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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

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NUMBER 8



The newest member of our family,
Katharine Elizabeth Lowey, when 1 day old.

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W E PEARSON
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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a lovely Sunday morning in Iowa, and I have just come in from my little back porch where I enjoyed going through the Sunday papers: *The Des Moines Register & Tribune* and the *Omaha World-Herald*. It takes me about two hours to work my way through them, but that's nothing compared to the *New York Times* that I can get in Albuquerque. That paper is almost a full day's reading stint.

Last month when I wrote to you I was all keyed up waiting for the phone call that would tell me if Benjamin or Katharine Lowey had arrived. That call didn't come until the last possible second before we started printing the last two pages. But if you read the July issue you know that Katharine Elizabeth Lowey arrived safely on June 7th, and I'm not ashamed to say that I went all to pieces and cried with relief and happiness. Juliana and Jed, Jed's parents and I had all hoped very much for a little girl, but we kept talking about how nice it would be for James to have a little brother . . . just to be on the safe side!

Everything about Katharine's arrival was so different from Juliana's first experience. When James was born (a month earlier than he was expected) her own doctor was out of town and she had a doctor she'd never laid eyes on before. He was irritable and impatient because they'd called him just as he was going into surgery. Then too, Juliana had never been in a hospital and hadn't the faintest idea what to expect. And it didn't help any that Jed wasn't allowed to go one step beyond the waiting room.

This time Juliana had a wonderful doctor who was strongly in favor of prenatal classes that both husband and wife were to attend. Every Sunday night for several months they went to a large class that met at the hospital — their instructor had had her own baby just two months earlier so she was up-

to-the-minute on the whole subject.

When they attended their last class all of the students were taken through the entire maternity wing so they could see for themselves just where they would be when the baby arrived. This was very important psychologically, and it was also very important that both the fine hospital and the doctor encouraged husbands to stay with their wives when the baby was born.

I've gone into this in detail because Juliana said that both she and Jed had found those classes priceless. "I can't begin to tell you how much those classes meant to us," she wrote to me. "I only wish that all young parents could have the same experience. It made a tremendous difference — Katharine's arrival was a joyous occasion instead of a nightmare."

The baby was born around 1:00 (noon) on Sunday, and on Wednesday morning Juliana went home with her. That night a call came from Jed's family with the news that his father was critically ill and the doctors held out no hope. (Mr. Lowey had been taken to the hospital on Sunday at just about the same time that Katharine was born.) Jed made plans to fly home at once, and in this crisis I called Katharine Driftmier in Wisconsin and asked if she could fly out to Albuquerque to be with Juliana. Thank goodness she could go and believe me, she was a real life-saver in a thousand different ways. I just don't know how people ever manage if they can't turn to someone in the family when emergencies arise.

Mr. Lowey died before Jed got home to Woods Hole in Massachusetts. When I wrote to him I said that I had always found it very poignant when one member of a family left this world just as a new member entered it. Mr. Lowey had been very eager for a little granddaughter, and when they told him that the new baby was a girl he insisted that Mary, Jed's mother, go out immediately and order a silver cup and spoon with K.E.L. engraved on them, and also he wanted her to buy the prettiest little

dress she could find.

The Lowey family are old, old-timers in Woods Hole and consequently there was a steady stream of callers at the house from early morning until late at night. Jim's death was a genuine loss to the community and people wanted the family to know that they would miss him. He was buried from the Episcopal Church in Woods Hole and laid to rest in the church cemetery where both of his parents are buried.

After the funeral Jed and his two sisters, Carol and Beth, insisted that their mother fly out to Albuquerque with Jed when he left for home, and so the two of them made the trip together. I had been thinking that it would be a great comfort to Mary to see her new granddaughter, and since she hadn't seen James for almost a year I felt that being with the children would lift her spirits. Juliana says that it has helped her through these first hard weeks.

It's always been a wrench to me that Russell couldn't live long enough to see his grandchildren, but it is certainly a loss to the children too that they will never have an opportunity to know their Grandfather Lowey and their Grandfather Verness.

Ferdinand and Betty came out from Springfield, Mass. for five days with us and we had a wonderfully happy time together. Both of them have such crowded schedules that we certainly never take even brief visits for granted.

One night while they were in town I had a family dinner at my house, and for the first time I used a gorgeous tablecloth that has quite a story behind it.

On one of my trips to Albuquerque last year I noticed an ad in the Sunday paper that said exactly this: "For sale, Waterford crystal, Lismore pattern." There was a phone number but no street address. Now it so happens that I have a few pieces of Lismore Waterford and that little ad intrigued me, so I called to get the address (it wasn't far from us) and told the woman who answered the phone that we'd be there shortly after 3:00 in the afternoon.

When James got up from his nap Juliana and I drove over to the address and she went in to look at the crystal. There turned out to be a dozen water glasses and ten goblets — exactly what I didn't have, so I told Juliana to go back and tell the nice elderly woman that I would take them — they were very reasonably priced.

In a few minutes she came out again with her arms full of linen and an expression of complete astonishment on her face.

"Mother, look at this tablecloth," she gasped. "Have you ever in your life seen anything like it?"

I looked at it and said instantly that

I most certainly never had. I've seen beautiful linen in my life but nothing remotely comparable to that cloth; it is a solid mass of gorgeous embroidery, eggshell on eggshell linen. There were a dozen napkins with it, the biggest napkins I've ever seen.

While I was looking at it this charming woman made the effort to come out to the car (she was badly crippled with arthritis) and explained that the cloth had been a wedding gift to her over fifty years ago, and that now her entertaining days were over and she had no further use for it. Once again the price was so fantastically low that I simply couldn't pass up such an opportunity so I bought it . . . and before we drove away I had bought another exquisite tablecloth with a dozen napkins. This cloth is extremely sheer white linen beautifully decorated with white applique.

In the year that I'd had these cloths my dining room table hadn't been extended to its full length, but Frederick and Betty's visit called for putting in all of the table leaves so I used the heavy eggshell cloth for the first time. As a centerpiece I had a silver bowl filled with pink roses, and on each side of it silver candlesticks with white tapers. If I do say so myself that table really looked splendid!

I'm always asking you folks to tell us what you have to eat when you entertain or are entertained, and since you're kind enough to do this I'll reciprocate by saying that we had a rolled pork loin roast garnished with spiced crab apples, twice-baked potatoes, creamed cauliflower with water chestnuts, hot rolls, strawberry preserves, assorted relishes, frozen fruit salad, and for dessert some delicious raspberry tarts that Mother and Ruby made with raspberries that came from Ruby's big garden. There were twelve of us for this meal, including Lisa and Natalie who had their own little table right next to ours. All in all, it was a very happy family gathering.

At this time I have no definite plans for going out to Albuquerque. I can scarcely wait to see little Katharine, of course, but since I was gone the last time exactly twice as long as I had expected to be because of illness, I feel that I should stay here for a spell to handle details that are constantly coming up in any business. Everyone connected with Kitchen-Klatter carries on wonderfully well when I'm gone, but there are some responsibilities that they shouldn't be asked to assume. If I wait until September to go to New Mexico I think that Mother will visit me while I'm there. She's eager to see Katharine too.

Juliana says that James has quieted



Dale Lewis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lewis, heads for his tricycle when he goes outside to play. Only two months older than James, he makes a nice playmate for him when the Lowes visit Shenandoah.



James received his tricycle from his Grandfather Lowey on his 2nd birthday. At first he couldn't reach the pedals, but he has grown enough the past few months that he can keep the wheels turning.

down now and is his usual self. When she first came home from the hospital with Katharine he was exceedingly restless and excitable and seemed completely off-kilter. They tried to give him extra attention during that period so he wouldn't feel dethroned, as Juliana put it.

My, don't they have charming clothes for little girls these days? I had a lot of fun picking out two little dresses to mail down — one a pale yellow knit hand-embroidered in pastels, and one a pale pink cotton dress hand-smocked with little panties to match. They don't require any ironing and this is surely a gain. Mother is smocking a little white dress for Katharine and this material has also been treated to drip-dry. When I think of the endless hours I used to spend over the ironing board these new fabrics seem miraculous to me.

My air-conditioning chose this day to break down and all of a sudden I notice that my room has gotten downright hot. Back in the days when we didn't have air-conditioning we just suffered through these blazing Midwest summers, but once you get used to it you surely miss it when it's not working.

August seems to be an exceptionally busy month for everyone, but if you can snatch time to write to us we'll much enjoy hearing from you.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile

WHEN THE STARS COME OUT

The flowers close and seem to sleep,
the shadows drift about,
the last of sunlight burrows deep
and the stars come out.

The first is steady, large and bright,
the second strong and bold,
the third is brave, and soon the night
has all that it can hold.

Twinkling like the fireflies, pale
and flickering, streaming down
like showers, shimmering like a veil,
glittering like a crown.

They look down on the earthly scene
and praise not, nor condemn,
but, being lofty and serene,
cause men to reach to them.

—Helen Harrington

THOUGHT ON HAPPINESS

by

Evelyn Witter

The pursuit of happiness is the superlative joy in life and the sign that our faith is strong. To have life and liberty without happiness is to live an incomplete life as the framers of the constitution of the United States declared when they wrote, "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

How do you pursue happiness? Think happy, like:

Your own life will lighten
If other lives you brighten.

The smooth road through life depends on how your thoughts are geared.

The art of being happy depends on subtraction . . . that is, how you subtract happiness from the common things.

Imitate Nature. Think good, work well, use your God-given faculties . . . this is Nature. Happiness is in following Nature.

If you would be happy deep within your heart

Don't worry about tomorrow or put the horse before the cart.

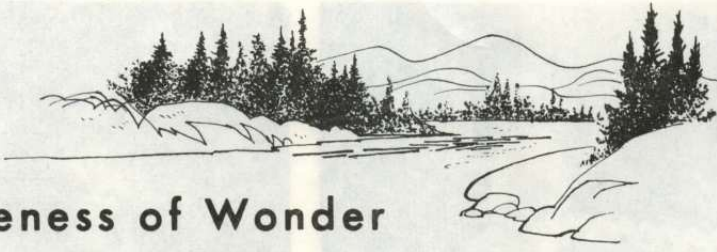
Never laugh at another's faults; that is doing good.

In fact, it is doing more than any other deed could.

You grow your own happiness by cultivating the happiness of others.

Don't lose the race for a happy life by living too fast.

The world will never look bright to you if you keep looking at it through dark sunglasses.



Awareness of Wonder

An Outdoor Vesper Service by Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Choose a quiet outdoor spot for the service where nature herself makes the ideal setting. Wherever you choose, make it as informal a grouping as possible.

Quiet Music: Play a hymn on a record player or use guitar accompaniment as the call to worship is read.

Call to Worship:

Lift up your eyes and see the stars!
Who calls them each by name?
Is it not He whose singing hills
Give Him their glad acclaim?
Behold, *He taketh up the isles* —
A very little thing.
He sits upon earth's circle as
Its Lord, Creator, King.
Who else has measured waters in
The hollow of His hand?
He weighs the hills and mountains
which
Stand firm at His command.

If you will wait upon the Lord
In blessed quietude,
You shall mount up with eagle wings;
Your strength shall be renewed.
To whom then shall we liken Him?
Oh, shout His name abroad;
Have you not known, have you not
heard,
How great, how great is God?

—Church paper (based on Isaiah 40)

Scripture: Psalms 148.

Hymn: "This Is My Father's World".

Leader: "Praise the Lord!" sang the psalmist of old. "Praise the Lord!" sang the worshippers in the temples. "Praise the Lord!" repeated the Hebrew family as they gathered to worship in the home.

Notice the number of psalms that open with these words of praise. Joyfully the people sang these stirring hymns to the accompaniment of lute and lyre and trumpet, and gratefully acknowledged the wonder of God in their lives. The temples resounded with their joy, to their AWARENESS OF THE WONDER of God and His mighty works.

In these days of violence and pessimism, we need a few moments of "blessed quietude" to ponder the wonders of God. To do so is to find that, though peoples and customs change as the years pass, the steadfast love of God for all mankind and the great evidences of His goodness and mercy never change.

Some of our group will share with us their ideas on how we may become more aware of the wonders — sure proof that God IS NOT DEAD, but we have been prone to walk unseeing and apart in His universe.

First Speaker: Did you ever put together a model car? Did you ever create a picture? A dress? Didn't it give you a sense of great satisfaction? God must have felt something like this after he created the universe. How often we read in the Book of Genesis: *And God saw that it was good.*

The universe IS good. Can you look about you and not see unmistakable signs of God in it?

Look at the stars and the planets, each in its assigned place. Walk in the silent woods or stand beside a rippling stream. Examine the beauty of a flower — first the leaves, then the tightly closed bud, then the bursting forth of the blossom. Watch the miracle of the changing seasons.

In the "blessed quietude" of those few quiet moments here, THINK! SEE! KNOW!

We often hear that scientists do not believe in God; that we have learned so much about man and the universe that we no longer need God. Some say, "God is dead."

Not true! Scientists know that they do not create anything. They learn only to use the knowledge and the power that God has already put in the world. The more they learn, the more they are able to see this. Galileo spoke for them all when he said, "I feel I am thinking the thoughts of God after Him."

Think of the birds. Each has its own particular colors, markings, habits, and songs. Each seeks and finds its natural habitat. Think of the snowflakes — each so beautiful; each so different. Examine the grass at your feet, now so green. Would you guess this velvety carpet could spring from the dried, brown, dead growth that lay under the winter's snow? When God wants to create a mighty oak tree, He begins with an acorn. He created the awesome splendor of the Grand Canyon by beginning with a little steam.

These are just a few of the wonders that tell us over and over that there is a Master Designer at work in the universe throughout all time past, and to

come.

Now look at your own thumbs, at the whorls that make your thumb print. They are not identical; nor are they exactly like any other thumb prints in the world. There is nowhere anyone exactly like you. Just as God made the trees, the birds, the butterflies, and the flowers different, so He made you different. But to make it even more interesting and creative, He leaves it up to you to find out His plan for you. Just as you can see the unmistakable signs of God on every hand, so you can find His plans for you if you keep an open heart and conscience. *The hearing ear and the seeing eye, the Lord has made them both.* (Proverbs 20:12)

Second Speaker: The psalmist of old not only lifted his voice in praise of God, the Creator, but also reminded his listeners that God has a plan for everything. The animals must seek their food and shelter, and man must "go forth to his work". God causes the rains to fall, the sun to shine, and the plants to grow and make food, but He needs hands to sow the seed, to tend the crops, and distribute the harvest. He has caused the minerals to form in the earth. Man must learn how to conserve and use wisely the water of the streams and rivers, the timbers of our forests, the minerals in the earth.

As God increases our knowledge, so do our responsibilities increase. Vaccines, technical skills, atomic energy — are we using them for the betterment of all mankind? As we note how perfect is every act of God's creation, we cannot help but see that He expects us to make the best possible use of our world — conservation of His natural resources (ours merely on loan!), non-pollution of the air we breathe, and the sacredness of human life.

Have you noticed all the trailers and campers on the road today, as people all over our land seek some quiet spot beside a rambling stream? John Muir says that thousands of tired, nerve-shaken, over-civilized people are seeking to find the fountains of life.

I am weary of streets and cities,
With their palaces of plunder . . .
I am worn with the lilt of ditties,
I am starving for splendor and wonder!

—Thomas Clark

Perhaps the whole world is starving for splendor and wonder. It is all here to be seen, if eyes are opened. Could our part of God's design be to "show and tell"?

Reading: "I have heard the world's a musty, sordid thing. It can't be true, for I have seen the rain, watched it bathe the earth, the very air; and I have seen the sky, newly scrubbed and spotless, blue from end to end; and I have watched the winter's snow drape tree

(Continued on page 21)

FREDERICK DESCRIBES ACTIVITIES IN NOVA SCOTIA

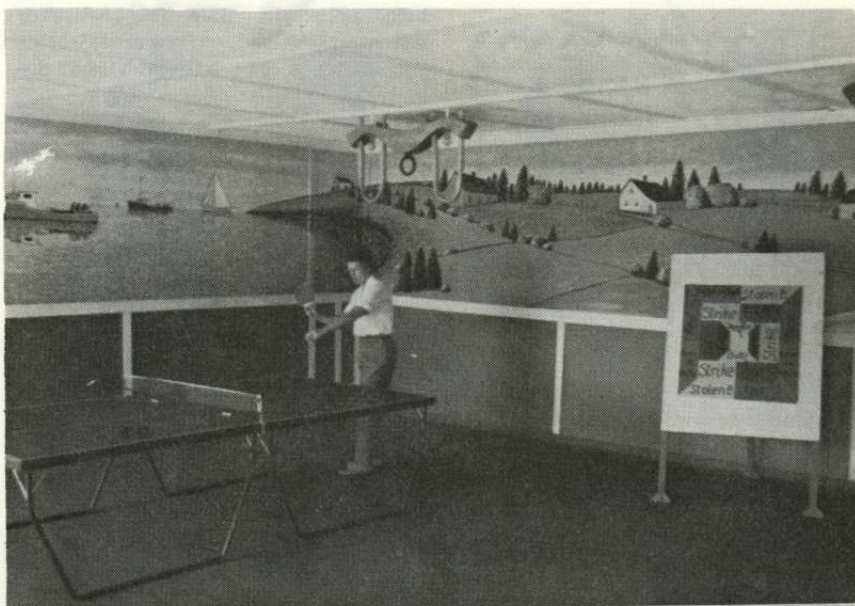
Dear Friends:

Although Betty and I have only two children, we have had plenty of opportunity to learn what it would be like to have ten children! I am writing this letter from our summer home in Nova Scotia, and for the past few days we have had ten teenagers: four boys and six girls, eating at our table three times a day. Yes, we are entertaining another of our South Church parties, the kind we have been having for the past ten years, and believe me, it is exciting.

We arrived here with the ten young people and another adult couple a week ago today, and just two hours ago I put the party on the boat for home. We have one full week to rest up before the next group arrives from the church — a party of twelve adults. So often people ask us how we manage to do so much entertaining during our summer vacation, and our stock answer for that question is: "We have a system!" Indeed we do! First of all, the Crandall family place here in southern Nova Scotia is an enormous estate. There are well over two thousand acres of woods, there are seven lakes, there are twelve bedrooms and eleven bathrooms, and with it all are five people to look after us. The bedrooms are in two main houses separated by a mile of woods and connected by a lovely woodland trail, and in two cottages and a boathouse. This past week we had the boys in the big guest house, and the girls up at the main house with its cottages.

On the lake we have two sailboats, five canoes, and two motorboats, and that is enough to keep quite a good group entertained on a bright and sunny day. And of course there is good swimming in the lakes. We are only two miles from the ocean, and that gives us lots of opportunity for beach picnics, deep-sea fishing, and just cruising out around the island. Each year the young people always want to visit one island where there are some wild sheep, and the big sport is to herd the sheep out onto a point of land surrounded by water where a valiant attempt is made to capture a small lamb. Of course the sheep are protected by law, and after a bit of play with the lamb, it is released to return to the herd.

Nova Scotia has its share of rainy days, and you may wonder what we do with a dozen guests on a rainy day. There is a big recreation room with all kinds of game equipment, a large barn for rougher games, and then we have things to do around the fireplace in the house. There are some auto trips that



Betty Driftmier enjoys a game of Ping-pong at Argyle Lodge in Nova Scotia.

we take on rainy days — visiting the woolen mills and the gift shops in the town of Yarmouth, driving out to the lighthouse to watch the boat arriving from the United States, and occasionally driving up the Bay of Fundy to watch the boat arriving from New Brunswick. In spite of all of this, I confess a great longing for good weather! No summer place is as much fun as it ought to be without lots of sunshine.

Having our church people with us for eight days at a time gives Betty and me a wonderful opportunity to become close to our people. When someone has eaten at your table three meals a day for over a week, you get to know that person, and he gets to know you. At each meal we have opportunity to speak of the church and its meaning for our lives, and then in the evening we have long discussions around the fireplace. I wish you could see the two beautiful fireplaces we have in the main living room; there is a big one at each end, and they are used to provide warmth every morning and every evening. On rainy days they are kept going all day long.

Sometimes other clergymen ask me how we can stand it to have our church members with us on our vacation. I always answer: "You try it sometime; it is a great joy. As a matter of fact, it is just about the nicest thing that happens to us all year long." We are mindful of the fact that we have a most unusual situation, and we are grateful for it. Actually, both of the ministers of our church do something like this. You have heard me tell about the tours of church people that my associate takes to Europe. On those tours he and his wife have a wonderful opportunity to become very close with our church people in much the same manner that

we have with our Nova Scotia retreats.

There is one sad aspect about our summer parties — the weight we gain! All winter and spring Betty and I try so hard to diet and take off a few pounds, and then comes Nova Scotia and we gain weight every week. The wonderful Nova Scotia bread baked each day in our own kitchen is what does it. Oh! but we do love it, and if we don't show how much we love it, our cook is offended. Just for fun, we once made a record of how much weight our guests gained in the eight days they were with us, and we found that they averaged gaining three pounds. Now we have to warn them of that danger when they agree to visit us. So many promise to count their calories, and then on the very first day they look at that fresh bread right out of the oven and give up!

Mary Leanna has been having a wonderful time in Rome. When she was getting ready to leave home for her summer in Rome, I offered to give her some more spending money, but she proudly and politely refused it. "Oh, I have enough spending money," she said. "As a matter of fact, I think that I have too much!" Those were famous last words, for she had been there only a week when she wrote us: "I had no idea how many opportunities I would have to spend money! Every weekend we plan to take little side trips to other cities, and that is going to cost me much more than I had anticipated." Yes, we sent it to her. She is working hard all during the week on her archaeological studies, and we want her to see some of the Italian countryside on weekends.

Right now we are not sure where our son David is! We know that he is somewhere out in the far West with his

(Continued on page 23)



"Clothing Repairs", cheerfully burbles the title page of a government bulletin. But it's difficult for you to burble when you think of your own, which you refer to with a mournful groan as "that mending"! And which you've postponed for as long as you could, while the stack of mending swelled like yeast dough in the basket. The time has come, you resolve firmly, to tackle that pile and really make the needle fly!

So, be your repairs minor or major, here are some tips to help you through the work quickly and efficiently. You'll use your usual sewing and ironing equipment. In addition, you'll want a special box or basket in which you collect scraps of fabric left from sewing clothes or from altering readymades, plus buttons, hooks and eyes, snaps and zippers of assorted sizes and colors. You'll often be able to salvage usable buttons and other fasteners from worn garments ready to discard. Crewel type needles (the ones with the long eyes) in several sizes will be most convenient for this sort of work. Other items that aid the job at hand are elastic thread, assorted colors of darning cottons, iron-on mending tape and patches, plastic mending tape (to repair plastic raincoats or garment bags that have gotten snagged or split), a chalk pencil, and a lead pencil for making changes. You'll undoubtedly have several "must" items of your own to add to this list, for mending is very much an individual thing.

Quite often, each mending project is an individual thing, too. Some rips and tears are absolutely unique, one-of-a-kind (and a good thing it is, too!) For such as these, you summon up all the knowledge and creative imagination that you have, and hope fervently that it's enough. On cottons and many blends, the quickest and the neatest repair is to use iron-on tape on the back of that three-cornered tear, or the sorry little snag right on the front of Susie's dress. For woolens, that you dry clean, you can weave in nearly invisible mends with self-thread raveled from a scrap of the goods, or sometimes with a long human hair in a

blending shade. Hair has resiliency and strength, and on textured fabrics your stitches may well be almost unnoticeable. Hard-to-match fabric colors are sometimes more readily matched with embroidery floss than with thread from the spools. Darning cotton works well on sweaters, since the soft finish doesn't cut the yarn, or use the new threads especially made for sewing knits. (It stands to reason that they'll also work well for mending knits.

And as you mutter under your breath, "Button, button, who's got the button?" you resolve to organize your button supply so you can find the one you need, when you need it. Another help is, when you're sewing, to *always* buy one or two more buttons than the garment calls for. Then replacements will be right at hand. For there's nothing more hopeless than to try to match your extra-special buttons at the store six months later — and few things more infuriating than the need to buy and replace an entire set of buttons (like, say, ten or twelve) when only one of the originals has been lost. You don't enjoy sewing on buttons *that* much, now do you?

Some family mending, such as repairing seams where the thread has broken or raveled, can be done on the sewing machine. Other repairs are best made by hand, using a variety of versatile stitches. Hand stitching can reshape damaged areas before you darn or patch them, and can fix spots that are hard (or impossible) to reach with the machine. To achieve a mend that's soft, flexible, and nearly invisible, in most cases you must do it by hand.

A far-too-common complaint nowadays is that seams split too easily in boys' wash pants. While some jeans have flat-fell seams that resist ripping, many slacks have been stitched with a chain stitch, which ravelers drastically once that thread breaks! (I wonder why manufacturers persist in using chain stitch rather than a lock stitch; it must be cheaper somehow, although I can't for the life of me see why.) A ripped-out seam should be stitched with short machine stitches and stout thread. For "insurance", press edges of seam together and stitch again near the edge; finish with zigzag stitch, or overcast by hand.

When mending any sort of knitwear, the machine zigzag stitch is invaluable. Set at the very narrowest bight, it allows for that essential bit of "give", yet the stitch is so narrow that it is sewn exactly like a straight stitch. Choose some of the new dual-duty threads designed for sewing knits, as these threads, too, are resilient.

When mending a ripped-out fly on men's fabric shorts, the strongest method is to pull the two edges of the

tear together, with iron-on mending tape shiny side up beneath, and iron in place. Cool before handling. Then darn over the tape by machine, using multiple rows of stitching. Reseam crotch, if needed, and firmly machine stitch lower end of placket. Twill tape may be stitched back of crotch seam and across lower end of placket, if desired, to keep the garment from ripping out again.

On women's undergarments, it's often necessary to replace the elastic. For comfort and long wear, it's worthwhile to buy lingerie elastic, rather than the "dime store" variety. Bra repairs have been simplified, for you can buy replacement parts, as straps or back section, in packages as needed. Simply remove the old elastic, and firmly stitch on the new. To mend breaks in lace trim, lay net fabric beneath and machine stitch as needed, following pattern of lace somewhat to make the mend less obvious.

Replacing worn inner pockets of men's slacks has been simplified, too; you can purchase replacement pockets and follow the simple instructions that come with them. You can, of course, remove the worn pockets and use them as a pattern to make new. But this is so time consuming, and the savings so small, that it scarcely seems worth it except as an emergency measure. If only the lower part of the pocket is worn out, it is fairly simple to make a half-pocket repair. Incidentally, although some pockets on boys' jeans are almost as "strong as cast iron", those on many men's slacks are made of some flimsy material that gives way on the third wearing, splattering coins and keys every which way. (And as one abashed husband murmured to his wife, "Here, keep my change for me — I've got pockets in all my holes!" After which, the poor man blushed more vividly than before.)

To prevent just such problems, it's best to adopt the "safety first" rule of examining all seat seams and all pockets when the trousers come out of the laundry, and make repairs promptly. That stitch in time can save some miserable minutes of dull mending.

Sometimes, buttons pull off the boys' shirts. Try inserting iron-on mending tape, shiny side up, under the pulled-out hole, for extra strength. Then resew buttons as usual. This works well with any fabric to which the mending tape will adhere.

Many repairs call for the ranter stitch. "What's *that*?" you ask in dismay. Well, pure and simple, it's the same stitch they use on baseballs. You weave the stitches back and forth, bringing the two cut edges together as you go. Carefully done, on certain

(Continued on page 20)



THE TASTE OF FISH — AND MORE ! !

by
Leta Fulmer

Always hectic — Saturday — for I'm a farmer's wife and work in town too. I attack the mountains of wash and while it churns hotly in the dryer, I flick the dust mop at the most obvious piles of tracked-in mud, whisk the top layer of dust from the furniture, and call it housecleaning. Off to town now to supply my incapacitated brother with food for the weekend, and then to the one club meeting that feeds my ego and warms my heart. Home again, to find friend husband home from a sale, and toe-tapping impatiently while I struggle into jeans and grab a jacket. We're heading for a fish fry and ball game.

We speed along the bottom road, bordered by long-deserted homes and falling-down outbuildings. When the river moved in, the people moved out. The levee came too late. In this setting the new ball park, government-financed, gleams whitely with its cement block building and its arching overhead lights. My nose twitches at the smell of fish sizzling in the huge iron kettle long before we park the car — fresh carp, painstakingly scored, deliciously browned. Our plates heaped high, we plunk down in the midst of friends and neighbors, with a "How did the sale go?" and a "Got your garden out?" yelled across the hum of conversation, "If everyone's full of fish, we'll start the game," the loudspeaker squawks in ill adjustment. And youngsters rush upon the field, their jerseys lettered with the names of merchants in surrounding towns. How swift the feet of youth! How agile, those young bodies as they arc and leap to snatch the flying ball! And all that chatter on the field — "Atta boy, catch that fly!" — "C'mon baby; baby, you can do it." — "You've got him going; strike him out!". And around the fence a row of dads press anxious faces right into the checkered wire and proudly boast, "See that one there? Well, he's my son."

And now the old-timers play the game. They stand there much as they stood years ago. And memory moves in to coach. And they can hit that ball, and throw it target-straight. But bases now are miles between, and legs that know too many years are tagged at first and out at home. With loud guffaws and friendly jibes they play baseball with shortened breath and aching

backs. And around the fence a row of boys press anxious faces right into the checkered wire and proudly boast, "See that one there? Well, that's my dad."

Satisfaction for the appetite. Food served by friends and shared with neighbors to pay a bit on the new stadium. Satisfaction too, for the soul. For awhile at least — out here where the coyote still howls at the almost obsolete whistle of the train, and twilight deer leave sharp hoof prints on the pitcher's mound — the generation gap is closed. And hobbling dads and grinning sons lock arms and leave the field together. It's been a good Saturday!

HE MINES GREENBACK MOSS

by
Evelyn S. Cason

It takes a heap of "green stuff" to cover the cost of living these days.

That was the problem which plagued Buford Morgan as he was drawn again and again to more than 200 acres of Missouri Ozarks property he discovered on a fishing trip. From the tip of the ridge atop these acres to the depth of the inviting streams and four refreshing springs which overflowed into the Eleven-Point River, Buford had fallen in love with the place.

He was fed up with his job as railroad brakeman, but there was that vital problem of green stuff. Perhaps it was preoccupation with the puzzle of how to make a living on the Elysian acres which conjured up the necessary answer. As he gazed down into the spring-fed waters, there was the green stuff staring him in the face. The cool moss which painted the scenic green picture at the bottom of the pool was the same filigree pattern which covers the floor of fish aquariums. Even better, there was a shortage of this particular green stuff.

His lack of knowledge on moss was overcome as he consulted books and experts, and he took a chance. His hunch paid off. From the depth of his inland ocean, Morgan and his helpers harvest and ship over forty million moss plants a year.

Necessity — and desire — is still the mother of invention, and properly applied ingenuity and imagination paid off for Morgan.

Buford Morgan's "The Narrows" today boasts a successful business as he mines his greenback moss; yet it remains the unspoiled retreat which first attracted his attention and became a fountain of ingenious enjoyment.

LET YOUR TWEEZERS DO IT!

Every woman knows tweezers are used to pluck eyebrows. But how many have discovered other uses for these small "pincers", as the dictionary calls them?

I keep four pairs handy — in my handbag, sewing machine drawer, a small kitchen drawer, and on the dressing table tray. And as the types vary from those with small, pointed ends to those with broader, blunt ones, each is adaptable to a special task. If one doesn't work, I try another pair.

When dressing, they are handy for untying knots in shoestrings, or pulling those which have lost an end through the shoe's eyelets. Also they will loosen knots in narrow ribbons and twine and pull the latter through a small opening.

And if your hairnet becomes entangled in a necklace fastener or in eye glasses, remove hairpins and bobby pins, unfasten necklace or glasses and lay them with the snarled net on a flat surface under a strong light. Holding a small magnifying glass in one hand, tweezers in the other, the net can be "tweezed" out of the entanglement. Of course it is easier if another person holds the magnifier, but you can do it alone.

I have used tweezers to pull thread caught inside the sewing machine where the bobbin goes, and to pull out basting, or embroidery floss stitches when I have made a mistake.

In the kitchen, these gadgets can lift hot cupcakes or muffins from the pan, pick up jar lids dipped in hot water before placing on jars when canning, and to hull strawberries.

For shellcraft, they are ideal to pick up tiny shells and hold them to dip into glue before dropping into place. The same is true for sequins to be pasted on a design.

When putting a typewriter ribbon that has lost its hook on the spool, tweezers are great for catching the end and pulling it through the opening. As if that isn't enough, they'll extract fox-tails brought indoors by long-haired pets and which become imbedded under the small tufts of a rug.

And, believe it or not, I have even extracted a foxtail from my cat's eye, saving a trip to the vet, not to mention the cost.

I seem to be always finding new uses for tweezers.
—Hazel E. Howard

MARGERY AND OLIVER LEAVING FOR VACATION

Dear Friends:

My! how these summer days are flying by! And from now on they will pass even faster, for we will be leaving in a couple of days for our vacation, and after that it will seem as if summer is almost over.

Summertime is one of the happiest times of the year for we always can count on wonderful visits from friends and relatives. We've just had nice visits from our cousin Letty Field, Bianco and her family and our cousin Hope Field Powek, two of Uncle Henry Field's daughters. Letty and Ray live in Marsailles, Illinois, and their daughter Jeanne is a college student. Hope came to Shenandoah to attend her 50th class reunion. She had planned originally to come in the fall after a cruise around England, Holland, Denmark and Sweden, but when word reached her about the high school reunion, she changed her schedule so as to be here for that big event. We're hoping she will still be able to come after her trip so we can hear all about it, but had no promise when she left. She was planning this cruise when I saw her in Tucson this past winter.

We are looking for their brother, Philip, and his wife, Marie, before long. Oliver and I hope they don't arrive until we come back from our little jaunt. I had such a great time visiting them in Tucson also. They left Arizona last spring, traveling across the southern part of the country to Florida. Frederick expects to see them in Massachusetts, and after roaming around the New England States in their trailer, they'll head for the Midwest for a visit with Iowa relatives.

I told you last month that we were looking for my niece, Alison, Wayne and Abigail's daughter. She had planned to bring a girl friend with her but at the last minute the friend couldn't make the trip so Alison came alone. She drove straight through to Dorothy and Frank's first, and then stopped in Shenandoah on her way back to Denver. It was a rather quick trip, but she had a job and had to get back to work.

It was wonderful having Frederick and Betty here. It had been a few years since Betty had spent a vacation with us, although Frederick has flown out every year for a few days. When Mother gave up the idea of visiting them in Massachusetts this summer, they said they would fly out to Shenandoah. It would be great if all the clan could gather together, but with a family the size of ours it is almost impossible to work out such a reunion. We just consider ourselves lucky to get to see one another sometime during the year. One



Leanna Driftmier (on the right) with her sister, Jessie Field Shambaugh, who celebrated her 89th birthday recently.

thing to be said for families coming at different times is that we do have more chance to visit with each other than if everyone gathered for a great big reunion.

Just before Frederick and Betty came, Mother, Dorothy, Ruby (Mother's nurse-companion) and I went to Clarinda to help Aunt Jessie Shambaugh celebrate her 89th birthday. Mother baked a big birthday cake for the occasion and we drove over during the afternoon for a little party. I took some pictures of Aunt Jessie and Mother, a number of shots of Aunt Jessie with her cake and some opening her gifts. You'll see one of these pictures on this page.

Evelyn Birkby wrote about 4-H and county fairs this month. Perhaps some of you new friends aren't aware of the

'T WAS EVER SO

While sipping coffee gratefully
And resting there awhile
I chanced to overhear some words
That made me hide a smile.

Youngsters, dreaming of the time
When, textbooks left behind
A magic world would lie ahead
And rainbow arcs would shine.

The Taj Mahal, the sights of Rome,
A penthouse with a view.
No hit-or-miss, no obstacles,
Just start — and follow through.

Almost, I interrupted
To chance a word or two
Of caution and of diffidence
But NO, that wouldn't do!

My world is good. It is a blend
Of many yesterdays, of dreams
Well mixed with compromise,
And hope to light the way.

Give youth time! They'll sit like me —
Drinking coffee gratefully,
Resting just a little while,
Hearing words that make them smile!!

—Leta Fulmer

fact that Aunt Jessie is the mother of 4-H. She started the boys' and girls' farm clubs, created the clover design with its H's, and wrote the Country Girl's Creed. The rural school where all this started now stands proudly in the city park in Clarinda and many tourists stop by to see it when their travels bring them through our state. Some of Oliver's brothers and sisters remember when Aunt Jessie was the county superintendent of schools and came to visit High Prairie where they attended. They say it was always an exciting day when "Miss Field" drove up in her little red Brush!

It was my good fortune to be the delegate from our church at its state conference again this year. I mentioned in my letter last month that I was planning to attend these meetings. Four went from our church and we feel we gained so much from the experience. As usual, our state officers made it possible for us to have outstanding speakers, two men who serve on national boards.

Those of you who have become very attached to your pets and have had to give them up can know exactly how Oliver, Martin and I are saddened that we have lost our Nickie. We knew this was coming for he was almost blind and deaf and was in very poor health. I had taken him to the veterinarian several times recently and finally everyone agreed that he shouldn't continue to live and suffer as he was. It was very, very hard to leave him for the last time. As a matter of fact, I couldn't say the necessary words the day I left him, but the vet is a very kind and gentle person and, understanding how I felt, suggested that I leave him for a few days and then telephone. Dear Oliver even spared me the agony of making the phone call and made it for me. I miss dear old Nick! Like Lucile, I'm debating whether or not to get another dog. I believe she's about decided against it, but I'm not so sure about myself.

We're still waiting for the painters to get to us, but I believe they'll be here to paint the house while we're gone. It will be a big job, but perhaps it will be completed by the time we return from our trip. We've had the evergreens and shrubs pruned, so with a new coat of paint on the house we ought to look nice and neat again. Perhaps next year we can have the new driveway and sidewalks put in. Every year it is something!

Now I must put the typewriter away and see what last minute laundry I can take care of. We're going to see some new country so next month I'll tell you all about it.

Sincerely,
Margery

EMILY WRITES FROM MEXICO



Dear Friends:

I visited an Indian village recently in Mexico, and thought you might be interested in what it is like.

Sunday in Cuetzalan, Puebla, province of Mexico (population: 3000), is not God's given day of rest; it is market day, and all the Indians from as far as 20 kilometers come to the plaza. Music is broadcast from a loudspeaker on the municipal building. (One of the favorites is a record of Strauss waltzes.) Church bells sound every so often. Tents are set up in bazaar fashion on the steps of the plaza in the early dawn.

As is the tradition among markets of the world, it is not just a scene of commerce, but a social gathering. No big embraces or hearty welcomes are noticed. The typical greeting is an offering of the right hand, just touching the fingertips.

On sale were neatly piled vegetables, grains, and fruits. In one section the regional clothes were offered, and in another area bolts of brightly printed cottons were available. The usual activities of bartering and haggling for prices was the method of purchase.

The people in the market were mainly Indian, although some "Mestizos" were seen in the crowd (a *Mestizo* is someone of mixed Indian and Hispanic cultures), and a few foreign tourists were trying to take pictures inconspicuously. The people were mainly speaking an Indian dialect dating from before the discovery of the New World. Most of the vendors were bilingual (Indian and Spanish languages), or at least knew the Spanish names for their wares.

A few women wore the traditional formal costume. This consisted of a black wool skirt of ankle length. It was gathered and held by a red wool sash, about four inches in width, wrapped around the waist as many as five times, with the ends carefully tucked in. The blouse was short-sleeved, white cotton with strips of hand embroidery on the sleeves and across the front and back of the squared neckline. They had strings of brightly colored beads wrapped tightly around the throat as many as ten times. A white *huipil* (diamond-shaped cloth with a cut-out for the head) of very delicately woven threads covered the blouse. The hair was wrapped into a

big headpiece of purple and green yarns high on the head and extending over the forehead. It looked quite cumbersome and heavy. Another *huipil* was folded into a square and laid on top of the headpiece. The entire costume costs about \$80 and must obviously be acquired piece by piece.

The everyday outfit was more commonly seen. The *huipil* was not so fine and the skirt was white cotton. They forgot the elaborate headgear and simply wrapped their long braids around the head, putting a squared white *huipil* under the braids at front. They wore "dime-store" earrings.

Almost no women were seen in shoes or even in sandals. All the men wore sandals as did some of the boys. The children wore simpler clothes than their parents. A few old men wore the traditional formal costume. A black *serape* (plain woolen blanket) was thrown over one shoulder; a white, long-sleeved, collarless shirt was tucked in by the red sash. The pants were white, cut square (not tapered), and had strings at the bottom of the legs to tie them around the ankle. They all wore sandals with a leather or rubber tire sole and a strap that wrapped around the ankle several times. The sandals cost 20 cents (U.S.) and last about a year. The traditional hat has a wide flat brim and a small round crown.

We were invited by one elderly lady to see how she weaves the *huipils* that she was selling in the market. She led us up several dirt streets away from the plaza and into her house. There was a cross over the doorway. The first thing we noticed was the cleanliness: not a speck of dirt could be seen on the concrete floor. We saw two rooms. A kitchen was off to one side but hidden from view, and there seemed to be a third room in the back of the house. There were no windows and no lights were on. A door leading to a flower-filled patio outside gave some light. Another woman was taking advantage of this light to embroider a blouse.

There were two large stacks of wood in one corner and in another corner on the cob was neatly piled. There was a large table that seemed to serve as an altar. There were six images of saints and Virgins on the wall above it, and some votive candles were burning. Other than the table there were three wooden straight-backed chairs. In one corner were some woven mats for sleeping. The loom she showed was the typical backstrap type tied onto a pole with a number of sticks and three spools of thread. She explained the procedure for weaving, but it was too complicated to learn from a quick visit. She said the loom and the threads

were bought; she hadn't made them herself. Each *huipil* takes her 15 to 20 days to weave, and sells for about three dollars.

That afternoon we went into the mountains. We got a ride in a pick-up truck that was going to get some sacks of coffee beans from a small farm. The area is very rocky and devoted to coffee and corn and a few banana trees. The land seems fertile and the unplanted areas quickly return to jungle. There is a dirt road due to the coffee production.

The house where we picked up the coffee sacks was made of wood planks and had a tile roof. The main living room had two large beds made of wood with a few sheets and a light-weight blanket. In the middle was a wooden cradle hanging from the ceiling. A radio was playing. The kitchen was unlit but the house did have electricity. Cooking pots were made of clay and there was a wood-burning fire for cooking. The lady was heating some tortillas on a large, flat, circular platter, directly over the flames.

Our ride dropped us off at Atepathahua, a settlement of two or three houses on the Cuichat River (at that point it should more correctly be called a stream). This is a picturesque site that one imagines appears only in glamorous Hawaiian pictures, but in Mexico it is common and used for such mundane activities as drying clothes on the rocks. The stream bounces in and through the boulders, then falls into a small pond shaded by banana trees and the lush tropical forest. The native boys were sudsing their heads and diving naked off the rocks. (Oh, how the inhibited tourists envied them!) The mosquitoes were having a feast on us — we were rather dismayed but relieved to see the sign noting that the National Campaign for the Eradication of Malaria had been in the area.

Our return trip was on foot — only 5 kilometers, but all by a winding path uphill. It was late afternoon and all the people were returning home from the market in Cuetzalan. There were a few horses packed with goods, but mainly the men and women carried baskets on their backs full of the purchases for the week. Some women carried black umbrellas to protect them from the sun. It was obvious that most of the men had drunk quite a bit of the locally made liquor, *aguardiente*.

The village of San Andrés is the second major town of the area. Electricity was installed about a year ago. There is a primary school (Cuetzalan has the secondary school, or junior high, for the area), and a church that dominates the whole town. The streets

(Continued on page 20)

COUNTY FAIRS ARE GREAT

by
Evelyn Birkby

The color, sights, sounds and emotions of a county fair are difficult to imagine if you have never seen one. 4-H and Future Farmers of America members and just ordinary citizens of Fremont County participate in the one held every summer at the fairgrounds in Sidney, Iowa. Energetic young people fill the fair with results of a year's planning, preparation and displaying which culminates in an exciting three days of frenzied activity.

Go with me out to the fairgrounds; they are within walking distance of our home. As we draw close we can hear the sounds of the animals, the calling of one boy to another, and the music which attracts hungry people to the food booths.

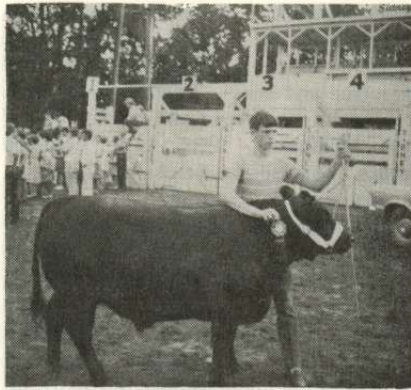
The first barn we enter holds stalls of cattle: black and white Holsteins, reddish brown Jerseys, black Angus, red and white Hereford. Some of the stock shown is young, some full grown. Steers, milk cows, the whole range of varieties used on the farm and prepared for market, are on display. The name of the owner and his club are shown above each stall. The club names are as colorful as the names of the breeds of animals they are showing: *Sidney Silver Skylarks, Riverton Rustlers, East Walnut Ever Ready, Farragut Fisher Loyal Workers, Sidney Happy Valley, and Hamburg Washington PEP.*

As we enter the hog barn a young man is sloshing water over a fat sow. The small pigs clustered near their mother enjoy the impromptu shower as much as she. Pigs must be kept cool and Iowa's humid summer heat can cause a flurry of effort with buckets of water and long stretches of hose bringing needed moisture. (Did you know that hogs cannot perspire so need the pools and puddles and showers to survive in hot weather?)

Hogs come in as many colors as cattle: a Chester White is white, a Hampshire is black with a white band around the front part of his body, the Poland China is black with just a few small white markings, and the Duroc is usually a deep red.

Horses and ponies are bedded down in another barn. Their coats shine from careful brushing. Even their hooves glisten from the trimming, polishing and buffing given by their young owners. This is a popular barn; small children cluster near the pony stalls with longing in their eyes and visions of a ride across a pasture on just such an animal.

Let's go to the sheep barn next. I like sheep; they seem gentle although I know from experience that a ewe with a



Holding his winning ribbon close to the neck of his black Angus steer is Rick McIntyre of Farragut, Iowa. The scene is the Fremont County Fair at Sidney, Iowa.

lamb is an animal to be avoided. The tiny lambs are so cute. A little girl with long pigtails reaches through the restraining boards to pat the nuzzling nose of a baby Corriedale. "Baaa," the baby says. "Baaa," the little girl says back! It is no wonder the heart-strings tug when the owners of any of these animals must take them to the auction block.

A popcorn stand beckons to us as we go to the barn reserved for commercial exhibits. I head for the tables filled with antiques for sale and the craft store booth with its interesting items. Most of the displays shown are for farm products, feed, fertilizer, and the like. Some agricultural machines are shown. Each booth holds a box and we can write our name on a card and drop it in. Perhaps we will win a fire extinguisher or a can of paint, a bag of chicken feed or an outdoor grill. The desire to get something for nothing goes deep in the human heart!

A hot dog and cup of cold pop go with us into the show ring where the judging of the livestock is about to begin. We settle on the hard board bleachers and try to decide who is the most nervous, the calves to be shown or the boys and girls who are to show them.

The chattering crowd grows still as the animals walk in, halters firmly held in the hands of the owners. The judges give each calf careful consideration. Expert eyes check lines, weight, muscle distribution, grooming and disposition evidenced. Finally, the contestants form a line with their stock and stand firm as the judge stops by each one making constructive comments. He reaches out to indicate which animal receives the blue ribbon, which red and which white. A special one just might be awarded the coveted purple sweep-stake award. But all learn; all benefit from the experience regardless of the final outcome.

Tired of sitting, we go now to the

girls' 4-H exhibits. This year the special emphasis is on home improvement and includes such projects as refinishing furniture, creating colorful corners with paint, framed pictures and unusual arrangements from nature. A coal scuttle and shovel have been painted dull black and decoupaged with a gold design. This will eventually find its way back to enhance the hearth of a family fireplace. Decoupage, we notice, is an extremely popular art and decorative form. Another popular craft is mosaic pictures made with crushed and broken glass. One of the girls made several mosaics using surprisingly large chunks of glass in a variety of colors. She used clear glass and painted the pieces with the crackle glaze available in the paint stores if the color she wanted was not available in a bottle.

Even though home improvement is the major emphasis this year, many of the girls show projects in sewing and in foods and nutrition. The cakes, cookies, breads, jams, jellies, pickles and canned vegetables are beautiful. Some of the products displayed put adults to shame!

Paul Engle in his article "Come to the Fair" in the great new book, *Vacationland U.S.A.* (National Geographic Society 1970) says, "The boys and girls of the 4-H clubs are the most unknown and the most attractive, the hardest working and the most community minded in the land. What a variety of things they do!"

The open class building is exciting enough to warrant several trips. Any resident of Fremont County may enter as many of the interesting divisions as desired. Hobbies, collections, and antiques vie for attention alongside the paintings, collages, needlework, canned goods, baked foods, garden produce and colorful flower displays.

We always try to enter the photographic division since this is one of our family's hobbies. Several ribbons grace our bulletin board at home: Craig won the "Most Unusual" picture division with a three frame shot of the earthquake area near Yellowstone Park and several of Robert's colored slides have received recognition.

As we walk back through the stock sheds in preparation for the evening's entertainment in the big arena (this can be anything from a wrestling match to a pushball car competition, from a queen contest to a display of juggling skill, or the final night's parade of winning livestock) let's stop for a moment and listen to the conversation of two men standing near a pen of young feeder pigs.

"It's a shame all young people can't have the opportunity these kids have,"

(Continued on page 22)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Before I continue telling about my trip to New Mexico, I want to mention that as of this writing our crops look very good. I put it this way because, as all formers know, this could change overnight. Wind, hail, or high water can change a farmer's prospects for a good year in a very short time, but right now things look bright for us.

I was in Roswell with Edna and Raymond for only three days, but we managed to cover quite a bit of ground and see a lot in that short period. We ate several meals out so we didn't have to fool around with cooking and doing dishes. Although Edna was feeling pretty well, I didn't want her to overdo because of me, so we spent our mornings visiting on the patio or taking short leisurely walks around the neighborhood.

After lunch on Saturday we drove around town. I'm always interested in fabric shops and Edna said they had two that she knew about. Raymond was kind enough to chauffeur us about and patiently wait while Edna and I looked around in the stores. I was curious to see if the stores in this area had started stocking the lingerie and knit fabrics that I have been having so much fun with and found they knew nothing about them. In one of the stores I had quite a long conversation with the manager, who said I was the third person who had asked about them in the past week, and she wanted to know all I could tell her about it. She asked me to come back again and bring a few things to show her that I had made. When she saw my samples she really did become interested. In fact, she said she didn't know when she had been this excited about sewing.

When the government closed some of the big air bases, the one at Roswell was closed, so when one of the airlines needed a place to train pilots to fly the big new 747 planes, they decided on the Roswell airport. The runways there were the longest and best for this purpose. When I was there, there was always one of these big jets flying over town. I wanted to see one on the ground, so we drove out to the airport, which is seven miles from Roswell. They had three 747's there that day and I would surely have enjoyed seeing the interior of one of them, but they



Dorothy enjoys making cotton knit dresses like the one she is wearing. They created quite a sensation when she visited the fabric shop in Roswell.

weren't open for tours to the public. Raymond said when they first brought them down they had an open house one day and several thousand people went through them. When I looked at that huge plane a few feet away from me it was hard to comprehend how anything that big could stay in the air. While we were standing there one plane came in and touched down on the runway and soared back into the air again, practicing takeoffs and landings several times, and they did it so smoothly, without even a little bounce, that to me it was just fantastic.

This was the first time I had ever been on a government base that has been closed, and it was quite a sight to see block after block, row after row, of lovely little houses standing empty and forlorn. At one time, and not too long ago, several thousand people lived in this little town with its pretty boulevards and beautiful shade trees. They must have started renting some of the houses because I noticed some of them were occupied. Probably some of them were the families of the mechanics, pilots, and maintenance men who were there with the 747's.

While we were out in this area, Raymond drove by one of the biggest feed lots I have ever seen. It was a mile square, and on that particular day Raymond said there weren't many cattle in it compared to what they usually have. He had visited with one of the men who works there, and he told Raymond they usually have around 265,000 head in the lot at one time. I hadn't thought about this part of the country as being farming country, but of course everything has to be irrigated. I asked Raymond what crops were grown around there, and he said they grow a lot of alfalfa and get as many as six cuttings a year. There was a field of alfalfa right across the road from their home and Raymond said they mowed it one morning and in the afternoon a big ma-

chine pulled in and picked up the alfalfa and made it into pellets. This is a lot different from the way we put up hay in the Midwest. Other crops grown in this area are cotton, barley, oats, and hegari. Raymond, being a former Iowa farmer, is, of course, very much interested in farming operations everywhere, as are Frank and I.

Another trip we took was out to see the Bottomless Lake State Park which is about 12 miles from Roswell. There are eight lakes, all fed from an underground artesian water basin. Some of them are over a hundred feet deep, although they aren't very large in diameter. Swimming is allowed in only one of them, but fishing is allowed the year around in the other seven. In the wintertime they are stocked every ten days with channel cat and trout. Quite a recreation area is maintained near the largest lake, where swimming is allowed in a small section of the lake. There is also a swimming pool. Young people were having a lot of fun on the lake riding on boats shaped similar to surf boards but made of styrofoam with an aluminum band around the edge. They were large enough for one person, and they scooted around easily, propelled by a pole with a small paddle on each end. I also saw some treadle boats which I have always thought look like a lot of fun.

There was a camping area for trailer parking, as well as picnic tables, a playground, and even a stable with horses for rent.

I took the bus back to Albuquerque the next afternoon, and spent two enjoyable days there before starting back to Iowa. I won't go into detail about this part of my trip because I know Lucile told you about our lovely picnic in the Sandia Mountains and also our trip home in her letter last month.

Until next month . . . *Dorothy*

KEEPING ON

When I wash the pots and pans,
When I scrub the floor —
I do them not because I must,
But for the family, I adore.

When I clean and dust the house,
Or bake, or fix a stew,
It isn't just for ours, alone,
But for friends and strangers, too.

Suppose someone should happen by,
Sad, or tired, or low,
I could say "It can be done,"
If my own work proved it so!

At every task, I try my best,
For the sake of others.
That's why I keep keeping on —
It's just the way of mothers.

—Elizabeth Myhr

**DELICIOUS BEET ASPIC**

- 2 cups cooked beets
- 3 hard-cooked eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 3-oz. box raspberry gelatin
- 1 tsp. unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Drain beets, reserve juice. Grind beets and eggs together. Add sugar, vinegar and salt and pepper. Measure beet juice and add enough water to make 2 cups. Heat. Combine gelatins and stir into boiling juice until dissolved. Add flavoring. Stir into beet combination. Pour into mold and chill until firm. Unmold onto lettuce leaves and top with mayonnaise.

This makes a soft salad and is especially nice for someone who needs such a dish. If you prefer something crunchy in your salads, add 1/2 cup diced celery. Chopped pickle could also be added for more texture and flavor if desired.

I have made this salad using my home-canned pickled beets and it is delicious. The vinegar is in the pickled beet juice as well as some sugar, so taste as you go and add vinegar and sugar as needed.

—Evelyn

PINEAPPLE-CHEESE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 18 large marshmallows
- 1 cup juice
- 1 cup coarsely shredded cheese
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 cup nuts, English or pecan
- 1 cup whipping cream

Dissolve the gelatin in 1 cup of boiling water and add marshmallows. Stir until marshmallows are melted. Add pineapple juice and enough water to make 1 cup. Add flavoring. Combine cheese, nuts and pineapple to gelatin when it starts to set. Whip cream; fold it in last. Chill until firm.

—Margery

SENSATIONALLY GOOD HAM RECIPE

- 3 lbs. boned, rolled, cooked ham
- 2 cans (1 lb., 14 oz. each) sliced pineapple
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- Reserved pineapple juice
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup cider vinegar
- 3 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 2 Tbls. tomato sauce

Cut the ham into 1/2-inch thick slices. Place it in the broiler pan that came with your stove — or in a very large shallow baking pan. Put a slice of pineapple on each serving of ham.

Melt the butter or margarine in a heavy skillet and blend in flour, stirring until smooth. Now add the reserved pineapple juice (you should have 1 1/2 cups) and remaining ingredients, stirring constantly and cooking until bubbly. Pour this sauce over the ham and pineapple and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees, basting frequently.

I served this at a dinner party and was really amazed by the comments of appreciation. It does have an unusually good flavor — and it can be prepared in advance, if necessary, and reheated just before serving. This is a new and most successful twist to the long-familiar ham and pineapple combination.

—Lucile

CABBAGE SLAW

- 1 head cabbage, chopped
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 small green pepper, chopped
- 1 small red pepper, chopped
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- Salt to taste

Combine all these ingredients in a large bowl and cover with the following dressing:

- 3/4 cup salad oil
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup vinegar

Place these ingredients in a pan and bring it to a boil. Pour hot mixture immediately over the cabbage mixture. Chill overnight in the refrigerator.

—Dorothy

LEANNA'S CHICKEN SALAD

- 3 cups diced chicken
- 1 cup celery, diced
- 1 cup macaroni (raw), cooked in salted water
- 3 hard-cooked eggs
- 1/2 cup diced pickle
- 1 Tbls. pimiento
- 1 tsp. salt
- Mayonnaise to mix, as needed
- Paprika

After the macaroni has been cooked and cooled, combine the remaining ingredients, except paprika, which is sprinkled over the top. Chill well and serve in lettuce cups.

COCONUT-OATMEAL COOKIES

- 2 cups dark brown sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 1/2 cups uncooked oatmeal
- 1 cup nuts, chopped
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Cream sugar and shortening together. Beat in egg. Sift dry ingredients together and add to creamed mixture. Beat well. Add remaining ingredients. This makes a stiff dough and may need to be mixed with hands. Roll into small balls the size of a walnut and pat flat. Place on greased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes.

This makes an excellent cookie for a lunch box or for hungry children. A fine variation of a rather basic cookie with the coconut and coconut flavoring to make it special.

—Evelyn

RUBY'S BARBECUED CHICKEN

Purchase small broiling chickens and have the butcher cut them in half. Roll in flour and brown in vegetable oil. It may be necessary to brown them one at a time unless you have an enormous skillet, in which case you might possibly be able to brown two at a time. Place the chicken halves in a layer in roaster and then cover with the following mixture:

- 1 pint tomato juice
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup barbecue sauce

Combine the ingredients and pour over the chicken. Bake in a 400-degree oven, covered, for 1/2 hour, or until chicken is done. Simply delicious, and so easy to prepare!

FROZEN PEACH TOPPING

- 3 cups mashed peaches
- 1/4 tsp. ascorbic acid
- 1 pkg. powdered pectin
- 3 cups sugar
- 5 firm peaches, sliced

Peel and mash peaches to make 3 cups. Add ascorbic acid powder and pectin. Let stand, stirring occasionally, for 15 minutes. Add sugar. Stir to dissolve. Peel firm, ripe peaches and slice. In pint container place 1 cup sliced peaches. Spoon 1 cup mashed peach mixture over top of sliced peaches. Seal and freeze.

This is a marvelous topping to use on ice cream, custard puddings or cakes. It is also good just as a peach dessert with a little whipped cream or ice cream on top.

SALMON PIE

- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups flaked salmon
- 2 cups cooked peas, drained
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. salt

Scald the 1 1/2 cups milk. Blend the flour with the 1/2 cup milk and add to the other scalded milk. Stir until thickened. Add flaked salmon, peas, pimiento, minced onion, Worcestershire sauce and salt. Pour into baking pan and top with corn meal biscuits. Bake at 450 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes, or until biscuits are done.

Corn Meal Biscuits

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup corn meal
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- Milk enough to roll out dough

Sift together the dry ingredients. Add cheese and cut in the shortening. Add milk as needed to roll out nicely on pastry cloth. Cut into biscuits and place over the creamed salmon mixture. Bake as directed above. —Margery

BUSY MOTHER'S CASSEROLE

- 1/4 lb. sliced dried beef
- 1 cup diced sharp cheese
- 1 cup uncooked macaroni
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can milk
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- Salt and pepper

Combine all ingredients and place in refrigerator overnight in a covered casserole. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for one hour. Serves 6.

—Margery

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

- 1 lb. seasoned pork sausage
- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup onion, chopped
- 1 egg, beaten
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup tomato juice
- 6 to 8 green peppers

Slice top off each green pepper and clean out seeds and white membrane. Wash well. Simmer gently in salted water about 5 minutes. Drain.

Combine all the rest of the ingredients with the exception of tomato juice. Stuff this mixture gently inside the green peppers. Set each pepper inside a muffin tin (it may be wrapped first in aluminum foil for easier handling if desired). Pour a little of the tomato juice over each pepper. Bake at 350 degrees 25 to 30 minutes.

If you bake these with a foil wrapping it is nice to serve on the plates with the foil pushed down like little collars around the base so the peppers stand upright. The foil is also excellent to wrap the stuffed and cooked peppers airtight and freeze for use later. All that is needed is to heat through because baking is already done. —Evelyn

BUNDT CAKE

- 1 box yellow cake mix
- 1 pkg. vanilla pudding mix
- 3/4 cup corn oil
- 3/4 cup water
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- Powdered sugar glaze

Combine cake mix and pudding mix. (Either the instant pudding or the kind you prepare on the stove for a pudding may be used in this recipe with fine results. However, remember to just put the dry pudding mix directly into the dry cake mix for the first step.) Add oil and water and beat well. Add eggs one at a time; beat well after each addition. Add flavorings. Beat *very, very* well — for 6 to 8 minutes at high speed. Combine cinnamon, sugar and nuts. Spoon 1/3 of cake batter into a very *well-greased* Bundt cake pan or an angel food cake pan. Sprinkle half the cinnamon mixture over the batter. Spoon another 1/3 of batter into pan. Sprinkle half the cinnamon mixture over this. Top with remaining batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Turn out and glaze while warm with a powdered sugar glaze. (One cup powdered sugar with a little milk and vanilla flavoring.)

This is a very spectacular cake and so very simple to make.

BANANA CREAM

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 ripe bananas
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Soak gelatin in cold water until dissolved. Pour boiling water over it, add sugar, stir until dissolved and then cool. Rub bananas through sieve and add to the cold mixture. Fold in whipped cream to which flavoring has been added. Turn into mold. Very attractive and delicious served in the whole molded form and surrounded by frozen raspberries or strawberries that have been almost thawed.

—Margery

RUTH'S BANANA-NUT BREAD

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 3/4 cup mashed bananas
- 1 1/2 Tbls. buttermilk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add beaten eggs. Combine the buttermilk, flavorings and mashed bananas and stir into the sugar mixture. Sift the dry ingredients and add along with the nuts. Stir only enough to blend. Bake in a greased loaf pan approximately one hour in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

HONEY-PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup dates, chopped

Cream butter, honey, sugar and flavorings together until light and fluffy. Beat in egg. Add peanut butter. Sift dry ingredients together and add to batter. When well mixed, stir in dates. Form into small balls. Place on greased cookie sheet and press down with a fork. Bake at 350 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes. Watch closely as cookies with honey brown quickly.

—Evelyn

CELERY CASSEROLE

- 4 cups celery, cut
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- Rich cracker crumbs

Cook the celery until just barely done. Do not overcook! Melt the butter and add with milk to the soup. Add

cooked celery and the pimiento. Pour into casserole and top with cracker crumbs. I like the round cheese crackers for this as it gives an added flavor of cheese which my family likes. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until cracker crumbs begin to brown and the mixture is bubbly. —Margery

SIMPLE BARBECUE SAUCE

- 1/2 cup catsup
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. honey
- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine ingredients in saucepan. Heat to boiling, stirring. Use to baste hamburgers, chops, chicken, ribs, etc., as they broil on a grill or as they bake or broil in the oven. This is mild, not a hot biting sauce. I particularly like it for rotisserie cooking because the honey makes it stick to the meat. The resulting brown coating is both pretty and flavorful! —Evelyn

LEMON JELLIED COLESLAW

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 cups cabbage, shredded
- 1/2 cup salad dressing
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. sugar

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in salt, cold water and flavoring. Chill until syrupy. Fold in cabbage. Combine remaining ingredients and stir into gelatin mixture. Spoon into 8-inch square pan. Chill until firm.

BISCUITS

I have tried many recipes but this one produces the most tender delicious biscuits I have ever tasted. Of course you must handle the dough lightly, just as you do for pastry or doughnuts. Add a little more shortening and you have a perfect cover for meat pies. —Leanna

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sweet milk

Sift dry ingredients 3 times. Add shortening using blender. Make well in center and add about 2/3 cup milk. Stir dough just until it follows fork. Add rest of milk if necessary. Knead very gently, folding very gently, folding 8 to 10 times. Bake in 450-degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes.

FROZEN STRAWBERRY SALAD

- 1 pkg. (8-oz.) cream cheese, softened to room temperature
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 pkg. (10-oz.) frozen strawberries
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 cup whipped cream

Blend mayonnaise into cream cheese. Add lemon juice and berries a little at a time so mixture won't curdle. Add flavoring. Fold in whipped cream and pour into 8" square pan and freeze until firm. Serve on lettuce. Makes 6 servings.

There are some substitutions that can be made. If you use fresh berries, use about 1 1/2 cups and sweeten them slightly. I made this up using fresh thick country cream, whipped, but you can use 1 cup of the commercial refrigerated whipped cream or make up 1/2 packet of the whipped topping mix. —Margery

TUNA SALAD SANDWICHES

- 1 8-oz. can tuna
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 2 sweet pickles, chopped
- 1/4 cup finely cut celery
- 1/2 tsp. onion juice
- Mayonnaise

Combine all ingredients, using enough mayonnaise to hold together as desired, and spread on bread. Top with another slice of bread. Beat 2 eggs until light and add 2 Tbls. of cream. Put 4 Tbls. mixed vegetable shortening and butter with a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring and after dipping (carefully!) the sandwiches into the egg mixture, brown in the hot fat. —Margery

TOMATO PRESERVES

- 12 cups tomatoes
- 10 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. whole cloves
- 6 sticks cinnamon, broken
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Peel tomatoes, dice. Pour juice off tomatoes. Add sugar, juices and spices which have been tied in a bag. Cook in as heavy a pan as possible and stir often to prevent sticking. Boil 50 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in flavorings. Pour into sterilized jars and seal while hot.

This is a marvelous combination of flavors. It is not hard to make, for it can boil away while you are doing other kitchen duties. Just be sure to stir often enough to keep from sticking. Do not overcook, it thickens as it cools. —Evelyn



Most of our meals begin with a bite of salad. Isn't that reason enough to be sure that that first bite is a memorable one? A delightful taste revelation that sets the tone for a great meal?

We think so, and that's why we made certain that our brand-new **KITCHEN-KLATTER COUNTRY STYLE DRESSING** is the perfect start for a perfect meal. Not too sweet, not too tart, it contains just the right blend of exciting spices, blended smoothly into a super dressing for every purpose: tossed salads, chef's salads, potato or seafood salads, or as a marinade. Ask for it by name at your grocer's.

Kitchen-Klatter
Country Style Dressing

MARY BETH AND DONALD HELP CHAPERON A PARTY

Dear Friends:

Paul and I are sharing the kitchen table this afternoon. He is working his half hour of arithmetic that his father assigned him as daily practice this summer, and I am rounding up my thoughts covering the past four weeks to write to you.

We've had a really fine summer vacation thus far. Just being home and able to catch up on the little things I've wanted to do for months is refreshing. We really had only one week of recouping from our work schedule.

The very first day we were home after Katharine's last examination, we got a hurried phone call from one of the boys in the junior class who was giving a big party for the entire high school. (This isn't as bad as it sounds because the high school consists of not more than sixty students.) His mother, who had planned to serve as a chaperon, was unavoidably involved at the school, figuring out the final grades for the entire high school on an individual basis. His mother is the wife of the headmaster, and as is the case with our family, their entire family is involved with the school. His mother is the senior secretary, and it was her responsibility to determine everyone's year's average and their standings in the class, and to decide who is on the honor roll.

Well, anyway, this boy of theirs had to have six chaperons for his all-day party or his mother said "No party!" He was in desperate straits, and asked Don and me to fill in for his parents. We were tired but not busy, so we agreed to put on our all-day party clothes and take our cars over to help out these youngsters.

They started the afternoon with a game of baseball on the host's back farmyard, between the junior and sophomore classes against the freshman class. After this they all piled into the chaperons' cars and rode about five miles to a neighbor's home which is happily located right on Pine Lake—one of the clearest, most beautiful lakes in our immediate vicinity. Here they swam and swam and swam until I would have been exhausted but they were only cooled off and "raring" to go for more. So they all regrouped and we drove them back to the host's farm, where they commenced vigorous games of tennis and horseshoes and horse-back riding. Several of the host's friends had brought charcoal braziers from their homes, and the guests proceeded to cook their hot dogs and hamburgers and feed themselves. These youngsters carried out their entire party without the aid of the host's par-



Adrienne Driftmier was one of those who received recognition at the special assembly at the close of school. Miss Jones presents a treasured book for Character Award.

ents — an admirable feat for a boy of sixteen. After eating, they played football to work off yet more of their energy, and then another trip to the lake, and then four hours of top volume, typical modern-style music (which to be very honest turned me OFF — but then I've decided I'm pretty square) and a shuffle these young folk call dancing. Don and I were nearly deaf by twelve o'clock, but there was nothing to the business of chaperoning. These youngsters were so good it was really delightful to see them have so much fun, but they have certainly lost the art of dancing. If we had not been assured of being tagged party organizers, we would have started some square dancing, because these young people are still too shy to dance much with each other, and as a result they mostly sat.

Practically before our ears were back to normal, Lucile called from Shenandoah asking our Katharine to fly out to take care of Juliana and James and little Katharine while Jed was on his sorrowful journey to comfort his mother. We did lots of hasty shopping for spare undergarments and a terry cloth shirt to give Katharine a change with her shorts. There was no time for sewing, so it was an unexpected pleasure for Katharine to do some new-clothes shopping.

The day before Katharine was due to leave for New Mexico was the day of recognition of scholastic awards at the high school. Katharine has never been able to keep every one of her subjects up in the 90% range on grades, and has therefore been envious of the students who earned their arm patches for honor

roll and subsequent bars for each semester in this honorable status. However, this year, having been away from the Academy for a year gave her the added impetus to strive in every subject with equal attention to each subject. As a result her name was read as one to receive a year pin for a year's grade average above ninety. We were awfully proud of her because she really had to work for it, and it means so much to these youngsters for whom grades do not come easily. She was also honored with the gift of a beautiful book of wild flower prints in recognition of her attention to the high standards of character that the Academy tries to engender in its students. We were also pleased for this award.

We came home from awards' night and tried to quickly but thoughtfully pack Katharine's suitcase for her plane trip the next morning. I'll tell you I felt a variety of mixed emotions when I helped her pack. She's never been away to camp, although she has visited at my mother's, which isn't too far away, and as a result it was really the first big trip she has made alone. And compound this with one of those enormous jet non-stop west coast planes, and you can guess my inner feelings. Katharine is a mature, self-reliant fifteen year old, so I wasn't worried about her being frightened or unable to take care of herself; it was really the beginning of cutting the apron strings that struck me. It won't be any time at all until they all begin to flit off. O'Hare airport is surely enormous — the planes had to wait their turn at the end of the runway while yet another plane arrived. I know she welcomed the chance to get to New Mexico again. She was so enchanted with Lucile's Nambe when we were there three years ago that she was hoping someday to get back to those beautiful mountains.

I had high hopes of defrosting the big freezer downstairs after school activities had ceased and Katharine was packed off safely, but suddenly there popped out at me from the inner columns of the local newspaper an advertisement to pick your own strawberries. Thinking to myself how wonderful a bowl of strawberries would be in the middle of January, I reserved a 7 A.M. appointment for Don and me, and we picked forty pounds of beautiful strawberries one gorgeous morning before the children or mosquitoes were out of bed. Now the freezer is busy being cold again and I have not yet cleaned it out.

Don is busy now with summer school, teaching his favorite subject — math. Paul is busy with a surprise project which I'll tell you about when I have more time next month. Until then, have a good summer. Mary Beth

THE MYSTERY OF MEDICINE WHEEL

by
Mary Feese

On vacation, it is the same as always: time eclipses, giving the schizophrenic effect of two trips at one time. We drive down the modern highways in our new Ford, we stay at the modern motels, we eat at the restaurants with their gleaming expanse of chrome and glass. But all the while, our minds are busy with the intrigue beneath the surface, the thinly hidden panoramas of the past — and just now, with the mystery of Medicine Wheel.

For the very scarcity of description in the travel literature has made us curious to see it for ourselves, this prehistoric site on the summit of Medicine Mountain. The guidebooks say so little, yet imply so much. It is believed, they say cryptically, that the center was used for religious ceremonies, but they give no details, for none are available. They are lost in the fog of unrecorded history. We conjecture as we drive steadily west on Alternate 14, high in the Big Horn Mountains of northern Wyoming. The air is crisp and clear, and the mountains rise high, unchanged in grandeur from all the centuries before. In the back seat, our restless small boys overhear our conversation, catch our excitement. Indian country! They peer eagerly out the window as though their very intensity could instantly summon up hundreds of mounted braves.

Watch now for the highway marker; there it is — turn, turn! We leave the highway to drive up a winding road — spiraling up, up, up, until it seems that we must reach the very sun. The road before us twists sharply once again and ends abruptly near a fenced enclosure. We leave the car and walk closer, strangely silent. Why, it is small! This, then, is the Medicine Wheel we've come so far to see? Around which we've spun a web of dreams and history and even memories? And yet ... the stones are in a geometric pattern; the prehistoric structure has taken much time and much labor from those stalwart Indians now long dead and gone. We feel a significance, an aura of history that does not meet the eye. We see before us the pattern: the wheel made of stones laid side by side. There are twenty-eight spokes, and a glance at the guidebook tells us that it has a seventy foot diameter. At the "hub" of the wheel we see a thick wall, another circle, with a center opening one-tenth the diameter of the entire wheel. At intervals along the outer rim are six structures of stone . . . stone arm-chairs? But for what purpose?



This article brought back memories to Margery Strom of the time she visited the Big Horns in 1962. Martin and his cousin Kristin (can you see them?) were with her.

We look, look hard as though we could penetrate the veil of years to be a witness of those countless Indian ceremonies so long before. The guidebook says, flatly, that nothing is known about these ceremonies. The immutable fact of death, the sadness of human forgetfulness — for a moment, Death has laid a chilly finger along our spines, for one day we, too, will be forgotten. And will they say "nothing is known . . .?"

But look! Walking there, so erect, with regal dignity — could it be . . . ? We question each other with silent glances. Our usually lively boys, too, are awed and silent. We see their thoughts in their shining eyes: "A real Indian!" Out of the past? The spell cast by the hallowed ground is so great that we are not sure until the tall, dark man speaks to us — in English. His slender, composed wife walks in quiet dignity behind him. He has watched us there, he says in a deep and resonant voice, and we have not laughed, nor scoffed at the significance of religious rites alien to our own her-



HIS BIRDS

Like shy little cherubs, the bluebirds dart

To their home in the old gate post,
While a cardinal high in the maple tree
Calls to his mate while eying me.

Two little brown quail in the dust of the road

Fluff their feathers and bask in the sun,

A goldfinch drifts from a tree to the ground

Like a bright leaf of autumn tumbling down.

Cheerful companions; friends without words,

These miniature angels, God's innocent birds.

—Lula Lamme

itage. His grandfather was one of the honored leaders of those rites, and he has heard the stories many times in the days of his youth. Perhaps we would be interested . . . ?

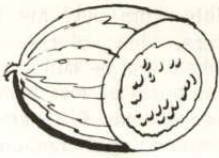
Indeed we would, and forget to ask questions as we listen, entranced. With respect, with interest, we hear the tale of these bronzed predecessors of ours. The guidebook has said, "nothing is known---" but oh! the guidebook is wrong. The quiet voice recounts how the leaders of the tribes gathered on this summit, how they worshiped, the significance of the pattern of these weather-worn stones. We fail to grasp the details, for they are strange to us; later, try as we will, we cannot remember them. But the reverence, the mood, the history bound up on this small spot of earth hold us enthralled. We watch his mobile face with the keen eyes, the high cheekbones, the regal profile. The musical voice now speaks in an Indian tongue strange to us; it sounds like a prayer, an invocation. The voice returns to English. "We visit every year. It is something like your church attendance, or perhaps your Memorial Day." The handsome face is grave; the piercing eyes gaze far beyond us. Surely they have penetrated that veil of years between!

It has not been a conversation by our normal standards, yet surely we know this man and his quiet wife as we know few people met while traveling. It has not been a casual encounter, soon forgotten; they have granted our family the honor of sharing their worship, an honor we are certain is not lightly given. The sun's rays slant lower and lower across the top of Medicine Mountain, and we look again at the ancient Medicine Wheel. He has told us that those prayers from his assembled Indian forefathers were directed to the God Who Made the Sun and so, we muse, are our own. For what is a name? One God has made us all.

Suddenly we recall ourselves to the present. The sun is dropping rapidly now, and we have miles to go before we sleep. With a rush, our brisk modern manners return, and we turn to the Indian couple with an exchange of names and addresses ready on our lips.

But they are gone, silently, toward the setting sun. They vanish behind a distant boulder as we stand there alone. We do not know their names, nor where they live. Desolation overwhelms us, for we realize that we shall never see them again.

Yet soon the sadness passes. For what are names, so soon forgotten? It is spirit that is unforgettable: we will treasure forever the memory of this day, of these Indian friends and their proud heritage of the still-mysterious Medicine Wheel.



A "CUT-UP" PARTY

by
Mabel Nair Brown

If you are looking for an informal, easy-do party for August, a "Cut-Up" party should just fill the bill. What could be easier to serve than big slices of watermelon? Go one step farther and offer your guests wedges of cantaloupe, too. And if you have plenty of "cuttin' up" to entertain your crowd, with the guests doing the "cuttin' up", well, doesn't it all sound like fun?

If the group is to be a large one so that you will want to chill several large melons, why not resort to the method of the "good old days"? Chill them in tubs of cracked ice for several hours or overnight. If you are making this a patio or a lawn party — which really is the finest setting for such a party, the big tubs of chilling melons can just be part of the atmosphere for the occasion.

Use half of a large watermelon to make an arrangement for the serving table. Scoop out the heart of the melon leaving the green shell for a container. If you use a tablespoon to scoop out the melon heart, you will find that with a little practice you can twist the tablespoon so as to cut out cone-shaped pieces. Place them on cracked ice, and sprinkle with a bit of lemon juice. From here on there are several possibilities. You can fill the melon basket with water and arrange garden pinks in it for a very old-fashioned look; or you can fill it with a colorful assortment of chilled fresh fruits which are so plentiful at this season. Still another idea is to heap the basket with the melon cones which you have scooped out, along with some cracked ice to keep it chilled, and then add lovely big strawberries. If you want a few leaves to add interest to your arrangement, try some grape leaves here and there.

Another suggestion for that melon basket is to make up several colors of plain gelatin. Reduce the amount of water a bit so that it is very firm when set. When stiff, cut in cubes. At serving time, spoon these gelatin cubes into a thoroughly chilled melon shell, mixing them so that they resemble a basket of jewels in their vivid colors. Here again whole strawberries could add a decorative touch. The guests might be served the "jeweled" gelatin for dessert, with a bowl of whipped cream passed for those who would like it.

Instead of decorating the patio or lawn in the usual manner, let the

guests start the "cuttin' up" by decorating themselves as they arrive. Provide several colors of crepe paper, scissors, pins, and tape, and let each one "do his own thing". One might make a huge bow tie, another a hair bow, some may make party hats, others sashes or vests. Soon you'll see your party taking on a very festive air indeed, and all without your having to spend a lot of time with streamers, Japanese lanterns, etc.!

ENTERTAINMENT

The Melon Vine: If yours is a group that is quick to follow through on stunts, then try The Melon Vine. First cut small watermelons from green construction paper. Write a stunt, to be done by a couple, on each paper melon. "Sing a duet", "Pantomime a popular song", "Tell a joke", "Sing a lullaby to ————" (name of a person, or to a cat or dog if the hosts have one which is a real pet), and "Lead the group in a game of your choice" are a few of the stunts you might use. Make the melon vine by using green yarn for the vine and winding it all about the area, around furniture, trees, and shrubbery, to form a real cobweb of "vine". At intervals as you wind it around, tie in one of the paper melons on which a stunt is written. When time to play the game, divide the group into couples. Each couple takes a turn at untangling the vine until they come to

a "melon", which they detach and then do the stunt to entertain the rest of the crowd. Then another couple hunts for a "melon".

The Watermelon Seeds can be used for some fun. If the melon is served on plates, at some time while everyone is eating, each guest might be asked to count the melon seeds on his plate. The one having the most wins a prize.

Give each guest a small paper plate on which he places 12 melon seeds. The guests are to go around questioning each other on any topic desired, but whoever answers with a "yes" or "no" instead of a statement, forfeits a melon seed to his interrogator. At the end of ten minutes or so, call a halt, and the person with the most seeds in his possession wins the game.

Name the Leaf can be fun — and educational. Simply have a collection of leaves ready which you have gathered from nearby trees, shrubs, and flowers. Lay them out on a table. Supply guests with pencils and paper and see who can identify the most leaves correctly. It's surprising how few persons can identify very many leaves when seen apart from the tree or shrub to which they belong.



ODE TO A WATERMELON

Dear watermelon, in shiny green coat,
You're such a beautiful sight!
Let's unbutton your coat and look inside —
Oh, what a sense of delight!

A color I can't exactly describe —
But pleasing to eye and taste,
Your dress is so luscious, from pinks to
reds,

Black buttons, evenly placed.

Is that a white petticoat 'round the edge?
Or is it just the trimming?

The pattern and color — perfect design,
With good taste you are brimming!

—Mollie Pitluck Bell

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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

At a recent club meeting it was a pleasure to hear a speaker who is a successful writer of juvenile biography, Nancy Veglahn, of Brookings, South Dakota, discuss the pioneer missionaries of all faiths who founded early-day Midwestern churches. This topic goes along with her third published juvenile biography, *Peter Cartwright Pioneer Circuit Rider*. Her first book, *The Tiger's Tail*, portrayed the life of Thomas Nast, the first great political cartoonist in America. The life of Washington Roebling, the engineer who built the Brooklyn Bridge, was written as *The Spider of Brooklyn Heights*. Imagine the delight of being in New York and seeing a Fifth Avenue bookstore with a window display filled with one book — *The Spider of Brooklyn Heights*! For this book Mrs. Veglahn was awarded the New York *Herald Tribune* Honor Book Award.

At first on the frontiers of America there were no churches and no ministers. However, some people cared enough to spread religion. There was a great difference from the formal services of the East. As the circuit rider carried his books in the saddlebag, he forded rivers and slept on the ground to get to the tiny frontier communities. Small wonder the average life of the circuit rider was 30 years!

In *Peter Cartwright Pioneer Circuit Rider* (Charles Scribner's Sons, 597



Lucile gave a slide to her little grandson, James, on his birthday. It stands in the center of the backyard and is the major attraction among the little folks in the neighborhood.

Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017, \$3.95, 1968) Mrs. Veglahn writes how hard riding, shooting and dancing were the only things that mattered about the time Peter Cartwright was sixteen. Then, after attending a Methodist church meeting he learned the promise of salvation in Christianity. After joining the church, the elders became aware of his eloquence and he was made an exhorter, or lay preacher. His career continued as a foremost churchman of the new West.

During the three months' quarter that Peter spent on the Red River Circuit he took twenty-five members into the Methodist Church and he received his first pay for preaching: six dollars. When sent to another circuit, he was dismayed as he wished to stay. The presiding minister said, "Brother Cartwright, there are three things a Methodist circuit rider must be prepared to do at any time: preach, pray, and pack!" After a year on the Marietta Circuit, Peter's horse was blind, his

saddle worn out, his bridle reins in tatters, his clothes covered with patches, and he had seventy-five cents in his pockets, five hundred miles from home. But his faith grew stronger and understanding increased.

During all the years of his work, his courage and sense of humor sustained him. The devotion of his wife and children was felt during lonely rounds.

Rev. Peter Cartwright, D.D., because he was a presiding elder for fifty years, was honored during the Conference session of 1869 — his "year of jubilee". At age 84, he remarked in his speech, "It is time for me to retire from the ministry. Not because I do not like it, for I say to you one and all, to the young preachers and to the old, that with all the losses and crosses, labors and suffering in the life of a traveling preacher, I would take, if it was left to my choice, the same track over again with the same religion to bear me up, rather than be President of the United States." Then followed words of gratitude from the ordinary people he had served. "... good people, bad people, troubled people, lost people, all needing some kind of help. And he had been the instrument of God's love to them."

Mrs. Veglahn's authentic biography of Peter Cartwright makes good reading. It is dedicated to her husband Don, a Methodist minister and spiritual heir of Peter Cartwright.

At the club meeting of which I wrote earlier, it was a touching moment when the great-great-granddaughter of Peter Cartwright was introduced. How proud she must be of her ancestor!

MOMENT IN TWILIGHT

The horse and I
stand and watch the sky
and land glow, like a spark
before going out in dark.

Between the blink of night
and horizons, a last light
sets the grass agleam
and catches in their dream
bushes and trees, awhile,
in a kind of smile.

Horse crunches on his corn
and watches light adorn
the fence posts and the wires,
shadow as it squires
the hills along the lane.
Against the horse's mane,
I lean and watch it all
rise, hold a time, then fall,
leaving things less clear.

There are no lessons here,
no symbol and no moral,
no question and no quarrel.
For my horse and me,
it is enough to be
part of this reality. —Helen Harrington



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

A reader sent a sample of a plant she wished identified. She stated it grew almost anywhere, that the flowers were a deep lavender and were born on top of 3- to 3½-foot high plants on the order of the older phlox types, but the heads were not as full. The flowers were sweetly scented. The sample she sent was completely demolished in the mail and I had only her word description to go by. She said the plant bloomed in early June and she had noted it growing in several farmyard flower beds in her area. She wanted to know its name and where seeds could be procured.

The plant is probably *Hesperis matronalis* or Sweet Rocket. It is a member of the mustard family and grows readily under almost any cultural conditions. It self-sows and once you have a start of Sweet Rocket, you should always have an abundance of plants. The name *Hesperis* is from the Greek and means "evening". The flowers give off their delicate perfume in the evening. *Mathiola bicornis*, or Evening Stock, belongs to the same family and is somewhat similar in appearance, although the plants are not as tall, and also open toward evening to give off their sweet perfume. You will find seeds of both listed in the perennial seed section of catalogs — look for the botanical names of *Hesperis matronalis* and *Mathiola bicornis*. In the north the plants are best treated as biennials and some seed should be sown each spring, unless you learn to recognize the seedlings that appear in the garden and transplant some to your flower beds.

Another reader writes that she grew a plant called the Matrimony vine as a flower-arranging instructor told her it was a good kind to grow for that purpose. "My plant grows nicely but the leaves are eaten by some insect pest so that it would be worthless in a flower arrangement. Can you tell me what to do about the trouble?"

Because this plant belongs to the potato family it is choice food for several beetles. Start dusting with a good insecticide early in the spring and do so regularly until you no longer desire perfect foliage — after the flower show season is over.



One hundred years ago a young immigrant, who had been one of the first to purchase a sewing machine, entered the dress pattern business. To promote sales he started a small monthly pattern and fashion periodical. Since then, the pattern field has become a model of modern major industry. In 1919, a plan was devised for placing of instructions and designs on patterns in type, rather than the existing methods of perforations in patterns. Described as an entirely new working plan for home manufacturer of clothes, this method grew into today's printed patterns.

ONLY IN AMERICA

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I AM THANKFUL FOR OUR BLESSED LAND

served by men of God, governed by justice and law and not by godless, power-crazed tyrants.

I AM THANKFUL FOR OUR NOBLE LEGACY,

for the honor of responsibility, for the challenge of achievement, and pride of accomplishment.

I AM THANKFUL FOR PRIMACY, SANCTITY, AND PRAYER.

AS AN AMERICAN, I MUST BE THANKFUL FOR MANY MORE BLESSINGS—THE LIST IS LONG.

—S. L. DeLove

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MENDING - Concluded

fabrics it's quite neat, strong, and unnoticeable. It's the best stitch of all for the human-hair mend mentioned earlier.

Rehemming may be repaired on a ripped-out portion, or you may need to change the length of something, and put in an entirely new hem. There's a new product called *Stitch Witchery*, that you place between the hem and the garment, pressing it in place with a warm iron. Many women claim that, on knits, it has solved their problem of making the hem invisible, with no stitches or dimples showing on the outer surface. And a labor-saver, in the long run, is to fasten children's hems firmly every few inches; then, when (I nearly said "if", but that's inaccurate!) the hem catches on something and pulls out, you'll have only that few-inch section to resew.

Zippers can sometimes be fixed, but there are times that repair is difficult or impossible. In which case, of course, your only choice is to replace the zipper. Once, however, my problem was not that the zipper was defective — but the skirt's fabric (sport denim) had frayed to just beyond the stitching at the back edge of the zipper placket, leaving unsightly gaps there. How to mend the damage, and supply a turn-back to firmly restitch the zipper into place? After thought, I removed all the



Mother has become interested in working crossword puzzles recently and finds them lots of fun.

old stitching, then cut a strip of matching iron-on mending tape and used it to cover the ravelled portion, first ironing just that edge firmly in place. After this part had cooled enough to handle, I turned the tape back to form a facing and ironed the whole strip back, on the underside of the back skirt. After this had cooled, I pinned the fabric in place over the zipper and machine stitched very close to the edge. This repair was neat, held well, and stopped further ravelling next to the zipper. I don't recommend this method for all cases or

all fabrics, you understand, but on the sport denim I really could think of no better solution. (For the "stitch-in-time" advice here, I'd say to finish the edges of seam allowances for sport denim *before* inserting the zipper.)

Another job, that really is "repair" rather than "mending", is the need to tighten grippers that have lost their grip. You'll need a screwdriver, or the handle of an old spoon, to bear down on the loosened gripper sections. With a bit of practice, you can get quite handy at this, and can scoot right around the circle, restoring just the proper amount of grip as you go.

Since no one article can possibly cover all methods, alternatives, or ingenious solutions, it's hoped that this one will help you to tackle the particular problems in your own mending basket with an optimistic mood and some fresh ideas for your own Creative Mending.

EMILY'S LETTER - Concluded

were paved with stones. There was a general odor of fermenting coffee-bean shells. Animals in the streets and the yards included dogs, pigs, a horse and mule or two, a few chickens, and a turkey. Our big treat was a blackberry tree along the side of the road.

Until late hours that evening, my friends and I sat around talking (and scratching mosquito bites). We were the house guests of Dr. Morante, a medic by profession and anthropologist by hobby. In his younger days, Dr. Morante traveled all over the mountains by horseback to reach the little Indian villages. He said he had earned the confidence of the Indians because many years ago he had cured one of their leaders.

The day in Cuetzalan and surrounding villages was one full of new sights and smells and sounds for this *gringa*. The people were extremely cordial and seemed happy and healthy. The church bells reminded all of us that it had been a long day, and that tomorrow, Monday, would be our day of rest.

Hasta luego,
Emily Driftmier

If you don't want to tell anyone how you get all your wash — whites and colored things — so sparkling clean, go ahead . . . keep your secret in your washer.

But if you want to do a special friend a special favor, tell her about **Blue Drops**. Tell her it's a new low-suds, extra-concentrated laundry detergent that works wonders on everything from pop's work clothes to baby's diapers. And how everything she washes will have that spring-like fragrance that assures her they're clean clear through. Tell her how **Blue Drops** save her money, too. Help her to happier washdays, if she's a *very* special friend.

Kitchen-Klatter
BLUE DROPS

**KEEP LUGGAGE**

To lessen chances of having your luggage go astray on a trip by air, some suggestions are offered by the Air Transport Association. They are to place an identification tag on each bag and to put a card with your name and address inside for identification in case the tag or sticker outside should come off. Also remove old destination tags that could confuse baggage handlers.



BE CAREFUL NOW

by
Imogene Bryant

"Be careful now."

That's what I said every time — no matter where the boys were going or why they were going or how long they would be gone.

Down through the years, from early childhood until they were adults, these were the last words of loving admonition as the boys (John, Thomas, Gary and Dale) ventured out on their own into a new and strange and sometimes unfriendly world and always, to say the least, exciting adventures.

I noticed that some of my friends would say to their offspring such things as "Behave yourself," "Be good now," or even "Have a good time, son." All mothers, I'm sure, have a last warning, loving word of some sort.

When the boys were yet children, starting out for the swimming hole in nearby Pole Cat Creek, "Be careful now," meant (and this they knew!) don't drown, watch out for snakes, get back to the house before I begin to worry and go easy down the hill so as not to break your arm in a bicycle wreck.

Later, as they one by one received the coveted driver's license and went out at night to various school and social activities, the same statement meant (which they knew!) don't get in the way of a car driven by an intoxicated or irresponsible driver, don't drive fast as you might miss a curve in the road — someplace, and be home before midnight.

Then soon, much too soon, came college days and "Be careful now," meant "Dear God, it's up to you now to establish their coming in and going out," for this is a precious promise we can claim.

Later still, with confidence and a firm step, a bride at their side and jobs leading them, at various times to California, Kansas, Arkansas, and Nebraska, (never it seems to Missouri!) the old familiar words "Be careful now," meant "Dear God, help them be MEN of high principle, contributing, each one in his own way, toward making this a better world and to his own self be true."

Now, I notice (do they notice?) the last words *they* say to *me* when they have been home for a visit and we walk, arm in arm, together to the car, "Be careful now, Mom," and I know, oh how *well* I know, that it means, "You be here when I come home again." "Keep the faith." "Don't worry! I'm a big boy now."

Oh!

"Be careful now, Son."



It's very likely that Lucile's friend, Eula Blake, is telling James "Be careful now!"

A FEW REMINDERS

Picnickers, nature lovers, vacationers, and those participating in outdoor sports can have a lot of fun when temperatures are high. But they must guard against sunstroke, heat exhaustion, sunburn, and other disturbances due to the heat.

So use your head! During hot weather, keep these tips in mind:

Don't overexpose yourself to the sun.

Don't wear heavy or tight clothing.

Don't overeat.

Use salt tablets as a preventive.

Wear a hat when out in the sun.

Take a cool shower once or twice a day.

If you are inside, keep the air circulating to help the evaporation of perspiration.

And use common sense about exerting yourself.

AUGUST DEVOTIONS — Concluded

and bush, to look like nature's freshly laundered linen hung to dry.

"I've even heard the world is evil. But they are wrong . . . For I have known its people, watched them die to save freedom, bled to save a life, spend of themselves to stem disaster, of their wealth to ease distress, and I have watched them hope, and dream, and pray, side by side.

"I have heard them say these things. But I would disagree, because, for every shadow, I have seen a hundred rays of light; for every plaintive note, I've heard a symphony of joy; for every pennyweight of bad, I have found a ton of good — good in nature, in people, in the world."

—Scrapbook clipping

Leader: In today's despairing world, remember this:

If you will wait upon the Lord

In blessed quietude,

You shall mount up with eagle wings;

Your strength will be renewed.

To whom then shall we liken Him?

Oh, shout His name abroad;

Have you not known, have you not heard,

How great, how great is God?

Hymn: "How Great Thou Art".

Benediction: Fill us, oh God, with a sense of wonder at all Thou hast created around us, and in us. For all Thy wonders and Thy love we are truly grateful. Send us forth now to meet our brothers with laughter on our lips, love in our hearts and wonder in our eyes. Amen.

❖ ❖ ❖



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The two boys so obviously proud of their fishing catch are Darwin and Brent Hauser, sons of Rev. and Mrs. Vernon Hauser of Shenandoah. Margery and Oliver Strom enjoyed the boys' company one Saturday afternoon when they went to Pioneer Park, located 9 miles east of Shenandoah, for a picnic and a bit of fishing. The park is equipped for camping, so if you happen to be in our vicinity while on a camping trip turn off Highway 2, set up camp and get out your fishing poles!

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KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KYSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.



TUG OF WAR

Dishes are soaking
Right there in the sink —
But leaves ring my doorway
And really, I think
I should tie on a scarf
And search for a rake.
But the kitchen's a mess —
'Twould be a mistake!

The clothes are all sorted.
I really can't stop.
The tub just ran over!
Now where is that mop?
But I hear the dogs,
And I really should see
If some lethal varmint's
Descending on me.

The floor should be vacuumed
And shined up a mite
For company's coming —
I must fix a bite.
But the wind has swept clean
That side of the hill
Where arrowheads slide
Into view — what a thrill!

—Leta Fulmer

WHAT COLOR IS A LIE?

A woman justified telling falsehoods if they were white lies. "White lies don't count," she said, and then went on to explain. "White lies are harmless little lies often meant to spare someone's feelings or to save face."

Nevertheless, nowhere in the Bible is there a passage that says to tell the truth most of the time, and lie when it seems more convenient to do so.

If lies had color, they could not don the white vestments of purity. They would be scarlet, the color often associated with sin, or they would be black, the color used to designate evil.

—Evelyn Witter

COUNTY FAIRS — Concluded

the first man is saying.

The man's friend looks at him in amazement. "You mean all that work — feeding the stock, canning food, making clothes, teaching a steer to lead on a halter? Is that what you call an opportunity?"

"Sure," the first man answers. "If young people are taught to work and appreciate what they have and are kept busy with creative projects I'm sure they do not get into the trouble kids with nothing to do can find. Besides, 4-H and FFA aren't all work. These young people have a great deal of fun along with the learning and physical effort."

A county fair in the heart of America is great, just great! I'm glad we could enjoy this one together.

"LITTLE ADS"

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

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HOROSCOPE. 25¢ and stamped envelope. Birth Date. Box 153-K, Creston, Iowa 50801.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
little Volkswagen bus. For years he has worked and saved to buy a second-hand car and tour the West, and that is exactly what has come to pass. He is not the best person in the world about keeping his mother and father informed of his whereabouts, but we do hear occasionally, and we know that if he had any trouble he would call us in an instant. He loves the mountains and the out-of-doors, and nothing makes him happier than a chance to spend a night in a sleeping bag out under the stars.

In spite of all our entertaining, I do manage to get away by myself for some quiet hours of planning my church work for next fall. I even do some spade work on sermon outlines. One of our guests asked me where I found all of my ideas for "sermons that are different", and I had to confess that I just trusted in the Lord for whatever inspiration He wants to give me. For example, only today I came across a little poem by someone having the name of Theiner. Now I had heard variations of this poem many years ago when I was a child, but when I read it today, I knew that it had a message for the hearts of all my people. Do you know this one?

I wish I had a telescope

To scan the starry skies.

But since I have no telescope

I'm glad I have two eyes.

I wish I had a kitchen

Run by push-button commands.

But while the kitchen is a dream

I'm glad I have two hands.

I wish I had a super car

To give my friends a treat.

But 'til that car comes along

I'm glad I have two feet

Two eyes to look at God above,

Two hands to clasp in prayer.

Two feet to carry me to church,

That's why "I'm a millionaire."

Sincerely,

Frederick

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Your shoes be sturdy leather.

And may some places that you find

Be nowhere mapped or charted.

The country of the carefree mind,

The hills of the high hearted.

Happy surprises crowd your days

And nights, and bring sound sleeping;

And may you have a sense always

That you have God's safekeeping.

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MARY PLUS MARTHA

by
Mary A. McKee

Have you read the story of Mary and Martha lately? It is one of the most familiar in the New Testament. The two sisters often entertained Jesus, but this day seemed to have unusual significance. Perhaps He had been given a special invitation this time. You have the feeling in reading Luke's narrative that this was a planned meal. But things did not go smoothly.

Sympathy has always been with Mary; Martha was frowned upon; blamed for being so busy. Luke uses the word "cumbered". There is a feeling of heaviness in that word, making Martha appear weighted down by her tasks. Entertaining could not have been easy in those days. Someone had to get rid of that desert dust, bring water from the well, cook the food and wash the wooden bowls. Martha, who may well have been the elder sister since she received Jesus into the home, was busy with all these things. But Mary was still sitting with clean hands and a clean apron while Martha was doing the work. The story might never have been in Luke's writings had Martha not com-

plained to Jesus that Mary was not helping her. To those with daughters that is a familiar story.

Jesus' rebuke to Martha was that she too should have been sitting at His feet listening. There would have been no lesson to be learned if Jesus had told Mary to stop listening and go to work. He did not do that; instead He scolded Martha, not for working, but for her much working. Martha's trouble was not that she was busy, but that she was too busy. And Mary's fault was not that she listened, but that she stayed there listening.

Mary and Martha should have equal time. They both deserve to be loved. How many Marys do we know who can sit and listen? It is a rare talent. And Martha should have credit for being a good hostess. Perhaps after Jesus rebuked Martha she realized there was no virtue in being a house-keeping perfectionist. Mary may have realized she should have helped more before the company came. Then they both could have sat and listened.

We know the work of the day will never get done by the Marys, who only sit and listen. We know the spiritual life of the family or church will not be strengthened by the Marthas, who are

too much cumbered, fussing and fretting about many things.

Mary plus Martha is a good combination, mixing the things of the spirit with the necessary work of the day.



SOME OF US

Some of us were born to sing —
Born with all the proper strings of a melodeon;
Born to harmonize with angels, and heavenly choirs;
Born a meadowlark —
Some of us were born to sing, but my song is forever locked in the chambers of my heart.

—Marcia Schwartz

HAPPINESS

Happiness is a sometime thing
As fleeting as morning dew,
But, when you give it to others,
You'll find it returns to you.
It rushes back in joyous flood,
Multiplied ten times ten,
Lending its glow to all you do,
'Til you send it out again.

—Inez Baker



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