beets. Ground spices may be used but they do give a darker color to the finished pickles. Either white or cider vinegar is fine to use with this recipe.

—Evelyn

GOURMET RICE RING

1 Tbls. salad oil
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 or 2 carrots, shredded
1 onion, chopped
3 cups rice
2 beef bouillon cubes
4 cups water
1/2 tsp. salt
A dash pepper
3/4 cup green, stuffed olives, sliced
3/4 cup black olives, chopped (optional)

Combine salad oil, butter or margarine and butter flavoring in large skillet. When hot, stir in carrot and onion. Cook, stirring, until onion is transparent. Add rice and continue stirring until rice grains are coated and shiny. Heat water, combine with bouillon and salt. Pour over rice mixture and add pepper. Cover and cook over low heat until rice has absorbed the liquid. If heat is kept low this will not need stirring. Add chopped olives and press mixture into buttered ring mold. Bake in a 400-degree oven about 10 minutes. Loosen edges and turn out on hot platter.

When I tested this recipe I heated a can of chicken fricassee and spooned it into the center of the rice ring. It was delicious! Creamed peas would be good, creamed dried beef or diced cooked ham heated in its own gravy or cream sauce would be excellent. A can of mushroom soup heated with a can of tuna fish would be another fine addition.

This is a very versatile, delicious dish for the gourmet taste but simple to make. Serves 6 to 8. —Evelyn

SQUASH AND HONEY

- Squash pieces
- 3/4 cup strained honey
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 cup hot water
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine

Pare the squash and cut into serving pieces. Cook until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and place in a casserole. Mix the other ingredients together and pour over the squash. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

DELICIOUS HOT DOG RELISH

- 4 cups onion
- 4 cups cabbage
- 4 cups green tomatoes
- 10 green peppers
- 8 red peppers
- 1/2 cup salt
- 6 cups sugar
- 1 Tbls. celery seed
- 2 Tbls. mustard seed
- 1 1/2 tsp. tumeric
- 4 cups cider vinegar
- 2 cups water

Chop vegetables as fine as possible, or put through food grinder. Sprinkle with salt and let stand overnight. Drain, rinse and drain again. Combine remaining ingredients. Add to vegetable mixture and heat to boiling. Simmer 3 minutes, seal in hot sterilized jars. Makes 8 pints of delicious relish. (Remember to keep the mixture at simmer. This helps keep vegetables crisp. They do need to be well heated and boiling hot as they are sealed, however.)

—Evelyn

EGGPLANT AND BACON

For years, more than 40, I've avoided eating eggplant because it looked so uninteresting. Last summer a gardening friend gave us some and I decided it was time to give this vegetable a chance. The recipe I employed used a variety of the fresh produce given to us and proved to be a real treat. I hope you try it if you've never learned to eat eggplant.

Pare eggplant after removing stems; cut into 1/2-inch slices. Butter a shallow casserole and place the slices of eggplant on the bottom, one deep. Butter, salt and pepper each slice, then make a stack on top of each slice using a slice of peeled tomato, onion and green pepper. Sprinkle each stack with bread crumbs, salt and pepper, and top with an inch-long piece of bacon. Add a small amount of tomato juice to the bottom of the casserole, cover and bake in 350-degree oven about 20-30 minutes. Remove cover and place under broiler until bacon is thoroughly cooked and somewhat crisp.

—Abigail



Almost any morning you would find Mother in the kitchen helping prepare the noonday meal, which at her house is the big meal of the day. On this particular morning she was preparing a tossed salad, and she makes a mighty fine one, we might add!

BLUEBERRY GELATIN SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. black cherry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 can blueberries (or 1 cup fresh or frozen)
- 1 small can crushed pineapple
- 1 cup juice from fruit
- 1 pkg. whipped topping
- Chopped nuts, if desired

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add flavoring. Drain blueberries and pineapple and measure juice. Add water if needed to make the 1 cup. (If fresh or frozen blueberries are used, add enough water to the pineapple juice to make the desired amount.) Stir into gelatin. Remove 1/4 cup of gelatin mixture and set aside. To the remaining amount of gelatin, add fruits. Turn into a 9- by 5-inch pan. When firm, beat powdered topping according to directions. Fold in the 1/4 cup gelatin mixture which was reserved. Spoon over the top of the firm layer. Sprinkle with nuts if desired. Marshmallows could also be added to this top layer.

HAM-ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

- 1 cup cooked ham, diced
 - 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 - 1/4 cup milk
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 2 to 4 hard-cooked eggs, diced
 - 3/4 cup American cheese, grated
 - 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen asparagus
 - 1 1/2 cups buttered bread crumbs
- Blend milk, soup and butter flavoring in casserole. Add ham, eggs and cheese and mix well. Pre-cook asparagus until half done. Arrange over top of ham mixture. Cover with bread crumbs and bake, uncovered, in a 375-degree oven for 30 to 40 minutes.

APRICOT BARS

- 1 cup dried apricots
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 1/4 cups water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 3/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Combine apricots, sugar and water in saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until apricots are tender and most of the liquid is absorbed (about 15 or 20 minutes). Remove from heat and sieve or mash. Stir in almond flavoring. Set aside as you prepare bottom layer.

Cream butter and brown sugar together until fluffy. Add flavorings. Sift flour and salt together and add to creamed mixture. When well blended, pat into greased 9- by 9-inch pan. Spread apricot mixture over the top. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 or 30 minutes. Cool on rack. Cut into squares and serve for a delicious bar cooky.

Coconut may be sprinkled over the top when this bar comes from the oven for a decorative and tasty addition. A little Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring may be added to the bottom layer for variety.

—Evelyn

TENDERLOIN-NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 6 oz. noodles
- 6 slices pork tenderloin
- 1 Tbls. fat
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 3 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 cup milk
- 3 oz. crumbled blue cheese
- 3 Tbls. onions
- 1/3 cup slivered almonds

Cook the noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Rinse and drain. Brown tenderloin slices slowly on both sides in the hot fat. Season with salt and pepper. Make a sauce by melting the margarine, add salt, flour, pepper, and then gradually stir in the milk. Add the blue cheese, onions and almonds. Pour this sauce over noodles in casserole or baking pan, top with the browned tenderloin slices and bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until done. Serves 6.

This is a delicious oven dish that your family will enjoy — and so will company!

—Margery

MARVELOUS BEEF PIE

- 2 lbs. cubed stew beef
- 3 cups boiling water
- 2/3 cup tomato juice
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 bay leaf
- A pinch of cloves
- 4 or 5 carrots, sliced
- 1 onion, diced
- 4 or 5 potatoes, cubed
- 1 cup peas

Dredge meat in flour and brown in small amount of shortening. Add water, tomato juice, Worcestershire sauce, salt, bay leaf and cloves. Cover and simmer gently until meat is tender. Add vegetables and continue cooking



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until they are done.

Remove meat and vegetables from broth and thicken. (I mixed 3 Tbls. flour in 1/4 cup water and blended that into the broth, stirring over medium flame until thickened.) Combine gravy with meat and vegetables and spoon into large casserole. This may be topped with biscuits or with a pastry crust. Bake in a 400-degree oven until the biscuits or pastry is done.

This makes a marvelous meat dish to freeze. Make up the basic stew. Cool. Spoon into baking dishes. (This is excellent to use in the little individual aluminum pans.) Make up your favorite pastry recipe, roll out and cover each casserole with the pastry. Seal well. Cover pan with foil or freezer paper and freeze. When ready to use, remove from freezer, remove foil and cut slits in pastry top. Put into oven frozen and bake at 425 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes. Makes 8 nice individual pies.

—Evelyn

NEBRASKA SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. pork sausage
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 3 stalks celery, sliced
- 7 oz. shell macaroni, cooked
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 can cream of celery soup
Salt and pepper to taste

Brown sausage, onion and celery in skillet. Stir and cook until sausage is done and vegetables are transparent. Cook macaroni in salted water until tender. Drain excess fat from sausage mixture and water from macaroni. Add macaroni to meat and vegetables. Stir in remaining ingredients. Heat through and serve. This may also be spooned into a casserole and heated in the oven. An excellent one-dish meal.

—Evelyn

SPECIAL STRAWBERRY SALAD

- 2 pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 2 pkgs. frozen strawberries (10½-oz. size)

- 1 1/2 cups crushed pineapple
- 1 cup chopped almonds
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 4 oz. cream cheese

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add flavorings. Add berries, stirring occasionally until thawed. Mix in pineapple and almonds and pour half of the gelatin in mold. Chill until firm. Blend together the sour cream and cheese until smooth. Spread over the chilled gelatin layer. Carefully spoon the remaining gelatin mixture over the top and chill until firm.

—Margery

CANTONESE DINNER

- 1 lb. pork steak, 1/2-inch thick
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 1/2 green pepper, cut in strips
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom pieces (save liquid)
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup half-and-half
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- Cooked rice

Cut the lean part of the pork steak into 2-inch strips, and brown these in a skillet in the melted shortening. When brown, add the onion, green pepper and drained mushroom pieces and simmer over low heat until partially cooked. Move the mixture to one side of the skillet and stir the flour into the drippings. Gradually add the liquid drained from the mushrooms, and then the half-and-half. Stir until thick, then add the tomato sauce, brown sugar, vinegar, salt and Worcestershire sauce. Cover and continue simmering for a half hour. Serve over the cooked rice. —Dorothy

LEMON-TUNA SOUFFLE SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 can tuna, chunk style
- 3/4 cup chopped cucumber or celery
- 1/3 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 1 tsp. grated onion

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water; add cold water, lemon flavoring, and mayonnaise, and blend well with rotary beater. Chill until almost set, and then whip with beater until fluffy. Add remaining ingredients and chill.

RUBY'S DESSERT

- 2 pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups boiling liquid
- 1 3/4 cups crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

1 pint carton whipped topping
Angel food cake
Drain crushed pineapple and add enough water to make the 2 cups liquid. Heat to boiling and dissolve gelatin in it; add flavorings. Chill till firm and then whip. Fold in the whipped topping and crushed pineapple. Break up angel food cake in large pan and pour gelatin mixture over top. Use a fork to separate a bit so gelatin mixture goes down into the broken pieces of cake. Chill until firm. —Lucile



Dr. Paul Gerhardt works on his extensive insect collection in his office at the University of Arizona. Paul has inspired his nephews, Jeff and Craig Birkby, to develop their collections into a fascinating hobby.

A QUIET SUMMER DAY

by
Evelyn Birkby

It is a steamy hot day and I finally gave up the battle of trying to type in my small sun-filled study and moved the typewriter down into the basement. Robert has a big wooden desk in this multi-purpose basement room and it is fine for spreading out papers and working away in cool quietness.

The house is not completely quiet, however, even here. I can hear the thumping of the pump as it aerates the water in the tropical fish tank. The swish of sound which the clothes dryer makes tells me that the last load of clothing is still in the process of being dried. That metallic-sounding rattle is the wind impatiently shaking the flashing around the top of the fireplace chimney.

I'm even aware of the sound near my elbow as ice tinkles in the glass which I filled with the orange-spice-tea mix which has become my favorite cold summer beverage. (It makes my favorite hot winter drink, also!) Usually I like a background of music when I write — the tape recorder, or the FM radio station or the record player. But right now it is pleasant to just sit and be quiet.

Robert is not home at the moment. He is taking a course in *Management* to help with his work in the ASCS office and is studying diligently to complete the correspondence work needed before class sessions are held at the University of Iowa.

Craig is not here; he is out in the country checking on his hives of bees. Soon the honey will be taken out of the top supers and prepared for winter use. It is high time, too, for we are just finishing the final quart of honey from last year's crop. Altogether Craig has five hives; four are on a friend's farm near a lush clover field and the other one is kept here at home for the primary purpose of seeing that our garden is well pollinated. Much credit for our fine garden goes to these busy bees. Robert says strawberries and cucumbers particularly need much attention from the bees to insure the growth of the fruit.

Jeff is out in the country, too, pulling weeds, chopping out volunteer corn and helping with other work. He is beginning to feel the pressures of earning as much as possible. He keeps reminding us that college is just two years away and it is necessary to build up a financial reserve. He is building muscles and a heavy tan in the process as well as a tremendous appetite! I cannot slough off coldmeats and sliced tomatoes as a meal when he comes home from his day's labors.

While Jeff has concluded that he will strive for a profession which is less strenuous for his life work, he is glad to live in an area where work is available for young people. We have several nurseries, hybrid corn companies and farmers who need extra help during the summer. When all else fails there are always people who need to have yards mowed and gardens hoed so the boys keep busy.

Wherever the boys go their insect nets are not far behind. Both Jeff and Craig are finishing up on their Scout nature merit badges and their insect-collecting merit badges. I'm wondering if their interest will continue after the required amount of butterflies, beetles and crickets is caught, prepared and mounted. Sometimes work on a merit badge can interest a young man enough to direct him towards his life work.

When my brother-in-law, Dr. Paul Gerhardt, comes to visit he always brings the boys several exciting and unusual insects. How's that for a welcome gift? On his last visit here he brought some huge soldier grasshoppers that were much larger than our Iowa specimens and brightly decorated with orange designs which did look like a soldier's uniform. Since Paul is a professor of entomology at the University of Arizona he has a rich background and much exciting information to share with our family.

Craig has found a new hobby. Last winter he worked and saved until he had enough money to buy a sturdy bow and arrow set and an archery fishing kit. When all this fine equipment arrived in the midst of a February snowstorm I laughed at such an incongruous situation. Craig could not go outdoors to shoot his bow and arrow until winter relinquished its snowy hold, let alone go out to shoot fish!

"Just wait until it warms up. The fish will be around and you will be happy I have a bow and arrow to catch them." And Craig explained to me how the arrow is made special with extra barbs so the fish cannot escape once it is shot. The arrow also has a strong line fastened to it which goes to a reel secured to the bow. When the arrow is shot from the bow, the line unreels as it goes through the air. The bowman reels the arrow back in with, hopefully, a fish impaled upon its point.

Now I have discovered Craig knew whereof he spoke! Several weeks ago when the Nishnabotna River near Sidney flooded, Craig could hardly wait until the waters began to recede so he could go out into low-lying areas to look for fish. He arrived back home the proud owner of two fine fish! Since then he has gone bow fishing whenever possible. We have had fried fish, broiled fish, baked fish and fish cooked on the outdoor grill. I've made so many hush puppies we've gained pounds! That fishing reel has really paid for itself and has been an exciting sport for Craig.

Bob is the farthest from home on this quiet summer day. He is working at the Philmont National Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico, as a program

(Continued on page 20)

HAPPINESS: FROM MOUNTAIN TOP TO VALLEY

by
Mollie Dowdle



When one has been laid up for a long time, as I have been, it gives one time to search out the deep things of life and try to find a satisfying answer. So I've lain, with my eyes closed, and thought about happiness. What is it anyway? And just why does it seem to be such an elusive thing? It comes suddenly in a moment and it goes suddenly, too. Why can't we always hold it clenched tight in our grasp and never let it escape?

Life just isn't made up that way. There will be times when we are on the mountain top, and then we must experience days in the valley.

Does material wealth buy happiness? I would say no, a thousand times no. It's a glow inside your very being that even the gold of King Midas could not purchase.

It is easy, at my age, to reminisce back over the years and try to bring into my mind the happiest times in my life.

I think the best was perhaps very shortly after the death of my husband 16 years ago. On the very heels of his passing our son Wal became very ill and spent seven months in a veterans' hospital. But my house was full and overflowing with boys — not little ones, but big strapping guys who had just returned from the Korean War. Two of them had just recently lost their mothers and it seemed the natural thing for them to move in here. Barney was home and little Richie, my self-adopted son, and then another boy who had registered at Skagit Valley College. I still had three at home!

We were so poor that at times I didn't know what we would have for the next meal. But did we worry? No, the boys would milk the two old cows and we always managed to have the makings for cornbread. And so we ate that and laughed! I was caught up in the very ecstasy of living and had no time to cry or consider the problems and responsibilities on my hands.

I got a job in Mount Vernon (Washington) and worked nights, making our financial status a little easier. There must have been times when I was very tired, but I don't remember. I do recall that at four o'clock one morning, I looked at a mountain-size pile of khaki pants and cotton shirts on my back porch and felt I wanted and needed to escape for a few days. I tip-

toed around, packed a suitcase and headed for California to visit a friend. The only evidence that I had left was a note over the sink, "Gone to California". But the boys got even with me. While I was gone they moved in another boy and he took over my bed. There was never a time when I didn't feel, "truly, my cup runneth over".

My happiness and memories over those years linger on because three of those boys I pushed, cajoled and prayed through the University of Washington — Barney, with a doctorate from Yale, is back at the University now as a professor, the other two boys have fine jobs. Wal is in Denver with his "littlest brother", Richie, who lives there with his family.

The wealthiest man I have ever known in this world was my grandpa. He never had more than a dollar at a time in his pocket, but he didn't need it — he had happiness. Grandpa didn't cotton to very much education and could neither read nor write. But he was glad when I became able to read out of the Bible to him. His favorite verses were about heaven and when I read to him he would sit and rock in his old chair and sing, "I'm bound for the promised land."

Grandpa's worldly possessions were few. They consisted of four hound dogs, which he had crated and shipped from his home state of North Carolina, and a rifle his father brought back from the battle of Shiloh.

How I loved the names of Grandpa's dogs — Fife, Drum, Trumpet and Bugler. You see, my great-grandpa had been a bugler boy in the Civil War. Grandpa had a few steel traps and his fishing pole and his hat. He put the hat on when he got up in the morning and took it off when he went to bed at night. Even if the preacher was there for a meal, Grandpa didn't take off his hat. He didn't look right without it on. There were fishhooks all around the band and little holes where he had cut them out. Sometimes he would let me take it off and comb his thin hair. Inside it would be wet with perspiration.

In his last years he was almost blind and I became his eyes — a pint-sized child hanging onto the gnarled hand of an old man.

Grandpa left me with a great wealth — his fishing pole, his hat, and a love and understanding of all nature: woods,

GENERATION GAP

When I was young,
At one, two, three,
My parents towered over me.

Now at teen age,
And just as high,
We still can't quite see
Eye to eye.

—Unknown

THE MASON JAR

Their home was darkness, there within
the

Musty cave, where winter's hoard of
food was

Laid. By lantern light, they glistened
with

Tomatoes packed in scarlet juice and
huge dill

Pickles fat with goose bumps and
seeded

Flowerets. Green stringbeans, and yellow
too,

Stood side by side with emerald hue of
early

Peas and sunny grains of corn. And
sauerkraut,

Translucent strands packed tight in
foamy brine.

And Oh! the sweets! Tart cherries
seeded for

A pie. Pear honey ground to pile a biscuit
high.

Applebutter, mincemeat — with meat!
Cling

Peaches, dotted all about with dark-
pronged bits

Of clove. Crab apples with their tiny
stems, in

Syrup, spicy gold.

Big jar, little jars. Topped with glass
or

Tin. Their only value lay in all those
goodies

Packed within — the garden's yield,
the orchard's

Crop — that Grandma sealed with aching
back and

Eyes alight with pride. How times have
changed!

Today that lowly Mason jar sits high in
pride — a

Showpiece on a window ledge or in a
treasured hutch.

Placed with care, the sun shines
through to point

Out colors, crystal, green or blue. And
light

Perhaps a date of long ago, and tiny
iridescent

Bubbles floating in a sea of glass.
The old fruit jar!

—Leta Fulmer

streams, a beautiful sunset and the
fleecy white clouds. And he had taught
me the meaning of true and lasting
happiness, and that was wealth, a
wealth that I have never lost.

—Reprinted by permission from "Skagit
Valley Herald", Mount Vernon, Wash.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

July ought to be the month when gardeners can sit back and enjoy the fruits of their labors but there are a few tasks that must be done. If rainfall is not sufficient, get out the "soil soaker" and see that the flower beds get an inch of water each week. Roses, shrubs and spring-planted trees should also get plenty of water around their roots. It is a good time to give all a feeding of balanced plant food. Give chrysanthemums their final pinch the early part of this month and continue regular dust and spray programs. Delphinium should have the faded bloom stalks cut off and with a little extra care the plants will reward you with some very nice bloom spikes.

"We just came back from a trip to northern Wisconsin," writes Mrs. J., "and you wouldn't believe the crop of red raspberries that is coming on in our son's garden. He said the variety was called Latham, was very easy to grow, and he would send us some plants this fall. We have never grown small fruits of any kind but we have room for two rows of raspberry plants across the back of our lot. Could you tell us when is the best time to set out the roots and any other information that would help us get the plants established?"

Have your son dig and send the plants to you in October after they have gone dormant. You will need about 50 roots to set out two 60-foot rows of plants that are spaced about three feet apart in the row. The rows should be six feet apart. Prepare the site by working the soil to a fine tilth and, if the fertility is low, add a generous amount of balanced plant food and till this into the soil. Set the plants to the depth they grew before and cut the canes back to within six inches of the ground. Raspberries set in the fall will bear some fruits the following year but there will not be many bearing canes until the second spring. New sucker plants will appear around the "mother" plant and about five such canes will be sufficient. The others should be cut off at ground level.

Remember that raspberry canes are biennial and the fruiting canes should be cut out as soon as the crop is harvested. To keep virus diseases and anthranose to a minimum in a raspberry planting a regular spray program should



The last time Mother visited Frederick and Betty in Massachusetts, she was very impressed with the beautiful hawthorne trees which were in bloom. Wayne and Abigail remembered this and had one planted for her. It bloomed this year and we, too, thought it had lovely blossoms.

be followed using any good all-purpose fruit spray and following instructions on the container. Don't be afraid to cut back raspberry canes as they have a tendency to grow too long and a heavy fruit set will cause the tops to bend down making harvesting difficult. Raspberry plants can be set out in early spring, also, and in the northern areas this is preferred to fall planting.

TO KEEP PLANTS WATERED

If you want to keep your household plants watered while you're away from home, set enough bricks in your bathtub to hold your plants. Run the water until the bricks are covered. Then, set a plant on each.

The bricks will absorb enough water to keep the plants well nourished for a week.



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Enjoy a brand-new taste in salad dressings. Drizzle it over a tossed salad, or a lettuce wedge. Savor its unusual sweet 'n' tangy goodness. Different, isn't it? And yet . . . there's a haunting familiarity about it — a remembrance of great country cooking . . .

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Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The *Kitchen-Klatter* reader in Shawnee Mission, Kansas, who enjoyed reading *A Touch of Greatness* by Harold E. Kohn will be pleased to know of his new book, *Best Wishes*. She and her husband read a chapter or two each evening from *A Touch of Greatness*. What a pleasant way to relax from the work of the day! *Best Wishes* (William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 255 Jefferson Ave. S.E., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49502, \$4.95) by Harold Kohn is another book of inspirational writings. His thoughts are written about the common everyday things of life, nature, and the eternal truths of Scripture. Beautiful illustrations by the author add to the pleasurable look. He reminds us of the religious roots of our country. For July, it is appropriate to quote:

"A clergyman, the Reverend John Witherspoon, who was president of the College of New Jersey, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The patriotic hymn 'My Country 'Tis of Thee' was written in 1832 by a Baptist minister, the Reverend Samuel Francis Smith. The Reverend Francis Bellamy



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

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

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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Rev. Vernon Hauser, at his typewriter in the office of the Congregational Church in Shenandoah, is known to many of our readers near Marshalltown, Iowa, for he farmed in that area before entering the ministry a few years ago.

authored the 'Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag' in 1892. So, while at the beginning America didn't seem to have 'the ghost of a chance' of being born or surviving, the United States of America was established and has been sustained by such men of faith."

The Spring Wind (Harper & Row, 49 E. 33rd St., New York, N. Y. 10016) by Gladis DePree is the story of a modern American missionary family relating their lives in Hong Kong to the customs and cultures of a delightful people. They have served as missionaries for the Reformed Church in America since the Korean War. They found increasing involvement in the lives of the Chinese. Eager to understand and relate to the customs of the people, they not only learned the Chinese language, they moved into a local Chinese community to share the daily life and serve as "just a Christian family" among their neighbors. There were misunderstandings, but eventually the fences came down, and they were a company of people walking toward light. *The Spring Wind* deals with the whole area of missionary philosophy. A good book for discussion groups.

It seems to me an interesting way to teach young children about the history of our country is an I CAN READ book. A recent one *The One Bad Thing About Father* (Harper & Row, \$2.50) by F. N. Monjo, an I CAN READ history book for ages 4-8, gives an inside account of life with Theodore Roosevelt, as his young son Quentin might have described it. Quentin and his brother Archie can't understand why their father chose to be President of the United States (he was the 26th president) when he could have been a hunter, a cowboy, or a boxer. Living in the White House presents problems, but they still have fun. When Father isn't busy running the country or going to Panama to build a canal, he joins them in a pillow fight at the family summer home in Oyster Bay. *The One Bad*

Thing About Father is a lively book to please young readers.

After our daughter read the paperback edition of that best selling book *Karen*, she was anxious to read *With Love from Karen* (Dell Pub. Co., 60¢) by her devoted mother, Marie Killilea. The first book brought letters from 27,000 people all over the world who were interested and impressed in this plucky girl who would not let cerebral palsy get her down. While our daughter was in the office of the orthodontist, I slipped out and found *With Love from Karen* at the bookstore. This truly inspiring story will give any person a lift in spirit and determination.

The Best of Families (Doubleday, \$5.95) by Ellin Berlin is the gentle story of the four Cameron daughters. Their growing up, marrying, and living out their different lives in New York is narrated by the youngest sister, Nell. Although there is wealth and comfort and happy marriages, there are also painful decisions, scandals, and sorrows. Life during the early 1900's is portrayed in the upper strata of society in this story of fashionable life. Ellin Berlin, wife of composer Irving Berlin, has three other books to her credit: *Silver Platter*, *Lace Curtain* and *Land I Have Chosen*.

Two charming old books have been given me by a dear friend. One, *Alice Leighton*, was written by Mrs. George Cupples and published by T. Nelson and Sons in 1884. Described as "A Tale for the Young" the subtitle is still true — "A good name is rather to be chosen than riches."

The other is a very old copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan, "with illustrations printed in colours". Bunyan was of humble parentage. Having been taught to read and write, and possessing two or three books of his own, he became a writer, and "has left us the finest allegory ever written by an uninspired penman". The handwritten note by my friend states, "The first book Benjamin Franklin bought as a small boy was *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Franklin lived from 1706 to 1790. He bought all of John Bunyan's books as his first collection. This copy was given to my mother by a Sunday school teacher." You readers realize how I'll treasure the books and the note from my friend.

THE GENERATION GYP

A ten-year-old boy stole the show from all the experts speaking at a local air pollution control hearing. He favored cleaning up the air simply because, "... I want my children to live. That is if I live to have any children."

And he sat down.

INSTANT SEWING — Continued

poplin. (For this procedure, you must always use fabric that requires no particular matching.) Should the garments be of similar color (say, a solid blue, a blue check, and a blue print,) then thread up your machine with blue thread and sew happily away. Once you get into the rhythm of it, you can trim minutes — even quarter- and half-hours — off your sewing time.

Sewing books (the big fat kind again) often say, or at least imply, that set-in sleeves are very time consuming to make. They also recommend that beginners avoid them. But you're probably not a beginner, just a busy person. And I, having long ago learned the knack of smoothly set sleeves, find that they take me no longer to make than sleeveless styles, what with the needed trimming, clipping, understitching, and tacking those facings into place. However, it's true that most long sleeves do take a bit longer to make, especially those that gather onto a cuff and require a placket, plus button and buttonhole.

Other quick styles are ponchos, most capes, some variations of wrap skirts (for a reversible skirt, use reversible fabric, or two layers; eliminate facings and bind all raw edges with fold-over braid,) straight and flared skirts, most any felt garments, shifts and skimmers. It's often a quick trick to buy belts rather than to make them, unless you're absolutely devoted to self fabric belts. Omit pockets, buttonholes, and collars on styles that look well without them. Of course, you'll make any or all of these if you *need* them, but when you're in a tearing hurry, choose patterns that don't call for them.

For well-fitted dresses, many good sewing instructors tell you to "make a muslin" of any new pattern you buy, fit the muslin carefully, and transfer needed instructions to the pattern. Yes, it really is a good idea, you agree, but you've already told us that you haven't much time — and you're not about to use that precious little time making a muslin! Then, why don't you split the difference, as a friend of mine does? Knowing that her best pattern size usually needs only minor adjustments, she purchases attractive but inexpensive goods in cotton or a washable blend, and uses this to make up the style the first time. This provides a bright, attractive housedress. Then, confidently knowing the exact changes needed, she cuts and sews her more expensive fabric into a perfectly fitted dress for those important occasions. For her (and for me) this method works well, and just might do the same for you.

For those of you who like fitted styles, princess lines are back, and



It is a thrill to be five years old and big enough to answer the phone! Malinda Whitehill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duane Whitehill, is the first one to reach the telephone these days and it is a big help to her parents. They'll miss this service when Malinda starts to school this fall. The Whitehills live on the Driftmier farm north of Shenandoah. —Sentinel Photo

are universally becoming to almost all ages and sizes. True, there are a few more seams, but since you've chosen material that doesn't need special matching, it creates no problem. Zip! those extra seams are sewn before you scarcely know it. This style is wonderful when you're on a weight-loss program; just nip in the seams for a dress that grows slim right along with you.

Then, too, it's possible to have a great variety of outfits from one easy pattern. The pattern companies have

published a great many suggestions for varying the simplest shift and skimmer patterns by adding braid, tape, lace, buttons, applique, and imagination. You can stitch on fold-over braid with the folded edge left loose, to convincingly simulate a bolero jacket.

You can add that all-important white touch to zingy colors or demure pastels, for a Now Look. They're making big Venise lace stars for trim, that stitch on in a jiffy, by the yard or cut them apart to scatter hither and yon, to suit your whim. These stars set off the red-white-and-blue combo that's "In" this year, too. Or, if you're making a sailor-collared outfit for your tiny tot, trim collar with narrow white braid, then add a star at each corner. Perfect!

You can fake instant scallops on a skimmer, too, by using scallops-by-the-yard trim. I've seen it locally in two sizes, one moderate and one quite large. Making scallops from fabric is very time consuming, as they're not pretty unless they're perfect. The look of scallops may be all you need, so try the trimming way, why don't you?

The look of pockets can be faked at times, with a quickly made flap stitched in place and caught down with a decorative button. And, it's quicker to make a collarless style than one with a collar. Should you like the soft touch near the face, today's fashions agree with you, by adding a scarf at the neckline. The scarf may be long or short, bold or filmy, and tied any one of dozens of ways. Once again, it's your choice to make.

A favorite timesaver of mine is iron-on interfacing, with those tiny clear granules that fuse to your face fabric. However, it won't adhere to every fabric, so test it on a scrap first. If it will

(Continued on page 20)

WE
CAN'T DO
EVERYTHING



Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner can't fix a cracked cup, but it *can* make the rest of your dishes sparkle. It can't mend a broken light bulb. But it *can* clean the fixture so the new bulb will light up the room. It won't patch a broken window, but it *will* wash glass and frame . . . clean, clean, clean.

And **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** does all these cleaning jobs (and many, many more) quickly and easily. Cuts grime and grease, without leaving foam and scum for you to rinse away. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. For every cleaning job in every room of your home.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

A QUIET SUMMER DAY — Concluded
counsellor. He has been assigned to the Harlan Campsite and is teaching Mexican cooking. We are looking forward to getting the details about his work with the Scouts when the summer is over; living back in the wilderness does not seem conducive to writing very many letters home!

Do we get a family vacation this year? Only time will tell. For two years Robert's time away from the office has been spent with Scout groups. So *this summer*, I insist, I get to go along. So do you know where this family of mine wants to go? Up to Isle Royal in Lake Superior for a camping and hiking trip!

If I can just take along a quantity of books, a ream of paper, a portable type-writer and a bit of embroidery, perhaps I can find a quiet spot on the corner of the island to sit and wait until they return from their hike across the island. In the meantime, I am collecting a formidable array of brochures from many less primitive vacation areas just in case I can talk them out of their wilderness ideas. If I can't I'll go along gladly and keep still. After all, one of the lessons learned by being a wife and mother is simply "if you can't lick 'em, join 'em!"



James adores picnics! After a tour of the grounds, he can't wait to get into the picnic basket.

A GLAD AND HAPPY BIRTHDAY

((Melody—"Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus"))

A glad and happy birthday
We wish to you, our friend,
And may our Heavenly Father
A birthday blessing send.

A happy, happy birthday,
All beautiful with love;
And glad with many blessings
From our dear Lord above. Amen.

IT'S UP TO YOU

Laugh a little — sing a little, as you go your way!
Work a little, play a little, do this every day.
Give a little — take a little, never mind a frown —
Make your smile a welcomed thing all around the town!
Laugh a little — love a little, skies are always blue!
Every cloud has silver linings, but it's up to YOU!
—Anonymous

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

western town, with many of the streets lined with huge shade trees, and although many of the homes are made of adobe, there are just as many that look as if they had been moved there from any town in Iowa. Both Roswell and Albuquerque have magnificent roses which were in full bloom while I was there. I have never seen anything like them.

I have already used more than my allotted space, so I'll tell you more about my Roswell visit in my next letter. Until then . . .

Dorothy

INSTANT SEWING — Concluded

stick to your goods, it's a speedy shortcut for small areas that need interfacing, for tabs, buttonhole strips, some styles of collars or cuffs, or for giving a bit of body to an ascot tie on a blouse. You'll find new uses every time you work with it and may (like me) come to consider it an indispensable sewing aid.

A final note on choosing fabrics: when possible, select those that need no special seam finish, or can be finished by pinking. For other seam finishes, each seam takes at least twice as long as the time needed for a plain one. Chiffons, satins and jerseys, for instance, require finished seams, and are difficult to handle because they slip and slide. It's faster to work with firm-bodied poplins, broadcloths, wool, and similar goods. As for allover lace fabric, Max Mandel brand has bonded lace that is washable. It is quickly made up, with no extra lining needed, and comes in white, blue, pink, and mint green (that I have seen, in our local stores). Instant glamour, indeed! Once again, the simplest style is the most elegant.

With this assortment of ideas at hand, choose those that suit you best, and stitch up some swift styles right away. Or better yet, dream up some new ideas of your own. Either way, if you only put your mind to it, you're well on your way to attaining the art of Instant Sewing!



FUN TIME IS BLEACH TIME

This time of year, shirts and blouses get changed oftener, get dirty quicker. That means they get bleached oftener . . . and can grow old faster.

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

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

CENTENNIAL OR ANNIVERSARY
COMING UP?

—Concluded

type hand machine was sold. But these all seem to have reached their zenith in the sweeper which my wife has been demonstrating in ye editor's home this past week, sold to us by our local dealer, Mr. D. This machine is simple and light in constitution yet strong and desirable. Several ladies of the town were invited in for tea one afternoon this week so the good wife could show off her new purchase. To say that the good ladies looked on with amazement is putting it mildly.

"It is not usual for us to endorse anything in this manner through the columns of this paper, but in this case we feel and KNOW we may be showing some women the way to lessen their work in half. If we could not get another, we would not have our vacuum cleaner taken away at any price."

—1914

And how about this excerpt from the story of a surprise party?

"Nearly 50 people, all loaded with well-filled baskets of refreshments and a beautiful arm rocking chair for their gift, proceeded down the street to Mrs. J's residence. Our hostess met us at the door, dish rag in hand as she was engaged in doing the supper dishes, and dressed in a loose Mother Hubbard. Surprised? Yes. Those tears were genuine and the dish towel made a splendid handkerchief" —1905

"WARNING: Drivers of wagons must remember that all United States mail carriers have the right of way on public highways when hauling the mail. They cannot be driven into ditches by heavily loaded wagons, or delayed in any way. This law applies to those in front of the mailman when he makes an effort to pass as well as those behind him."

(Note: A traffic problem of 1904! Naughty farmers!)

"The Grand Dames of the Culture Club held a lawn fete last Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius P. Morrill, in honor of Miss Rebecca Bowen, cousin of Mrs. Morrill, who is visiting here from the East. The spacious lawns and the handsome residence were brilliantly lighted with the richness of incandescent bulbs, a real novelty here, plus dozens of lovely Japanese lanterns shedding their muted rosy glow, presenting a pretty picture as the young folks passed to and fro on the lawn. The refreshment tables were lavishly decorated with Jacqueminon roses. These roses also had been woven into garlands to be draped in graceful loops and fastened to the snowy linen around



A candid shot of Mrs. Frederick Driftmier working in the church kitchen after a fellowship dinner.

the sides of the tables. The same garlands draped the canopy, along with the pretty lanterns, beneath which the local Union orchestra sat while they provided music throughout the evening.

"Miss Agnes Smith favored the group with several very beautifully rendered vocal numbers and also sang two duets with Mr. Robert Adams, whose rich lilting tenor so perfectly blended with that of his fair partner. Miss Mattie Mitchell and Miss Bonnie Irwin delivered several splendid elocution numbers which were delightfully received by their enraptured audience. Perhaps the favorite selections were Miss Mitchell's 'The Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine' and Miss Irwin's 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight'.

"Delectable refreshments of strawberries, ice cream, and cake were served with Mrs. Cornelious' famous raspberry flip."

—1898

HOUSEWIFE'S MIDSUMMER DREAM

I wish, I wish that half of me
Could sun-bathe all the day
And half of me could energetically
Whisk the housework away.

I wish, I wish that half of me
Could dive and swim in nearby stream
And half of me could cook and can
And mend and sew a seam.

Yes, I wish, I wish I could loll and rest
And yet have everything done.
Oh how I wish there were two of me,
It's so frustrating being one!

—Evelyn Witter

PEACE

Peace came to me in a garden
Where I worked the whole day long;
It drifted among the daisies,
Arrived on the wings of song.
It soothed my wounded feelings,
Lifted my lonely heart,
Gave me true contentment,
Serenity's counterpart.

—Inez Baker

ONCE UPON A CAREFREE WORLD

I ran through the grasslands,
Up hill and down;
I dared the bright sunshine,
The cloud's ugly frown.
I jumped over fences,
Up trees ripe with fruit;
I splashed in the river,
Dug horseradish root.
I breathed the clean air;
I was child of the sun;
I sat by the window
And watched the rain run.
I once was a child
And I cherish the thought
Of carefree remembrance
All these have brought.

—Mary Kurtz



We Built It from the Inside Out

When we started to make **Blue Drops**, we didn't say to ourselves, "What do women want?" or "What will women buy?" We said, "What do women *need* in a laundry detergent?" And we made a list: Low suds. Cleaning power. Spring-fresh fragrance. Efficiency in all types of machines: automatic (top or front loading), wringer, combination washer-dryer. Economical.

Then we made **Blue Drops** to those specifications: a hard-cleaning, low suds detergent that saves you money as it washes your clothes . . . cleaner and better than ever.

Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

boy they named Keith for his paternal grandfather. I was very happy to get this news, but I was equally happy to hear shortly after I arrived in Albuquerque that Chris was spending a week with her parents in Roswell and then would fly to Albuquerque to spend a week with Juliana and Jed.

This news stirred Juliana into fixing up her old bassinet, a project that she knew had to be done before the new baby comes but that she had just put off. Chris arrived right on schedule and my! she does have a most adorable baby. He is as pretty as the proverbial picture and he is also very good - rarely frets and fusses. James had never been around a small baby before and he was big-eyed the entire week. All of us thought that it was good preparation for a small baby that won't be



James found the best seat of all!

leaving at the end of a few days.

I was very hopeful that Juliana would have the baby (Benjamin or Katharine) before I had to return to Iowa because I was certain that her doctor had set the wrong date, but I guess he knows his business better than I do for the baby is not yet with us. Every time the phone rings these days I really jump. Jed knows how anxious I am for the baby's safe arrival, so just as we were getting into the car to start the trip to Iowa he said with a perfectly straight face: "Do you want me to phone you when the baby arrives?"

"Oh no," I said, also straight-faced, "just drop me a line when you can get around to it."

Dorothy had two days with us in Albuquerque before we started back to Iowa, and the weather was so fine that we had the picnic we'd been planning for weeks. Cibola National Forest in the Sandia Mountains is a beautiful place, and although you feel miles and miles away from any city it is only about a 45-minute drive to get to one particular spot where there are tables and grills right beside a wonderfully wild dashing mountain stream.

James had the time of his life on that picnic and the grownups did too. I don't know when anything has tasted better than those charred hot dogs! All in all, it was a perfect way to wind up the weeks spent in New Mexico.

We are looking forward with much anticipation to our forthcoming visit with Betty and Frederick. They are flying out to spend a few days with us before long; the first time they have both been here for a long, long time. Mother already has all of the meals planned, but she is leaving one evening open so that we can have a family dinner at my house. (I have that meal planned too!) It will surely be good to see them.

The space allotted for this letter is all gone, so until the next issue I must say goodbye.

Always faithfully,
Lucile

BULLETIN !!!

At the last possible second before the printing deadline for this issue I had the eagerly awaited phone call from Jed with the happy, happy news that Katharine Elizabeth Lowey is safely here.

She was born shortly before 1:00 o'clock (noon), June 7, at Saint Joseph Hospital in Albuquerque and weighed 7 pounds, 3 ounces. "She has lots of black hair," Jed also reported.

All of us said that it would be nice if James had a little brother, but my! how happy we are that he has a little sister. Mother and baby are both doing fine. We'll share pictures with you as soon as possible.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

south of the old one, and that was the start of what we call South Congregational Church. When we go back during the summer months, we really are going home.

Both of our churches are big churches with associate ministers on the staffs, and at the union services the associates do the preaching except for the last Sunday in the summer when I always return from Nova Scotia to preach a Labor Day sermon. After being out of the pulpit for several weeks, I never cease to be thrilled when I preach that sermon. After the service I invariably stand at the church door and chat with old friends about our mutual summer adventures, catching up on all the news of the parish.

For the next few weeks Betty and I are going to live out of doors just as much as we can. I envy you folks who live on farms! Oh how I do envy you with all of your opportunities to worship God out in the fields. I wonder if you have ever seen this little poem entitled: "Out in the Fields with God"? If you know who wrote it, will you let me know?

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the rustling of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are
born -

Out in the fields with God!

Sincerely,
Frederick

"I have to
hang up
now. It's
time for the

**Kitchen-Klatter visit."**

Why don't you get the **Kitchen-Klatter** habit? We can be heard over the following stations each weekday:

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

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October ads due August 10.
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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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COVER PICTURE

If you've ever taken a trip to the Wisconsin Dells, in all likelihood you recognized the scene on the cover. Margery and Oliver much enjoyed a vacation in this area once and recommend it to you.

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CAR-RIDING FUN — Concluded

"I'll try that." Then the one suggesting the idea becomes the new "It" to suggest a needed invention.

"Milestones" will last quite a few miles of the journey. "It" says, "We are going to Chicago. What will we pass on the way?" Johnny might quickly say "Carroll, Clinton, Casebeer," while Jane says, "Cattle, cars, calves, coats." Anything goes as long as the name begins with a "C" as Chicago begins. The one with longest list gets to give the next place. Allow five minutes.

Treasure Box: Some time before you are going to take small youngsters on a long trip, ask relatives and friends if they have some odds and ends of old jewelry or trinkets, even large, fancy old buttons and buckles which they would be willing to give to you for the treasure boxes. Old campaign buttons, odd bottle caps — there are many things you'll see around the house, once you begin to look. Make up an assortment for each child and put it in a small box. You might cover the boxes with decorative adhesive paper and write the child's name on his box. Keep this all a secret from the children and then bring them out on the trip. It might keep them more interested if you limit the time the children can play with them each session, such as a half hour, so they continue to be different and interesting throughout the trip. One session might be a swap session when the children trade "treasures" with each other to have something different. If buttons and old beads are included, also include some lengths of yarn for stringing them into necklaces and bracelets.

"What's for Lunch?" can help fill the time while Dad is looking for a cafe or drive-in at mealtime. The children each choose a menu for a lunch or dinner, as the case may be, listing their food as the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd item on menu, etc. Then all start looking for road signs or things along the road that will provide them with the items in order. Someone might get his ice cream from a dairy ad while another's milk is acquired when a cow is seen grazing in a pasture, or bread from a wheat field, etc.

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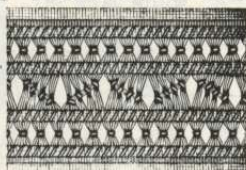


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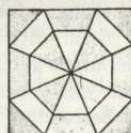
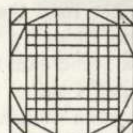


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And if you make quilts, you'll relish the 500 quilt designs included in this big book! This book is a must for every needlecraft home library!

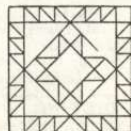
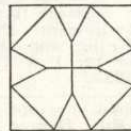
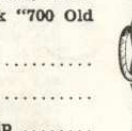
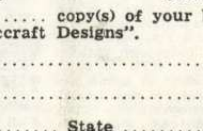
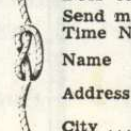
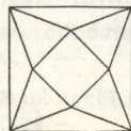
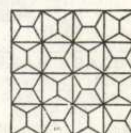
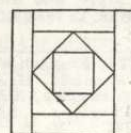
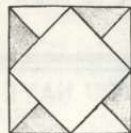
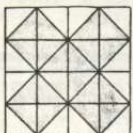
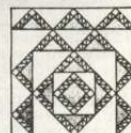
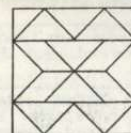
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