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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

It is quite early in the morning of what promises to be a sweltering August day, and common sense tells me that the sooner I start on the projects that are lined up the better off I'll be.

Back in January when I looked ahead to the year of 1970 I didn't have in mind to tackle so many things involved with the house, but there's nothing like being cooped up for long winter weeks to make you acutely aware of all the sore spots. When this place was finished (and that's now quite a few years ago) I was under the impression that nothing more would need to be done for many, many years, if ever, and that's where I was totally mistaken. There was certainly a great deal that needed doing.

Aside from redecorating the kitchen following a bad grease fire a couple of years ago, no painting had been done since the house was finished. And it looked it too. The first major job was to get the ceilings painted in the living room and dining room, a sizable area. Fortunately the walls are covered with Oriental grass cloth and it's held up amazingly well with every promise of continuing to hold up for many years to come. I have a friend who had the identical wall covering put on her first floor walls back in 1945 and she didn't have to do anything about it until 1968.

Completely rehabilitating the upstairs bathroom was the next big job I tackled and that seemed to go on for a long, long time. Once it was done I had a carpenter come in and do some work, and then everything was painted. One thing leads to another, you know, so I went ahead and bought some new pieces of furniture to replace items that dated from Juliana's childhood and had seen heavy, heavy use.

When all of this was done, Eula and I went out to Albuquerque for what turned out to be a stay exactly twice as long as had been planned. While I was gone the painters came right on sched-

ule and redecorated my own bedroom and bathroom, plus the broadcasting room. (It was certainly a joy to get all of this done while I was out of the house!) But once back here I faced all kinds of problems, and I told you about some of them in my letter two or three months ago.

Now with summer almost over and September so close at hand, I can look around and enjoy the results of all the activity that's gone on around here. The house has been painted on the outside, all of the window boxes are filled with flourishing caladiums, and the front yard and back yard have been completely rehabilitated. I hardly know the place!

Incidentally, when it came to selecting a color for the outside of the house I was really in a state of high indecision. There is a home in this town with a combination of colors that I much admire and I was sorely tempted to use the same colors, but the more I looked at the lines of my house the more doubtful I felt; so at the final moment I told the painter to go ahead and use the gray and white combination that's been on it for years. The large amount of trim was what finally scared me out of making a radical change, and when Rex told me that he used as much paint for the trim as for the body of the house I concluded that I'd done well to stick with the tried and true.

On the inside I've had the big expanse of living room drapes completely done over and new drapes made for my bedroom and the upstairs windows. None of this was an indulgence — I'd be ashamed to tell you how badly all of it needed doing. I'd closed my eyes to it for a long, long time but when the family began to ask me when I planned to do "something" about the drapes, I decided that it was time to take action.

The woman who made the drapes came up with something that is surely a lifesaver to me. In my own room the former drapes all pulled from one side, and since my desk and built-in book shelves are right in that area I couldn't

get to the drapes at all after I was in a wheelchair. It was frustrating not to be able to do anything about this on my own, so I was delighted when she brought two "wands" and installed them right in the middle of the window expanse. These are long ivory-colored pieces of plastic that enable me to move the drapes without any effort whatsoever, and she says that they are widely used in nursing homes or for anyone who has a physical condition that makes it hard to reach up to do something. I'm sure they must be available in any store that sells drapery material.

The next big project will never be seen by anyone, but my! how it needs doing. This house has a full basement underneath it and I haven't set foot in it for at least eight years. The first time Eula went down there she came back up and said flatly that no matter whatever was missing around here, it could be found in the basement. I'm sure she's right.

Just as soon as it is cooler we're going to tackle that basement. Mr. Reavis (he's the fine gardener who has accomplished such miracles around here) is going to bring stuff up through the outside entry and I'm going to pass judgment on it: save it, give it away or toss it into the junk pile. I haven't the faintest idea what's now in the basement, so no doubt I'm in for some surprising discoveries.

We had a short but most pleasant visit with David Driftmier this past month. He couldn't locate a summer job of any kind so he took his savings from the last three years of jobs and bought an old Volkswagen bus. (The insurance cost exactly half as much as the vehicle.) With a college friend he started out on a very extensive trip that called for going across the country, up the West coast to Vancouver and then across the northern tier of states back to Massachusetts.

If there's a cheaper way for two people to cover such a vast distance I can't imagine what it would be. The boys planned to do their own cooking and to sleep in the bus. There seemed to be only one real worry: would the bus hold up? They had serious trouble with it when they were here, and word from them along the way said that they were having more trouble. I just hope they can get back to Springfield in it.

Juliana, Jed, James and Katharine are spending the month of August with Jed's mother and sisters at Woods Hole, Mass. It's hard for me to realize that this is Juliana's fourth trip back there. They hadn't planned to go this summer, but Jed is an only son and his mother needs him badly for assistance with all of the details that have come

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MARGERY REPORTS HIGHLIGHTS OF VACATION TRIP

Dear Friends:

It was inevitable that one of these days the tree removal crew would turn up to cut down one of our six remaining elm trees. This property had eight beautiful huge elms when we purchased it many years ago, and now we are down to five. We had a few dead branches trimmed out of the remaining ones and hope that we can keep them for a while longer, but the handwriting is on the wall. Soon we'll be down to none! It will be years before we have shade from new little trees.

Yes, the painters arrived to start on the house while we were on vacation. They had to do a great deal of work in preparation, for some of the old paint had to be burned off, scraped off, sanded, etc., but the work is progressing and they should be finished in another week if weather conditions are such that they can keep on the job. We've had a few days of rain when work was held up but, little by little, it is getting done. We hope that the paint will stay on the house this time. One thing was done that ought to take care of the problem of peeling, and that was the installation of air vents in each of the dormers.

Our vacation trip was one of the most interesting we have ever taken, and one of the most relaxing ones, too, for we didn't try to cover too much territory. The most driving we did in one day was the day we started out and drove to Minneapolis to visit our son, Martin. Actually, we stopped south of the city at the cottage of relatives. Martin drove down to spend one of those days with us there, and then we finished the weekend north of the city at New Brighton, where the seminary Martin attends is located. We saw the play he was in our last night there. Incidentally, it was "An Enemy of the People" by Ibsen, which deals with the problem of pollution. Although it was written in the 1890's, it carries a message for today. This production was put on by the Interfaith Players sponsored by the seminary.

On previous trips Oliver and I have had our itinerary pretty much lined out before leaving home, but this time we decided to take each day as it came, stopping to see what interested us and, in other words, forget a timetable except for the date we had to be back in Shenandoah. We had given thought to some of the things we wanted to see and made an attempt to schedule out the trip, but at the last minute decided to leave those plans at home and "just ramble around".

We crossed Wisconsin on Highway 8, stopping to see the logging museum at



The Wilfred Sykes, a huge bulk carrier owned by the Inland Steel Co., comes through one of the Soo Locks at Sault Ste. Marie. This is just the front end — the overall length is 678 ft. It is 70 ft. wide and has a capacity of 21,800 tons.

Rhineland, and finished that day's drive at Escanaba, Michigan. It had been a restful drive, past lovely lakes, and through the Nicolet National Forest. Escanaba is an interesting town with a deep water harbor and enormous ore docks from which about seven million tons of iron ore are shipped annually. We were impressed with their lovely park along the shoreline. Due to the long hours of daylight that time of year, we spent several hours riding around the town before bedtime.

The next day we drove to Sault Ste. Marie, and because that was an easy drive, we arrived before lunch. An early arrival gave us our choice of motels so we selected one that faced the famous Soo Locks. I wondered if I would ever get Oliver away from there! He was fascinated with the locks, as was I, and we stood for hours at a time watching those huge freighters passing through. We, too, went through the locks on one of the excursion boats. There are many things to see in Sault Ste. Marie: the old historical buildings, the Shrine of the Missionaries, the Historic Diorama, a retired freighter open to the public, and, of course, the operation of the locks. We bought a book that listed all the carriers registered and checked off the ones we saw going through and, believe it or not, we checked off 40! Now you know how much time we spent on the viewing stand! Some of them were more than twice the length of a football field and we were sure they would never fit into that small space to be raised (or lowered as the case may be) to the level of the next lake.

The next major point of interest was Mackinac Island. We stayed at St. Ignace and took the ferry over to the island. This is the island where no automobiles are permitted. Cars are left on the mainland and when you reach

the island transportation is by carriage, bicycle or horse. We took one of the carriage tours around the island, stopping to see Fort Mackinac for several hours. There is an enormous amount of history connected with the fort and the island and this was the place to learn it. We thought it would be only a short jaunt back to the main street of the little town below, and it would have been in the eyes of a crow, but Oliver and I were huffing and puffing from the hike back down. We wondered if we had made the right decision to walk it rather than catch another carriage! We stopped at the famous Grand Hotel to catch our breath and were glad that we did, for it is, indeed, very elegant and we were happy to have at least stepped inside.

Other points of interest in St. Ignace were the mass Indian burial ground, Marquette's grave, Castle Rock, (an Indian lookout), and the famous Mackinac Straits Bridge which is the longest suspension bridge in the world.

That evening Oliver and I spent several hours pouring over maps. We had given thought to going through lower Michigan and over into Canada to Hamilton and Toronto, and then down to Niagara Falls, but after studying the situation we decided that there was so much we would like to see in Wisconsin that we should spend the remainder of our time in that state and save those places for another trip when we would have more time.

We returned to Escanaba, but by a different highway, and then headed down along Green Bay to Marinette, Wisconsin. We went through the logging museum there and also saw the Mystery Ship at the sister city, Menominee, across the river. This old schooner is believed to be the Alvin Clark which sank in Green Bay over 100 years ago. It was discovered in 1967 and after much difficulty was finally raised in 1969. Surprisingly, it still floats! We thought it was well worth the time to see it.

At the tourist center in Marinette we learned a piece of history which has received very little publicity — the tragic fire that wiped out the entire town of Pishtigo on the same day of the famous Chicago fire. I suppose the reason it wasn't well reported was due to the lack of communications in what was then a rather isolated spot. There is a mass grave there for the 600 lives lost in the fire.

We stopped at Oconto to see the museum of the old Copper Culture People who lived in this area 7522 years ago. Quite a collection of relics have been dug up and are now on exhibit in this museum which is maintained by the county historical society.

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Beat Life's Drums!

LOOKING TO THE NEW YEAR FOR
CLUB OR CHURCH

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Arrange a display of drums — real musical instruments, toy drums, or replicas you have made by using round cans or oatmeal cartons or salt boxes covered with paper and bands of masking tape with heavy cord for trim.

Introduction: This might be a stirring march played on a record player, especially one featuring the drums. Just before the opening poem, if possible, let there be a dramatic "ruffle of drums" as the signal for quiet in the room.

Leader:

It's all right to be happy,
It's a wealth of joy I'm sure,
To plan for great tomorrows
With a hope that will endure;
But don't forget the present —
Live and use it, BEAT LIFE'S DRUMS,
For the truth about tomorrow
Is the fact it never comes.

Often today we hear the words "involvement", "the establishment", "sensitivity training", "concern for persons", "doing your own thing". If we look closely we see a whole new understanding of human relationships struggling to emerge. This understanding is closely related to what is happening in our world today — locally, nationally, and world-wide.

There are questions, questions, questions. Every day sees more and more people opening their minds to new ideas, to frank and open discussions, to awareness and concern for what others are thinking, to the needs of others. These are having a significant effect on our churches and our organizations.

Under the close scrutiny of these questions and discussions, many of the programs and structures of our churches and social and civic organizations seem superficial, often trivial, dull, and pointless in the light of the needs of persons with whom we are, or should be, involved.

The old image of quiet study, and a placid detachment from controversial subjects, responsibilities, and deep involvement just "isn't with it" to

thinking and alert people today.

People want to do things that make a difference, things that mean relationships with people. They want to be a part of events and actions that help decide the present and future of mankind. In short, more and more people are seeking to involve themselves in those groups that are doing something, trying to deal effectively with those issues and problems and relationships that make a difference in the lives of many people, including themselves.

What does this mean to our church (club)? It means that we must focus on specific problems, situations, and issues, and then seek to provide opportunities for members to learn how to become actively involved in projects and relationships with others participating in this same action. We must be constantly alert to the needs of persons *here and now*. THIS IS TODAY! We must use it, BEAT LIFE'S DRUMS.

BEAT LIFE'S DRUMS. What will that mean to us and to our church (club)? I have asked some of our members to share some thoughts and challenges on this theme.

First Speaker: Will it be easy to BEAT LIFE'S DRUMS, to become actively involved in controversial issues, in projects that may turn our home community upside down to right outdated situations and old wrongs, to work with people of other races, creeds, and social status, to take a stand even if it means being in the unpopular minority, to open our eyes to the needs of people right in our community, needs we have heretofore refused to recognize, saying, "But that isn't OUR town." "It can't happen here."

No, it won't be easy. It may be the most hard-working, frustrating, anxious year we have ever had! There'll be mistakes. We will probably meet opposition, and we may know anger and hostility. But what of it, if out of it comes some little bit of person-to-person understanding, some love for people beyond our present circle —

and in it! — and some progress toward a better future for all of us?

In the book *The Pace of the Hen*, the author writes: "It takes courage to meet misfortune that comes to you. It takes another kind to go out and involve yourself in troubles that never touch you if you remain cloaked in indifference. Even hate is more akin to love than is indifference. It is a more grievous sin to do nothing, to bury the one talent we do have, than to fail occasionally."

With this quotation from an unknown author I challenge you as we begin this new year, a year which I hope will become known as our year of action, of involvement with the needs of persons.

You can't make a real success without making real enemies.

You can't hold a strong position without stronger opposition.

You can't seem right to any if you don't seem wrong to many.

A useful life cannot be entirely peaceful and carefree.

You must do your duty as you see it.

Every earnest man in every generation has paid the price of individuality. You can't dodge it.

The greater you are, the greater the penalty of your progress. The farther you go and the wider you range, the more you increase the points of contact with which you must reckon, and therefore you multiply your battles against misconception and slander and envy and malice.

In every sphere men gibe and sneer — even the peace of the ditch digger is threatened by the unemployed laborer who covets his job.

So long as you aspire, others will conspire; so long as you try, others will vie.

You'll probably have hostility to face in every place and at every pace. Go straight ahead to your goal.

So long as your conscience isn't ashamed to acknowledge you as a friend, don't give a rap for your enemies.

FORWARD MARCH! A new year is here!

Hymn: "Once to Every Man and Nation".

Second Speaker: The great author, Kahlil Gibran, has much to say to us, and these words from his book *The Prophet* could well be the very ones to stimulate us to action in this year ahead:

You give little when you give of your possessions.

It is when you give of yourself that you truly give.

For what are your possessions but things you keep and guard for fear you may need them tomorrow?

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WILD ANIMALS SEEM TO LIKE FREDERICK'S SIGNS

Dear Friends:

In a few hours we shall begin packing our cars for the long trip back to Springfield and the work we love. We have had a delightful summer here in our Nova Scotia parsonage. There have been some thirty-five house guests off and on, and that has kept us busy planning picnics and fishing expeditions. We had one fishing trip out into the open ocean that was really exciting. In the first place we were surrounded by sharks which kept eating the fish we caught before we could get them into the boat. The water literally boiled with dozens and dozens of small sharks until we finally got disgusted and started home. Then the wind came up and churned the water into some high waves. We never were in any real serious danger but we did take a roughing up. My muscles were sore for several days — strained by the shaking up the waves gave us. I had several church young people with me, and I made them put on their life jackets so that if they did fall overboard we would be able to get them out of the water.

Now that the summer is drawing to a close, we are here alone and anticipate no more guests. Betty's parents will arrive shortly, and then we shall leave for home. I hope the boat trip back is as pleasant as the one we had up here. If we are not held up by customs too long we shall drive on to the home of a friend who lives about forty miles off the road we take home. I have visited that home on three different occasions, and always the fog has been so thick I could not see the view for which her home is famous. On a clear day our friend has a gorgeous view of the ocean and the nearby mountains, and she is determined that I see that view. If I were a betting man, I would be willing to bet that it will be a foggy day again.

You will note that I said we would visit our friend as soon as we get off the boat providing the customs officers do not delay us. We never have been delayed more than a few minutes by the customs officers in Bar Harbor, Maine, but some of our friends have had bad experiences there. For some reason or other they are much stricter than usual this year, and that means going through baggage and requiring every box to be opened. When six hundred people come off the same boat at the same time to be greeted by a strict customs search you can well realize how much delay it could mean. One of my friends even had to empty out the glove compartment of his auto. Perhaps they are getting strict in an effort to control the smuggling of drugs into the country.



Frederick stands beside the sign at the entrance to Argyle Lodge in Nova Scotia. He mentioned it on a radio visit and some of you asked to see it.

The other day I was down at the pier when the boat arrives from the United States, and I was amazed at the number of young hippie-type hitchhikers who disembarked. They were mostly in couples — boys and girls carrying their clothing and a small tent on their backs. I am just old-fashioned enough to be shocked at the idea of girls hitchhiking! I don't even like boys to hitchhike!! But to have boys and girls doing this together, and sleeping in the same tent, etc., is beyond all my comprehension. I know it is not right!! Why parents permit it is beyond me!

Even though it is nearing the end of August, fall has started to come to this lovely land of woods and lakes. This has brought the bears closer in to the house than usual. We have had more than our share of bears and bobcats this summer, but we have had no trouble with them. It simply has meant that we have had to be a bit more cautious while hiking in the woods. Just as a joke I put up a sign which read: "Watch Out for Bare Bears". Believe it or not, the biggest bear we have seen on the place all summer was seen right at the foot of that sign! Yes, and the biggest bobcat seen was spotted by two of our young guests while the bobcat was seated under a sign I had tacked up on a tree by the lake — a sign that reads: "Do Not Pet Black and White Cats".

I bought myself a new motor for my boat, and I have had lots of fun watching our young guests operate it. Have you ever watched a child run a motorboat or a sailboat for the first time in his life? I never grow weary of giving youngsters that thrill. It must be because I remember how I used to love boats when I was a boy and had little

opportunity to be in them. As though it happened only yesterday I can recall how thrilled I was when I first operated a motorboat on Spirit Lake in northern Iowa.

Some friends from Springfield* came to visit us bringing their own house trailer. In the trailer they carried a small motorcycle. Now all my life I have wanted to ride a motorcycle, so, while their two boys ran my motorboat around the lake, I rode their motorcycle around the trails through our woods. It was more fun!! Betty said I looked and acted just like a little kid with a new toy.

So many good things have happened this summer, but the best of them all has been the making of new friends and the renewing of old friendships. Is there anything nicer in all this world than a good friend? My college roommate and his family came all the way from California to visit us, and then that good time was followed by a visit from my favorite cousin, Philip Field, and his wife Marie. Philip and Marie came all the way from Arizona in their house trailer. Add to that the good visits we have had with our church friends here in Nova Scotia and you can see how richly blessed we have been this summer. We hope you come to see us someday.

Sincerely,
Frederick

P.S. The sign in the picture reads: "... enter this wild wood and view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm; and the sweet breeze that makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here of all that pained thee in the haunts of man."



BITE-SIZE HOUSECLEANING

by
Helen Friesen

Does the thought of fall or spring housecleaning throw you into a fit of depression? Do you try to tackle more in a day than is feasible and end up being crabby and irritable with both husband and children? You might be a prime candidate for a new approach in this matter of biannual cleaning.

Let us assume that you are correct in thinking that the house needs a top-to-bottom refurbishing about twice a year. Still there is no law in the Constitution that says it has to be done in the space of two days or even in a week. If you do the job a little at a time throughout the entire year, you still get the same work done but without the aching muscles and upsetting the family routine. You'll accomplish this miracle without frayed nerves and skimpy meals.

Begin by grabbing a sheet of paper and a pencil. Enter any room in your house and have a seat. While you sit there, itemize the things you ordinarily do in that particular room when you clean. Depending on the room, this list might include such items as washing the windows, washing or dry cleaning the curtains, washing walls, woodwork, polishing furniture, waxing the floor (or cleaning the rug), cleaning drawers of desks, chest of drawers, closets in that room, dusting books in the bookcase, cleaning light fixtures, mirrors, hot and cold air registers. In other words put down under the name of each room everything you would do. Right beside each task note the number of times you feel it necessary to do that particular task each year. Maybe you think the light fixtures need washing four times a year, the windows washed twice a year, and so on.

Go through the entire house from top to bottom using this procedure. The list will vary slightly from room to room. The attic, if you have one, won't have the same listing as the basement.

The next step is to take a sheet of paper and divide it into twelve parts, one for each month of the year. If you prefer, use twelve individual scraps of paper. Now go back to your master list of tasks. Start right at the top of your list of cleaning jobs. Assign that task to a specific month. As an example,

let us say you want to wash all the windows twice a year. Because of weather conditions, you may decide to assign this job to May and October. Jot this down under these two months. The desk in Johnny's bedroom you feel needs a mother's touch about twice a year. If you plan to do this in February, put your second time to clean his desk under August which is exactly six months later.

As you assign tasks to the various months, strive for balance. Do not pile all major cleaning jobs into one month or you are defeating the purpose of the entire plan. By the time you have gone through all the cleaning needs in the house, you should have the work well distributed among the twelve months.

To carry this master plan one step further, make a trip to your local dime store. Buy a small memo book, under fifty cents, that has space allotted to each day of the year. Back home, take the list of duties you made for the month of September. (I'm taking for granted you'll start my plan this month!) You know your own personal routine such as laundry, cooking, plus any responsibilities you have regularly for the community, your church, or clubs. Keeping these in mind, now assign the September duties to different days of the month where they will least interfere with your regular work schedule. Do the same with the other eleven months of the year.

Here are a few general tips to keep in mind. Some basic chores may be easier to lump together. It might be to your advantage to clean all the light fixtures in the house on the same day. This could also apply to such items as all mirrors in the house, sweeping down all spider webs the same day, or laundering all dresser scarfs and chair covers at one time. You might pick another day to oil all household motors such as your sewing machine, electric mixer and other appliances to keep them running properly.

For some chores, working in sequence makes sense. Add to one week's laundry the bathroom curtains and accessories such as the throw rug or toilet stool cover. The next week add to your regular laundry the cur-

tains in one of the bedrooms. Go around the entire house doing a different set of curtains each week. Thus that back-breaking job of ironing all the curtains does not fall on one day. Better yet, buy or make curtains that drip dry.

What will be the net result of such a plan of attack? For one thing you will no longer need to dread a massive cleaning job since it no longer exists. Nor will the house have that terrible dirty look just before it is time to tackle the cleaning as in former times. There will always be some parts of the house that have just been cleaned and only a small fraction of the house will need cleaning at any one time.

The family also benefits by seeing the mother more relaxed, less tired and irritable. Those tasty, nutritious meals you ordinarily serve will appear on the table on time because your day hasn't been over-extended. Turmoil and disorder throughout the entire house is a thing of the past since everything isn't torn up at once.

Once this system is operational, you are actually set for life. Merely adjust your schedule a trifle once you've tested the plan. You may discover a few items that need cleaning oftener and some not so often. These minor adjustments pose no difficulty.

Although the following year the days of the month do not fall on the same day of the week, it is still close enough that you need not make a new set. Enjoy the satisfaction of reducing a mountainous job into a weekly molehill.

A SONG RETURNED

Keep a song in your heart! It will
lighten

The duty you hold in your hand;
Its music will graciously brighten
The work your high purpose has planned;

Your notes to the lives that are saddened

May make them hopefully yearn,
And earth shall be wondrously gladdened

By songs they shall sing in return.
—Unknown

SUMMER JUST SLIPPED THROUGH MY FINGERS

Summer just slipped through my fingers,
Picnics, parties ended all too soon.
Lazy days are gone, there lingers
Only a gay, happy tune.

There is left only a pressed flower,
And a sweet thought you placed in my heart;

Summer just slipped through my fingers,
But I am glad you were a part.

—Beulah M. Huey



Stage and Properties: Place a table on stage with a chair beside it. Provide a large suitcase, purse, the club program book, notepaper, and pen. In the suitcase are packed all the items which President Ima Ready will mention in her narration. As she speaks she takes the proper object out of the suitcase, holding it up for the audience to see, and then places it on the table.

Madam President Ima Ready is dressed "fit to kill" — the more exaggerated the style of her costume, the more laughs. Sun glasses, a "clunky" rope of beads, colorful headband, or elaborate hair-do, or a big colorful bow at her neckline, are some possibilities for her "get-up".

Enter President Ima Ready, carrying the suitcase and other articles as stated above. She bustles over to the table, places the suitcase on the chair, her purse and other things on the table, and turns to the audience and speaks:

Whew! I didn't know if I was ever going to get all set for this club year or not, but I believe I made it. I think I've rounded up everything we'll need right here in this suitcase, but it's always best to double-check, so here goes. (She pushes up her sleeves for action, opens the suitcase, and takes out the first item, a blank notebook, which she opens and holds up.)

Blank Notebook: This blank notebook, its pages fresh, yet unmarked and unopened, is here to represent the open minds that I hope we have in our club this year. Later, just as we would fill the pages of a notebook with an account of the happenings of the year, I would hope our minds will show that we have accepted new ideas, new ways of growth, new understandings and friendships. Heaven help us if we end up with any blank books at the end of the year. Complacency and just holding the *status quo* aren't enough for the living of these days!

Big Spoon: I knew I could never get through this year without a big stir once in a while. There's nothing like a grand stirring of needs and ideas to jar a group of persons out of the rut in which they seemed determined to stay.

Oh, I'll grant that you sometimes have to stir gently for best results, but don't be surprised if I sometimes get a little vigorous when a few lumps show up in our batter. Yes, this is to remind us that it isn't enough just to be tossed together lightly and then sit when so much needs doing. You can be sure there's going to be something stirring every month.

Gloves — padded Hot Pad Mitts and Boxing Gloves: (Holds up the mitts first.) We do have to be prepared for whatever may happen, so just in case the stirring gets so vigorous that things get a little warm around here, these are to remind us that patience is often needed when some members become too hot to handle. And there are such times in every club year — we are all only too human! But there's also another way some of us choose to handle some of these critical situations. (Holds up boxing gloves.) We do a bit of fancy shadowboxing. For goodness sakes, though, girls, let's never resort to "slugging it out", please!

Watch: I'll bet you all know why this is in the suitcase, and you're right. It's a reminder to all those last-minute huff-and-puffers that we expect members to be on time at our regular meetings and at committee meetings. After all, who knows what choice bit of news the late comers may miss out on — the best is told first, you know! So, you "Johnny-come-lately" gals, watch it!

Telephone: This item might well be called the club woman's "Old Trusty". It not only let's us remind members of all our various meetings, but this year I hope we can go out of the way to use it to let absentee members know we missed them, to bring a few moments of cheer to a convalescent or shut-in, and do let us use it to tell those who have worked hard on our programs or some project that we appreciate their hard work. A little praise by way of Old Trusty can well be the grease that keeps the wheels of our club year activities spinning smoothly — and without squeaking. (Starts to place the telephone on the table; then turns with

a smile and speaks slyly.) Well, if you do call to remind me about a meeting, you can throw in the latest neighborhood news. As your president, I feel I must keep up, you know! That old party line did have its advantages!

Book: (Perhaps the club study book.) This book represents the growth and learning that should be a happening in the life of each member this year — our reason for being. If, at the close of our year, you haven't grown mentally, consider yourself a has-been, dearie.

Muffler: It takes all kinds of people to make up any organization, and our club is no exception. I'm sure there will be occasions this year when this muffler will come in mighty handy for the sake of club harmony.

Eraser, Blotter, Mop: It just seems the lot of women is to get in on the clean-up jobs, so I'm prepared. There are sure to be mistakes I'll want to erase, instances of anger and selfishness and misunderstanding which I'll want to blot from my mind, and sometimes "wimmen" can stir up an awful mess which calls for a real mop job. 'Twould be nice, though, if I could tuck these way back on the table and never have to use 'em.

Fan: No, girls, this isn't to remind us to "fan the breeze" at our meetings, but to fan the spark of enthusiasm to do something to help each other and others; and yes, there are times when tempers may become short and we'll be compelled to "cool it".

(Turns to face the audience.)

That about does it, I do believe Ima Ready is prepared to begin the new club year so will the meeting please come to order? (Bows and leaves stage.)

DATELINE: SEPTEMBER, 1970

Sept. 1-30 — NATIONAL BOWLING MONTH. Request press kit from National Bowling Council, 2000 L Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Sept. 3 — TREATY OF PARIS. Revolutionary War ends in 1783.

Sept. 7 — LABOR DAY.

Sept. 16 — MAYFLOWER, carrying 102 Pilgrims, leaves Plymouth, England, in 1620 for the New World.

HEART SONG

Never harness laughter.
Never bridle song.
Come and follow after
Happiness headlong.

Larks have tunes for singing.
Roses love the dew.
Morning wakens, bringing
All our love anew.
Shout it from the rafter.
Sound it from the gong:
Never harness laughter,
Never bridle song. —Mary Pansy Rapp

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

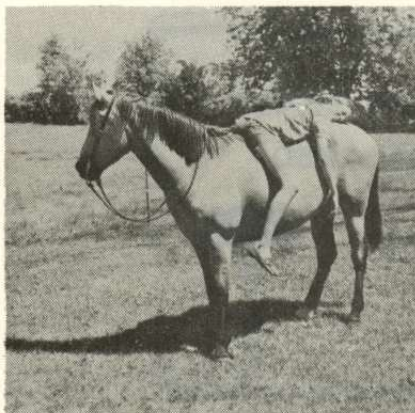
My last two letters to you have been mostly about my trip to New Mexico early in the summer, so this month I will try to give you an account of some of the rest of our summer activities here at the farm.

A week after I got home from New Mexico, Margery and Oliver came to spend the day and brought Mother for a two-week visit at our house while Ruby took a vacation. Frank's sister Bernie, our friend Belvah, and Aunt Delia also came out, so we ate picnic style on the front porch. Margery and Oliver went fishing in the afternoon and, as usual, Margery caught the most fish! We suspected that Oliver had been called to help her out a few times!

Mother had been looking forward to doing a little fishing, but the first few days she was here it was too cool and damp. On the first *really* nice day one of our good neighbors, Ralph Marker, who has been fishing in our bayou quite a lot this summer and having good luck, said if Mother wanted to fish he would help her and maybe they could catch enough for supper. Mother caught three and Ralph caught thirteen, but he cleaned them all and gave them to her.

The next day we were happily surprised when my brother Wayne's daughter Alison drove into the yard just before dinner. Five years ago this summer Alison spent six weeks with us and we had enjoyed every minute of it. She could stay only two days this time, but she had a good visit with her Uncle Frank while she rode around on the tractor fender as he worked; she had a visit with her grandmother while they sat on the bank of the bayou and tried to catch fish. One of the things she had looked forward to was a good fish dinner, and it was a good thing I had some in the freezer, because they caught only one that was skillet size.

Later that afternoon our friend Larry Allen came out to the farm. There seems to be a bumper crop of bull frogs this year in the bayou, so Larry volunteered to try to get enough frog legs for supper if I would cook them. I quickly accepted his offer because it has been years (at least 13) since we have had a meal of frog legs at our house. I was glad Mother and Alison were there to enjoy them with us.



We got a real chuckle out of this picture of Katharine on her new horse. Mary Beth was right when she described the gentleness of Yolkia in her letter on page 11. It is obvious that Katharine already has complete cooperation.

The next day our good friends from Aplington, Iowa, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer and young son Brian, made their annual visit to our house. I was so happy they came while Mother was here because it had been several years since she had seen them, and she had never seen Brian. The men spent the day fishing, and although Brian is only four, he is already quite a fisherman, and nothing could make Clarence happier. It was a beautiful day, and again we ate our dinner at the picnic table on the front porch.

Alison had to leave shortly after dinner since she wanted to get to Shenandoah in time for supper with Margery and Oliver. She stopped down the road to tell Frank goodbye and he and Clarence noticed one of her tires was almost flat so they changed it for her, and we were awfully glad it happened here instead of on the highway.

Toward evening Frank built a fire close to where they were fishing, and we had a wiener roast, our first of the season. I always like to have at least one when Mother is visiting us because this is something she always enjoys but doesn't get to do very often. Sitting around the fire visiting was a nice ending for a perfect day.

Bernie invited Mother and me to come in to her house when she entertained her club. I was interested in something they do to add a little extra money to their treasury. Every time they meet two members are responsible for bringing something to be sold at a silent auction. I came home with a nice kitchen towel and dishcloth which were in the package I bought.

Bernie had served a wonderful lemon meringue pie for club refreshment and had an extra one left over, so she called the next day to ask if we would like to have another wiener roast with lemon pie for dessert. She and Belvah

would bring everything for the picnic. By the time they arrived the wind had come up and we were a little afraid to build a fire outside, so decided it would be a good idea to take the electric broiler to the front porch and fix the wieners on it. You can see why we enjoy our porch so much in the summer.

Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, made a hurried trip to Iowa from Roswell, New Mexico, called back by the death of his mother, who had been in failing health for a number of years. We were glad to have a visit with him, but sorry Edna wasn't able to make the trip with him. Trips to this part of the country are strictly *taboo* for her. She tried it two years ago this fall, and is still trying to regain her strength from that trip.

We were thrilled that Frederick and Betty spent one day of their short visit to Iowa with us at the farm, especially so because the day they brought Mother and drove to our house was just about the hottest day of the summer, with the temperature crawling up to about 100 degrees. It was the first time Betty had been at our home. Every time they have made a trip to Iowa they haven't been able to stay very long, and with so many people to see in Shenandoah and that area, and since the trip to our house and back and spend any time here at all takes a full day, there never seemed to be enough time. We were happy the crops looked so good, and everything was still green and pretty when she saw our farm for the first time. Both Frederick and Betty were very much interested in Frank's Indian artifact collection, everything of which has been found on our own property. The entire day was a happy occasion for us.

We have just had another ten-day visit from Mother. Just before she came Kristin called and said she and Art and the children were driving to Grand Island, Nebraska, for a weekend to attend Art's class reunion, and wondered if we could drive over there to see them. It was impossible for us to go at that particular time, but I'm planning to leave very soon for a week's visit with them in Laramie. Art wasn't able to get away again this summer, but we are hoping they can spend Thanksgiving week with us again this year as they did last year.

They have moved into a new home this summer, out on the edge of town where the boys have lots of room to run and play, and Kristin says they all like it very much.

If all goes as scheduled, I'll be able to report on my Laramie trip next month.

Sincerely, *Dorothy*

SEPTEMBER'S OFF TO A FLYING START

by
Evelyn Birkby

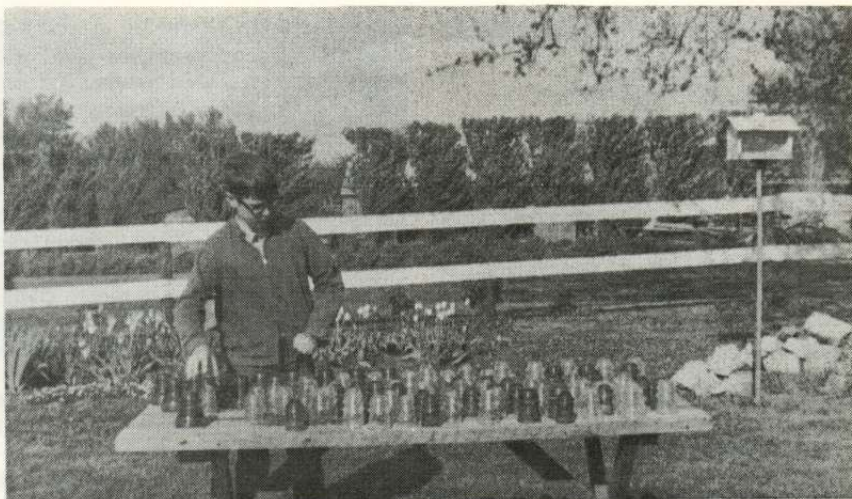
The pages on the calendar go flipping by with alarming rapidity! I'm just not at all ready for September, even though the fall and winter catalogues and advertising for back-to-school clothes started arriving before July moved into our area. A Christmas card salesman, junior size, stopped by our back door this week and I can tell you right now, if I'm not ready for September I'm *certainly* not ready for December!

Surely the only way to start this month is to use the same technique one uses for the first plunge into a cold lake — just hold the nose and jump! With the first week of school for Jeff — who is now a junior in high school, for Craig — who is a freshman, also here at Sidney High, and Bob — who is beginning his junior year at Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa, the month gets off to a flying start.

Before many days pass I will be in over my head with fall work on the membership committee for the P.T.A., wondering what to do with the new 9th graders who are being promoted to my High School Church School class, starting up the boys' piano lessons and checking on the dates for the first Women's Society of Christian Service meetings.

Besides, I have a new project which should prove to be fascinating. I am a new member of the board for the Area XIII Rehabilitation Center, Inc. This group has been working for some time to create a really helpful center in Council Bluffs which will serve all of southwest Iowa. It will have evaluation, training, employment and job placement included in its services to the handicapped. The project has developed far enough to include a building, a certain amount of funding, general plans and several handicapped people who are already helping with some of the initial work. Renovation of a building for the center is now in progress and fund raising is moving forward to provide the kind of facility which will serve the needs of those participating. It is a most interesting and worthwhile project. Life this fall will not be dull!

Just in case any spare time is left, the tomatoes are still producing in overwhelming numbers. A neighbor gave us a flat of tomato plants which she had grown in the early spring; obviously, she had started too many! I was sure we had at least nine hundred but Robert insists the count is more like sixty-two. That, if you can



Craig Birkby much enjoys getting his collections out into the sunlight. He is arranging a few of his many insulators on the picnic table in the backyard of his home.

multiply, still means bushels and bushels of tomatoes! We've had quantities to eat and can, have given many to the neighbors and took all that were ripe during rodeo week to our church food stand. And still they grow!

Putting tomato juice into some of our old green fruit jars brought out an interesting comment from a friend who was visiting me recently. She was horrified to see me using those tinted jars for processing food.

"Do you know jars like that are bringing \$1.00 apiece at auction sales? They are collector's items and here you are putting tomato juice into them. You should take better care of your antiques."

I looked at the jars standing in a row on the counter, mentally noting the odd color the green tint gives to red tomato juice.

"Antiques are fine if they are decorative or useful, but what could I do with these if I didn't can in them? I could set the jars in a row on the mantel but they would look as if I had started for the basement and was interrupted in the process. I suppose a sweet potato, vine or two could grow in jars, or several could be filled with bitter-sweet, but they would still look like old fruit jars. I use the glass-topped jars with wire bales to hold coffee, sugar and flour on the kitchen counter so I don't need these green jars here."

The conversation ended with a sigh, neither of us was really satisfied. A really good idea for using those jars in any way but for canning simply did not appear. What do collectors do with them except just collect?

Speaking of collections, Craig is the one in our family who lugs home all the old jars, jugs, bottles and tin boxes which he unearths in outlandish places. While he does enjoy auction sales and sometimes finds a bargain,

he has enough "Scottish" background to prefer digging up a bottle from an old dump rather than pay for it from his pocket.

His favorite bottle is one he dug up "somewhere". It is of greenish glass almost two feet tall with a slender, elongated neck. A white ceramic stopper is held in place with wire and what looks like black sealing wax. Part of the label remains on the front and informs us the bottle came from Stoner Drug in Hamburg, Iowa. The label also tells us to "Handle with Care" and "Deliver Immediately". In still legible script are enough letters to make us think the bottle held linseed oil.

Craig's other favorite in his collection is an amber-colored Globe fruit jar with glass lid and a most unusual metal clamp on the top. It is dated May 25, 1886. The heartbreaking part of this story is the fact when Craig found this amber jar of ancient vintage, it was in four pieces. He carefully brought them home and glued them together. He still prizes the jar, although its value would be worth nothing if it were in good condition.

For Christmas last year I gave Craig a set of four miniature bottles which are a tiny condiment set. One antique dealer told me they probably had been originally on a small stand or turntable, but that has long been lost. I watch when I am in antique stores and at auctions but have not yet seen a little holder for such a small set of condiment bottles.

As if his jars and bottles were not enough, Craig also has a large number of insulators he has acquired along the side road ditches, abandoned light poles and from second-hand stores. Did you know insulators were often made of the end runs of other glass-

(Continued on page 20)

OF KITCHEN WINDOWS

by
Harvena Woodling

What is the nicest thing in your kitchen and mine? Would you believe windows?

Our kitchen-dining room claims windows three. The long window in the south wall is our watch-for-the-mail-carrier-every-morning window. It is also our link with the outside world while we are ironing, but we do not spend as much time there as we do in front of the double windows over the double sink in the kitchen portion of this long room.

The window sills here hold treasures — not treasures from the viewpoint of any banker — but treasures indeed from the standpoint of friendships and happy memories.

Perhaps the little pink-and-white china pig bank has lived here the longest. He is the souvenir that Aunt-Teacher once received at a Junior-Senior banquet. She in turn presented him to the Pony-Tail Pair (who since have changed their hair style and become the Helpful Two). Now he stands, placid and chubby, though he never has been fed any coins.

Little broken Perky gazes from one corner. He is a red and black bird, bought at the dime store long ago just because he looked so appealing. Accidents have befallen him so that he has a broken wing and tail, but discard Perky? Certainly not!

On one upper ledge, honors are shared by the realistic figurines of a hound, a "sassy" squirrel, and a pheasant. We bought the hound some years ago as a memento of a visit to *The House of Yesterday*, the splendid museum at Hastings, Nebraska. Carefully wrapped, he traveled in our suitcase through the Black Hills of South Dakota, down through Minnesota and Iowa, and eventually home to Missouri.

Facing Mr. Hound is a natural-colored pheasant, a one-time birthday gift to Mom from Older Sis, valued both for this and for itself.

The brown squirrel, who poises unafraid between the pheasant and the dog, is a token, too, of a fun vacation. This one was at Big Spring State Park in southern Missouri. Squirrely was purchased in a gift shop at Van Buren, close to the park where we camped. Looking at it reminds us of wading and swimming in the co-o-old Current River and of a john-boat ride on the same stream.

From the time maple buds and violets appear in the springtime until chrysanthemums are gone in the autumn bouquets stand in the kitchen windows. Containers are varied. A little flowered

china pitcher was given to us long ago by a favorite aunt, now gone. A little blue glass pitcher was another present from Older Sis. The small brown pitcher with its white leaf design is another reminder of Big Spring. The latest addition to our pitcher collection is white with a raised grape pattern on the side, gift of our Cousin Mae, herself an artist.

Larger bouquets of marigolds, gladioli, or zinnias are held in assorted containers. One of our favorites is a hand-blown brown glass vase from Silver Dollar City, where we watched the glass blower himself at work in front of his fiery furnace.

Another object that stands on our kitchen window sill is a "fake antique", though we hadn't thought of its being so until our neighbor asked if it was quite old. Actually, it is an apothecary jar which we once luckily received as a container for vitamin tablets. Little Sis took this to Vacation Bible School one summer. There it was decorated with split pea halves securely glued on, then spray-painted white. This really looked like hobnail glass. Sis then highlighted it with gold spray paint. Now it serves as a nice little candy jar for mints — and as an ornament.

The latest addition to our window ledge collection is a pair of mountaineer coffee-break cups brought to us last summer by good friends and neighbors when they returned from an Ozark vacation.

Of course every window has two sides, and we enjoy what we see on the *other* side of our kitchen windows. Just outside stand the two big oaks that gave our Twin Oaks Farm its name. During late winter and early spring days, brilliant crimson cardinals, and the less spectacular but still pretty female cardinals, flash through the air or perch on branches. In the summer, robins and tiny wrens serenade from the oaks. Another backyard habitant is Downy Woodpecker, drumming away as he hunts breakfast or lunch in the crevices of the oak bark.

North of the backyard — there is no real dividing line — is our apple and peach orchard. These trees are a lovely sight during spring blossoming and on through the season of dark green leaves and developing fruit. The peach trees are more battered and not so sure to bear, but still valued.

More than one pair of robins have made a home in the Jonathan or Red June trees, but the wrens usually choose a nook somewhere in the old garage or in the machine shed, both in line with the kitchen windows, and within easy singing range of *all* the orchard and backyard trees.

Under the twin oaks stands the big

brown doghouse that Dad once built for Tippy. Good little Tippy died, but her name still is painted on the front of the house. Our present dog, Smokey-Tex, concedes the house to a number of assorted cats, all pets. Almost any day, any season, we can glance out our window and see Dash, Spot, Watch Kitty, or Yellow Cat sleeping peacefully; watching the house for the exit of a food offering; or perched on the roof of the erstwhile doghouse, craftily and wishfully staring at sparrows in the oak branches.

At various times we have watched a gay red squirrel scamper up an oak trunk and sit secure and unafraid in the upper winds of the world while he shells and eats acorns. He or a friend also eat leftover apples in the orchard when the ground is bare and the air is cold. Anyone — human or animal — who rashly intrudes when V.I.S. (Very Important Squirrel) is lunching in a tree-top dining room is in for an ear-tingling scolding.

Also within range of our windows is the Mud Cat Pond down in the pasture. Often cattle or sheep stand on its banks. In the small patch of cattails on its eastern edge, red-winged blackbirds sway and sing and sometimes nest.

Our through-the-kitchen-windows panorama changes with the changing seasons. In the spring, a blue, blue sky and golden forsythia reward us. Occasionally a late March or early April snow lies like damp white velvet on the forsythia branches.

During hot summer we appreciate the deep green shade, and wonder if *that grass needs moving again already*. Autumn brings a deep carpet of rustling brown oak leaves, while winter covers and conceals with a white coat, or perhaps contributes chilling black mud.

We like all the things we see through our windows, but especially we like the people. Past these windows come friends and neighbors straight to our back door. And best of all, we can see our family coming and going. Dad goes about his routine farm chores, takes care of the little pigs, or drives down the lane with tractor or pickup. Little Sis heads for the barn with a bottle of milk for a hungry lamb, hurries to help Dad, or to visit the kittens in the hay loft. Older Sis is in college most of the time, but when she is home in the hot summer, either she or Little Sis may be seen on "Old Minnie" the tractor, pulling a side delivery rake and heading for the hay field, or running an errand with the blue Ford.

What do *you* see through *your* kitchen windows?



WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS CELEBRATE HERITAGE DAYS

Dear Friends:

The summer whizzed by so rapidly that I hardly know where to begin to bring you up to date on the jam-packed weeks.

I wrote last month about picking all the strawberries for our freezer, and in one of my pensive moments it occurred to me that when I was a girl men used to peddle fresh strawberries along the street. Almost before I could get the morning reserved for Adrienne and her daddy to pick berries, they had the job completed. The strawberry season comes and goes so rapidly that speed is essential.

We invited little Amber, next door to us, to sit with Adrienne at a stand to sell her fresh berries, and Amber's mother and I decked them out in red gingham aprons, some poke bonnets she had tucked away in her antique shop, and a red-and-white sun-shade umbrella. We actually spent more time making a sign and the aprons and covering a money box to match than it took them to sell the strawberries. The girls had thirty pounds of berries to sell, and in fifteen actual minutes the product was gone! It surely gave the girls a glorious picture of what successful little saleswomen they were. And they were such cute, personable, and dimpled little salesgirls that we decided to let them try their hand at a street-side lemonade stand later in the summer.

Amber's mother has the most delightful antique shop in Delafield (I'll tell you more about it later) and she arranged for the girls to work right in front of her shop, so that as people came and went from the shop on hot days, there were these two sweet girls with cool drinks of lemonade for sale. And was it popular!

On one of the hottest July Sundays Delafield celebrated Heritage Days which commemorated the opening of the restored Hawks Inn. The Hawks Inn was a stagecoach stop between Milwaukee and Madison which was built in 1843 by Nelson Hawk, Sr., the owner of the first mill. This inn helped Delafield to flourish as a way station for travelers on the plank road. The inn was restored and opened as a historical spot in 1960. To celebrate this opening they had a large parade in town, with antique cars and trucks and bands and two days of open house at the inn. The Dance Hall, which was next door to the Hawks Inn, is now the antique shop where the little girls were busy selling lemonade. The shop is appropriately named Heritage House.

Amber's mother opened her antique shop just last fall in this old dance



The cameraman had to move fast to catch Adrienne and her little friend, Amber Averkamp, at their strawberry stand, for the girls sold out in about 15 minutes! This first selling experience was quite exciting for them.

hall, so it has the authentic aura of a real antique in its own right in addition to being an absolutely charming shop. The Hawks Inn no longer stands in its original location, but was moved in about 1960. However, the old dance hall was left in its location and used as a city hall until 1969. Now Mrs. Averkamp, Amber's mother, operates her store in this building. This year she invited Katharine and Adrienne and me to join her in adding flavor by dressing in authentic period dresses and helping her wait on customers drawn in by the city's celebration and parade. Adrienne and Amber wore long lace-edged white skirts with white camisole-type blouses, and they sold their lemonade from an old blue and white earthenware crock with the words "Ice Water" written across it. They were mighty hot little girls but they sold gallons of thirst-quenching liquid that day. Katharine, Mrs. Averkamp and I wore beautiful old dresses, which Mrs. Averkamp keeps in stock to sell. She buys them from some of the remaining families who have lovingly preserved their old family clothes. I washed and starched them before the big day and, golly! did those girls of the 1890's work hard with their dresses! The miles of petticoats I starched and lace I ruffled took me literally days. Katharine pulled her hair back severely to the nape of her neck, and with a brooch at the neck and gold drop earrings (very antique originals) and a lacy umbrella and large garden hat she looked the part, to be sure.

We squeezed every possible minute out of the daylight hours for all the children. Paul has a once-a-week paper delivery route which doesn't take too

long but gives him the experience of being gainfully employed. He has also picked up a few yards to cut (on his father's riding mower, I might add), which has afforded him enough income each week to warrant his opening a savings account. He's very proud of his banking business, which he conducts on his own now. Don is charging him for the gasoline that he uses with his power mower and they figured out what it would have cost Paul if he had been using his own power mower with depreciation figured in. As it worked out, Paul was only too happy to pay his father 25 cents a gallon for gasoline. The yards in our little town are an acre and more, so with his silent yard man that I bought him several years ago it would have taken him more than a day per yard.

Paul had several friends out to visit overnight. We're a pretty long way from most of them, so he had fun inviting them to bring along their sleeping gear. One of his friends who lives near us included him on his crew when he sailed in the regattas on Pine Lake. Paul learned lots about water activities and how to hang over the edge of a sailboat to keep it from tipping over in a brisk wind.

Katharine's schedule was even more demanding. I guess I operate on the assumption that idle hands are the devil's playground, because from the sound of this letter we kept the children mercilessly busy, but they were happy and proud of their various endeavors. Katharine's main project was feeding a new mouth in the family. She had to pay the board and room for this four-footed pet of hers, and as the old

(Continued on page 20)



LET'S FILL THE COOKY JAR!

RICH SUGAR COOKIES

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup margarine
- 1 cup cooking oil
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. soda
- 5 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream the sugars with the margarine until light and fluffy. Add the beaten eggs, butter and vanilla flavorings. Stir in the oil. Add the sifted dry ingredients and blend well. Divide dough in half, leaving one half plain and adding the nuts and black walnut flavoring to the other half. Refrigerate until chilled through, then form into balls, dip in granulated sugar and place on a cookie sheet. Flatten with bottom of a glass. Bake in a 350-degree oven until lightly browned.

—Dorothy

BLACK WALNUT COOKIES

- 1 cup margarine
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup black walnuts

Cream margarine and sugar. Add eggs, flavorings and beat well. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt and add. Stir in the black walnuts. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 10-12 minutes.

—Margery

STRAWBERRY BARS

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup dark corn syrup
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 3/4 cup strawberry preserves

Melt the margarine and stir in the corn syrup. Mix in the beaten egg and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and stir into the syrup mixture. Spread half of the batter in a greased and floured 11- x 7-inch pan. Carefully spoon the preserves over the batter, then spread the rest of the batter over the top. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in a 400-degree oven. While still warm, frost with a powdered sugar icing.

—Dorothy

ORANGE-RAISIN COOKIES

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- A few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. orange juice
- 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts or pecans

In large mixer bowl, combine all ingredients except rolled oats, raisins and walnuts. Blend well at low speed. Stir in remaining ingredients; mix thoroughly. Drop by rounded teaspoons onto greased cookie sheets. Flatten slightly with a fork. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes. Cool.

APRICOT-DATE BARS

- 1/2 cup dates, diced
- 1 #2 can apricots, drained
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. apricot juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups uncooked oatmeal
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Combine dates, drained apricots, sugar and measured apricot juice in saucepan. Cook over low flame, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens. Remove from fire and add almond flavoring. Set aside to cool as first layer is prepared.

Cream butter or margarine and brown sugar together. Combine remaining ingredients and work into creamed mixture. This makes a crumbly, mealy combination. Press half of mixture into well-greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Spread date-apricot filling over this bottom layer. Top with remaining mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until slightly browned. Cool and cut into bars.

This is a magnificent combination of flavors. The friend who sent it to us frequently adds nuts to the fruit filling. She has also made it without dates, using the apricots for the full amount of fruit. She uses these bars as gifts for shut-ins.

—Evelyn

GINGERSNAPS

Dorothy tested many of the recipes for gingersnaps that you sent in and wants to share this one with you this month.

- 1 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup mild molasses
- 3 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. ginger

Cream the sugar and shortening together. Beat in the egg and flavorings. Stir in the molasses. Sift the dry ingredients together and add, blending well. Form dough into small balls and place on a greased cookie sheet, flattening the balls just a little with your fingers. Bake in a 375-degree oven about 12 minutes. These should not spread out while baking, so if they do, add a little more flour to the dough.

DELIGHTFUL BEETS

- 2 cups cooked cubed beets
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing
- 1/2 cup green onions, chopped fine
- 1 cup sour cream, whipped

Heat beets. Season if desired. Drain and combine with dressing. Place hot beets into warmed bowl. Spoon whipped cream over top and sprinkle chopped green onion over the top of the cream.

This is a most unusual and delightful combination of flavors. Plain yogurt may be used in place of the sour cream for a lower-caloried dish. —Evelyn

CREAMY BAKED CHICKEN

- 2 frying chickens
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups biscuit mix
- 3/4 cup whole bran cereal
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 2/3 cup buttermilk
- 1/8 tsp. poultry seasoning

Cut chicken into serving pieces and remove the skin from all pieces except the back and neck (these can be cooked with the giblets and used for something else at another time. I cooked them with noodles). Arrange the meaty pieces in a large buttered casserole. Blend the soups with the milk and pour over the chicken. Cover and bake in a 325-degree oven for 1 1/2 hours. Combine the rest of the ingredients for biscuits, stirring to make a soft dough (add a little milk if the dough is too stiff). Turn the oven temperature to 450 degrees while you are making the biscuits. Uncover the casserole and drop the dough by spoonfuls on top of the hot chicken mixture. Bake about 15 minutes, or until the biscuits are brown. —Dorothy

APRICOT CHIFFON PIE

- 1 cup apricot pulp
- 1 pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 3/4 cup ice cubes
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 9-inch baked pie shell

Use canned apricot pulp or make your own by cooking a package dried apricots with water to cover and sugar to taste, then putting through a sieve. The pulp may also be made from drained canned apricots. Dissolve orange gelatin in hot water. Stir in ice cubes. When cubes are dissolved and gelatin begins to set, fold in apricot pulp and flavoring. Beat until well blended and fluffy. Spoon into baked pie shell. Chill until firm. Serve with sweetened whipped cream flavored with Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring.

MEXICAN SALAD

- 1 cup Cheddar cheese, grated
- 1 to 2 cups lettuce, shredded
- 1/2 cup onion, chopped
- 1 can Mexican-style beans, drained
- 1 cup corn chips or taco-flavored chips, crushed
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing

Drain Mexican-style beans (these are also called the canned chili beans). Combine with cheese, lettuce and onion. Refrigerate until time to serve. Toss with chips (do not crush too fine) and dressing. Serve immediately so the chips will be crisp.

This is a delicious and different salad. The chili-style beans have a Mexican flavor which is delightful. As you can see, this is a salad meal for the cheese, lettuce, beans and chips give the basis for an entire menu. Add fruit and cookies for dessert and you have a fine luncheon or supper.

—Evelyn

MEAT LOAF WITH SAUCE

- 1 1/2 lbs. hamburger
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup cubed white bread
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1/2 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- Mix all ingredients together and shape into long flat roll. Put in shallow pan.

Sauce

- 1/2 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 1/2 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1 1/2 Tbls. vinegar
- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 cup water
- Blend and pour over meat loaf. Bake 1 hour, 15 minutes at 350 degrees. Serves 6.

—Margery

PINEAPPLE-HAM LOAF

- 1 lb. ground smoked ham
- 1 lb. ground lean fresh pork
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. catsup
- 3/4 cup soft bread crumbs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 8 pineapple slices
- Mix all together except pineapple and make into 9 patties. Stand these up on end with a slice of pineapple between, beginning and ending with meat patties. Bake in a loaf pan at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. Then begin basting with the following glaze and bake about an hour longer. I baste the loaf about every 20 minutes.

Glaze

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup pineapple syrup
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- Heat, stirring, until sugar is dissolved and mixture is thoroughly blended and heated through.

—Margery

TURNIP CASSEROLE

Peel and dice 6 cups of turnips. Cook in salted water to which 1 Tbls. of sugar has been added. Cook only until barely done. Drain well and add 1 can cream of mushroom soup. Do not add any liquid. Pour into a buttered casserole. Top with soft buttered bread crumbs. Bake 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

DIFFERENT BEAN SOUP

- 1 lb. dry white beans
- 2 quarts water
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 1 large whole carrot
- 6 strips bacon
- 1/2 cup onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup celery, chopped
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- 1-lb. can tomatoes
- 1/2 bay leaf
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 2 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup water

Combine beans, water and baking soda. Bring to boil then turn off fire and let stand one hour. Add carrot and simmer until beans are tender. Fry out bacon, remove from skillet and reserve. Into bacon drippings (about 1/4 cup) stir onion, celery and garlic. Saute until golden. Add remaining ingredients and simmer for 20 to 30 minutes to blend flavors. Pour into bean mixture. Cube the carrot. Taste and add more salt if needed.

If desired, puree half the beans for a smooth base for the soup, but it is not necessary. A good stretcher for this recipe is one cup small macaroni, cooked and added with the onion mixture.

Serve hot in deep bowls. Crumble bacon on top for an exceptionally delicious bean and vegetable soup.

—Evelyn

APPLE PANCAKES

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

Sift dry ingredients together. Combine the egg, milk and shortening. Add gradually to dry ingredients. Stir in flavoring and apples. Drop by spoonfuls onto hot greased griddle. Cook slowly until surface is covered with bubbles. Turn and cook until bottom is brown. Serve with homemade Kitchen-Klatter maple syrup or syrup made with any of the Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavorings for a most delicious taste treat.

—Evelyn

SPICED TOMATO JUICE

- 15 lbs. or 1 peck tomatoes
- 2 lbs. onion
- 3 Tbls. parsley
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/2 tsp. whole cloves
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. salt

Wash, core and remove white places from tomatoes. Cut in quarters. Chop onions. Combine with remaining ingredients in a large kettle. Simmer 40 to 45 minutes, until vegetables are tender and spices blended. Stir occasionally to be sure mixture keeps from sticking. Strain. Reheat to boiling. Ladle into sterilized jars. Seal at once. —Evelyn

COMPANY SALMON CASSEROLE

- 2 cans red salmon
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can milk
- 2 egg whites, beaten stiff
- 1 pkg. frozen peas
- 2 cups coarse cracker crumbs

Remove the bones and dark skin from the salmon and break up into pieces. Combine the soups and the milk and stir until smooth. Fold in the egg whites. In a greased baking dish place a layer of salmon, cracker crumbs, frozen peas, and soup. Repeat. Sprinkle buttered crumbs over the top. Bake 35 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

SCRAMBLED EGGS SUPREME

How often I've wanted to make just-right scrambled eggs only to have them utterly dry or runny. Here is my solution.

- 8 eggs
- 1/4 cup butter, melted
- 1 Tbls. heavy cream, milk or water

Break 8 eggs into a bowl, add salt and pepper to taste, and beat until they are well mixed but not foamy. Melt 1/4 cup butter in heavy skillet or top of a double boiler set over simmering water. Add the eggs. Cook them over medium heat, stirring slowly and constantly with a wooden spoon. When they have begun to set add the tablespoon of cream, milk or water. This gives a soft creamy scrambled egg worthy of any early morning.

—Mary Beth

HONEY BANANA BREAD

- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 3 Tbls. honey
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. baking soda

Mash bananas. Combine with flavorings, honey, oil, sugar, eggs and salt. Beat very well — several minutes with electric mixer. Sift remaining ingredients together and fold into batter. Spoon into well-greased loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until toothpick or tester comes out clean. Let stand for a few minutes, then turn out on cooling rack. Excellent fresh and hot, but equally good toasted.

—Evelyn

BLUEBERRY CHIFFON PIE

- 1 baked 10-inch pie shell
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen blueberries
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3/4 cup blueberry juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped
- 3 egg whites
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar

Defrost the frozen berries and drain, saving the juice. Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the blueberry juice and flavoring. Chill until partly set, then beat until fluffy. Fold in the whipped cream. Beat the egg whites until they will hold soft peaks, add the salt, and add sugar gradually, beating until stiff. Fold the beaten whites and the blueberries into the gelatin mixture. Chill until partly set, then turn into the pie shell and chill until firm.

—Dorothy

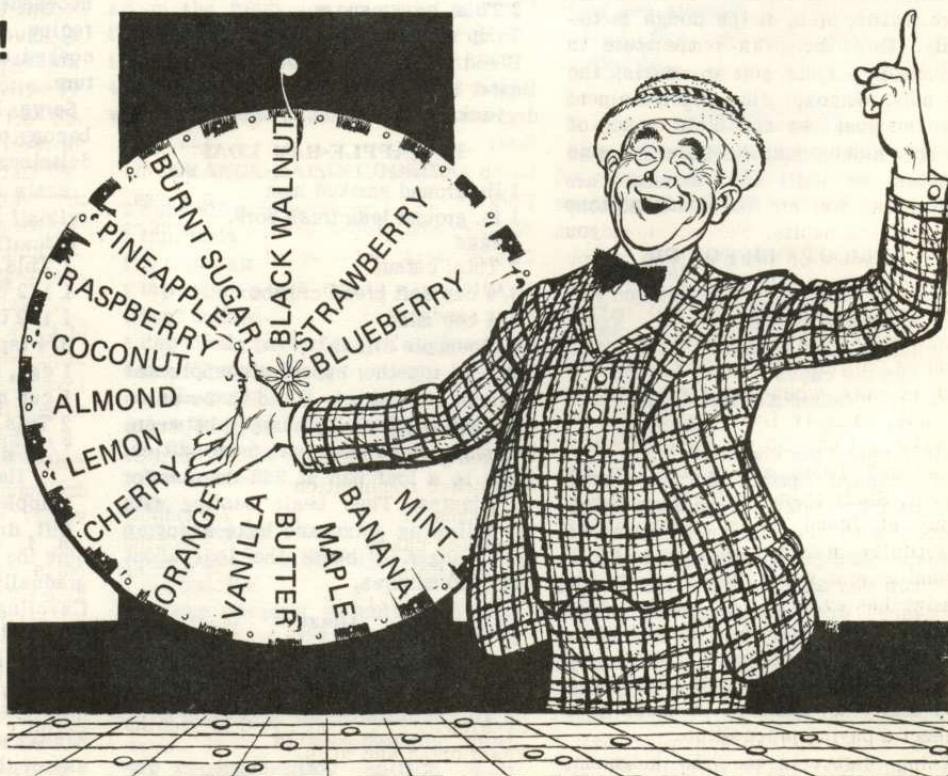
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YOUR FREEZER PUTS YOU IN BUSINESS

by
Hallie M. Barrow

Do you hoard meat, fruit, and vegetables in your freezer . . . possibly against unexpected company? Then you are not getting the most out of your freezer. If you proudly boast that you have kept strawberries three years, that proves freezer efficiency but wrecks your economy. Your freezer is really a small business venture. Like your competitor, the grocer, it's how often you have a turnover that makes a profit for you. You should have a complete turnover at least once a year, and the more often you do, the greater your profits and the smaller your grocery bills.

If you keep things constantly moving in your freezer, you can take advantage of sales. Study the sales pages and figure how they will fit in with your freezer plan. Be sure to stock up special buys. It's like sitting down with pencil and paper to work out a problem in mathematics. Only this is food. After you have studied your sales pages, make out menus for a week ahead, using sales items. Soon you will be living out of your freezer on food bought at sale prices. You can reduce your grocery bill at least 20% when you get your system working.

Say there is a sale on ripe bananas. Take home a lot of them, mash them, and put them in the freezer in small containers. Use them to make banana cake, bread, pies, doughnuts, and custards. My family likes the pulp in cooked cereal, in gelatin dishes, and for milk shakes. It's quite a help to have mashed bananas available. And it's the same with other special sale goods.

Now that you are in business, form new cooking habits. For instance, you can save yourself hours of work if you have a freezer-baking day and load your freezer. On this special baking day, bake cakes, cupcakes, pies, cookies, rolls, and coffeecake. It's just as easy, when you buy hamburger on sale, to make five meat loaves as to make just one. Do you have a freezer cookbook? There are several on the market. Study them for loads of ideas.

Buy at bread sales. Bread keeps beautifully in a freezer. Speaking of changing your work plan, do you need sandwiches every day for lunch boxes? By all means make a week's supply, wrap them in packages for each day, and put them in the freezer. As I said, it's really a business to make your freezer a paying proposition.

Using leftovers requires judgment, too, so let your freezer help you to turn leftovers into "planned overs". Ex-



Mother finds a list of freezer contents helpful. She can keep a count on what is there.

perts say a freezer will, in time, pay for itself. It will if you use it all the time.

Speaking of its being a business, you should always know just what you have in your freezer. You must keep lists and have an inventory ready at all times. One way of keeping track of what is in your freezer is to buy colored paper and make disks, using a silver dollar for a pattern. Make a hole with a nail in each disk and then as you put peas or strawberries into your freezer, slide the green or red disks onto a spike driven through a board and hung above your freezer, removing the disks as you remove the foods.

Just run your freezer as efficiently as you would run a business — for profit.

Food	Maximum Storage Period
Fruits and vegetables . . .	3-4 months
French-fried potatoes, par-fried prepared meals in Miracle packs	2-3 months
Beef	3 months
Lamb and veal	3 months
Pork	3 months
Sausage and ground meat . .	1-2 months
Cooked meat, not covered with gravy or sauces . . .	1 month
Meat sandwiches	1 month
Chicken	2-3 months
Turkeys	2-3 months
Giblets	2 months
Cooked poultry meat	1 month
Cooked poultry dishes . . .	1-2 months
Precooked combination dishes	2-6 months
Prebaked cakes	4-9 months
Cake batters	3-4 months
Fruit pies, baked or unbaked	3-4 months
Pie shells, baked or unbaked	1½-2 months
Cookies	6-12 months
Yeast bread and rolls, prebaked	3-9 months
Dough	1-1½ months

RIGHT HANDY STORAGE CUPBOARD

by
Hazel E. Howard

Although I conceived the idea of converting an old steamer trunk I was about to donate to The Salvation Army into a cupboard to supplement storage facilities in our new trailer home, one can also be used on a back porch or in a utility room. After standing 24 years beside my outside door, it still serves not only as a storage place for numerous items, but is handy to set bags of groceries and packages on, as well as trays and many other things. If you have no steamer trunk, one can often be found at salvage shops and purchased for a small price.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING

1. Discard tray and tear out paper lining.

2. Nail two 1 x 4's across side, which will be the cupboard's bottom when trunk is stood upright on them. Let boards extend out in both directions 3 or 4 inches from both front and back. This raises the trunk high enough above floor so the top, which becomes the door, can swing outward. When in position, open the door and, if there is a wood floor, nail trunk in place. If floor is cement, construct and nail to a platform a little larger than the base.

3. Paint outside of trunk with 2 coats of house paint in any desired color.

4. Cut to fit four lengths of bright-colored oilcloth for lining and tack to the inside of the trunk bottom (back of cupboard), to the sides, and to the trunk top (door).

5. Decide where shelves are to go and nail small cleats inside trunk walls for them to rest on.

6. Cut shelves to fit from scrap lumber. Apple or orange crates will do. Set them on the cleats and cover with oilcloth, then thumbtack decorative shelf-edging along front of each.

7. Nail a slat across the inside edge of trunk bottom to keep cans from tumbling out. Also nail another slat 5' up from the bottom of the door to hold more articles in place.

8. The cupboard can contain insecticides, household cleaning items, laundry supplies, brushes, etc. The door is easily opened, closed, and latched.

9. If desired, cup hooks or small nails can be placed outside on one side on which to hang odds and ends — an extra dishpan, small garden tools, or what have you.

10. I have never known anyone else to use this idea, but it has been wonderfully helpful to me on my porch.



MOTHER'S PRAYER

Dear Father, Thou Who hast given me the great gift of mother-love, help me to show that love every day in a gentle voice; tender, skillful hands and a brave spirit.

Save me from nervous hurry and worry, from nagging, from short-sightedness and from dimness of vision that I may tuck my children in bed at night with a serene light still shining in my eyes.

Grant to me an understanding heart that I may always prove worthy of the trust of my children for I long to have them turn to me with their mistakes and failures as well as their achievements and successes.

Work within me, Thou Who has made the rich colors of autumn and the tender skies of spring, that I may see beauty and make it a part of my home. Teach me Thy way of gladness, for I would ever keep a merry heart, a keen zest for the new and untried and pure fun in the give and take of every day companionship.

Dear Father of All, may the love, the patience, the understanding, the beauty and the gladness of my home reach out to other homes and so help to bring in Thy Kingdom on earth. Amen.

—Jessie Field Shambaugh

FROM THE HEART

This day I have because I am lucky — lucky to be alive and relatively healthy.

This day, then, will I try to be happy; and I will share my joys with relatives, friends, and acquaintances.

This day, I will do whatever is in my power to help a fellow human being, not for his sake but for mine.

This day will I take advantage of the goodness and beauty surrounding me. A little bird against a blue sky, a piece of bread and cheese, a soft melody, a woman's tender voice — so much there is of goodness and beauty.

This day, therefore, must I give something in return for all that has been given to me. I must try to be better than I am — to learn and to do something useful, anything useful. I must visit a sick friend, smile at a child, pen a letter to a soldier far from home, be agreeable to my neighbor, encourage the discouraged . . . There are so many, many ways to be useful.

Indeed, this day, was granted me to live for 24 hours like a human being aware of the countless ills of humanity. And though I cannot cure them — not even one — I can serve my brothers with courage.

And when this day is finally done, I can prepare for the next day — if I have been useful today.



This charming photograph of Aunt Jessie and her two children, Bill and Ruth, was taken 41 years ago at the time she wrote the beautiful prayer at the left. Our dear aunt recently observed her 89th birthday.

GOD

Be not afraid on darkest night,
His hands excel in truth and light
— And fireflies.

The One who rolls the thunder's wheels
Writes music also, by the reels,
— For birds to sing.

And doesn't He attend all needs,
From elephants' to centipedes'
— As well as ours?

Whenever fear you would appease,
Look up! For in the wind-swept trees
— His cello hums.

Ask Him, and your soul is lifted
Up where clouds are gently sifted
— And rainbows flung.

Your troubles, frightened, all will pass
Like silver ghosts among the grass
— Dissolved in dew. —Marilyn Dorf

WEeping WILLOW

Weeping willow, if you had a pillow,
Would you sleep instead of weep?
Oh, how I wish I knew just why you
grew
So upside down?

Is your trunk warm? And why do the
birds swarm
To build a nest on your crest?
As your leaves sway, I wonder what
they say?
Soft, rustling sound . . .

You are so tall and strong! Yet, how I
long
To know why you'd want to cry?
Tell me, do willow tears through all
the years
Water the ground?

Do they, weeping willow?
—Mollie Pitluck Bell

LOOK TWICE

Do not go fast on the road with the
view of the sea.

Slow, reconsider the black silhouette
of the tree
on a point of the sky. Wherever beauty
appears
elusive or clear, look twice and double
your years!

Listen a little longer, when the music
is sweet.

Wait for the songs of bluebirds and
larks to repeat.

Hark to the pealing of bells, too sel-
dom heard.

Lengthen, by noticing, love in the
loving word.

When the petal is soft as silk-velvet,
touch

it again and again. Truly, three times
as much

pleasure in life will be yours to keep.
When the air is fresh and clean, breathe
deep!

To savor, to be intense, to be aware
is to extend oneself. If you care
surely you will increase the value of
things

and know many more summers, falls
and springs!

—Helen Harrington

GET READY FOR SCHOOL

Comes September and the beginning
of another school year and parents
everywhere sense that nervous some-
thing in the air.

Are their little Joes and Janes ready?
Are you?

The opening of school as well as the
months of learning that follow can be a
pleasant experience — if mothers and
fathers prepare their darlings. But they,
too, must be prepared . . .

Support your child's school and
teachers by word and deed, and he
will do the same.

Participate in parent-teacher activ-
ities.

Encourage reading for pleasure and
help him with homework (if you can).

Provide a specific time for TV watch-
ing and play as well as time for chores.

Insist that he follow good eating and
sleeping habits.

Check on how much homework is as-
signed and find out if your child com-
pletes it and hands it in on time.

Make your child responsible for his
school materials as well as library
books, sports equipment, etc.

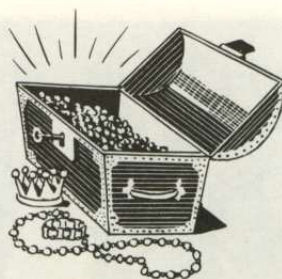
Spur his interest in hobbies. You can
help by sharing that interest, particu-
larly in its beginning stages.

Teach good sportsmanship by prac-
ticing it yourself.

Remember — you are his parent, not a
friend. He expects guidance from you
rather than smiles and excuses.

PARENT-TEACHER FUN PARTY

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Everyone will be delighted if you do away with the traditional Teachers' Reception and have a real get-acquainted fun party. This can be held indoors, but how about making it a lawn party? It might even be held in the city park. If held out of doors, colorful Japanese lanterns will lend a gay party atmosphere and will be all that's needed for decorations.

The main entertainment here suggested is a version of a scavenger or treasure hunt, so party decorations might suggest a pirate's treasure theme. Fish net, seashells and treasure chests spilling odds and ends of old costume jewelry might be used.

Have bridge tables set up with chairs set about each table to form scattered, informal groupings. There might be a table for each teacher if the faculty doesn't number too many to make this advisable. Make a large placard for each table on which is printed the teacher's name in large letters. Number each table and have this number printed on the placard also.

Ask the teachers, and a parent couple for each table grouping, to come early so that they are seated at their tables when the other guests arrive. As each guest arrives, he is given a number matching the number on one of the tables. He then joins the group at the designated table. The first parent couple at each table will introduce the newcomers to the teacher (or teachers) at their table and to others, if necessary, and otherwise act as hosts while the rest of the group arrives.

Each host couple might plan some game, or be ready with conversation starters to use during this opening period.

Another idea would be to have name tags and pencils and pins on each table. As guests are introduced to the teacher, they print their names on the tags. (This will help fix the names in teachers' minds.) Then each guest might make a sketch on the back of his card illustrating his hobby. Comparing and guessing about these illustrations will keep guests amused while others are arriving, and will help everyone to know a bit more about the interests of other guests.

When all guests have arrived and are gathered in their numbered groups, the program committee hands each host

a couple a treasure list. The committee will need to decide if this will be a list of articles to be found in the purses and pockets of the guests in their own groups, or if each group will go out on a real scavenger hunt. The teacher should be the "keeper of the treasure" with a rule that he or she get acquainted with the owner of each article collected and thus know from whence it came.

There might be a five-minute period during which the teacher can go to some other group and try to swap some article available in his group for something he needs from another group to complete the treasure list.

The lists may vary as to what is listed, but there should be plenty of unusual, as well as funny, items on each list.

To further the get-acquainted idea, the list might contain such items as: a penny from the president of the school board, a prescription (or a pill) from Dr. _____, the autograph of someone who has visited the Orient, a bobby pin from someone wearing a wig, etc.

The displaying of the items at the end of the hunt and the sharing of the most unusual experience in locating the items, if this is a traveling type scavenger hunt, will be about all the entertainment needed and everyone will be ready for refreshments.

To provide more time for getting acquainted, have a table exchange just before refreshment time, with each teacher moving to a different table so that they meet another group while eating.



KEEP IN TOUCH

Take some paper and a pen;
Write a line to a long ago friend,
Someone you've thought of many times—
You can tell them so in just a few lines.

How often we fail to keep in touch
With friends who always meant so much;

To be remembered means a lot,
So let them know you haven't forgot.
You'll be surprised and happy, too,
How soon a letter comes back for you.
Just keep in touch and keep a friend;
All you need is paper and pen!

—Gladys Billings Bratton

WELCOME RAIN

Welcome, clouds. Surround me in my room
with a moving sky, nearly as black as night.
Churn, coil and tumble. Roll your changeful gloom
about my windows. Force me to turn my light
on to see the words within my book.
Welcome, rain. Beat across my glass in silver waves, flowing like a brook.
Subside to be a mist through trees and grass,
gentle wraiths that rove the hills and float
through the valleys. Raise the streams to keep
me feeling shut off, let alone, remote,
free to read, or watch, or fall asleep.
—Helen Harrington



AUTUMN'S ON THE WAY

It means golden days, and glowing leaves, and kids back to school. And it means fall housecleaning; getting rid of summer's residue of blown-in dust and forgotten fingerprints left over from baseball games and fishing trips.

Like thousands of other midlands homemakers, you'll probably reach for a familiar housecleaning helper: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It's made its reputation over the years as a hard-working cleaner that goes into solution the instant it touches water... even hard water. And it deep-cleans quickly, too, with never a scum or froth to need rinsing away. Make your cleaning chores easier, this fall. Use

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The new book of poetry by Jane Merchant is called *Because It's Here* (Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. So., Nashville, Tennessee 37202, \$3.50). She mentions that man has traveled to the moon, but to most of us the greatest source of wonder is the earth — because it's here. A few of the shorter poems are quoted below:

WHEW!

"Sitting still for a moment or two
Is something children can seldom do
And after an hour of their bouncing
glee
Moving's impossible for me."

HAVING HAD IT

"While shelling out, with many a
qualm,
The revenue expected,
The citizen, though far from calm,
Feels thoroughly collected."

OF BLESSED MEMORY

"She can't remember names and dates,
She won't remember hurts and hates,
But she never forgets a kindness done
To her and hers by anyone." *

Jane Merchant's latest collection of poetry contains the familiar characteristics from her other books — her love of nature and beauty and for family and friends. For a special gift to a friend — or for yourself to enjoy — I recommend *Because It's Here*.

You'll be interested in Gladys Taber's enchanting new companion, Amber. Read about her in *Amber, A Very Personal Cat* (J. B. Lippincott Co., Mail Service Dept., Post Office Box 8340, Philadelphia, Penn. 19101.) Amber, the apricot Abyssinian kitten arrived at Mrs. Taber's home just in time to combat the loneliness that followed the death of Holly, the Irish setter. From the moment she arrived at Stillmeadow, Amber took over. Mrs. Taber can accurately convey the depth of love between a human being and an animal. As she writes, "Living with a kitten or a cat is a rewarding experience. Like dogs, they ask so little and give so much." Amber is certain to evoke memories of your pets as her owner writes, "Every day Amber and I understand each other better and communicate with more ease. But developing this understanding rests with the



Frederick and Margery check a magazine in the printing department.

owner. If you consider your cat just a convenient mousetrap, you will never have any other relationship." The relationship at this household with our beagle puppy, who at this moment is having a tussle with a toy pup, is great. Having been with us for just two days, already he is a member of the household in good standing!

I've Got to Talk to Somebody, God (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$3.95) by Marjorie Holmes has become an extremely popular book. Having previously been mentioned in *Kitchen-Klatter*, I'd like to quote from her book the author's feelings on violence: "What would Christ have done with all this violence? I know he would never have huddled behind locked doors. He would have walked forth

bravely, still teaching his truths of peace, of love. But just as he drove the money changers from the temple, he would have lashed out too against those who would destroy the soul as well as the body through violence.

"God, let me and my family live in a world of violence unafraid. But give us the mental and moral strength to combat this violence the way Christ would."

As Marjorie Holmes writes about her book *I've Got to Talk to Somebody, God*, she says, "My hope is that it will lead you to a renewed discovery of the tremendous release and comfort there is to be found in a living, loving, always listening God."

*Poems from the book *Because It's Here* by Jane Merchant. Published by Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. So., Nashville, Tennessee 37202, price \$3.50. Copyright © 1970 by Jane Merchant.

BOOK ENDS

Proud supporters of man's best friend. Unlimited knowledge uphold and lend. Armchair travel with minimum expense. No need ever, for timetable reference. Humor, adventure, romance, All serve our lives to enhance. Teacher, counselor, guide — To better living side by side. Permanent riches these two extend, Stately supporters of man's best friend.

—Sara Lee Skydell

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THE MOON OF THE YELLOW FLOWERS

by
Fern Christian Miller

When the peaceful Osage Indians roamed the prairies of central Missouri they called September the "Moon of the Yellow Flowers". As we walk or drive through the country today, especially on the back country roads, we most certainly agree with this poetic title. Wheat and oats stubble fields are a sea of yellow Spanish needles (*Bidens*). Compass plant, rosinweed, wild sunflowers, golden glow, various cone-flowers, black-eyed Susans, heleniums, and the beautiful goldenrods, the coreopsis, and the pretty wild legumes brighten the countryside. These casia are called Partridge pea and Buffalo pea here. The evening primrose is a sweet-scented late-evening flowering yellow weed (*Oenothera*). Two similar flowers are helianthus and heliopsis. (The Greek meaning of both means flowers of the sun.) The rosinweed is similar (*Silphium*). The yellow flowers of *Hypericum* or St.-John's-wort lasts over into September. As we roam the fields and fence rows we see the largest number of our autumn golds are of the *Compositae* family of plants. One of my favorites of these wildings, the thin-leaved coneflower, *Rubeckia Triloba*, I have growing in my flower garden.

The accent colors of a few white flowers, and quite a number ranging from true blue to purplish red are also found at this time of year. The most attractive of these are the wild morning glory vines, the *liatris*, *eupatorium*, late *verbenas*, and *lythrum*.

In our flower gardens each September we have the gorgeous autumn golds of dahlias, marigolds, gaillardia, zinnias, early chrysanthemums, a late day lily, heliopsis, giant sunflowers, and dwarf portulaca. Our Osage red brothers were certainly right! September is truly "The Moon of the Yellow Flowers".



FLOWER POWER

I sit out in the garden
In an orange dress, and see
A butterfly that can't decide
Just what it thinks of me.

It wings about as I improve
This leisured shining hour,
Then lights upon my shoulder
Proclaiming me a flower.
A flower child! And this success
I owe to a vivid orange dress.

—Helen Mitchel



When Katharine put on her old-fashioned dress, her father, Donald Driftmier, was struck by the fact that she looked so much like pictures of his mother at that age and sent this snapshot to her. We think it is delightful!

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

What kind of a pruner are you? Are you the *timid* type that barely nips off a twig here and there because it "hurts" to cut out a branch? Are you the *barbering* type that trims all around the outer edges with a pair of hedge shears, or are you the *butcher* type that trims everything down to the bare skeleton? Before you attempt any pruning you should know *when*, *how*, and *why* in order to make an improvement.

Actually, pruning is the act of cutting or removing unwanted plant growth to make the subject produce better growth and more fruit, in some cases, and to make a plant behave the way you want it to do. When to prune depends much on your particular climatic conditions. You cut off winter-damaged parts in early spring, and you may wish to rejuvenate old plants by severely trim-

ming them in the fall.

Reasons for pruning are many, such as cutting out branches that are too close together so that one shades the other and flowers and fruit does not develop properly. We cut out weak, twiggy growth so that strong new growth will take over. And we prune for appearance. Some shrubs are graceful if allowed to bend to the ground, others, such as a hedge, need to stand stiff and erect like a living green wall. Sometimes growth is too thick and sun cannot get in to ripen fruit. Some ornamentals grow too large for the area allotted them and pruning will restrain them to a more desirable size. Another reason for pruning is to remove injury and disease. You cut off the damaged section to prevent further damage and to make the plant more attractive again.

Remember, you can't do any job properly without the proper tools. It is better to buy pruning tools that are made of good steel even if the initial cost is more as they are a long-time investment. Cheap pruning shears will spring out of place wedging the branch between the blades. You cannot get a sharp, clean cut when this happens. For every stem cut that is one-half inch or more in diameter you will run the risk of rot unless something is used on the wound until it heals over. You can get good commercial preparations for this purpose or you can use a good linseed-oil base housepaint. The commercial product is less conspicuous than the house paint but either one will seal the cut and help prevent bacteria from entering the wound.

It is not possible to cover all aspects of pruning in this brief space. If you have a major pruning operation to do it would be a good idea to consult your county Extension office and get some of the several excellent bulletins that are available on the subject.

RED BIRD Daffodil

Here's a flower so rare, so beautiful it's sure to make your garden the talk of the neighborhood. Daintily frilled trumpets are a beautiful scarlet...deeply contrasted with brilliant white petals. They're fragrant, long-lived—gorgeous in vase or outdoors. They're expensive. But we know you'll want more, so we tempt you with a special offer—two blooming-size bulbs for 25¢, shipped at proper planting time.



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Zip _____

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2 Big Bulbs 25¢

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded
saying goes, "I've not lost a daughter, but gained a horse!" We bought Katharine a horse for her birthday. I finally broke down and threw my fears and anxieties to the winds and gave in to her constant pleas. We're within walking distance of my number of farms



BACK TO SCHOOL ... IN NEW CLOTHES

But how long are they going to look new? They're bound to take a beating, especially around elbows, seats and knees.

Better be ready for heavy dirt, with heavy duty laundry helpers: **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. **Blue Drops**, as you know, is our new low-suds, high intensity laundry detergent that works equally well in all kinds of washers, and on all kinds of clothes. With a sweet, clean aroma that assures you of a really clean wash.

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Put both to work:

**Kitchen-Klatter
Blue Drops**

**Kitchen-Klatter
Safety Bleach**

that had possibilities for boarding a horse, and we're surrounded by any number of riding academies anxious to teach your daughter to be a horse-woman. We were not interested in a show horse, but rather in a loving, family-type horse, and that is exactly what we got. One of Katharine's classmates was asked to sell a horse for a farm friend of theirs, and as luck would have it this "Yolka" was just what Katharine wanted. I'll send you a picture of Katharine on her horse, which shows you how patient and gentle this quarter horse truly is. It is buckskin color and a dear horse.

But it must eat, and while we agreed to make it a birthday present, we told Katharine she would have to groom and feed it. So she worked from eleven each morning until five or six o'clock each evening sitting with the children next door while their mother ran her antique shop. Every morning at 7:30 Katharine drove away with her father as he left to teach his summer classes; rode her horse at the farm where he was staying until horse and rider were more than green-stick broken; came home at noon for her sitting appointment; and then squeezed in her girlfriend activities in the evening.

I'll have more to tell you next month . . .

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

SEPTEMBER'S OFF TO A FLYING START - Concluded

ware items which accounts for some of the variety in color? Also, many companies which made glass items used the insulators as testing grounds for new combinations of chemicals. As each new process was put together it was tested atop a telegraph pole where it could be subjected to almost every type of adverse conditions. Even carnival glass was tested in this way and collectors today consider the carnival glass insulators as extremely valuable. For a time manganese was introduced into glass making to produce clear glass but in time exposure to sunlight turned the glass varying shades of purple. Now collectors enjoy the addition of the deep purple insulators to their displays.

It is time for me to go pick grapes and begin the process of putting grape jelly and grape juice into jars for more good winter eating. As I pass the shelves holding Craig's collection I can see several which would make nice jelly containers . . . do you suppose . . . ? No, I better leave well enough alone, I would probably pick out the most valuable item in his collection. September is going to be exciting enough without starting it with a family argument!

THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

Welcome to September! I can hear some of you saying, "But where has the summer gone? I'm not ready to settle down to scheduled days; I'm not ready for clubs and organizational meetings to begin. I'm not ready for the merry-go-round to start." But to some more methodical mothers and housewives it may mean more leisure hours. Children are in school, meals are served on time — no more "snacking" around all day long. Wet swim suits, dirty play shoes, "umpteenth" towels are all just a memory of the summer's fun.

What DID you do with your summer? I hope you made many pleasant memories to relive through all the fall and winter months ahead. Did you have delightful jaunts to nearby cities, real fun picnics, bunk parties for the children (or do children still entertain little friends this way?) swimming parties, at least one educational trip to a faraway point? Did you go to Grandmother's home or enjoy a visit from her? Yes, it was a GOOD summer and now to settle in to more serious living, welcome to September!

Do you remember this passage in George Eliot's "Adam Bede"?

"Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds."

I have always been interested in proverbs and I think we can learn much from meditation on them. Here are a few of my favorites:

"A man at work at his trade is the equal of the most learned doctor."
(Hebrew)

"A book is like a garden carried in the pocket."
(Arab)

"Word by word the book is made."
(French)

Parents are busy getting one or more of their children ready for college. Mother is sewing name tapes, getting the furnishings of a "dorm" room ready, giving her offspring a set of "dos and don'ts". Dad is pondering over the bank book and wondering if it will take more or less money than he had planned.

It's time to: Dream of lawn conditioning . . . dream of wading through the brown October leaves . . . enjoy the blooming flowers of fall . . . find a hidden spot where the bittersweet grows . . . plan a weekend trip and enjoy the beautiful show of color on the trees . . . make out a shopping list for Christmas — it is only three and one-half months away.

TO DO OR NOT TO DO

He wanted to do it, but he was too young. So he decided to wait until he was older.

More mature, he still wanted to do it, but he decided to wait until he completed his education.

After graduation he still wanted to do it, but he decided to wait until he finished his military service.

Discharged honorably from the army at last, he still wanted to do it, but he decided to wait until he found a good job.

Finally employed by a top company, he still wanted to do it, but he decided to wait until he was married.

Several weeks after the honeymoon, he still wanted to do it, but he decided to wait until he could afford the down payment on a home.

Though saddled with a mortgage, a new lawn, and three children, he still wanted to do it, but he decided to wait until he could afford it.

When he was in better financial circumstances, he still wanted to do it, but he decided to wait until he had a little more free time and fewer responsibilities.

When he was retired and there was loads of time and little to hold him back, he decided he was too old to bother with it.

Why did he want to do it anyhow? He couldn't imagine . . .

SEPTEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded

And tomorrow, what shall the tomorrow bring to the overprudent dog burying bones in the trackless sand as he follows the pilgrims to the holy city?

And what is fear of need but need itself?

Is not the dread of thirst when your well is full the thirst unquenchable?

There are those who give little of the much which they have and they give for recognition and their hidden desire makes their gift unwholesome.

And there are those who have little to give and give it all. These are the believers in life and the bounty of life, and their coffer is never empty.

There are those who give with joy, and that joy is their reward.

There are those who give with pain, and that pain is their baptism.

And there are those who give and know not pain in giving, nor do they seek joy, nor give with mindfulness of virtue.

They give as in yonder valley the myrtle breathes its fragrance into space.

Through the hands of such as these God speaks, and from behind their eyes He smiles upon the earth.

Hymn: "O Brother Man, Fold to the Heart" or "Lord, Speak to Me".



After comparing this picture with the one on the cover of August last year, we decided Mother and Frederick haven't changed a bit!

Leader: To me the challenge facing us as we begin this new church (club) year can be summed up in these few words: Either we venture, or we vegetate. And we *must* venture and act on faith. We cannot know the end of anything at its beginning — and even faith

is not tranquil and steady but will ebb and flow like the tides of the sea. What we must be determined to have, however, is a faith strong enough to bear the burden of our doubts and fears. When we muster faith enough to take a single step toward that goal to where we are going, despite our gnawing doubts and dread of what might be ahead, then we are on the way to creative achievement, to total involvement, to greater love and understanding of persons.

WE CANNOT STAND STILL. WE MUST NOT VEGETATE. SOMEONE NEEDS ME, NEEDS YOU. I challenge you today to **BEAT LIFE'S DRUMS — NOW!**

Hymn: (Clasp hands in a friendship circle at the close of this hymn) "Soldiers of Christ Arise".

Benediction: Grant, O God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may be grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth fruit in action and involvement and love for each of us, to the honor and praise of Thy name. Amen



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In the short time since we introduced our new **Country Style Dressing**, you've proved once more what we knew all along: people are looking for quality. You recognized immediately that this rich mixture of oil, vinegar, spices and herbs was not just "another dressing". That it was something special, combining old-fashioned country goodness with up-to-date flavor and economy.

So thank you, homemakers, for welcoming the newest member of our family. You've made our dressing a real success.

Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
up since Mr. Lowey died in June.

Juliana has had quite a time with James since Katharine arrived. His nose is badly out of joint and he's changed from a tractable little boy to a demanding tyrant, as Juliana puts it. She says that no amount of extra attention has seemed to help in the least, and after trying almost everything she's concluded that it's just a phase to be lived through somehow.

When I wrote to her the other day I told her about letters from two of you Kitchen-Klatter friends. One woman said that her two-year-old grandson asked his mother when "the baby's mama was going to come and get it"? The other friend said that her little three-year-old girl ran out to greet the trashman and asked him if he'd take away "that baby". I assured Juliana that her problem with James was anything but unique.

Brenda Parrish, who lives next door to me in Albuquerque, wrote me the nicest letter the other day and she concluded it by saying that she wished to give me her address that she would be using in the future. This is it: 9712 Chapala Drive N. E., Albuquerque, N. M., 87111, U.S.A., North America, Western Hemisphere, Earth, Solar System, Galaxy, Universe of Man-Kind, Divinity of God.

Aside from the house number I'd like to claim this address for my own. In a very few words it says what so many of us are feeling in these times.

Until September I am faithfully yours,

Pink



James loves to watch little Katharine and sometimes asks his mother to put her on the floor beside him. He studies her eyes, ears, nose and mouth very intently as long as Katharine is content.



Jed is covered with children! Whenever he picks up Katharine, James keeps a very sharp eye out. (What looks like a rag is Old Blue Dog — he is now minus his nose, but he went on the plane to Massachusetts.)

MARGERY'S LETTER — Concluded

Also on the same grounds is a lovely old mansion which is open to the public.

Oliver and I have often wanted to visit Appleton, Wisconsin, for two of my cousins live there, Uncle Henry's daughters Ruth and Jessie. When we reached Ruth by phone she urged us to come right on out to the house for they were just sitting down to a lunch of leftover picnic food. Two of their children were there, as well as Jessie, and sister Letty and her husband Ray, who had come for a few days. It was almost like a family reunion of sorts! While we four cousins were in one corner talking a mile a minute, Kermit (Ruth's husband) and Oliver were in another corner

talking about some interesting things to see in Appleton the next day. They were, indeed, highlights of our vacation. Since I think they would be of particular interest to you, and since I'm about out of space, I believe I'll tell you about them next month.

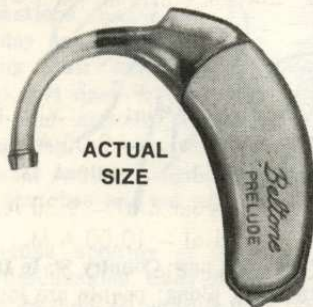
Sincerely,
Margery

COVER PICTURE

Just before Frederick and Betty left for their home in Massachusetts, Margery tore down the street with her camera to take some pictures. They were sitting on the davenport in the sun room having a last little visit with Mother and that seemed to be a good place to take them.

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FOR SALE: Booklet "The Ingalls Family from Plum Creek to Silver Lake via Burr Oak, Iowa". Price \$2.20 postpaid. Write for list of book related articles. Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum, Mansfield, Mo. 65704.

WANTED: Creamer, sugarer, 4 cups, 4 saucers, 2 pie and 2 dinner plates. Blue Dawn 622, Naritake China, Japan. Fannie Harms, 1104 I., Grundy Center, Iowa 50638.

COOKBOOK — "Measure for Pleasure" contains 470 choice recipes, including recipes for a Swedish Smorgasbord — \$3.25. Bethany Dames, Bethany College, Dept. K, Lindsborg, Kansas 67456.

BARBIE, Ken & Skipper doll clothes. 35¢ each plus postage. Joan Laughlin, Seymour, Iowa

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SHELLED BLACK WALNUTS, pecans, Brazils, English Walnuts, Hazelnuts, Almonds, Cashews \$1.75Lb. Dried Mushrooms, Sassafras \$4.50Lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 60624.

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KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
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KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
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KWPC	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
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