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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

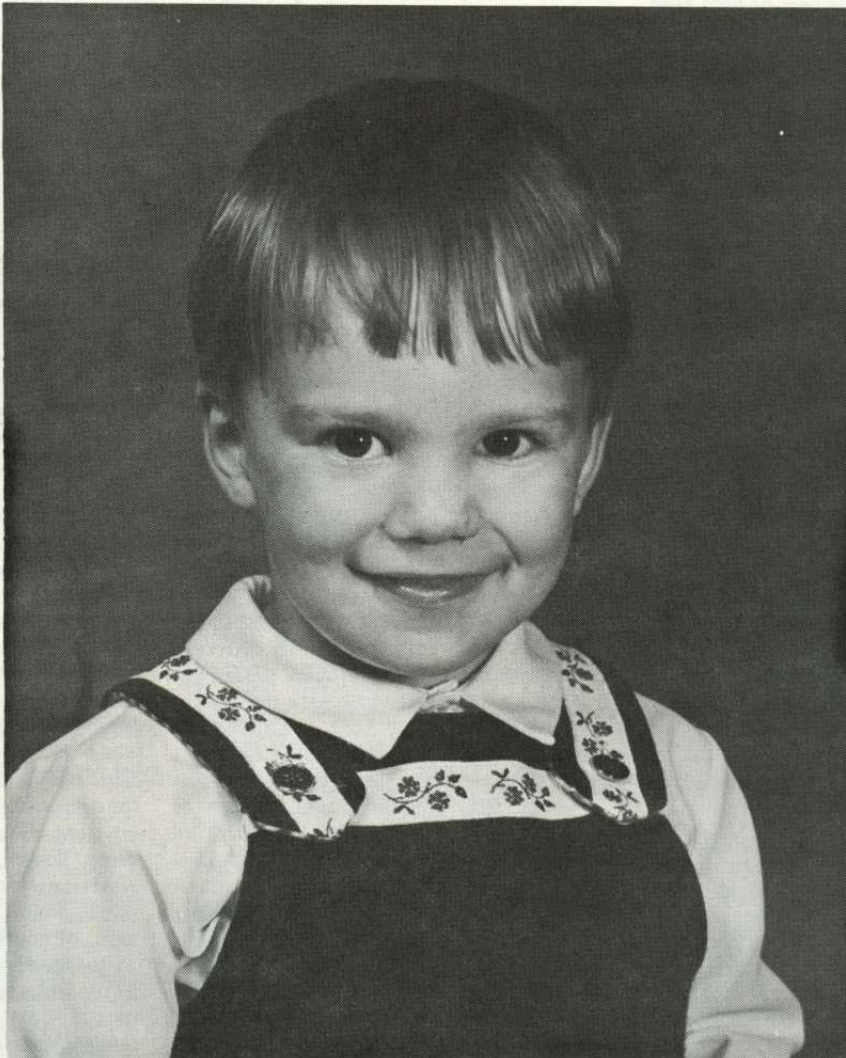
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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is the kind of a hot and muggy summer day that makes me remember almost automatically four words that I heard spoken twenty-five years ago.

I was out in the kitchen absolutely sweltering when the weekly supply of eggs and cream arrived, and I told the woman who brought them that I found Iowa weather almost unendurable after living in San Francisco where they thought they were having a heat wave if the temperature got up to 80.

Her reply to this was: "No heat — no corn" and I never, never forgot it. That's simply the price we pay in our section of the country if we expect bumper crops when autumn rolls around.

Air-conditioning, of course, has made a tremendous difference, and on days such as this I'm totally convinced that it is one of the greatest inventions of all time. I've tried to tell Emily what an Iowa summer was like in the old days, but it's impossible to convey what it was really like to someone who has never experienced it.

Howard was here during the noon hour to put up the crib that will so soon be occupied by Katharine. This is a crib that was purchased for Lisa and Natalie to use when they came to spend the night with Grandpa and Grandma, but after Natalie announced that she didn't want to sleep in a bed with a fence around it they put it in the storeroom until someone needed to borrow it.

I was very lucky also to be able to borrow a car seat, high chair and stroller from Helen Lewis who is the head bookkeeper for our business. Her little boy Dale is just three weeks older than James and is now through with this baby equipment, so it will come in mighty handy for Katharine's visit.

I've noticed in reading items offered at garage sales that more things of this type are listed than any other kinds of items. With the style of houses that are built today there just isn't room to store these things once they have

served their purpose. To go out and buy cribs, etc., brand new is quite an expense, so young people today are fortunate to be able to get them second-hand. (I might add that grandparents are lucky to be able to borrow.)

Juliana's next-door neighbors have been in Philadelphia for the last month and she says it has surely made a tremendous difference to her. David and James are inseparable playmates, so the result was that James felt absolutely lost when his constant companion disappeared. He had forgotten how to entertain himself alone and tagged at Juliana's heels from morning until night demanding to know what she was doing, why she was doing it, what she was going to do next, etc. It took him almost a month to learn how to entertain himself on his own.

Neighbors are surely of great importance to young people who live in a city far from any members of the family. Mary and Juliana depend upon each other in many, many ways. They keep each other's children when necessary errands must be run, use each other's equipment when some appliance breaks down, and are instantly available for any kind of an emergency that arises day or night. I surely don't wonder that Juliana found daily life vastly different when Mary took David and Kristin to make an extended visit with her family in the East.

It has been such a pleasure to all of us to have Emily here these last few weeks. She brought a real breath of fresh life into our homes and made us realize how long it has been since we've had young people around. I think it's very important to listen to their viewpoints and to get an idea of what they hope to do with their lives.

These last few months we've been hearing a lot about the fact that there are almost no jobs available for students today, and from reading your letters I'm sure that these reports have not been exaggerated. There just aren't any jobs and this means, in turn, that many, many young people won't be

going back to college in the fall. Surely it is a great disappointment to them, and to their parents as well. I just wish that I could somehow wave a magic wand and change this entire dreary picture.

Recently I read a book that really held my attention and interested me very much. This is *Listening to America* by Bill Moyers and is an account of a trip he made across the country equipped with a tape recorder and a sharply observant eye. When I finished reading it I felt that I had really gotten an excellent picture of how things are in our country today. Certainly anyone who has relatives or friends unemployed in the Seattle area would find the chapter on that city highly illuminating. All in all, it's a book that I can heartily recommend.

Ruby Treese, Mother's housekeeper-companion, has been very busy these days making sunbonnets and centennial dresses for the big week of celebration that Margery told you about in her letter last month.

In her church each member was given a \$5.00 bill several weeks ago and instructed to increase it as much as possible by a given date later in the year. Ruby loves to sew and her \$5.00 went to buy materials to work with, so she's been busy at every possible second making these centennial outfits. I asked her to make a white sunbonnet for Katharine and we'll have fun seeing how she looks in it.

I've been doing more cooking than usual these days because I want to have a good supply of food on hand in the freezer when Juliana and the children get here. She gets three meals a day month in and month out so I'd like to give her just a little break from eating her own cooking. (Does this sound familiar to you mothers who expect children living at a distance to come and visit you? I'm trying to remember all of her old favorites and laying in supplies for them.)

Before the month of June is over we also expect Mary Beth, Don and their three children from Delafield, Wisconsin, and Betty and Frederick from Springfield, Massachusetts. These are the times Mother is glad that she stayed right in her big old-fashioned two-story house rather than moving to a small new one as many of her friends have done. There are good motels here, of course, but somehow when you go to see the homefolks it's nice to be in the old and oh! so familiar surroundings.

Abe's pen at the end of the kitchen takes up so much room that not long ago we took it down and stored it in the garage, but he raised such a fuss when bedtime came that we had to get

(Continued on page 22)

## MARGERY AND OLIVER TOOK EMILY TO THE OZARKS

Dear Friends:

It is a relief to have a cool breeze this morning following a shower last night, for we've been having some extremely hot weather the past few days. High temperatures were what I'd been hoping for, however, as the doctor who operated on my arm has been anxious for me to exercise it in the swimming pool and I've been waiting for the water to warm up a bit.

Last month I mentioned that Oliver and I hoped our niece Emily could see a little more of the Midwest before she wound up her visit in Shenandoah. Since she'd never been in Missouri, we thought she'd enjoy a little trip to the Lake of the Ozarks. We arranged to take a couple of days of vacation time so we could have a long weekend.

On our way south we spent several hours at the Nelson Art Gallery in Kansas City.

Kansas City has every right to be proud of its art gallery. It is one of the best in the country and is world famous for its Oriental art. Emily couldn't believe her eyes when she saw such a large collection from that part of the world!

It was late afternoon when we arrived at Lake Ozark. When we saw all the "No Vacancy" signs we were relieved that we had had the foresight to make advance reservations! When Oliver checked in the manager suggested that we make reservations at once for the Ozark Opry. She said it was Country Music at its best with talent from the Ozarks and well worth seeing. We took her advice and got tickets for that evening. It was great fun and a new experience for us! (Incidentally, our only car trouble on the trip was a flat tire, and fortunately it occurred as we parked the car that evening. Oliver had it repaired while we watched the show. This misfortune couldn't have come at a better time.)

Every trip to the Lake of the Ozarks should include a boat ride. We took ours the next day. The sun was bright and warm and we left The Commander with color on our cheeks.

Emily had never been in a cave before this trip, but now I believe she's a "cave addict". As we came out of Bridal Cave she asked if there were any more caves in the area. As you probably know, Missouri is about as famous for its caves as for Harry Truman; and indeed, there are many in that area. Oliver and I are fascinated with caves also and didn't need to be prodded into touring the others. Before our weekend was over we went through Ozark Caverns, Stark Caverns and Jacob's Cave. Although we've been in



Martin Strom and his cousin Emily Driftmier are only a year apart in age and have many common interests. One of them is Mexico as both did some studying there.

a number of caves, we never tire of them for each is so different.

Perhaps the most fascinating formation we saw was the Angel's Shower in Ozark Caverns. It is the only formation of its type in the world. The shower comes from an underground lake above the cave and, if I remember correctly, about 60,000 gallons of water fall in a day's time. It is truly one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen! The temperature of the water is around the freezing point, so it would be a mighty cold shower.

Our motel was not on the lake and if we have any complaints about this vacation area, it would be that there are not enough public beaches. We drove around for quite some time before we found a public park and it was quite small. Perhaps if we had had more time we could have searched out others, but they must be few and far between. We didn't see many trailer parks in the area either. Perhaps some of our readers who are more familiar with the area can pass on some information. Perhaps we weren't looking in the right places.

We always look forward to food when we are on vacation, and this trip was no exception. There are some fine restaurants and we enjoyed each meal in a different one.

On our return trip we drove north on Highway 5, stopping before we reached the Interstate to go through an old mansion built in the 1880's. It housed some very interesting antiques which we enjoyed seeing.

Emily was anxious to see Kemper Military Academy at Boonville since the son of one of the families she lived with in Costa Rica was a student there. Unfortunately school had been dismissed and she didn't get to see her young friend, but she appreciated seeing the school.

Countless friends have written about

the Truman Library in Independence and have expressed disappointment that we haven't stopped on previous trips through there. Well, Independence is only 150 miles or so from Shenandoah and either we've been in a hurry to reach a distant city by evening, or we're rushing to get back home before dark and didn't have time to spend to do it justice. This time we arranged to stop and spent several hours in the library. We looked at every item exhibited and viewed the film in the auditorium. When you stop, be sure to allow time to see the film to refresh your memory of those presidential years.

We had planned to visit Fort Osage, but it was too late in the day. Oliver and I do not like to drive after dark, so we will save that for another time. (It was a coincidence that the next day's mail brought a clipping about Fort Osage and after reading it we regretted even more that we couldn't stop to see it.)

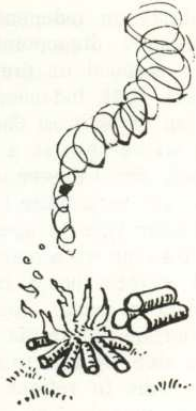
This past month we had our old brick walk removed and a new cement walk installed. I've been pretty sentimental about that stretch of walk on the south side of our house (the Summit Avenue side) as those bricks were made in Shenandoah's old brick factory and there aren't many of them still being used. However, the tree roots had uprooted parts of the walk and when the old elm stumps were dug up the walk was in a sorry state. Putting sentiment aside we decided we had to have a new walk before someone had a nasty fall. It still looks strange to me and will take some getting used to.

Dorothy said, "My! that will be a nice walk to skate on. Won't the children in the neighborhood enjoy it?" I've got news for her — I haven't seen a child on skates for several years! The children nowadays have bikes at a very early age, and they just don't seem to be skating like we used to. Maybe this is just peculiar to our neighborhood.

We're expecting our son Martin in a day or two. He is winding up his 2-year comprehensives and will have a few days at home before he leaves for his summer job in Vermont. At first he thought he would leave directly from seminary but now his schedule is working out a little better. The next 12 months will be exciting and challenging for after his camp job he starts his internship in a church in Montana. We'll have more information on that after this next visit.

Those cool breezes have warmed up considerably and it looks now as if it will be hot and humid. I won't complain as we need good corn-growing weather!

Until next month,  
Margery



## Let Your "Be-Attitude" Show

### AN OUTDOOR VESPER SERVICE

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** This service centers around a council fire, so before the guests arrive the sticks and logs for the fire should be in place ready to be lighted at the leader's signal.

There are a few rules for the proper entrance to a council fire which are nice to observe: 1. The leader may be seated near the prepared campfire as the others begin to arrive, giving each a friendly greeting and an invitation to be seated in the council ring. 2. Guests do not cut across the council ring area, but walk around outside the circle to find their places in the ring. 3. A signal for silence is given just before the service begins to bring decorum and dignity to the opening of the program. (This signal can be tom-toms or a drum, or a bell might be rung.)

Following this signal, the leader waits for absolute silence, then nods to a helper who kneels to light the fire as the leader begins the service.

**Leader:**

#### THE SACRAMENT OF FIRE

Kneel always when you light a fire!  
Kneel reverently and thankful be  
For God's unfailing charity,  
And on the ascending flame inspire  
A little prayer, that shall upbear  
The incense of your thankfulness  
For this sweet grace of warmth and  
light!

For here again is sacrifice  
For your delight. —From John Oxenham

**Reader:** *And the Lord God planted a garden in Eden, in the east; and there He put the man whom He had formed. And out of the ground the Lord God made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food . . .*

**Leader:** The fire this evening is to remind us of the beauties of nature, the wonderful resources God has given to us, the ways we use and care for them; or, as we are finding out to our great dismay, how we misuse them. To build the fire we used one of God's great gifts, the tree, "pleasant to the sight and good for food", according to our Scripture, that it might give us the pleasure of a cheerful, glowing campfire tonight.

Yet, through carelessness, fire can become a roaring holocaust in which acres and acres of woodland are laid waste, or whole city blocks leveled to a blackened mass. What a waste such a fire is! Yet how necessary fire is to life, how comforting!

Today as we look around us and note what is happening to the wonders of nature, to our natural resources, to our very means of life, we are coming to realize that we have been "so long too dumb". How we have neglected all the wealth God created for our use and pleasure! We have taken it all as an outright gift — when it is only on loan.

This evening let us for a few moments think about cultivating a BE-ATTITUDE toward Earth's wonders and resources.

**Scripture:** (Reader) *Thou dost cause the grass to grow for the cattle, and plants for man to cultivate . . . Yonder is the sea, great and wide, which teems with things innumerable . . . the mountains rose, the valleys sank down to the place which Thou didst appoint for them . . . O Lord how manifold are Thy works!* (from Psalms 104)

**Leader:**

Do you ever pause to wonder when you see —

A shell freshly washed and sparkling upon the seashore?

A spider's web bedecked with jewels of dew in the morning sun?

A rainbow in the sky?

A flash of lightning across the heavens?

Birds circling and chattering among the trees?

Bits of dust dancing in a ray of sunlight?

Ducks happily paddling about a farm pond?

A half-opened rose?

The silky fluff of a milkweed pod?

Patterns of shade and sunlight on the ground?

A "cotton puff" cloud floating lazily across an azure sky?

A squirrel thriftily storing nuts for winter?

Clear, cold water bubbling from a spring?

Our first attitude toward this great world so filled with God-created miracles should be the BE-ATTITUDE OF WONDER at the creativeness of God. With true appreciation of the wonders of the world comes a deeper awareness of God. It is to quietly open the door and slip into His Presence. There in the stillness and the glory of nature we hear His voice in the song of a bird. We see His face as we gaze at the delicate wood violet; sense His presence in the glory of a sunset. Yes, let us all have the BE-ATTITUDE OF WONDER.

**Hymn:** "All Things Bright and Beautiful". (Can be a solo or mimeographed for all to sing.)

**Scripture:** (Reader) *Thou visitest the earth and waterest it, Thou greatly enrichest it; the river of God is full of water; Thou providest their grain, for so Thou prepared it. Thou waterest its furrows abundantly, settling its ridges, softening it with showers, and blessing its growth.* (from Psalms 65)

**Speaker One:** We need also to be continually developing the BE-ATTITUDE OF GROWTH, or knowledge as it concerns the earth and its beauties and resources.

Too long we have gone along taking so much for granted, exploiting for our own enjoyment, without realizing that what we had taken and used as an outright gift was really "on loan", with strings attached. Too long we have been neglectful in learning and understanding about these gifts of nature. We have taken without giving, thinking of the present enjoyment and not of the legacy we would be passing on to generations to come.

Suddenly newspapers, T.V., radio, books, and speakers have jolted us awake to the unhappy fact that we have been woefully ignorant in our care of these natural bounties. NOW time is running out. We must quickly develop this BE-ATTITUDE OF GROWTH in understanding how to use, enjoy, and yet conserve our resources that our environment may be and continue to be, "bright and beautiful" as God intended. It means we are under obligation to study and then to act upon our knowledge of what needs to be done. It means not only getting up-tight about pollution and doing something about it, but it means doing little things in our daily living — replacing dead elm trees with other trees, cultivating in ourselves and our children a "hands-off" enjoyment of the beautiful woods and roadside flowers as well as many species of wildlife. We must train ourselves to be "lookers and sharers" instead of collectors. It might help us if we would recall those words found in Exodus when God told Moses, "for the place on which you stand is holy" (Continued on page 21)



## They Made It — Could We?

by  
Fern Christian Miller

My mother's parents had twelve children. They owned an eighty-acre farm near a small town in central Missouri. I am sure they lived modestly, but they reared ten of these children and sent them to high school. In fact, two daughters got their Masters' degrees from college. The youngest, near my own age, is now teaching small Indians in Arizona. All married. None were divorced. The years I remember are from 1912 to about 1926, at which time they moved to town to retire.

How well I remember when, as a very small child, I stayed a week with Grandma during the summer. This was the first of regular summer visits.

Grandpa ran a small dairy and truck patch. His customers came out from town for milk, cream, home-churned butter, cottage cheese, buttermilk, eggs, honey, fruit in season, and fresh vegetables.

In autumn, the woodlot and trees along the creek furnished walnuts and giant hickory nuts. Cull trees furnished wood for the big black "Oak" range in the kitchen and the huge round wood stove in the living room. The doors were arranged so the two downstairs bedrooms were warmed (somewhat) by heat circulating through. The two slant-ceiling upstairs bedrooms were warmed by registers in the floor over the stoves below.

Grandma and Grandpa were organic gardeners and farmers, although they wouldn't have called themselves that. They just called it taking care of the farm. The manure spreader and horses that pulled it were an important part of that small farm. The soil was rather sandy. Humus was added regularly in the form of horse, cow, hog, and chicken manure, and also straw and haystack "bottoms". Crops were rotated regularly in the cultivated fields. Two long,

fenced hog lots, each with its small pond at the end, were rotated also: hogs one year, truck patch the next. The truck patches were planted to Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, sweet corn, and crowder peas. As the sweet corn came up, pumpkins were planted between the stalks. First cultivating was done with horses, but as the vines grew, the older children worked with hoes to keep down the weeds.

The chickenyards were managed in the same way. I don't know whose idea that was, as it is the only farm I remember seeing managed this way. A tall, regularly mended, woven-wire fence surrounded two plots, with the chicken house and brooder house set in the fence between. A small pen was put up annually for the young chicks. Grandma raised only enough chickens for fryers, and pullets enough to supply her family and customers with eggs. (She also raised geese in one end of the big cow pasture, but that's another story.)

Naturally all the children were taught to help as soon as possible. All hen house manure, leaves raked in the yard, and other materials available were spread over the chickenyard and plowed under in the fall. After the last vegetable was harvested, the door at that side of the chicken house was opened and the chickens moved. After they picked over everything, all plants were pulled and tossed over the fence and plowed under. Turnips and carrots and parsnips were left to cure, for chickens didn't dig them out. Later they were stored in a pit.

The pasture was along the creek and included the woodlot and small bit of timber. The big spring-fed "swimming hole and fishing hole" in the creek never went dry. This was called permanent pasture, was never plowed, and

reached by a lane between the meadow and the hog lots. The meadow was pastured after the mowing and stacking of hay, thus allowing the regular pasture to "rest" until it got a start in the spring. Seldom was any crop sold. It was used to feed the livestock on the farm.

The yard itself was large and well fenced, with a white gate at the front next to the drive. (What fun it was to jump out of the "surrey" and dash up the brick walk to hug my grandparents and young aunts and uncles.) As I remember, the fruit trees were mostly in the yard: pear trees in the back corner, apple trees at the side front, cherries at the other back corner, peaches and red and damson plums at the end of a field next to the yard, and grapes over the well house and along one fence. Wild blackberries and gooseberries and persimmons grew along the creek, and were harvested in season. Wild cherries, wild grapes, and elderberries were used for jams and jellies mixed with other fruit juices (usually apple) to make them more tasty. Grandma never bought "store pectin". She seemed to know which fruits naturally had an abundance, and saved juice (often canned) to use with the mild ones. The dwarf wild plums ripened along the roadsides in September. They were sharp and bitter, but mixed with mild peach juice made delightful pink jelly and jam.

Along under the fruit trees and flowering shrubs and old-fashioned bush roses, Grandma had her beehives. She tended them herself with a veil over her sunbonnet and half-mitts on her hands. She was never stung, but Grandpa couldn't go near them. A small well-tended strawberry patch was in one part of the yard. As the children married, they were given "runners" to start their own beds.

A three-cornered patch near the creek was planted to cane. Each fall the stripped cane was hauled to a neighboring sorghum mill. The neighbor made the sweet, thick sorghum molasses on the shares. He sold his share, but Grandfather took his home for his family. A few gallons were sold to customers who had asked ahead. A "square" of popcorn was sown at one side of the vegetable garden with big winter squash between.

The cane, popcorn, and sweet corn were separated to keep the seed from "mixing", because they saved their own seed. The same was true of the big winter squash, the pumpkins, cucumbers, muskmelons, and watermelons. These were rotated between garden spots to prevent ruining next year's seed.

Some of the finest ears of field corn  
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# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

At least ten years ago we planted a Hopa flowering crab tree in our front yard. It had been in the ground only a few months and was thriving when we noticed one morning that it had been broken off a few inches above the ground. A short time later someone thought it was a dead tree stump and piled a few leaves and dead grass around it and burned it off to the ground. After all this rough treatment the determined little tree decided to grow again and has been growing ever since. It has never been a prettily shaped tree and it didn't grow very straight. Also it never has had a blossom on it. I kept telling Frank I thought he should take it out so we could plant another one that would give us the beautiful blossoms in the spring which had been our reason for planting it. He thought it was pretty the way it was and didn't want to take it out. Of course after we lost our big elm in front even I was glad it was still there so the yard didn't look quite so bare.

A couple of weeks ago Frank came into the kitchen with a big smile on his face, and said, "Dorothy, come follow me because I am going to enjoy seeing you eat your words." I couldn't imagine what he was going to show me and could hardly believe my eyes: after all these many years the crab tree was blooming. The blossoms were almost white instead of the deep pink they were supposed to be, but still beautiful. I was so elated to see that poor old tree in bloom I happily "ate my words".

I had a birthday in May and I guess when you get to my age you are supposed to stop celebrating birthdays, but this certainly wasn't the case this year. Instead of one birthday party I had two. The same neighbors who brought the food and came to surprise Frank the month before did the same thing for me except that I knew about it in advance. We had decided if the weather was nice it would be fun to have a wiener roast, our first of the season. Toward evening there was just enough chill in the air to make a big bonfire feel good and the roasted wieners taste wonderful. After the fire had died down we went to the house to have the birthday cake, fruit salad, and more hot coffee.



For a month or so prior to our Centennial week, people were urged to wear their costumes on certain days. On one of those occasions Margery brought her camera to work and photographed the office girls in front of the Kitchen-Klatter building.

Frank's sister Bernie also had a family dinner for me. I thought this would be an excellent time for me to test a vegetable and a salad recipe while I had extra people to help eat them, but Bernie insisted no one should ever cook any part of her birthday dinner. I must admit it was nice to sit down to a delicious dinner I didn't have a hand in preparing.

Our friend Belvah Baker had asked June Seufferer in Lucas to bake and decorate my cake, which I will try to describe for you. She baked a large loaf cake and cut it in two to make a layer cake. It was frosted to look like two books, one on top of the other. The bottom layer was frosted with white icing and in red letters on one long side she had printed "Kitchen-Klatter Recipes". The top layer was frosted in pale turquoise blue with deeper blue letters on the side which said "Sewing Book". The top was done to look like the cover of a sewing book with a spool of thread and needle, and the book title in large letters. At the bottom it said "Happy Birthday Dorothy". She had taken a fork and gone lightly around the ends and front edge of the books to simulate the pages, and I thought it was really clever. June said she had made so many cakes for me she was about to run out of ideas to correspond with my interests and hobbies.

Twenty-two years ago, when I taught a rural school in Lucas County for two years, June was one of my pupils in sixth and seventh grades. Her favorite time of the whole week was Friday afternoon when we had art class. She

was always original and creative with her ideas, so it doesn't surprise me at all that she has enjoyed every minute of a hobby which has developed into a nice little business for her. Everyone talks about June's beautiful and unusual cakes.

We are going to be watching our corn crop with great interest this year, and I'll tell you why. Our corn last year was badly damaged by the corn blight that invaded southern Iowa, so this year Frank decided to plant good old Reid's Yellow Dent open-pollinated corn. He was able to get some seed from a neighbor, and although it was still on the cob, I enjoyed helping get it ready for the planter boxes. The shelling was no problem, but it had to be graded and we were afraid we might have trouble locating a corn grader. However, we did find one, and the work proceeded with no problems.

I haven't had much time for sewing the past few weeks but have managed to get a few things done on rainy days. I made myself a coral and white double-knit dress for summer. Juliana sent me a pattern and trimming for a simple jumper-type dress she thought perhaps I could make for Katharine for summer if I could find the time. Of course I managed to fulfill this request. I have some short-sleeved cotton knit shirts cut out and ready to make for our grandsons, Andy and Aaron. I'm sure they are probably in need of some for summer.

When I was visiting Kristin and her family in Laramie in January, Kristin looked over the boys' clothes and I

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## FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

These past two weeks I have been so busy that I wondered if I ever would have the time to write to you. Betty is in Spain with her parents, and my associate, Rev. John Willard Ames, is in Portugal and Spain with a party of our church members. Having Betty away has meant my having to find the time to do some housework along with all of my church work, and having my associate away has meant a great deal more church work than usual. Today I decided that I would just take some time to write to you, and the house and the garden and the church can wait their turn.

Betty left for Spain on three days' notice. She had not been planning to make such a trip, but when we learned that her parents and her aunt were going to Barcelona to visit Betty's Uncle Marcus, she decided to go along. After a brief visit in Barcelona, they all flew to the island of Mallorca which lies in the Mediterranean Sea to the east of Spain. She wrote me two letters from that fabulous beauty spot, and I want to quote some lines from one of them.

"The island is perfectly beautiful, and I would be happy to return someday with you. I had lots of time to wander through the countryside, and to walk along the shore. One day Mother and I spent most of the morning exploring the gardens and having small adventures finding the most exquisite and exotic flowers, or the most lush, effervescent, velvet-textured, deep red roses. Someone has lavished hours of loving care on the gardens of the hotel. I bought some picture cards of the gardens, but none of them do the flowers justice. I guess that I should have brought a camera with me.

"Coming back to Palma from the little town of Formentor yesterday, it was a blue, brilliant day, and we enjoyed the panoramic view of the rugged mountain chain which covers the north-east side of Mallorca. We also went by groves and groves of olive, fig, and almond trees. I would like to come back here in the early spring when all the orchards are in bloom."

After their visit to Mallorca, they flew back to Barcelona, and today I had a letter from there. Here are a few lines from it:

"Today is Sunday, and I tried to find a church to attend, but with no success. Instead, I just went for a long and lovely walk finally ending up at a place called Pueblo Espanol, a show place for Spanish architecture and industries from all over Spain. I walked



Helen Lewis (at the typewriter), Reatha Seger and Louise Annan, of the Kitchen-Klatter bookkeeping department, decided they were glad to be living in times of comfortable clothing and modern office equipment.

up and down many charming, cobblestone streets and alleys, all of them with beautiful buildings and balconies of varying architectural forms. I found a large art class of about fifty students meeting in the out-of-doors. I went from artist to artist watching the progress. It is amazing how individual is the artist's perception and technique. There were three of the artists that I considered excellent, and I spent most of my time watching them."

If you were listening to me when I spoke on the radio a few weeks ago, you heard me tell of my experience with painting. The young people in our church had an art class, and since my associate was not here to be in charge, I looked in on the youngsters and became so intrigued with their painting that I decided to try it. Do you know that I actually was able to paint a picture? Why, it is all I can do to write my name so that people can read it, and there I was painting a picture! All my life I have been so sure that I never could paint, but now I know that I can. Someday I am going to try it again. After all, President Eisenhower painted, and so did Winston Churchill!!! Betty has had several painting lessons, and I am going to have to run to catch up.

We are quite proud of our little city of Springfield, Massachusetts. It has been chosen to have an important place in the world of telephone communication. Here they are starting to build a several million dollar engineering facility to be the operating center for overseas telephone service. Calls from the United States to European

countries will be relayed to an operator in Springfield and from here will be passed overseas via cable, satellite, and occasionally, radio. Someday when you are making a call to Europe, remember that you are doing so by going through Springfield!

I love to have little children up in the pulpit with me, and I have learned that my congregation loves it too. Each Sunday I tell a story to the children, and if at all possible, I have a child come up to help me tell the story. Actually, they do little to help, but having them there to hold something for me, or to answer some simple question, makes all the difference in the world between an ordinary story, and a very good, very appealing story. Last Sunday I had one of the loveliest little blonds you ever did see standing on a chair beside me. I can tell from the smiles on the faces of the hundreds of people in the congregation, that they enjoy the children. If your minister has not tried this technique, suggest it to him.

Another thing that I am doing to make our services more attractive is to have young high school students assist me in the pulpit by reading the Scriptures, or by leading the Psalter Readings. I think that it helps to make the young people feel more a part of the church service, and I am positive that the adults are pleased to see the children. One thing that I am very strict about is the performance of the young people. They must rehearse their reading in church before me. The best technique for inspiring a good job is to tell them

(Continued on page 18)

## HIT AND MISS FOR AN ALUMNI BANQUET OR SCHOOL CENTENNIAL PARTY

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

### AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Oh where are the playmates of yesterday,  
The fellows we knew in school?  
What has become of the studious one,  
And where, oh where, is the fool?  
What has become of the orator  
Whose passion it was to recite,  
And the bashful kid who could speak  
no piece  
Unless he succumbed to fright?  
What has become of the model boy  
Who was always teacher's pet?  
And where, oh where, is the tough  
young nut,  
The one we could never forget?  
Here are the answers:  
The studious one, so we've been told,  
Is driving a hack these days;  
While the fool owns stock in a bank or  
two  
And an airline that pays.  
The orator whom we heard for hours  
Is a clerk in a grocery store,  
While the bashful kid we knew so well  
Has been in Congress for nineteen  
years or more.  
The model boy is now behind bars,  
Did something the law won't allow.  
And you ask, what of the tough young  
nut?  
Oh, that one's a preacher now.

\*\*\*\*\*

### 1872 RULES FOR A TEACHER

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys, and trim wicks.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a skuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly.
4. After ten hours in school, the teachers should spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
5. Make pens for yourself and pupils carefully. You may whittle a pen to the individual tastes of the pupils.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in other unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, or frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop, will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity, and honesty.
8. The teacher who performs his labors faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of 25 cents per week in his pay providing



Margery Strom and Dorothy Johnson in their Centennial dresses. Dorothy's class scheduled a reunion for Centennial Week.

the Board of Education approves.

—By principal of a New York school  
\*\*\*\*\*

In 1915 a school board of a central Iowa town, "to prevent unnecessary extravagance in buying elaborate dresses for commencement", ruled that the mothers of the graduates, the domestic science teacher, and the school superintendent meet and decide upon a reasonable uniform price to be paid for the material and on types of suitable material. This committee adopted the following rules for their "sweet girl graduates" that year:

1. Girls so far as possible to make their own dresses.
2. Style of dress to be simple and not extreme fashion.
3. Cost of material not to be less than \$4 and not to exceed \$12.
4. Shoes worn must be black pumps or oxfords.
5. Gloves not to be worn.

Check through your own local school records for similar rules and regulations which sound most amusing today.

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Are you planning to honor a special graduating class? If so, perhaps the whole banquet can be tied to the theme of "That Wonderful Year — (date)". This will probably be a class of fifty years ago, perhaps longer. Their class flower could be used in a centerpiece for the honorees' table. How about using table favors on that head table which would be replicas of those used at their Junior-Senior banquet?

It's always good for laughs to dig out the old class prophecy or class will and have parts of them read — particularly those parts concerning the ones able to be present.

For musical numbers, consider getting some of the high school music groups — quartettes, sextettes — to dress in costumes of "That Wonderful Year — (date)" and sing some popular hits of the day. If you ask around,

some of the older graduates may have kept some of their clothes of the day, perhaps even graduation dresses, which the musical groups could wear.

If you are having printed programs made up, could the class picture of the honored class be used on the cover, along with their motto, with the cover done in class colors?

Are there former teachers who might attend the banquet and do some humorous reminiscing of the antics and capers of those former pupils?

If the class had some outstanding athletes, declamatory students, and others who brought special honor to the school, these might be mentioned, perhaps recognized with humorous gifts, if present. At one such banquet a fifty-year alumna was asked to give her "elocution piece" and brought down the house, receiving a standing ovation. Perhaps the class had an outstanding vocal group right in their class. Would they sing a number?

Still another theme idea for the banquet might be "Through the Years at (name) High", or "Spotlights on Highlights at (name) High". In this case, think of outstanding events of the school through the year. Did you have a team in state basketball tournament, win a conference football title, put on a prize-winning play? Were there unusual news events — serious then but funny to look back upon now — a school strike, an unscheduled skip day? Use the years these events occurred to highlight decorations and programs. There might be appropriate sketches, and dates to fit these events, used on the cover of the program booklet. If you have an artist in the community, perhaps he or she will make some posters or humorous cartoons on the chosen events to be hung on the walls.

Throughout the evening present some fun "awards" (miniature trophies, huge cardboard medals, etc.) to various groups, or persons of the past, who did some feat bringing honor to the school. Arrange to have a spotlight play upon all those who are recognized and called upon to "take a bow". An able pianist or organist can provide appropriate music for each one.

Perhaps you might contact certain classes, such as classes of five, ten, fifteen, twenty years ago, to see if they could arrange for some of their class members to do some number, or act, typical of their high school days. They should notify the program chairman what they will be doing (singing, declamation, skit, etc.) so the program can be arranged for variety.

Back to the "awards" idea, you can always have loads of fun with gimmick awards, such as a toy football to the  
(Continued on page 20)

## KEEPING BUSY IS NO PROBLEM FOR ABIGAIL

Dear Friends:

Latest word from our newlyweds arrived from Bristol, Tennessee. When their trip through the South brought Alison and Mike to this city of 20,000 in the Appalachian Mountains, they decided to stop a while. This city is located in both Tennessee and Virginia but their rented house is situated in the former state.

Alison asked us to ship their stereo and the stack of "absolutely essential" records as well as Mike's fishing rod and reel. Their bright yellow, tiny Italian-made convertible is adorable. It is also totally devoid of space to transport anything beyond two human beings with toothbrushes.

One disadvantage of this lengthy trip to them, but a circumstance that was fun for me, was that they were not on hand to open wedding gift packages that arrived after their departure. Obviously the packages had to be opened so the givers could be assured that their presents had been received. If you enjoy the excitement of opening boxes whose contents are a mystery as much as I do, you understand what a pleasant assignment this was. Emily was living in Shenandoah during much of this period, so I didn't even have to share this assignment with her.

During these recent spring weekends I became the last member of our immediate family to become initiated into the busy season at Wilmore Nurseries. After one terribly hectic weekend Wayne asked me if I could lend a hand in the bedding plant department on subsequent weekends. With Wayne and Clark both working Saturdays and Sundays, there was no compelling reason for me to rattle around home alone.

It was twenty-six years since I had been on the working side of a cash register. On that busy first day there was no time to spend learning the intricacies of the machine inside and out. Balancing that instrument at the end of the day proved absolutely hopeless. Also I should have spent a few minutes each day of the preceding week drilling myself in rapid-fire use of the multiplication tables. In my relaxed, leisurely everyday life, I can recall the sum of nine times eight or seven times six with little difficulty. But doing so while trying to tell someone what annual plants in stock do well in partial shade as someone else is asking where the tomato plants are located and three other people are waiting in line to be checked out, is an entirely different matter.

I'm not implying that the customers were rude or demanding. It's amazing how tolerant and understanding garden-



The new puppies on the Johnson farm were at their cute, cuddly age when Emily visited there recently.

ers are. It's just that they have numerous necessary questions to ask. One of my fellow part-time clerks had spent the previous Christmas season clerking in a very nice gift store. He couldn't get over the difference in attitude of the customers in these two circumstances. He said that many of the Christmas shoppers were tense, demanding, and rude. He acquired the impression that many people really resent purchasing Christmas gifts. They vent their resentments and frustrations in this situation upon the handiest person, the salesclerk. In contrast he noted almost all garden customers are there because they really want the product for sale; therefore, they are relaxed, tolerant, and pleasant.

In a previous letter I mentioned being enrolled in a class offered by the University of Colorado's Division of Continuing Education called "Faces of a City". Among the various cultural and ethnic groups visited was the "counter-culture". Perhaps because our children are in the same age group and also because this is such a recently developed culture, I found the introduction here of particular interest.

Last summer it was estimated that 50,000 young people, usually with long hair, beards, well-worn clothing, often in need of a bath, and generally with limited funds, passed through or remained in Denver. There are estimates that this summer the number will double. Whether we adults approve of this group or not, it simply is too large in sheer numbers to be ignored. Yet, there is no indication that the city administration has undertaken any planning or preparation for coping with this influx of people pursuing a different lifestyle. Instead it will probably be left to the police, as it is currently, to confront these people with constant, vigorous harassment in the vain expectation that this will drive them elsewhere.

Undoubtedly if the names of these

people could be published, almost every one of you would recognize some familiar to you. For these young people are, almost without exception, the products of middle class U.S. society. There are relatively few Blacks, Chicanos, Orientals, or American Indians in their ranks.

Within the "counter-culture" there are indications now of the emergence of two sub-cultures, the "heads", and, for want of a better word, "the drop-outs". The "heads" are trying to establish a life-style with many differences from that from which they came. They disdain many of the material goals of their parents: a lovely home in a nice area, a job with prestige, a powerful, air-conditioned automobile, membership in established clubs and organizations. They vehemently object to the war in Viet Nam and regard it as their moral duty to fail to support the federal government in any way in the continuation of this "atrociousness".

A "head", however, is surprisingly involved with being a part of the social system. Not only will he be involved with peace marches and protests, but he wants to work at something meaningful and satisfying to him. His goal is to become a good craftsman rather than president of the bank. He seeks to live and dress simply so that his life is not burdened by the pursuit of bigger and better things. He rarely sees harm in the use of marijuana or "acid" but he stays clear of the so-called "hard" drugs. When someone gives him a meal or a place to sleep, he wants to repay those favors with some contribution of his own.

The "drop-outs" are just that; they want no part of society at all. They would not join a protest march for any reason other than to get free drugs. They have no inclination to craft, create, or be committed or involved with anything or any person. Their sole interest in life is drugs. As a result they have become parasites living off all of society, including their friends who are "heads".

No one knows how the relationship between these two sub-cultures is going to be worked out in the future. At the present time they live and travel together. The remainder of society classifies them pretty much as one group, all of whom are judged as basically the same.

If there was one thought that this class sought to make apparent to each student, it was that people must be considered for their individual characteristics. There is no certain behavior or personality type that is characteristic of every member of any single cultural or ethnic group.

Sincerely,  
Abigail



## CHICKEN TALK

by  
Leta Fulmer

It's past midnight. As I arrive home from the second shift, I toss a casual glance toward the dimly lit basement of the barn. There the usual nocturnal activity is in full swing. An almost hysterical cackle announces the deposit of a fresh-laid egg, while many subdued murmurs of appreciation acknowledge the feat. A lusty crow splits the air with the dramatic proclamation of something-or-other — but certainly not the advent of the dawn! These 1971 chickens (the first we've had in years) wander aimlessly along the cement floor, singing their off-key songs, shouldering each other aside at the self-feeders, daintily sipping water from the tank that automatically replenishes itself. They've never known the push of the boosting wind that sent their ancestors sailing across the barnyard, like a boat on a storm-tossed sea. Never have they huddled beneath a pile of lumber, bedraggled feathers dripping dismally from the onslaught of a sudden summer rain. The sun is only a mysterious shaft of warming light that occasionally streaks across their comfortable prison. For these are modern chickens — and their feet have never known the touch of Mother Earth. How different it used to be.

I still call it the chickenyard, but the leaning corner posts are the only reminder of the fence that disappeared long ago. The inside was ringed about with many tiny homes. Each hen had her private abode. And woe be to any presumptuous female who tried to horn in on another's territory! With screaming clucks and flying feathers, she was rousted out, while fuzzy chicks huddled together well out of the reach of clawing feet and jabbing beaks. Nighttime found each mother scrunched into the farthest corner of her house, her small brood secure and content under the protection of her warm body. The make-shift door, often hung with leather thongs, were fastened securely against the threat of coons, skunks or weasels. It was a rewarding sight in the early morning to fling open each small door and watch the mother emerge with her offspring — always hysterically belligerent and scolding. With industrious

perseverance, she scratched the dirt while the chicks peered intently for the sight of uncovered goodies. All too often, some eager beaver youngster was sent sprawling head over heels by his mother's flying feet!

A few individuals stand out in memory. Mahatma Ghandi — the name was self-explanatory. Except for a few wing feathers, his muscular little body remained quite naked. Since he was the target for abuse from his companions, I took him under my wing for extra care. He was even allowed kitchen privileges. He'd sprawl sideways, letting his sunbaked skin absorb the slick coolness of the linoleum. Poor Mahatma — he wasn't too big in the brain department, either. Since the summer sun had toasted his unprotected skin to a leathery scarlet, he was the logical victim for the big hawk who patrolled the sky. When the shadow of those ominous wings circled overhead, Mahatma refused to dive for cover. Rather, he stood as though hypnotized, his turkey red head cocked quizzically to one side, his beady eyes fixed upon the swooping enemy. Only when the sharp claws raked his back did he retreat, screeching and bleeding, while I rushed to the rescue. That hawk and I waged a never-ending battle over that grotesque little chick. Because of the extra food and experimental medication (or perhaps in spite of it!) Mahatma began at last to sprout a few feathers. And miraculously, within a few weeks, he blossomed into a snowy HEN! Out of habit, I continued to call him HE. Just because 'he' had feathers was no inducement for 'him' to give up 'his' role as pet. 'His' first egg was laid in the cardboard box that held the scraps for my braided rug. It was only after 'he' became a mother that 'he' finally deserted me for the company of 'his' own kind. Even then, sometimes 'he' forgot 'his' matronly dignity far enough to absent-mindedly follow me into the kitchen!

And then there was George, the only red chicken in a flock of Plymouth Rocks. These chickens had never been versed in the matters of discrimination and they made life miserable for the

poor little rooster who was "different". The problem was — what to do with him. At that time we had one pet rabbit caged in our barn. It was an idiotic idea, I suppose, but it seemed sensible at the time. We moved poor, battered and bleeding George in with the bunny. After those first experimental hours of wide-eyed staring and vigorous protest, they both adjusted to this strange co-existence. They made an amusing pair, sharing their chicken feed and rabbit pellets, drinking water from the same fountain. Weeks passed, George's wounds healed and we decided it was high time to return him to the chicken kingdom. His relatives now accepted him with an indifference that was encouraging. But I felt a pang of guilt when I saw a surprising result from his weeks with the rabbit. For George had developed a disturbing psychosis — he specialized in running! Not just a normal chicken-like trot — but a full tilting gallop that brought to mind a football player zigzagging down the field. Red head stretched high, eyes set in a fanatical stare, he broke every record for chicken running! As the weeks passed, he simmered down somewhat. But he never quite lost his funny mannerisms, his phobia for taking off jet-propelled at the slightest excuse. The rabbit, evidently a very stable character, showed no signs of personality deviations. But I guess chickens and rabbits were just never intended to be roommates.

But back to today — modernization is wonderful. I'm sure I'll appreciate not having to run a footrace with these chickens for the first ripe tomato of the season. My petunias can bloom undisturbed without some flopping, ecstatic fowl making a dust bed in the center. But I know I'll miss the sight of some things — hens and roosters straggling along behind the plow in search of upturned grubs, the flustered old hen clucking frantically over the antics of a wayward youngster, and the ever-egotistical rooster sailing to the highest fence post to crow up the morning sun!

Oh well, you can't have everything!

### LAUGHING DAY

The raindrops giggle among the leaves,  
And slide with chuckles across the eaves;

The ivy turns and lifts from earth.  
And doubles up in secret mirth;  
A tree toad chortles with rusty glee,  
And a small brown bird repeats, "Tee-hee."

The clouds wear wrinkled, watery smiles  
On faces fashioned in many styles,  
"Ho, ho," roars the wind as he swoops  
in play  
Across the fields on this laughing day.

# INDEPENDENCE DAY



This year as you gather at a picnic table in some park or around the grill in the backyard for the Fourth-of-July picnic, why not ask everyone to pause for a few moments to think about that first birthday of our nation, July 4, 1776? Over-patriotic? Sentimental? Outdated? Nonsense! Let no one belittle, or mock, until he has fully considered the cost of the freedom we, as Americans, enjoy. Remembering how dearly freedom was bought will remind us to keep vigil over it lest the time come when it becomes only a worn-out word in the dictionary.

Our nation's forefathers wanted freedom so much that they risked their all. When they signed the Declaration of Independence they did it with this pledge: "And for the support of this declaration with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, our sacred honor."

How did they celebrate their newly declared freedom? People danced in the streets and shouted with joy. Bugles blew. Bells rang. Cannons were fired to roar out the good news. Feasts and banquets were held in homes and in halls around the new nation as soon as the glad news arrived.

It didn't all happen on July fourth that year of '76. There was no radio, no television, no "instant press" releases to spread the news in a matter of minutes as would be the case today.

According to old records, copies of the Declaration of Independence were distributed to the governors of several of the colonies on July 5th.

The first public reading of the great document was given on July 8. The bell in the old State House at Philadelphia, where Congress was in session at the time, was rung to call the people together. Colonel John Nixon read the stirring words of the Declaration from a platform in the yard beside the State House. The crowd listened, and cheered wildly.

From then on the document was read on village greens, public squares, in courts and halls, and from pulpits throughout the land.

From the balcony of that famous meeting place of Boston's patriots, the

Old State House, the document was read and the crowd went wild with joy. America would be free at last! People dashed away to plan celebrations with friends. Long live America!

To go back a bit, actually our independence as a nation was decided on July 2 by the casting of one vote from each colony. The vote was on a resolution made by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia to the Congress on June 7, 1776, that the united colonies should become free and independent states. The fate of the resolution was in doubt right up to the last minute, for many of the delegates were against the proposal, and others had not been instructed by their colonies how to vote. July first came and still all was in doubt. One delegate known to be in favor of the resolution was at home in Delaware, eighty miles from Philadelphia. An express rider was dispatched to bring him to Congress in time to cast his vote. He rode at top speed on horseback all through the night to reach Philadelphia in time to vote.

Some delegates were persuaded to stay away and not vote and others to change their vote, so that finally, when the vote was taken on July 2, the resolution passed unanimously, with New York abstaining from voting.

The Declaration of Independence was then adopted on July 4, but no one signed it that day. In fact it was not until August 2 that the actual signing was begun, and as late as 1781 signatures were still being added. In fact, some men who were authorized to sign the document were not yet in office at the time it was adopted.

It is interesting to note that when John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, signed the Declaration, there was a five-hundred-pound reward on his head. Not only Hancock but many of the other signers were "wanted men", being proclaimed traitors by the British, with high ransoms offered for their capture. Truly they pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their honor" to their new country.

We have no right to the rights and privileges which come to us with the freedom that is America, unless we, like those men of '76, are willing to

## LIBERTY BELL

Liberty was a much-prized quality in the American Colonies long before the Declaration of Independence. The province of Pennsylvania had a liberal government and a policy of religious toleration which protected the rights of its citizens. It was no accident, then, that when Pennsylvania decided to order a bell in 1751, they asked that about its shoulder should be inscribed the 10th verse of the 25th chapter of Leviticus: "*Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.*"

The order was conveyed to White-chapel Foundry, London, by the fastest means available at the time.

In September 1752 the bell was landed ashore in America. Impatient to hear it ringing, the assemblymen ordered it set up in the State House yard and Philadelphians gathered round to hear its first sounds. It cracked, however, upon the first stroke.

Two local workmen undertook to recast it and succeeded at the second attempt.

Soon after the bell was suspended in its tower, it was requisitioned for summoning the people to foregather in the State House to receive important news.

For 23 years it summoned legislators to the Assembly in Philadelphia. . . . The bell rang the Assembly together, February 3, 1757, when they directed Benjamin Franklin to "go home to England" to solicit redress of grievances. . . . When the Stamp Act went into operation, October 31, 1765, the bell was muffled and tolled when the people mourned the "death of liberty". . . . The bell was rung September 27, 1770, to assemble the people, where they resolved that the claims of Parliament to tax the colonies were subversive of their constitutional rights. . . . Following receipt of tidings of the Battle of Lexington, April 25, 1775, the bell called together 8000 people who assembled in the State House yard and agreed, unanimously, "*to associate for the purpose of defending with arms, our lives, liberty, and property against all attempts to deprive us of them.*"

The supreme effort of the bell to proclaim liberty was next in order. The historic second session of the Continental Congress was already underway and the resolution sponsored by Richard Henry Lee was presented June 7, 1776, declaring "*that these United*"

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assume the responsibilities that go with those rights and privileges which we value so highly.

This Fourth of July let us "think on these things."

—Virginia Thomas



## Recipes Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### RASPBERRY PIE

- 2 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine

Combine these ingredients and divide into two nine-inch pie pans. Press into shape and bake in a 375-degree oven for eight minutes. Cool.

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 egg whites
- 1 pkg. frozen raspberries
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Put the sugar, egg whites, thawed raspberries and flavoring into a large bowl and beat with the electric mixer until it is fluffy and thick. This will take 15 to 20 minutes. Fold in the whipped cream and put into the two cooled shells. Place in the freezer, and when frozen cover well with foil. Let stand at room temperature for a half-hour before serving. The pie can be garnished with whipped cream and chopped pecans.

—Dorothy

### ONE-DISH MEAL CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 large can mixed vegetables
- 1 onion finely chopped
- 1/2 cup finely chopped green pepper
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 3/4 cup milk
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- Baking powder biscuits

Lightly brown the meat and drain off all grease. Put in the bottom of a lightly greased large casserole. Drain the vegetables and put over the meat. Sprinkle on the onion, green pepper, salt and pepper. Combine the soup and milk until smooth and pour over all. Cover the top with the grated cheese. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 40 minutes, or until bubbly and brown. Remove from the oven and cover the top with baking powder biscuits. Turn oven heat to 450 degrees and return the casserole to the oven for another 15 minutes, or until the biscuits are brown.

—Dorothy

### MARY'S BREAKFAST TREATS

- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 can ready-to-bake canned biscuits

Combine raisins, sugar and nuts. Stretch ready-to-bake canned biscuits into circles, about 3" in diameter if possible, and butter generously with softened butter. Press raisin mixture over top. Bake at 450 degrees for about 8 to 10 minutes.

—Margery

### UNUSUAL CHOCOLATE CUPCAKES

- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup cocoa (scant)
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup hot water

Put the ingredients into a bowl in the order given. Do not stir until the last item has been added, then beat very well by hand. Fill crinkle baking cups or pans half full. If you use the crinkle cups, you will have enough batter for 18 cupcakes. Bake in a 400-degree oven about 20 minutes. I frosted mine with a butter icing flavored with Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring.

—Dorothy

### EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

Peel and cube one medium-sized eggplant. Cook in salted water for 15 minutes. Drain well. Add 1/2 cup of grated mild Cheddar cheese and stir until melted. To this add 2 beaten eggs, 1/2 cup of bread crumbs, and 1/4 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. Pour into a buttered casserole and place in a pan containing about 1/2 inch of water and bake in a 350-degree oven for about 35 minutes. This is very good.

—Dorothy

### GOOSEBERRY SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
  - 1 1/4 cups boiling water
  - 1/8 tsp. salt
  - 1 can gooseberries, drained and juice reserved
  - 1 cup miniature marshmallows, packed tightly into cup
  - 1/2 cup chopped celery
  - 1/2 cup chopped pecans
  - 1 small jar sliced pimiento, diced
- Dissolve gelatin in boiling water, add salt and marshmallows. Stir until marshmallows are almost dissolved. Add gooseberry juice and chill until mixture reaches the consistency of unbeaten egg white.

Combine gooseberries, celery, pimiento, and nuts. Fold into gelatin mixture and refrigerate until firm.

—Mae Driftmier

### BROCCOLI SOUFFLE

- 1 lb. fresh broccoli or 2 pkgs. frozen
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 1/2 tsp. onion flakes
- 1 cup grated cheese
- Buttered bread crumbs

Cook broccoli until tender. Drain. Combine remaining ingredients with the exception of bread crumbs. Add broccoli. Spoon into greased casserole. Top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

This casserole dish may be put together several hours before time to cook and serve. Keep refrigerated before baking. Add 5 minutes more to the baking time if mixture has been chilled.

This makes a very delicious broccoli dish. My family thought it was the best they had ever eaten.

—Evelyn

### SOUTHERN TEA CAKES

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder

Combine sugar, butter or margarine, egg and flavorings. Beat well. Sift flour and baking powder together. Stir in. Roll out on floured board like biscuits. Pat about 1/4 inch thick. Cut into tiny rounds. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake about 10 minutes at 350 degrees or until golden on top. Remove from cookie sheet immediately.

These are delicious little fat cookie/cake. The amount of flour is needed to keep them firm and high. Add a little more flour if the tea cakes tend to flatten out too much during baking. A lovely addition to a tea tray.

—Evelyn

**DATE-NUT YUMS**

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 8-oz. pkg. dates, chopped
- 1 Tbls. water
- 1/2 cup walnuts, chopped

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Cream together in a large mixing bowl the shortening and sugar. Beat in the eggs and flavorings. Sift together the flour, baking soda, cinnamon and salt, and add to the creamed mixture. Add the water to the dates and stir into the mixture. Add the walnuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased cooky sheets. Bake 12-15 minutes. Yield: 6 dozen.

—Emily Driftmier

**BAKED SPINACH**

- 2 pkgs. frozen spinach (or 2 cans)
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 Tbls. flour
- Dash of salt and pepper
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Cook spinach according to directions. Drain. (Or use canned spinach and drain well.) Make a sauce by melting butter or margarine, blending in flour and when smooth, add remaining ingredients. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, until sauce begins to thicken. Add to spinach. Place in buttered casserole. Top with buttered bread crumbs or a generous layer of Parmesan cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

The flavor of this baked spinach is equal to the gourmet dishes which are so expensive to buy in the prepared foods.

—Evelyn

**SPICY BAKED BEANS**

- 4 slices of bacon
- 3 1-lb. cans pork and beans
- 3 Tbls. molasses
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1/3 cup catsup
- 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 Tbls. prepared mustard

Cut the bacon into small pieces and cook until almost crisp. Drain well and combine with the beans. Stir in the rest of the ingredients and place in a large casserole or a beanpot. Bake in a 300-degree oven for three or four hours.

—Dorothy



Emily Driftmier takes her turn at the stove in Margery's kitchen as she tests a recipe in preparation for the next day's radio broadcast.

**SWEET POTATO BAKE**

- 3 lbs. sweet potatoes
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup apricot nectar
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

If raw sweet potatoes are used, cook them in salted water until tender, then drain and cool. Combine the brown sugar, cornstarch, salt and cinnamon. Stir in the apricot nectar, hot water and orange flavoring. Bring to a full boil, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat and stir in the butter or margarine and the butter flavoring. Cool slightly and then stir in the pecans. Cut the sweet potatoes in half and place in a shallow casserole. Pour the sauce over the potatoes so all are glazed. Bake, covered, for 25 minutes in a 375-degree oven, or until sauce is bubbling well. Remove the covering and spoon some of the sauce over the potatoes and continue baking, uncovered, for an additional 5 or 10 minutes.

These may be prepared ahead of time, refrigerated, and then heated before serving.

—Emily Driftmier

**SUMMER GINGER ALE SALAD**

- 2 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade concentrate
- 2 cups ginger ale
- 2 cups cantaloupe balls or watermelon balls
- 2 bananas, sliced
- 1 cup green grapes, halved

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add lemonade concentrate. Stir until dissolved. Carefully add ginger ale. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in the fruit. Pour into mold and chill until firm. You can use the canned white grapes if you prefer.

—Margery

**STRAWBERRY CREAM PIE**

- 1 9-inch baked pie shell
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups milk
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/2 cup whipping cream, whipped
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups fresh strawberries
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch

Combine the sugar, cornstarch, flour and salt in a saucepan. Add the milk gradually, stirring until smooth. Cook, stirring constantly until mixture is very thick. Stir a little of the hot mixture into the slightly beaten egg, then return to the remaining hot mixture and cook until bubbling. Cool, then chill thoroughly. The mixture will be very thick. Beat it until smooth. Fold in the whipped cream and vanilla, then spoon it into the pie shell and chill for several hours.

Cut the strawberries into halves and arrange 1 1/2 cups of them on top of the filling, cut side down. Crush the other half cup of berries, add the water and cook two minutes. Strain them, stirring the juice into the sugar and cornstarch. Add the flavoring. Cook, stirring constantly, until it is clear and thick. Cool, then spoon it carefully over the strawberries on the pie. Refrigerate until ready to serve.

—Dorothy

**HOPPING JOHN**

- 1 lb. black-eyed peas
- 8 slices bacon, diced
- 1 cup onion, chopped
- 2 1/2 quarts water
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/8 tsp. thyme
- 1/8 tsp. rosemary
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 cups uncooked rice

Soak peas in water to cover for several hours or overnight. Cook bacon in large pot until almost done. Add onion and cook until clear. Add water, garlic and seasonings and bring to a boil. Drain peas and add to boiling mixture. Cook gently 1 hour or until almost done. Add rice and continue cooking 20 to 30 minutes or until rice and peas are tender and liquid is reduced to a most delicious sauce.

This is a delicious Southern dish. In some stores the black-eyed peas are labeled "beans" for they look much like beans with a black spot on them. Serve with hot cornbread for a very delicious and hearty meal.

—Evelyn

**PORK CHOP CASSEROLE**

5 pork chops, about 1 1/2 lbs.  
 2 Tbls. vegetable shortening  
 2/3 cup chopped celery  
 1 medium clove garlic, minced  
 2 cans mushroom soup  
 1 1/3 cups water  
 1 1/3 cups Minute Rice  
 1/2 cup chopped canned or fresh tomatoes  
 1/4 tsp. sage  
 Dash of pepper  
 1 small can mushrooms, drained  
 Brown chops in oil in skillet. Remove chops from skillet; pour off excess fat. Cook celery and garlic in skillet until celery is tender. Combine with remaining ingredients in shallow baking dish. Arrange chops on top of mixture. Cover and bake at 350 degrees about 45 minutes.  
 —Margery

**NEW TWIST PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES**

2 cups sifted flour  
 2 tsp. soda  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1 cup shortening  
 1 cup granulated sugar  
 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
 2 eggs  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring  
 1 cup peanut butter  
 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch bits  
 Sift the dry ingredients together. In a bowl, put the shortening, sugars, eggs and flavorings and beat until fluffy. Stir in the peanut butter and blend well. Add the dry ingredients and then stir in the butterscotch bits. Shape into small balls and place on an ungreased cookie sheet. Flatten with a small glass dipped in sugar. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 10 minutes.—Dorothy

**CHOCOLATE SAUCE**

1 14 1/2-oz. can evaporated milk  
 2 cups sugar  
 1 to 2 squares unsweetened chocolate  
 A pinch salt  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 Combine milk and sugar. Bring to boil and boil 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in chocolate, salt and flavorings. Beat with mixer or hand beater until smooth. Serve hot as a fudge sauce over ice cream. Serve cold as a chocolate syrup over ice cream, on white cake, or in milk for a chocolate milk shake or hot cocoa. Store unused portion in covered jar in refrigerator.  
 —Evelyn

**LEMON LOW-CALORIE SHERBET**

4 cups buttermilk  
 1 1/2 cups light corn syrup  
 1/2 cup lemon juice  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 1/4 cup grated lemon rind  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 A few drops green food coloring  
 In a bowl combine the buttermilk with the corn syrup, lemon juice and sugar, lemon rind, Kitchen-Klatter flavoring and the food coloring. Pour the mixture into 2 refrigerator trays and freeze it to the mushy stage. Pour the sherbet into a chilled bowl and beat it with a rotary or electric beater until it is smooth. Return it to the refrigerator and freeze it again to a mushy consistency. Beat and freeze the sherbet twice more in the same manner. Freeze the sherbet until it is firm. Makes 1 1/2 quarts.  
 —Mary Beth

**PEANUT BUTTER BREAD**

2 cups sifted flour  
 1 tsp. salt  
 4 tsp. baking powder  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 2/3 cup peanut butter  
 1 cup milk  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring  
 Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Blend peanut butter, milk and flavorings. Stir in the sifted dry ingredients. Bake in greased loaf pan for about 45 minutes at 350 degrees. This is best after it has stood for a day.  
 —Margery

**TASTY RICE CASSEROLE**

1 cup of long-grain rice  
 2 cups canned chicken broth  
 1/2 cup water  
 2 cups chopped celery  
 1 can cream of chicken soup  
 1/4 cup milk  
 1 can water chestnuts, drained and chopped  
 1/2 of 1 whole pimiento, chopped  
 1/4 cup slivered almonds  
 Bread crumbs or rusk crumbs  
 Cook rice in combined chicken broth and water until done. Cover celery with water and boil 5 or 6 minutes.  
 Dilute the soup with milk. Combine all ingredients and turn into a buttered casserole. Cover top with almonds and crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake uncovered in a 350-degree oven for 25 minutes.  
 Recently I've been using rusk crumbs frequently for topping casseroles and find them almost better than bread crumbs.  
 I first made this casserole out in Albuquerque and four people licked the dish clean.  
 —Lucile

**STRAWBERRY-ALMOND DELIGHT**

1 1/2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs  
 1/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
 1/3 cup finely chopped almonds  
 1/3 cup melted butter  
 Combine all ingredients well and press firmly over the bottom of a buttered cheesecake pan. Chill.

**Filling**

1 pkg. unflavored gelatin  
 1/4 cup cold water  
 1/4 cup milk  
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened  
 1/2 cup sifted powdered sugar  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 2 pkg. whipped topping mix  
 Soften the gelatin in the cold water. Heat the milk and stir in the gelatin. Heat until gelatin melts, then set aside to cool. Beat the cream cheese with the powdered sugar until smooth. Add the gelatin mixture and lemon flavoring and beat until well blended. Whip the topping mix according to package directions and fold it into the cream cheese mixture. Pour the filling over the crust and refrigerate until thoroughly set.

**Topping**

1 qt. fresh strawberries  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1/2 cup water  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring  
 1 Tbls. cornstarch  
 4 drops red food coloring  
 Wash and stem the strawberries. Crush enough strawberries to make 1/2 cup; leave the rest whole. Cook the crushed berries with the water for 2 minutes. Strain. Add this juice to the sugar, cornstarch and flavoring and cook until clear. When cool, gently combine with the whole berries. When the dessert is ready to serve, pour the berries and glaze over the top and cut into wedges.  
 —Dorothy

**BAKED BANANAS WITH YOGURT**

6 ripened bananas  
 4 Tbls. butter  
 4 Tbls. brown sugar  
 1 tsp. cinnamon  
 1 cup plain or banana yogurt  
 8 oz. cream cheese  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring  
 Nutmeg  
 Cut bananas in half lengthwise and brown slowly and lightly in butter. In a bowl cream sugar, cinnamon, yogurt, cream cheese and banana flavoring. Beginning with the banana halves, place alternating layers of bananas and cheese mixture in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake 20 minutes in a 375-degree oven. Serves 6-8.  
 —Emily Driftmier

## TIMES HAVE CHANGED

by  
Evelyn Birkby

At a time when many of the National Parks in our country are trying to eliminate all private concessions within their boundaries, and some are even becoming wilderness areas with nothing man-made upon their premises, it comes as a shock to me that some states are considering granting permits to private concerns. These individuals or companies would build motels, restaurants, gas stations and other "accommodations" for the public who visit the parks. Some of these permits would be for as long as fifty years!

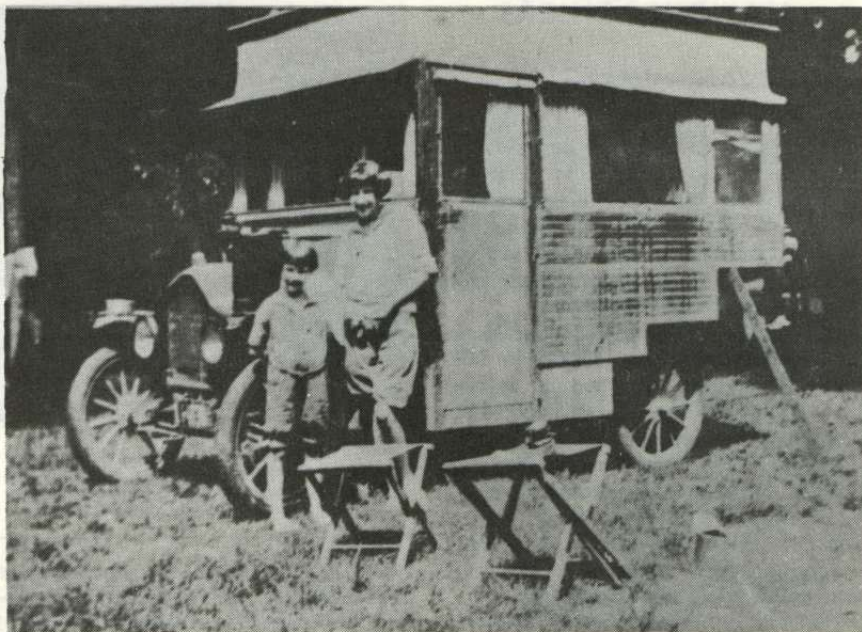
Why do we have to fight so hard for the preservation of *anything*? Is it as simple as the fact that money and profit are more important than whatever might happen to our environment?

Maybe I'm being unfair, perhaps motels and other developments are needed right on the land of our state parks, but I am so afraid that once such "improvements" are started in the name of public service they will get out of hand.

For example, a number of years ago we found our beautiful Presque Isle on the shores of Lake Superior. (I have mentioned this lovely island before in *Kitchen-Klatter*.) We had searched long to find a place which was truly quiet, remote enough to be away from traffic, crowds and commercialism. We had camped in too many campgrounds which were bumper to bumper with people. Since one reason for camping is to get away from pressure, getting away from crowds of people is essential to our family for a true, relaxing vacation.

So we wanted to get beyond the tile showers, the hot water laundries, the modern charcoal grills and the electric plug-ins, for these seem to attract campers in large numbers. When we finally discovered our island, we had to park our car and backpack over a mile from the end of the road to reach the swinging bridge which took us over the Presque Isle River and onto the island itself. It was an idyllic location because the only people who made the effort to get there were those who loved the wilderness, respected it and wanted to see it enough to walk along the trails to reach its unspoiled beauty.

But we will not go back. A new road has been built right next to Presque Isle. A parking lot runs right up to the river, the lake and the swinging bridge. "We must make roads to these places so they will be accessible to more people," was the reason given for bulldozing out trees, pushing up the earth and replacing thimbleberry bushes with gravel. It is the same idea given by



The "house car" in which Evelyn and her family enjoyed summer travel during her childhood was a forerunner of some of today's elaborate, modern camping equipment. Evelyn is standing on the left beside her sister Ruth.

some that "We should build motels and restaurants in our state parks so people can enjoy them. The parks, after all, are here to serve the people."

But what happens when these places become so accessible that too many people come and make them into the same bumper-to-bumper line of travel trailers or tents and the wilderness is no more than an enlarged parking lot? Do we always have to adapt nature to people? Can't people someplace along the line adapt to the needs of nature instead?

Roads, dams, buildings, and other man-made "improvements" keep changing our earth. Progress is so costly!

Another factor of outdoor life may be changing drastically. I can well remember through the years the great honesty and integrity of fellow campers. Never have we had anything stolen from our tent or camper. Food, utensils, etc., left out on the picnic tables have been as safe as if they were in a bank vault at home (except for a forage or two by some four-legged inhabitants of the woods). But recently I have read articles describing increased vandalism and carelessness in our national and state parks.

It is frightening to think of the total disrespect some people have for public property as well as wildlife. The amount of money spent to replace destroyed picnic tables, signs, latrines, etc., could buy new campgrounds, build new buildings and improve existing facilities. To put it in plain figures, the United States Forest Service estimates that losses from willful and malicious vandalism is over \$5 million annually!

This figure does not include the damage done by careless stream polluters, smokers who are thoughtless about cigarettes or matches and litter-bugs.

Well, times have changed. I know you hear a great deal about the need to keep litter picked up, to care for all of nature and respect the rights of others. Somehow, I felt the need to add my voice to those who are crying for assistance in this matter. Our freedom to roam where we wish, camp where we like and have our children climb mountains, wade in streams and grow tall and mature depends on how fast we all come to realize that nature is something alive and precious and not at all expendable.

Speaking of how times have changed: when I was a very little girl my family went on long camping trips. First we tucked a tent and an ice chest into the storage rack on the running board and tied a homemade cupboard to the back of the car and off we went. Although few people camped at that time, Dad had a great love for the out-of-doors. He encouraged our taking vacations in God's beautiful world.

Some time later, Dad had a chance to buy a *house car* designed and built by a friend on a car chassis. It was a true forerunner of today's campers with double bunk beds, a fold-down table and a sink embedded in the dashboard. What fun we had hurtling down the road at 25 miles an hour. Perched joyously on the bed (which folded to make a seat) Mother, my sister Ruth and I functioned as three back-seat drivers. Poor Dad!

(Continued on page 23)

## HANDKERCHIEFS

by  
Doris McCartney

To France belongs the distinction for originally proclaiming the handkerchief as a fashionable accessory. Empress Josephine is credited with employing a lace-bordered handkerchief while she laughed and smiled to conceal her imperfect teeth. Copying her mannerisms, her subjects caught the habit.

One of the most fantastic purchases of handkerchiefs was ordered in 1480 by King Edward IV when he ordered five dozen of the finest Irish linen "handcouverchieffes" for the Royal wardrobe. The reference to his majesty's word for the ordinary article stems from the medieval term, "cover-shief", which was a veil to cover a woman's head. Eventually the word was handed down as used today.

The colorful history of the handkerchief dates back some 3000 years. First used by early Greeks and Romans, the handkerchief did not become a part of the individual costume until the days of the Roman Empire. In that era, the Romans referred to the article as a "sudarium", finding the cloth helpful in starting games when the handkerchief was used as a beginning signal.

In ancient Egypt, the handkerchief appeared as a kind of talisman when fashioned from Chinese silk tissue. Among the Anglo-Saxons, the handkerchief began as a "sweat cloth", worn at the belt as a towel for drying the hands and face.

The greatest dandy of all, Beau Brummell, discarded his handkerchiefs as soon as they were used. Handkerchiefs in Elizabethan times were worn by the courtiers in their hats. And, Regency dandies slipped their handkerchiefs into their sleeves as decorations.

Knights favored their ladies by carrying their "charm" handkerchiefs. In certain European areas as late as the 1700's, the ordinary person was forbidden to blow his nose in public with the use of a handkerchief. It was considered the height of vulgarity in this area in France, also, to mention the word handkerchief. Desiderius Erasmus, the great scholar, urged better health practices with the proper use of the handkerchief.

Eventually, each nation appropriated its favorite material for the production of handkerchiefs. In France silk and linen were chosen, while Italy offered solid lace handkerchiefs. Silk and cambric handkerchiefs were manufactured by England, but the finest linen ones were made in Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, France and Switzerland.

From Belfast, Northern Ireland, the center of traditional Irish linen manu-



Katharine has started joining James in the sandbox and will play there happily for several hours. Their parents are Mr. & Mrs. James Lowey.

facturing, thousands of handkerchiefs of the softest and most durable material are annually exported the world around. The Irish claim that their product launders and irons the easiest, while remaining the most absorbent.

Romantic qualities may have been lost to the handkerchief, but it still retains its practical purposes. The touch of color supplied by the handkerchief adds to the total effect of being well dressed too.

## CHILD'S LETTER TO AN EDITOR

or

### Impressions of a Child on Reading Directions for a New Game

by

Gladise Kelly

Suggested game, quoted from the children's page of a magazine, is as follows:

"Fill a basket with a variety of small animals wrapped in bright tissue paper . . ."

Dear Child Editor,

In this month magazine you had a game where you said to start by filling a basket with a variety of small animals wrapped in bright tissue paper. Well, we never got around to play the game, as we never got the animals wrapped yet.

We first looked around the house for a variety of small animals, but then we only got a cat and dog. Our dog is a bird dog and because you said small animals we figured he was too big. Besides, we couldn't find a box big enough to put him in and then he wouldn't go in a basket unless it was awful big basket and we haven't got a awful big basket. So we got the cat and tried to put her in the box, but she didn't want to be put in a box and scratched us. Finally when we did get the cat in the box, she shot right out on the table and hid under the bed. Tom got under the

bed and got her, and we finally did get her in a box. But mama always says a animal should have air, so we punched some holes in the box, but then that ruined the pretty bright paper and it didn't look so pretty no more.

Now that was only one animal, and you said a variety, so since we couldn't find any more we swatted a fly and killed it first, and it wasn't hard to get in the box. Then I thought of a angle worm, so we went out and dugged out one in the yard.

You see we live in town and don't have any chikuns or ducks or anything like that, so we still don't have enough animals to make a variety, so we can't play the game.

Will you please print a easier game to play in your next month magazine?

Yours truly,  
Johnny Jones

## CHILD'S SAFETY UP TO YOU

Protect babies and younger children completely.

Teach safety. Allow children to experiment under supervision.

Set an example. Obey safety rules yourself.

Check water temperatures before bathing babies and never leave them alone in the bathtub.

Keep electrical equipment outside the bathroom.

Keep unused electrical outlets covered or locked.

Check flammability of clothing and decorations as well as the sharpness of toys.

Keep crib bars up when babies are in cribs.

Place gates at tops and bottoms of stairways.

Lock under-sink cabinets and medicine cabinets; keep cleansing fluids, polishes, disinfectants, etc., high up out of children's reach.

Keep window screens sturdy and securely locked in place.

Never leave toys on stairways or small rugs around staircases.

Put knives and scissors out of reach. Never let pan handles protrude from stove tops.

Keep workshops and power tools locked.

Keep firearms locked up and unloaded. Remove glass, nails, and all items with jagged edges from yard.

Keep clotheslines strung high. Cover all open holes or drains.

Check safety releases on washing machine wringers and keep young children away when washing machines are in use.

Unplug washing machines when not in use and keep the cords out of reach. Be sure porch railings are secure.

Briefly, keep children from harm.



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

From the first pale light of dawn above the rooftops to the serenity of a new moon's glimmer in the night, *Wake Up and Goodnight* (Harper and Row, Publishers, 49 E. 33rd St., New York, N.Y. 10016, \$3.50) by Charlotte Zolotow, illustrated by Leonard Weisgard, celebrates two important moments in a child's day. To wake with the sun shining and birds singing is joyous. And what could be more reassuring than to fall asleep to the sound of grown-ups talking quietly downstairs? Or to see the familiar objects in the room fade into friendly darkness, and to close one's eyes to the words "sleep deeply, sleep softly, goodnight." This is a fine book and would be a cheerful message for grown-ups, too, as we read, "Wake up, wake up, the sky is blue, the crocus is open, the night is over." Doesn't it inspire you for a good day?

Charlotte Zolotow's poetic text and Leonard Weisgard's full-color paintings beautifully capture the gentle rhythm of night and day. *Wake Up and Goodnight* is especially for ages 3 to 8.

Many of you are familiar, I'm sure, with the delightful Hallmark editions of inspiring books found at bookstores and stationery counters. One, *Reveries at Stillmeadow*, gives excerpts from the Stillmeadow books by Gladys Taber. This particular Hallmark edition, published by special arrangement with J. B. Lippincott Co. in Philadelphia, Pa., recreates the country world of Mrs. Taber's Stillmeadow Farm. She shares her ability to make the commonplace truly important: "Milk glass and cranberry glass and the old hand-made sea-green goblets from that attic in Maine . . . these are things to cherish. And I feel the same way about other heritages. Such as integrity and honor, and faith in God and love."

Her words on happiness are important: "Happiness is not a thing you can cut off by the yard or measure in chunks. It is a matter of moments when you suddenly know that this moment is special. A few such moments are enough for a long time.

"To be happy, one must be aware. For instance, there is a moment when you catch your breath seeing a pair of cardinals flaming against a dark branch



Our own presses, operated by Val Black, print the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.

of pine. This is a simple happiness, an awareness of the beauty and mystery of Nature. The happy person says, 'I saw the cardinals.' The unhappy person says, 'Why don't they stay around? Why didn't they come before?'

"Translated into other areas, it is the same. The happy person cherishes a golden experience, but the unhappy one wants it to last forever."

*Reveries at Stillmeadow* would make an appreciated gift book to a friend . . . or to yourself.

At different times I have checked out the book *Light from Many Lamps* from our church library. This has always been a source of great help to me when searching for a certain bit of inspirational reading. Although first published in 1951, the book is still in print, so I may have a copy of my own soon. *Light from Many Lamps* (Published by Simon and Schuster, \$4.95) was edited by Lillian Eichler Watson. (Have your bookstore order a copy. You won't regret it.)

Here are a few quotations from *Light from Many Lamps*:

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself. —Ralph Waldo Emerson

The duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpike gates, through which he is to pass by tickets from one to the other. It is plain and simple, and consists but of two points — his duty to God, which every man must feel; and, with respect to his neighbor, to do as he would be done by. —Thomas Paine

Your disposition will be suitable to that which you most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the color and complexion of its own thoughts . . . Your life is what your thoughts make it. —Marcus Aurelius

Have these sayings helped you as you read them? They have to me as I have selected them.



## ME? An Expert?

Of course you are. An expert in tempting lagging appetites with little lunchtime surprises. An expert in coming up with attractive dishes that taste as good as they look.

That's why we knew you'd be delighted with new **Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing**. Sweet enough to tempt the kids, tart and spicy enough to keep Dad eating till the last sliver of lettuce. A smooth, tomato-y blend of finest oils and spices, colorful and fragrant.

So, Mrs. Expert, expect compliments tonight, when you serve salad enlivened with

**Kitchen-Klatter**  
**Country Style**  
**Dressing**



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Don't let spring-planted evergreens and leaf-losing shrubs and trees suffer from lack of moisture as drought is apt to appear along with hot weather. Soak the ground deeply when you must water, then give no more until the plants are thirsty again.

You can conserve moisture by applying a thick mulch of any cheap, plentiful material available. We use sawdust, old marsh hay, half rotted straw and ground corncobs around perennials, roses, and newly planted ornamental shrubs and trees. Two bags of commercial mulch made from bark has been used to mulch the flower beds around the floral shop and greenhouse. The pieces of bark are 3/4 to 1 inch across, a rich brown color, and heavy enough to remain in place. Last year we used peat moss, but the wind would pick it up and carry it away from the plants unless it was frequently watered down with the sprinkler. You can buy the bark mulch at garden centers and nurseries at a low enough cost to make it practical for some of your choice beds.

If you didn't get any perennial flower seeds sown in April, there is still time to start some and get the plants established before cold weather arrives. Perennial seeds germinate much slower than do annual flower seeds, so it is very important to keep the planting medium moist. Before we had the greenhouse, perennial flower seeds were sown in small frames made from empty fruit crates with the bottom slats removed. The frames were sunk into the

ground in a protected spot and partially filled with moistened vermiculite. The seed was planted in small furrows made in the vermiculite by pressing the edge of one of the crate slats into it. The seed was covered simply by smoothing the furrow, and a piece of clear plastic was tied over the crate to keep in moisture. You must check the planting every week and water gently with a sprinkling can if needed. Keep the plastic cover on until the seedlings emerge and are growing nicely. You can start numerous perennials in this manner such as Columbine, Shasta Daisies, Pyrethrum or Painted Daisies, Delphinium, Coreopsis, Heuchera, Gaillardia, Helianthemum, Iberis, Lychnis, Linum, Rudbeckia and many more.

Starting your own perennials from seed is a very economical way to get a lot of beautiful plants for a small cash outlay. It is such a joy to see the seedlings that you planted from seed burst into bloom the following year.

Today my heart forgo, its misery —  
A yellow buttercup smiled up at me.  
Today my soul unburdened all its  
care —

The breath of roses were in the air.  
Today my faltering faith once more  
grew strong —

I heard a thrush pour out its vesper  
song. —Unknown

"Most all of the beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in the whole world."

—Kate Douglas Wiggin (1859-1923)

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
how well they do! Along with my words of praise, I also give a few suggestions. I think that we Christians for the most part have a lot to learn about how to use young people effectively. Our Jewish friends use young people in their worship much more often than do most Christians.

Hardly a week goes by that we do not find an opportunity to be of help to someone in our church who is moving. Recently the city has built many fine apartment buildings for the aged, and quite a few of our people are moving into these apartment buildings. My associate here at the church is also very active in some housing for senior citizens. He is a member of the Board of Directors of "Seniority House" a fine apartment block owned by the Hobby Club of Springfield. I wish that you could see what fine living quarters the government is helping our aged to have. I am doing everything I can to encourage many of our church people to move into these apartments. All of our cities have such housing for the aged, but I wonder what is being done for the aged people in the rural areas? If any of you have any information on that, I wish you would send it to me.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

**DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded**  
brought home a suitcase full of long pants and jeans with the knees completely out of them. She was so busy she never found time to patch and mend and I told her that although I always managed to keep busy I knew I had more time than she did for a job such as this. I got them out yesterday to see if any of them could be salvaged, and after looking them over I decided the best thing to do was cut off the legs and make summer shorts out of them. This cutting and hemming is on the agenda for the next rainy day.

I have come to the conclusion that boys are much harder on clothes than girls. I don't remember that Kristin ever wore out anything. Her dresses and coats were passed on in perfect condition to Emily, a younger cousin, and from there on to Alison, who was still younger. Andy's things don't even last long enough to reach Aaron!

I've been writing this while I was waiting for the dew to evaporate from the yard. It looks dry outside now so I must see if I can get the lawn mower started and do a little work in the yard. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*



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## ADOPT A GRANDPARENT

by  
Hallie M. Barrow

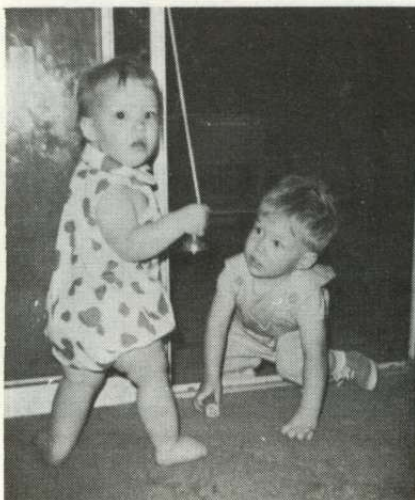
Nursing homes, springing up everywhere, are so new that the etiquette books don't have a chapter yet on how to visit old folks, either in rest homes or living alone. Many people wish to help these lonely persons but they don't know quite how to go about it. Instead of just visiting casually with old people, try to make a direct personal contact. In many communities where this has been tried, volunteers who will look after, or "adopt", one person has proved the best way the public can help.

More than anything else, a lonely elderly person wants someone to really visit with . . . not just a casual caller . . . but someone to whom he can tell his troubles and joys. Learn to be a sympathetic listener. They want to talk to someone who knows the names of their grandchildren and can rejoice over a scholarship or athletic award, someone who will soon seem like a member of their family. Maybe a club has designated a day for visiting in a home. They pride themselves on how many rooms they have visited. These "flitters" do some good but this isn't the real answer.

Most old people especially like to go places in a car . . . either for just a ride, or to a store for some much needed item. They appreciate especially going for a permanent or to get their glasses tested or their hearing aids repaired. They would love to go to church Sunday morning. (Why don't churches send a car every Sunday morning to take those who can go? It would be such a treat.) One cherished trip is to be taken to their home cemetery on Memorial Day. Or, if their home cemetery is too far away, take them the day after Memorial Day to some large cemetery nearby. This is always a superb view and just like riding through a beautiful flower garden.

If they are in wheel chairs, they like to have errands done for them. They may need ever so badly another skein of embroidery floss or yarn, hair nets, hose, stamps, writing paper, and dozens of such small articles. They may especially like magazines and books and would enjoy looking over scrapbooks you have made . . . anything personal.

Many of them enjoy meeting in a group and singing old-fashioned songs and hymns. In one home, with the help of a few outsiders who organized the affair, they sang once a week at eleven o'clock in the morning. The piano was in the dining room, so when they were through they could be there for lunch without an extra trip. The wheel chair



Katharine Lowey finally had a little playmate nearer her age when Keith Krouse came for a visit.

patients can take part in this.

Some like to have you write letters for them or reread letters again and again. A bingo game is one of the most popular features a club can bring. They thrill over a birthday card as well as cards on other occasions. Those who are blind or nearly so appreciate having anything read to them. They especially like having their county paper read to them. As you get better acquainted with your adopted grandparents, many other little services will be found.

Don't be just a casual visitor who talks mostly about the weather, but make personal contacts with these lonely people who have so little to look forward to. Even those who put a good face upon their lot can be desperately lonely.

### GRANDMA BREAD

My grandchildren love to stay at my house. One of the treats they look forward to is home-baked bread.

But with five little ones underfoot, I found baking bread more work than fun.

Then one day, Debbie the eldest said, "I'll knead some bread with you Grandma." And that gave me an important clue to the problem of how to provide the bread the children enjoyed so much and still not make a tiresome chore out of it.

I supervised hand washing and then gave each child a chunk of dough (the size suited to his hand size) in a shallow pan. They loved mauling and punching it around in the pan. It was as well kneaded as the dough I handled myself.

This activity entertained the children, freed me for other duties in the kitchen, produced good bread, and since the children had a part in the making, caused Grandma Bread to become a more important plus for a visit to Grandma's house than ever before!

—Evelyn Witter

### UNPREDICTABLE

A bright rainhood covers my head,  
Latest drizzle boots protect my feet.  
I've donned a water-repellent coat,  
Weatherman's forecast I'm prepared to meet.

I step outdoors and what do I see —  
Golden sunshine flooding the sky!

A sudden impulse overtakes me  
Weather predictions to defy.

No sooner do I leave rainwear behind —  
The weather has a change of mind.

—Sara Lee Skydell

# Welcome

to

## KITCHEN-KLATTER

Perhaps this is your first issue of our magazine. Did you know that we visit with you on the radio too? Look for the station nearest you and tune in each weekday.

KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 2:05 P.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:10 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**THEY MADE IT - Concluded**

were "nubbed" and put through the corn sheller in the barn, taken to the mill, and ground into meal for cornbread and mush. (Hominy was also made from corn.) The dark, sweet-smelling pantry under the stairs always had strings of red peppers, sage, dill, marjoram, sassafras roots and bark, and various bags of seeds hanging there. Also great sacks of onions, pickles in brine, and sweet potatoes.

I remember going to the root cellar in the yard with my young aunts one autumn Sunday when Grandma had com-



Martin Strom interrupted his theological studies to drive home to see his cousin Emily Driftmier while she was visiting their grandmother, Leanna Driftmier.

pany. Stamped on my mind are the many jars of fruits, vegetables, pickles, jams and jellies — the well-filled potato bins, the big shelves of pumpkins, winter squash, carrots and turnips in baskets of clean sand, and bags of onions hanging from hooks in the ceiling. We then went into the smokehouse above the cellar to cut thin slices of ham from a brown-paper-wrapped sugarcured ham. Besides the cured pork there was corned beef in a covered twenty-gallon stone jar, as well as sacks and baskets of nuts, more onions and peppers, herbs, and more pumpkins to be used before they froze. The squash, pumpkins, and onions had a heavy piece of old carpet spread over them. Apples were in the garden in straw-lined pits.

Grandmother loved flowers, also, but feeding her family always came first. She was, of necessity, a very practical person. All along the base of the house she grew flowers. All the flowers about the house were mulched. I never remember any bare ground showing unless she dug to give one of her "girls" a start of some beloved perennial.

A wide porch extended the full length of the south and west sides of the white house. She had the boys put up strips of chicken wire at intervals from ground to eaves. She trained woodbine and wild morning glories up these wires until, by hot weather, the porch was a cool, shaded oasis much used by all with time to rest. Metal cots and homemade benches and chairs were used by young and old. The older children gave the porch floor a fresh coat of paint every two years. Many happy hours were spent on this porch, helping hull peas, snap beans, hull green butter beans, look over and wash wild or tame greens, or stem gooseberries.

Two big silver maples shaded the south yard; a beautiful spreading ash, the west yard. A rope swing hung from the limb of the ash. Family reunions on

Sunday afternoons in summer will never be forgotten by this grandchild.

Next to the high back fence of the yard, Grandma had a three-foot-wide flower bed with a two-foot wire fence in front to keep the big collie dog from lying in the flowers. At the farthest corner she grew her perennial vegetables — asparagus, rhubarb hills, and horseradish, sage, dill, and other herbs here and there through the flowers. The flowers I remember were bleeding heart, phlox, purple iris, white lilies, tiger lilies, peonies, self-sown larkspur, poppies, four-o'clocks, sweet rocket, French marigolds, and a few wildings. Violets grew as a ground cover in spite of the mulch.

Thinking back, I know I gained a rich heritage from visiting my grandparents. I feel so sorry for my own nine grandchildren when they visit us, and it is necessary to say, "Don't go in the street! Don't get in the neighboring yard!" I try to provide entertainment for them, but my heart aches for what they are missing.

My grandparents made a living for a big family on eighty acres. Could it be done today?

**VACATIONS**

Vacations are wonderful, off and away, Away from routine, for some leisure and play.

Vacations are wonderful, prairies and hills,

Meandering rivers, and soft-running rills.

Vacations are wonderful, mountains and seas,

Fun and adventure, whatever we please. But always we come to the same final view:

Homecoming . . . home ways are wonderful too! —Unknown

**ALUMNI BANQUET - Concluded**

"foxiest grandpa", bottle of vitamins to "best preserved alumnus", earmuffs to the one with most grandchildren, toy shoes to the track star who ran his soles off.

Visiting and reminiscing are an important part of such an affair. A fine way to arrange this is to have various classrooms of the school building assigned to the different years, so that after the program the guests can locate their room by year, and there find their classmates. They can also visit other school friends by locating their proper rooms.

If you have a new school building, or if it has been many years since having an alumni banquet, perhaps those attending the banquet might enjoy a conducted tour of the building. Some of the high school students might be asked to conduct these tours.



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**Kitchen-Klatter  
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**JULY DEVOTIONS – Concluded**

ground". Let us be up and doing, with a BE-ATTITUDE OF GROWTH in understanding how we must act about this matter of cherishing the gifts of nature.

**Hymn:** "I Sing the Almighty Power of God", or any appropriate nature hymn of praise.

**Scripture:** (Reader) *When fire breaks out and catches in thorns so that stacked grain or the standing grain or the field is consumed, he that kindled the fire shall make full restitution.* (from Exodus 22)

**Speaker Two:** I want to talk about your BE-ATTITUDE OF CARING.

At the beginning of this service we spoke of fire. How beautiful, how cheerful, how comforting it can be! It is useful in preparing our food, in melting and refining metals, and in countless other ways. But used carelessly and unwisely, it can cause irreparable damage, cause great suffering, bring terror and death. In other words, like all of God's gifts, we must treat fire reverently and learn how to use it wisely. We must care about the results that happen when we use fire.

Just so, we must care about what happens when we use other resources created by God.

I'd like to share with you the story of the "Eleventh Commandment" written by Dr. W. C. Lowdermilk many years ago. How sad that it has taken the rest of us so long to grow in our thinking to meet his thoughts! This is what Dr. Lowdermilk wrote:

"When in Palestine in 1939, I pondered the problems of the use of the land through the ages. I wondered if Moses, when he was inspired to deliver the Ten Commandments to the Israelites to establish man's relationship to his Creator and his fellow men – if Moses could have foreseen what was to become of the Promised Land after 3000 years and what was to become of hundreds of millions of acres of once-good lands such as I have seen around the world and in our own fair land of America – might not have been inspired to deliver another Commandment to establish man's relation to the earth and to complete man's trinity of responsibilities to his Creator, his fellow men, and to the holy earth?"

Dr. Lowdermilk went on to write this Eleventh Commandment:

"Thou shalt inherit the Holy Earth as a faithful steward, conserving its resources and productivity from generation to generation. Thy shalt safeguard thy fields from soil erosion, thy living waters from drying up, thy forest from desolation, and protect thy hills from overgrazing by thy herds that thy descendants may have an abundance forever. If any shall fail in this steward-

ship of the land, thy fruitful fields shall become sterile stony ground and wasting gullies, and thy descendants shall decrease and live in poverty or perish from the face of the earth."

Just think – this was written over thirty years ago; yet we are only now coming to a rude awakening of what we have done to our earth, and to care about its future resources and beauty.

Which will you be – the good steward with a BE-ATTITUDE OF CARING, or only a taker, leaving stony ground and devastation behind?

**Leader:** Listen to this pledge often learned by young people in church camps:

"I give my pledge to save and faithfully defend from waste the natural resources of my country – its soil and minerals, its forests, waters, and wildlife."

Will all join me in taking this pledge together? (Leader repeats pledge by phrases and the rest say it after the leader.)

**Leader:** Let us all stand now, and, as

we gaze at our campfire which reminds us to use all of God's gifts with reverence and care, prayerfully join in singing the first three verses of the hymn, "For the Beauty of the Earth".

**Benediction:** O God, Creator of all we know and do not know, we are thankful for our earth and all that Thou has bestowed upon us. Enlighten our minds that we may go forth to act wisely in the use and care of the riches Thou hast given to us so that those who follow after us may know, too, the beauty of Thy world and its resources. Amen

**OUR DAY – FAMILY RECIPE**

2 parents, nice and ripe  
1 or 2 children – or more  
1/2 cup kindness  
1 1/4 cups religious devotion  
1 1/2 cups honesty  
2 cups cooperation  
3/4 cup understanding  
1 pinch sympathy

Blend all well, season generously with love. Pour into a medium-sized house. Stir for a lifetime.

**FUN TIME IS BLEACH TIME**

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

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**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

it and put it up again. He's slept in that pen since he was six weeks old, and now that he's nine months old he just can't get adjusted to being without it.

However, in one way it's probably a good idea that we put it back up because with James and Katharine coming it gives us a place to shut him away from them. They've never been around a dog and Abe has never been around small children so I think that pen will spare us some noisy trouble. Chihuahuas are notoriously short-tempered with little children if they're not

accustomed to them.

Before I close this letter I would like to acknowledge the deluge of complaints (both written and phone calls) from you friends who bitterly resent the fact that Kitchen-Klatter was moved from 9:00 A.M. on radio station KFEQ, Saint Joseph, to afternoon time. For 22 years we were right there every morning as sure as the sun came up, and it was a tremendous disappointment to us when we were shifted. There is nothing we can do about it at our end so I would like to suggest that you write directly to the station or telephone. It is to be hoped that they will reconsider



We're wondering how Abe will react when two small children invade his territory. When he's upset he crawls in his box and stays there!

their present policies.

Now it is time for a bowl of soup, our regular lunch during the summer months, so I must get to the kitchen right now.

Faithfully always . . .

*Paul*

**COVER PICTURE**

Our little cover boy this month is James Lowey, son of Juliana and Jed Lowey, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

James first appeared on the cover when he was six weeks old, and since that time Juliana has had his portrait taken on the day of his birthday to serve as a permanent record of his growth. Like all doting grandmothers, I treasure these pictures.

These days James is waiting impatiently for the day to arrive when he can get on a "great big plane" and fly back to Iowa to see his Granny Wheels. He hasn't been here since Christmas of 1969, so his Granny is also waiting impatiently for that plane. —Lucile

**DON'T YOU QUIT**

When things go wrong as they sometimes will;

When the road you're trudging seems all up hill;

When the funds are low and the debts are high

And when you want to smile, but you have to sigh;

When care is pressing you down a bit — Rest, if you must — but **DON'T YOU QUIT.**

Success is failure turned inside out — The silver tint of the clouds of doubt, And you never can tell how close you are;

It may be near when it seems so far. So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit —

It's when things seem worst that you **MUST NOT QUIT!** —Anonymous



# AT YOUR SERVICE

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## ORIGINAL KEEPSAKE

Have an old family barn? or house? have a favorite tree - one your grandchildren planted? Send me a board, twig, or piece of bark, or all three and I will use it to make you your own personal Original Keepsake Plaque, a lovely conversation piece.

If you are not happy or satisfied, your \$12.00 refunded. These also make cherished gifts. JACKIE SCOTT, 13th St., 15th Corso, Nebr. City, Nebr. 68410

## TIMES HAVE CHANGED - Concluded

When Robert and I married and began taking camping trips, Robert built a primitive camper on the back of our pickup. This, too, was before this type of camper became available commercially. (Some of you probably remember stories and pictures of the "Turtle" in *Kitchen-Klatter*.) That "Turtle" took us on many delightful family trips, but finally it just wore out! The boys were old enough by this time to enjoy more rugged hiking and backpacking vacations, so that proved to be the next step in summer fun.

But guess what I am beginning to do now? The new camping magazines and catalogues are showing some of the most tantalizing new equipment! The older I become the more attractive the new trailers, pickup campers and camper buses look. I lean toward the self-contained units and I know why - they bring back happy memories of our house car and the Turtle. Someday, when the boys are grown and through college, I hope to see the Birkbys on the road again in a comfortable little camper bus. The next few years promise to be interesting and exciting, so we will take our time and hope the roads, the parks, the mountains and the streams will still be around for us to enjoy when another mode of travel becomes available to us.

## LIBERTY BELL - Concluded

Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved." The Lee resolution was agreed to July 2, and the Declaration, penned by Thomas Jefferson after revision in committee, was adopted July 4.

The old State House Bell, as it was then called, was now to "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," to ring out independence, to have its sequel taken up in every town and hamlet, to set in motion a never-ceasing force against tyranny and oppression.



## Poems for July

### ROCK-HOUND

The tiger of his mind leaps to know  
The look of splintered rock, polished  
stone.

The apple of his eye is agate-glow,  
The cut of emerald, and the granite  
cone.

Let others climb the hills with hunters'  
guns —

His joy can slice the layers of geology  
Up mountain crags . . . down river runs.  
Wherever shelves of rocks have come  
to be,

He sees his Venus and his fiery Mars:  
He finds in earth the radiance of the  
stars. —Helen Sue Isely

### THE FARMWIFE SHOPS

She hurries home with tractor parts  
And remedies for cows,  
But hopes some day to take her time  
In all the stores and browse.

—Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

### COUNTRY VILLAGE

Far beyond the village,  
outside of the busy town,  
around a curve of country,  
this village has slowed down.  
The road is prone to idle,  
to look around or stare;  
sunshine and breezes sidle  
up to you everywhere.

The houses all have elbow-room.  
The yards stretch out and yawn.  
The woodpiles and the fences bloom,  
and there is space for dawn  
to come down in and linger.  
Here dogs and children play  
and Time puts down a finger  
that lengthens out the day.

—Helen Harrington

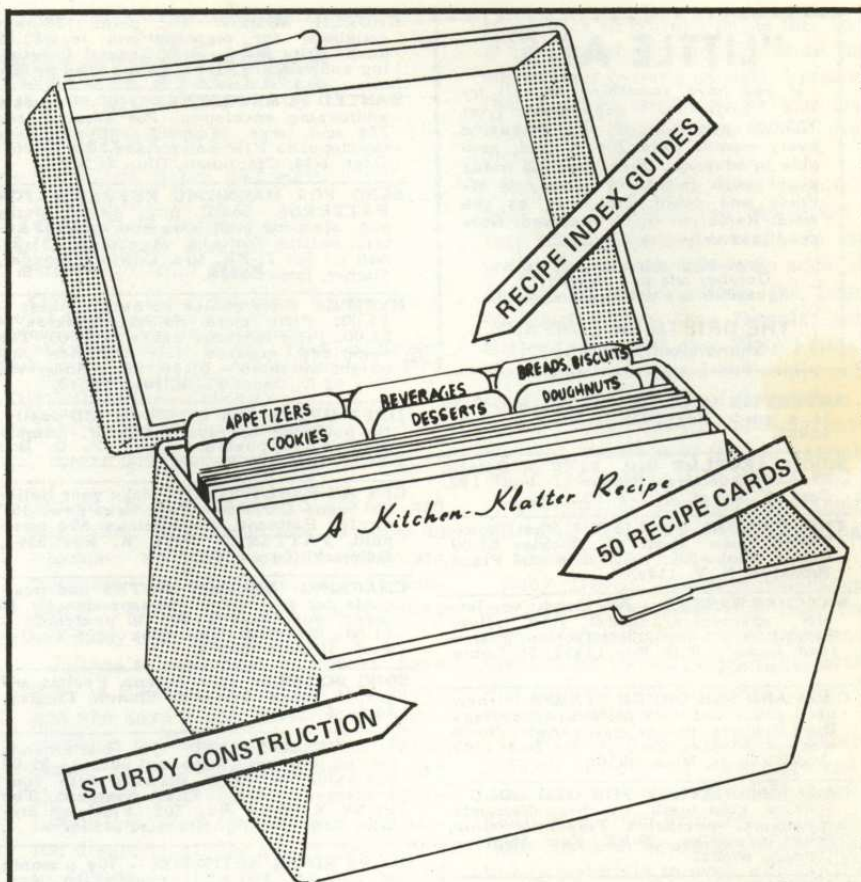
### SILENCE

There is a loveliness in quiet things:  
A falling leaf, a rippling brook, a gentle  
breeze,  
The muffled sound of soaring feathered  
wings,  
The chirping of the nestlings in the  
trees.

There is a splendor in the stately pine  
That stands untroubled throughout end-  
less years,  
The silence of the trailing ivy vine,  
The soundless moan of weeping willow  
tears.

So, too, a gentle heart through quiet  
peace  
Seeks solace in the flowers, the trees,  
the sod,  
'Midst distant murmurings that never  
cease

Saying, "Be still and know that I am  
God." —Alberta Craighead



## Continued . . . by Popular Demand!

Since we announced our special recipe box premium, the response has been overwhelming! So much so, that we've decided to continue it. Many ladies are ordering several, so they can use some as gifts. In case you've forgotten, it's made of gleaming white, high-impact plastic, with a colorful daisy design lid. It comes complete with recipe cards, and a complete set of index cards covering just about every kind of cooking and baking, including outdoor cookery. And it's yours for only \$1.10 and three cap liners from any Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring. Offer expires December 31, 1971.

Vanilla  
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