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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

VOL. 35

AUGUST, 1971

NUMBER 8



-Newsom Portraits





# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Subscription Price \$2.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.  
Foreign Countries \$2.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

A moment ago I hung up the telephone after a conversation with Mother, and both of us sounded downright gay this morning because last night we had almost an inch of desperately needed rain.

It didn't come at the last split second to save pastures, corn, soybeans, lawns, etc., but we were mighty close to that point after several weeks of high temperatures, strong winds, and not a decent-looking cloud in the sky. Those of us who remember the terrible droughts of the '30's had felt plenty uneasy, everything considered.

Well, Shenandoah's big Centennial celebration is now past history and I think everyone in the community feels like taking a long, deep breath. I'm sure that never before was there a single week of such concentrated and feverish activity. Most things that usually take place on a routine basis were simply shoved aside, and in countless homes even the daily routines that operate 365 days of the year were disrupted by the relatives and old friends who came from all over the country to enjoy the celebration. I can never recall seeing so many out-of-state license plates.

The whole affair came to its official climax with a big parade that attracted an enormous crowd. I'd wondered in advance how in the world we could ever park the car in such a location that Mother and I would be able to get a good view of the whole affair, but we were amazingly lucky to find a place that gave us a ringside seat. This still seems miraculous when you consider the tremendous crowds that lined the streets for many blocks.

No one could do anything about the weather, of course, and we felt sorry for the many bands of high school young people who marched in their wool uniforms under a blazing sun (it was almost 100 in the shade) with a strong wind blowing up clouds of dust

and debris. We also felt sorry for the people of all ages who rode in the floats and somehow managed to keep waving and smiling.

The air-conditioning in our car had to be turned off when the engine overheated, but we didn't feel like groaning when we saw those bands and floats! For almost two hours we watched them pass before us — and hoped they'd make it to the end of the route. As far as I know, only one person keeled over; and he was a bystander on the street.

Our own entry for *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine and Kitchen-Klatter Products Company was a small stagecoach, authentic to the last detail, drawn by six Shetland ponies rigged to the teeth with fancy harness and bright red plumes. This outfit is owned by Raymond Lansing (he built the stagecoach and trained the ponies) of Rt. 1, Madrid, Iowa, who started out at 3:00 A.M. on Saturday morning with his helper so they'd get here with their big van in plenty of time.

I had suggested that they go to Wau-bonsie Park when they arrived, and when we went down to introduce ourselves the ponies were grazing peacefully in heavy shade and everything looked serene. We wanted the children to see the stagecoach in advance, and my! I wish you could have seen their faces when they realized that was where they were going to ride! It would have made a good movie.

Mr. Lansing handled the stagecoach and ponies, of course, and beside him on the front seat were Katharine Driftmier and James. Katharine wore a genuine Centennial dress and really looked as if she had suddenly appeared from 1871. The only thing halfway suitable we could find for James was a red- and white-checked gingham suit — and a big straw hat that his Uncle Donald dashed downtown to get as protection from the scalding sun.

Inside the stagecoach rode Paul and Adrienne Driftmier, and Lisa and Natalie Nenneman. Someone in the family

had had the presence of mind to equip them with two thermos bottles of ice water, and believe me, they needed it! Not a drop was left when the parade was over.

All in all, it was a never-to-be forgotten experience for the children and we are grateful to Mr. Lansing for his long trip to make it possible. Although he is a busy farmer he manages to get away when work permits and it's perfectly apparent that he enjoys big parades very much. I hope that next month we can have a good picture of his stagecoach and darling little ponies.

As I write this, the long-anticipated visit from Juliana and her children is almost over, and even though they are still here I feel lonesome in advance! After they were with me for the holidays back in 1969, I wandered around the house like a ghost for nearly a week — just didn't know what to do with myself. I'll have to think of something extra-demanding to tackle in 24 hours when that big jet heads out to Albuquerque.

During this visit I've concluded that grandmothers really have their cake and can eat it too! We can enjoy our grandchildren to the last full moment of pleasure, but we're not responsible for discipline, eating habits, getting them to bed, and so on and so forth. It makes an enormous difference.

James was three years old on April 12th and if I do say so myself, I've never seen a little boy easier to live with — or a little girl, for that matter. He never whines for anything, goes to bed at night and for his afternoon nap without a word of any kind, stays strictly within the boundaries that were laid out for him when he arrived, and minds the first time he is spoken to. Goodness knows I couldn't have said all of this about Juliana when she was his age!

One thing that has particularly impressed me is the way he eats. He prefers some foods to others, of course, but he wades right into everything on his plate and cleans it up. There is a standing rule that he must take two bites of anything unfamiliar and new, and he does this without protest. As a consequence he has a wider range of food than I've ever seen before — we didn't fix a single special thing for him while he was here. He sat down and ate what Juliana, Eula and I ate.

One personality trait that stands him in very good stead is his warm, friendly and very outgoing nature. He played happily with the children of Juliana's friends who were complete strangers to him, and went cheerfully to places when Juliana couldn't be with him. Pre-school will be a real pleasure to him since he gets along so well with

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## MARGERY BRINGS YOU NEWS OF SUMMER ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

This has been one of the busiest summers I can recall. Each day has been filled with an unusual amount of activity.

As chairman of the joint Religious Education Committee of the United Church of Christ and the Presbyterian Church, I've been busy with the other members making plans for the fall. I'm also the new president of our Women's Fellowship of our own church and many hours have been spent this past month lining up committees, etc., so material could be turned over to the program committee. There was no need to rush in getting my part done as the ladies were involved with the centennial and decided to wait until all that excitement was over before they worked on the yearbooks. However, with members of the family planning to come to Shenandoah for visits, it seemed sensible to wind up my responsibilities early so I could have more time for visiting.

The first to arrive, you remember, was our niece Emily. Then Martin came home for a few days before heading for Vermont for his summer job. His car was loaded to the maximum with two years' accumulation of books, bedding and all his clothing. It seemed best to pile everything in his room until he can sort through it all at the end of August. All I asked was that he leave a path to his bed for we'd be sleeping extra company. A little path was about all he left me too!

Emily had planned to tour the East and South with a college friend this summer, but word arrived that the girl had to remain at home because of illness in her family so her trip was cancelled. As it turned out, she got her trip after all, for Martin had ample room in his car to take his cousin along as far as New York. Costs would be held to a minimum since he planned to stop over with relatives and friends where Emily would also be most welcome.

They drove the first day to Rockford, Illinois, to see Oliver's sister and her husband. Enroute there they visited the Hoover Library at West Branch, Iowa. The next day's stay was with a seminary friend and his wife in Chicago. This area was all new to Emily and the balance of the trip was new country to Martin also. They had several days to sightsee as Martin wasn't due at the church camp until the end of the week.

After spending the night in Port Clinton, Ohio, they took the ferry to Put-In-Bay where they rented a tandem bike to cover the island, spending considerable time viewing Perry's Victory and International Peace Memorial, National Monuments.



A camera was handy when we had our last family dinner at Lucile's house so Margery took a picture of it just before we sat down to eat.

On Thursday they headed for Greenville, Pennsylvania, to visit the parents of his roommate. When the Morrisons visited the seminary last spring they urged Martin to include them on his itinerary. Over breakfast, with the Morrisons' help, they planned the remainder of the trip. Since the best route seemed to be to take the New York Turnpike how could they bypass Niagara Falls since it was only a little out of the way? The falls were every bit as impressive as Emily and Martin were sure they would be, and equally interesting to them was Old Fort Niagara, a bit north.

Very dear friends of the Denver Driftmiers live in Rochester so they phoned ahead and were invited to stop there that night. The Hootens had been neighbors of Wayne and his family in Denver for about 12 years and Emily hadn't seen them since they moved to Rochester. Rev. Hooten is the minister of education of a large Presbyterian church. With our frequent trips to Denver over the years, Martin had become well acquainted with Rosie and "Hoot", too, so he was equally happy to have a good visit with them.

It appeared that Emily's best chance of getting a bus to Boston to visit her cousin Mary Leanna was in Albany, New York. Their timing couldn't have been better, for a bus was scheduled to leave 20 minutes after they pulled into the terminal. This is where she and Martin parted company.

Martin's camp is in a beautiful location near Northfield, Vermont. Six people make up the summer staff: a young woman who is a student at Chicago Theological Seminary, a senior student from the University of New Mexico (Carl Schiltz from Paulina, Iowa),

two young women from Vassar College whose homes are Hong Kong and Thailand, a student from the University of Washington and Martin. They have a very tight schedule with little free time for letter writing, but Martin keeps us informed as to his activities by phone. From all conversations, we know he is having an exciting time working with the young campers.

Emily spent a week in Boston with Mary Lea and had several days with the rest of the Massachusetts Driftmiers before leaving for visits with friends in New York, Maryland and Kentucky. She'll stop off in Shenandoah to pick up her dog (which Oliver and I have been keeping for her these past few weeks) before heading home to Denver.

Now this brings us back to the home front. We've had wonderful visits from Alison and Mike, Donald and his family, Frederick and Betty, and Juliana, Jed and the children. Space just won't permit going into detail about all our activities, but we had wonderful times together. Dorothy was here for her "magazine week" so she got in on the fun too. If Wayne could have come all the brothers and sisters would have been together for the first time in several years, but that couldn't be managed. Summer is a busy season for the nursery business, you know.

Perhaps what Don's children enjoyed most was our lovely large swimming pool. Either Don or Mary Beth ran them down to the pool in early afternoon and they stayed in until after I had been down. With hundred-degree temperatures that week, there was nothing more refreshing than a dip in the pool! I was mighty glad that my doctor was so in-

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# A Chautauqua Party

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

A Chautauqua Party can be fun any time, but it is an especially delightful way to set the social ball rolling if your community happens to be observing a centennial this summer or fall.

Someone's spacious lawn is an ideal setting for the party, but it might well be held in the city park. If possible, borrow a big tent to lend authentic atmosphere to the affair. This can be used as a refreshment center, or as a dressing room for performers, in which case it can also be the backdrop for the stage or platform for the program.

Seats for the guests will be wooden planks placed upon cement blocks. Be generous in draping the platform and backdrop with bunting in patriotic colors, and in the use of pretty paper lanterns. Big posters or banners extolling the talents of the featured performers for the evening fastened to nearby trees can add to the gaiety of the occasion.

If this is to be part of a centennial observance, by all means ask the guests to come in costume.

As guests arrive, have ushers ready to escort them to seats and to hand each guest a fan. These fans can be conversation starters if they have printed upon them advertisements such as might have appeared in days of long ago — ads for harness and fly nets, "Miss Trimmin's Millinery Shop", butcher shop, etc. These fans can be cut from light-weight posterboard with the ads printed with a marking pen.

## ENTERTAINMENT

If possible look through the files of your local newspaper to find an advertisement for a Chautauqua program around the turn of the century. Using it as a guide, try to line up people to do take-offs of such an evening's entertainment, introducing each one with some name appropriate to his contribution. Thus your program might read something like this:

**Prelude:** "All On a Summer Evening" — by the Hit-and-Miss Orchestra (a group of home talent musicians)

**Solo:** "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" — Miss Shelia Trillit (she should use all the exaggerated gestures as practiced by "elocutionists")

**The Laugh Liner:** (humorous reading) — Willie Otter

**One-Act "Mellerdrummer":** (Any clever

er pantomime or humorous play or skit)

**Harmony Aires:** by Local Yokels (a barbershop quartette)

**INTERMISSION:** (Serve lemonade from a large old-fashioned stone jar, using an old dipper to ladle it into tin or paper cups.)

**Speaker of the Evening:** (Give title and name of performer on the program. This can be someone doing a humorous monologue or reading, or perhaps it is someone who pantomimes to a humorous recording.)

End the program with someone (plus his assistants) doing a take-off on the old-fashioned medicine man selling bottles of "Git Up and Go Elixir"; or someone who raffles off surprise boxes (for a button, a penny, a bobby pin or for money which is then donated to a charity or a civic cause). These boxes can turn out to be real surprises, filled with tasty homemade caramel corn, one for every guest.

Refreshments might be set up on a picnic table where guests help themselves and then find a seat anywhere they choose, with an opportunity for plenty of visiting and reminiscing of "those good old days".

Perhaps at such a Chautauqua Party, or any centennial party, someone could read this write-up of a party given in 1915.

"The hostess invited her guests to come at ten in the morning and to bring an apron and spend the day. As she greeted them, each guest drew a numbered slip, two or more receiving the same number, depending on the task assigned them.

"Two large tables had been set up on the lawn. There was also a tent and inside it a gasoline stove had been set up. The hostess had baked light rolls and had a cake and ice cream sent from the caterer. The guests prepared the rest of the dinner. The numbers they had drawn told them what their assigned task was to be, according to a 'Rules and Regulations' sheet which had been posted. It read something like this:

1. Set the tables.
2. Decorate the tables. Find flowers in the backyard.
3. Make place cards. Find materials on sideboard.
4. Climb trees for fly brushes and

keep flies shooed from the table and food.

5. Prepare the potatoes for cooking. You will find them dug and in a pail on back porch.

6. Cook potatoes, and mash them. Potato masher in pantry.

7. Shell peas found in bowl on back porch and cook.

8. Grind the meat (round steak to be found in kitchen with grinder).

9. Dredge meat well, season, fry in butter.

10. Make and serve coffee.

11. Serve the ice cream in sauce dishes.

12. Cut and serve the cake.

13. Prepare cucumbers and garden lettuce and tomatoes and make a salad.

"Everyone to wash her own dishes when dinner is over.

"The guests say that 'many hands did indeed make light work' and that too many cooks did not 'spoil the broth', but that every guest was made to feel right at home."

## LAZY DAY FUN FOR THE KIDS

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Rainbow Bubbles:** Fill baby-food jars with soapy water. Using cake coloring, tint each jar of water a different color. Give each child a soda straw and watch them blow a rainbow of bubbles.

**Water Soccer:** Fill a plastic tub full of water and float a small aluminum foil pan on top. Give each player 10 buttons. The players take turns seeing who can toss the most buttons into the pan without their bouncing or dropping into the water.

**On With the Show:** On an old sheet, using crayons or magic markers, sketch a clown's head and arms. Draw on a funny hat. Cut out a circle for the face and also holes for the hands. Let the children amuse themselves by going behind the sheet (you can suspend it from a tree branch or the porch roof) and, putting their hands and face through the holes, become the clown and put on a show for the rest. Perhaps you'd like to offer a little prize for the best showman. You can also pin on old hats, coats, or blouses to the sheet to make other figures rather than a clown, or let the children each make up his own presentation figure.

**Grass Bowling:** Drive a stake into the ground and let each player take a turn at rolling a ball toward it from, say 10 feet, away. The player receives a point for each time his ball hits the stake.

**Hobo Birthday Party:** Someone having a summer birthday? Invite the children to come in jeans or shorts. Serve refreshments in bandanna bundles. If you decide to take the children on a hike

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## FREDERICK FOUND SOME WORDS OF WISDOM IN HIS FILES

Dear Friends:

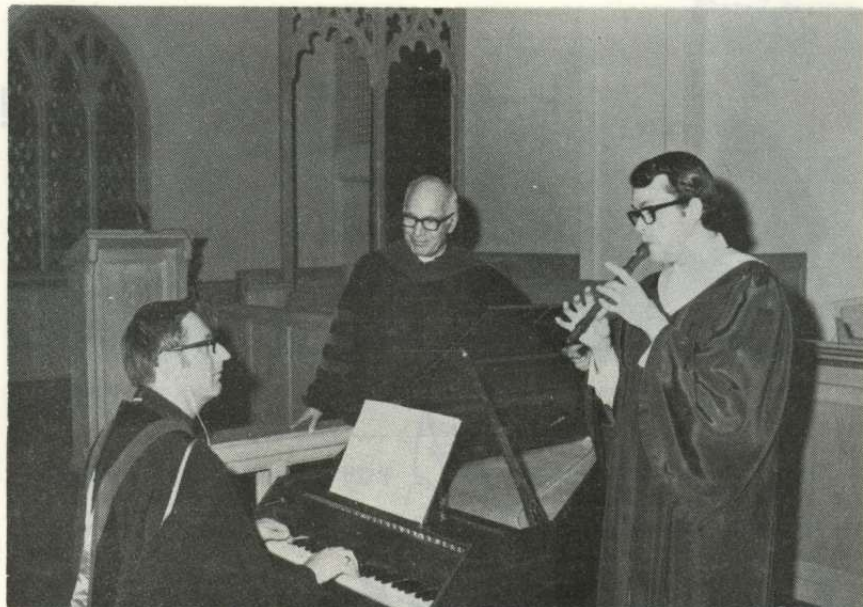
Usually I write my letters to you from my study at the parsonage, but not this time. It is just too hot! This letter is being written from my beautifully air-conditioned office at the church. Many people who live out in the Middle West and Far West forget that the Connecticut Valley of New England (it stretches from the ocean almost into Canada) is good tobacco country. One of the biggest farm crops in Connecticut and Massachusetts is shade-grown tobacco for cigar wrappings, and that means we have hot weather here. Of course we don't have to go far to escape it. The mountains are only a few minutes away in one direction, and the ocean is just two hours away in the other direction.

As a matter of fact, it is unusual for me to be in Springfield at this time of the year. Normally we would be up in Nova Scotia or over in Europe, but this year we are spending the month of July right here in our lovely parsonage. As you know, we do not have the Nova Scotia property in the family any longer, and we are not going to Europe until about the day you get this letter.

Our church unites with another church in the city for its summer services, and that means that our administrative offices are rather quiet throughout the summer weeks. One of the secretaries is on duty, and our sexton, and while I am not supposed to be on duty, I am. I love my work, and I love my people, and I find it rather nice to be on duty at a time when I am free of the pressure of sermons to be prepared.

Every summer I do spend some time cleaning out my files. All year long I file little items that I think I may want later, and then when the next summer comes, I dutifully throw away the things I was just sure I would be able to use. Every now and then my secretary wonders what it is that makes me burst out laughing, and usually it simply is a case of my discovering some item I had filed for later use, when for the life of me I could not have said why. However, I find other things that I wanted very much to use and then had forgotten. For example, let me share with you a few lines written by Mr. H. W. Bell in a short study that he made of Robert Louis Stevenson. He wrote:

"The great thing Stevenson held was to get people under way. Even good people want the necessary courage for the work required of them. They are so afraid of doing wrong that they are apt to do nothing at all. They are so good in general that they are apt to be good for nothing in particular. Stevenson has no patience with this kind of goodness, and does not mince matters. 'We



Frederick (behind the piano) his associate minister, John Ames, and David Mayerson prepare a special musical treat for the children of the church.

are not damned,' he tells us, 'for doing wrong, but for not doing right . . . Acts may be forgiven, but not even God can forgive the hanger-back . . . Choose the best if you can, or choose the worst, that which hangs in the wind dangles from a gibbet.' "

Now isn't that good? I don't know where I found that little quotation by Mr. Bell, but it is one that I am going to put into a sermon next month. There is another quotation from Stevenson that I like very much, and I think that you will like it too. He said: "To be honest, to be kind — to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation — above all, on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself — here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

Right along this same line of thought is a quotation that I took from a book by Harry Emerson Fosdick a long time ago. This too was buried in my files, and I am glad that I found it. "No horse gets anywhere until he is harnessed. No steam or gas ever drives anything until it is confined. No Niagara is ever turned into light and power until it is tunneled. No life ever grows great until it is focused, dedicated, and disciplined." That little quote is going to go into the first sermon I write next month.

I have often heard people claim that they were self-made, and such a statement has always bothered me. I don't think that any of us are self-made. We all stand on others' shoulders! When I have heard people make such a claim, I have wanted to put them in their

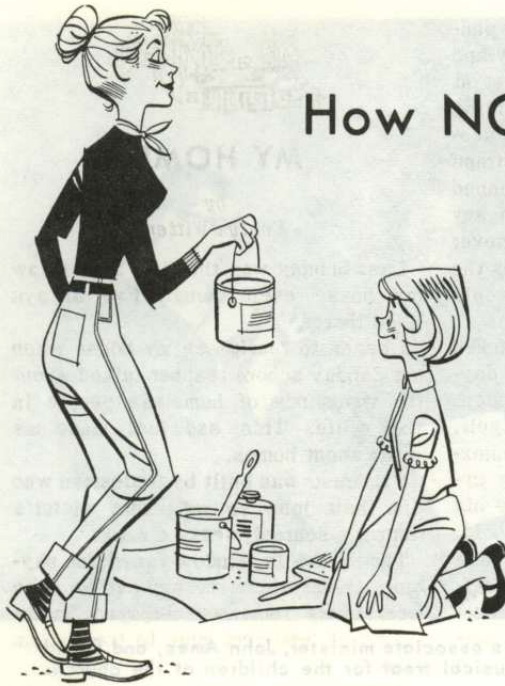
place so to speak, but never had I known just how to do it. Well, I know now! Just the other day a business tycoon in conversation with a clergyman said, "I am a self-made man." The clergyman looked at him and said: "Sir, you have lifted a great responsibility from the shoulders of the Almighty." Well spoken, indeed!

In a short time Betty and I will be off for Sweden. We are going to spend a week in Sweden, travelling in little boats down its canals, and then we are going on to Norway. We hope to do some more boating up at Bergen, Norway, on the west coast, and then we fly down to Amsterdam to meet our old friends, Captain and Mrs. Irving Johnson. You will remember that we sailed with them on their yacht, *The Yankee*, about two years ago, and we are looking forward to two more weeks on that beautiful boat. Captain Johnson is just sure that there is a little canal that goes right up to the front door of the Amsterdam airport, and he wants to meet us practically on the front steps. I am sure that all the other Americans at the airport that day are going to envy us. What better way is there to see Holland than to see it via its canals?

Mary Leanna is somewhere in Spain today, I know she is having a fine trip with a combination of work and play. You will remember that her winter job is in the office of the Registrar of Boston University where she is Advisor to Students Studying Abroad. David is just finishing up his summer course at the University of Massachusetts, and I know that he is ready for a bit of change of scene. I think that he is going to do some hiking in the moun-

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## How NOT to Antique!

by  
Mary Feese

As I opened the birthday card from my husband's folks, out dropped a crisp, green ten-dollar bill. I snatched it up with delight. "You know that antiquing kit I've been wanting to refinish the desk?" I asked. "I'm going to blow this, on that kit."

Well, I did. I mean I *really* blew it, but good. After a great deal of soul-searching (should the color match the built-in cupboards in the room, oak wood-grain, or should it harmonize with the delicate spring green of the walls?) I made out the order, from the big fat catalog, for the color Fern Green. "Makes even old furniture look exciting," promised the accompanying blurb. It also promised that the transformation could be accomplished in one day.

I'm not arguing with that statement, you understand. I suppose it *could* be, if you got up shortly after midnight to begin, and had some private place to work where no kids would come around peering over your shoulder and commenting with varying degrees of expertise. And, of course, if you could schedule a day guaranteed to have no family interruptions to keep you from beginning each step precisely on schedule. Utopia indeed! But each to her own working circumstances, and that description (unfortunately) is not of mine. (Nor of any farm wife I know.)

The Day dawned bright and sunny. I'd get an early start, I promised myself gaily. But first things first: Fix a hearty breakfast for all the hearty eaters, after chores are done; supervise that four boys are ready and out there to meet that school bus on time; restore order out of chaos when they've all left the house (pick up dirty clothes, make beds, do up those tons of dishes). At

last, I could begin the long-anticipated task of antiquing the desk. I sneaked a peek at the clock. Horrors! It was 9:30 — I'd have to hurry it up, to get done today!

I'd already cleaned The Desk, and removed the hardware, and sanded where necessary. I opened the kit, got out the latex base coat, and stirred it thoroughly to mix. Wait a minute, though. I'd better read the directions. One paragraph caught my eye, about distressing the furniture. "To achieve a more genuine look . . . a worn and well-used appearance . . . drop keys, chains, or similar materials onto the surface. . . ." I sat back in amazement. This desk should achieve the heights of glory, if that's what it took for success — a really genuine appearance, for sure. The kids have dropped stuff on its surface for years (that's why it needs refinishing, to tell you the truth) and I knew it distressed *me*, but it hadn't struck me that it distressed the desk any.

Still I had no inkling that distress was to become my way of life off and on for ten days, whenever I looked at The Desk. Now, I cheerfully followed the directions for applying the base coat. Came time to leave brush marks, I recalled the directions, which shouted in capitals, **THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT STEP IN THE ANTIQUING PROCEDURE**. Never were brush marks more carefully or artistically produced. They were beautiful. Perfect!

"Let dry at least 4 hours." So, at three in the afternoon, I got back to the desk to apply the glaze. I began with a light heart. After all, hadn't I successfully completed the Most Important Step? Surely this part would be child's

play. I worked fast but carefully, wiping off glaze as directed. Ugh! Somehow it was darker than I'd expected, not at all the glowing grained look shown in the color photo on the box. Referring to the directions, it said to sand until your desired color tone was obtained. What a relief! Sanding should lighten the leathery look I seemed to have achieved. After the minimum 30 minutes' drying time, I began to sand. Had to do something to improve the desk's looks before the family arrived, for sure. But the school bus roared up, and the boys stormed into the house. "Whatcha doin', Mother?" "Is it supposed to look like *that*?" I was almost grateful when they went to turn the refrigerator into Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

In came my husband and oldest son. I pretended they weren't there, and grimly continued sanding. "You spent ten dollars on that?" My husband's voice skidded up an octave on the last word. "Say, that's not the way we did it when I helped Bud antique some furniture." This from our 19-year-old son. Oh, for the confidence of a teen-ager again! My confidence seems to have evaporated forever. "I never antiques anything before," I defended myself, "and I've followed the directions exactly. Anyway, I'm not done yet." (Truer words were never spoken. Ten days have passed, and — after three tries — I'm not done *yet*!) I think privately, that desk doesn't exactly look antiques. A more apt word would be *abandoned*. If furniture weren't so expensive, the idea of doing just that would be tempting. But for the family, I held fast to optimism: "It will look more like the picture when I get done." (I hoped. Did my voice sound confident enough?)

At last, I abandoned the project for that day; it was time to get supper, and around here that requires total concentration. Sufficient unto this day had been the troubles thereof; I'd tackle The Desk with renewed energy tomorrow.

Next day I threw myself into the job of sanding, to lighten the color. But finally total honesty forced me to admit that sanding just wasn't doing the job I had in mind. I'd planned to redo a chest of drawers to match, with what remained of the kit, but now threw that idea out the window. Better use the rest of the kit to try to get this piece of furniture looking *decent*, if it did stop short of being exciting. Who needs excitement, anyway? (At this point, I was willing to settle for a good deal less than my original glowing dreams. In fact, I'd settle for simply saving face.)

Over the weekend, I pushed The Desk  
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## THE OLD STRAW STACK

by  
Hallie M. Barrow

A rodeo is strictly of American origin, everyone admits. But the first American rodeo was not held by cowboys in an arena. The first rodeo was staged by farm children early in this century. They had no arena, chutes, or grandstands. All their daring stunts were performed from an old straw stack. Shock for the rider and whatever was ridden was apt to be about equal. No more enthusiastic audience ever greets these modern rodeos than the group of spectators seated on top of the straw stack.

In the old threshing machine days, it was the custom to leave the straw in a huge pile, sometimes the size of a small mountain. Often that straw stack, especially if it were oat straw, was what saved many farm animals from starvation in a long, hard winter. Certainly it saved thousands of head of livestock from severe winter storms, for when the outside of the stack became weather beaten, the stock would nibble inward to get the fresh straw. Soon they would have holes, caverns, and tunnels which made wonderful storm shelters. These straw caverns were of different heights . . . the hogs tunneling at the ground level, calves and sheep next, then cows, while the highest nibblers were the horses and mules.

A huge, towering straw stack was the farmer's best defense against the bitter prairie winters. In addition, it provided a playground for his children which no modern, well-equipped, supervised city playground could ever equal in fun and adventure. With its humps and hollows for jumping and leaping, it was a natural for that spicy, dangerous game follow-the-leader. It was tops for hide-and-go-seek, tag, Indians and robbers, and many other games requiring athletic prowess. The little girls could play "house". But the biggest thrill was to slide from top to bottom. And after a good slick slide had been made, one really sailed through the air, either on a sled or an old wash pan, or just *au naturel*. The slick slide always ended over a tunnel hole, so that at the end the experts could land on their feet. Probably the old straw stack was one of the first feeble attempts at skiing, too.

Now an old cow grazing peacefully at the end of her tunnel, if she should happen to hear the wild whoops of Indians overhead and feel the stomping

of a snake dance, might become panicky and decide to bolt. If the cow and an Indian slider happened to meet at the tunnel entrance, a child was riding a wildly bucking cow for a few seconds. Of course there were no straps or stirrups, but a bronco never leaped from a rodeo loading chute with any more fury and alarm. The rider never stayed on but a few seconds, for the cow, totally unused to riders, would bawl and cavort.

Gentle old horses could be backed into a tunnel, and often had the day-lights scared out of them when suddenly the boy leading him would yell, "Ready", give the horse an unexpected belt, and then a whirling cyclone would hit from above astride his back, clawing at his mane for a hold.

Why don't modern rodeos ever use mules? They are absolutely unpredictable, mean, and ornery. How we'd love to see what modern cowboy rodeo performers would do with a certain old white mule we knew by the name of Pete! If you slid onto Pete's back, he refused to budge. Pete would draw back his lips and bray to the high heavens and then those big teeth might take a nip at your leg. Some people say mules won't jump, but the only time Pete ever started off on a gallop he went over a nearby gate in perfect form. Oh, well, amateur rodeo riders also broke their arms sometimes!

But the classiest showmanship occurred if the slider happened to hit astride an old sow. Hogs made awful noises when taken by surprise. They squealed high, grunted low, growled like cross dogs, and they could run like mad.

The old straw stack not only served the farmer, his livestock, and his children . . . farm women depended on it too, and right after threshing started a kind of house cleaning. Bed ticks were emptied of their old straw filling and stuffed with bright new straw. (Many an amateur rodeo rider of those days didn't know what it was to sleep on anything but a good straw mattress.) Then the rag carpets were taken up and washed and the straw bedding underneath them swept out and burned. Inches of the golden, bouncy new straw were spread on the floor and the clean carpet tacked down. Modern wall-to-wall carpet never had such a spring as new straw under a rag carpet.

It was used for hens' nests and for bedding for all animals. In wagon beds on sled runners a thick layer of straw was always put down first, with comforts and blankets over the straw to make better riding.

The last of many services the old straw stack gave was when it had caved and was not safe for man or beast. By then it was taken over by



## MY HOME

by  
Evelyn Witter

Last Sunday was the first time I saw my house even though I've always lived there.

I began to *really* see my house when our Sunday school teacher talked about the thousands of homeless people in the world. This sad fact made me think about homes.

My house was built by tradesmen who did their jobs so well that winter's tantrums scarcely leave a mark.

The house is window-paned for sky-blue living; where the sky can be seen from every room and enjoyed in its moods of tenderest blue to thunderous slate.

The windows look on the delicate gardens where colors come and go except for the greens whose strengths are constant.

Here is a place where spring runs up to the door; a place where birds are free to chirp and give us all sounds to live by.

My house is a place with the world all around it and sweet LOVE in the heart of it.

My house is a place where understanding and kindness have kissed each other. It is a place where I can get beautiful answers to homely questions.

Now that I have seen my house I know that the God who gave us life, gave us homes in which to live.

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### HAPPINESS

Our happiness was not meant  
To be bottled and corked.  
For in time it evaporates;  
Loses most of its flavor.  
It must be mixed and shared  
With the joys of others  
Only then, can we, its  
Full measure savor. —Sara Lee Skydell

rats and snakes, and often a den of skunks kept it all for themselves. The evening before the farmer expected to plough that particular field, when the wind had laid, he set fire to it to be entirely rid of it. Sometimes on spring nights the whole horizon would be lit up by these burning straw stacks. As they flickered and smoldered, a delicious, tangy odor permeated the hills and valleys. Even when you awakened in the night, you could sniff and enjoy the aroma, although at the same time you might rather sorrowfully think, "There goes the best playground a child ever had, and my first rodeo."



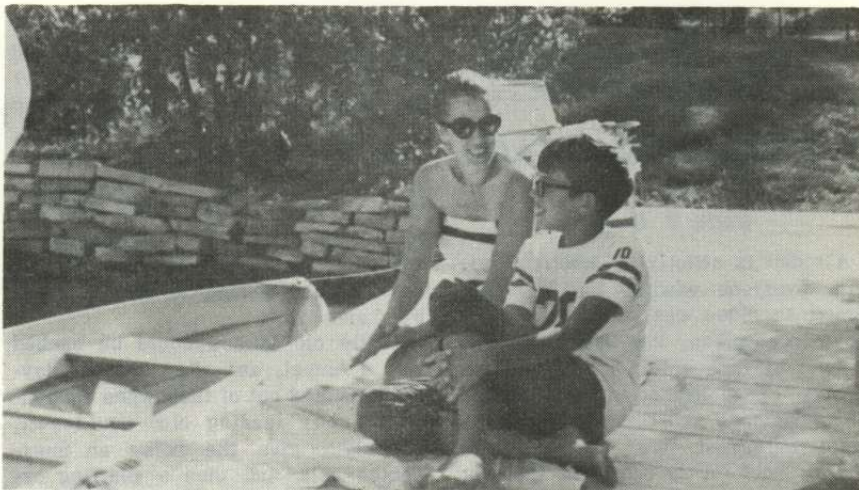
## MARY BETH AND PAUL HAD A NEW EXPERIENCE

Dear Friends:

As I am writing this month I can keep track of some of the family by the sound of the tap-tap of hammers on the roofing nails which are being driven into the shingles of the new roof. We discovered much to our distress that our recently purchased house had a roof which was in pitiful condition. We've bought many a house in our married life, but because none of them had defective roofs we were lulled into the trap of not investigating closely that particular aspect, and this time we were caught by our own carelessness. The winter which just passed was severe enough to break down the final bit of tar patching which had been added to close the leaks, and the rain poured into the attic this spring. Don was up and down the attic ladder frequently, replacing the buckets we had placed under the various leaks. So as soon as school was out and our trip to Shenandoah was over we picked out an interesting shade of asphalt shingle, and Don and his apprentice, young Paul, set to work.

They manage to work the early morning hours and the late evening hours so they are not up on the roof during the mid-day heat. Fortunately the pitch of the roof is not so great that there is much danger of rolling or falling off. Don started out by paying Paul a small sum for the shingles he put into place and hammered down. He learned quickly, and the incentive of pay-by-piece-work was such that he soon increased his speed and Donald gave him a raise. This was tremendous for Paul, and before we knew it he was, and still is, earning enough to make him very happy. He has determined that he will save his earnings for a 10-speed bicycle. In the hills of the Kettle-moraine area where we live, the miniature-wheeled yellow banana peeler which Paul got for his main Christmas gift in Anderson, Indiana, before we moved in 1969 is simply not adequate for climbing. He plans to trade in this still-handsome sport job on a real-for-sure racing bicycle, and then he can whisk around these hills with the greatest of ease.

Since I wrote you last Paul and I had an experience which I do not expect ever to forget and which I hope Paul will remember forever. While we lived in Anderson, Paul made friends with a boy in his class, and it proved to be a rewarding experience because the boy is from a conservative Jewish family. I had very little close association with any Jewish families in my growing-up years in Anderson, and I knew nothing about their traditions and rites. During the year we were in Anderson these two



Donald and Mary Beth are fortunate to have close friends who live on a nearby lake. When they can snatch a few hours out of their busy schedule it is a marvelous place to swim, fish, go boating or just soak up the sunshine on the dock as Mary Beth and son Paul are doing in this picture.

boys became close friends. They lived near each other, and all things added together to put them into close contact in every respect.

So it was with not too great a degree of surprise that I opened a gorgeously engraved invitation to this chap's Bar Mitzvah. It was addressed to Paul and Donald and me only; the girls were not included, as I was to learn is the custom at this religious celebration. A Bar Mitzvah is celebrated at the coming of age thirteen for the boys in the family, when a boy becomes a man in the eyes of his congregation.

Paul was thrilled beyond description at this invitation. He and Scott Perlmann had apparently discussed their religious differences on many occasions, and he knew that this was one of the greatest days in Scott's life. We discussed how to get to Anderson for a weekend trip. I was not prepared to make the trip alone, and although Donald was willing to go, he was studying for his real estate examination and simply could not spare the time. I wanted Paul to go, so we finally determined that some things in life are worth whatever effort and expense they require, so we accepted the invitation.

Time was at a premium, so we decided to take Adrienne to visit my mother while Paul and I attended the Bar Mitzvah. Air travel was the only alternative to driving and the traffic this particular weekend was due to be heavy. Fortunately we were able to get round-trip reservations by air to Indianapolis, where my mother met us and drove us to Anderson. I wish I had the time and space to tell you in minute detail just how fascinating this ceremony was. This boy, Scott, had been studying the Hebrew language for a year. For the actual ceremony it was necessary for him to be at the altar of the synagogue and be able to read and then

translate into English from the Hebrew Torah. Only the Jewish men take part in this ceremony and in this case the participants were Scott's father, his two uncles from New Jersey and New York, and the Rabbi.

In the basement after the ceremony there was a reception honoring Scott. Now Scott is considered a man, and whenever there is a meeting with decisions to be made with a legally designated number of men required, Scott can now be included as a member of this group of men. It was impressive to see this boy, as he appeared to me, stand with his father and uncles and promise from that day forth to conduct himself as a man and take up the responsibilities of a man. I could not help but consider how many young boys would be less inclined to do and act in an irresponsible manner if they, too, had stood before their fathers and uncles and promised with God as their witness to act in an honorable manner from that day forward.

In the evening there was a magnificent buffet with a full orchestra, at which time the adults came to congratulate Scott and enjoy a feast. Mrs. Perlmann had given the cooks the recipes for special Jewish breads, and I cannot remember a time when I ate so much which, without exception, was delicious. There was only one table of young people there — many cousins from out of town but only Paul as Scott's best boy friend. Paul was, needless to say, simply enchanted with the honor bestowed upon him. He was invited to the table to light a candle for Scott in honor of his being Scott's good friend. The evening lasted long and the company was delightful. I did not know too many people, but the hostess made sure that we met as many as possible considering there

(Continued on page 22)



## Biscuits and Music

by  
Don Beckman



All I know about my pioneer great-grandmother is what I have been able to gather from conversations with older members of my family, and from reading the quaint little diary she kept while making her way, in a covered wagon, across the trail to Nebraska. And yet, from these sources I have come to know her rather well. I don't think of her at all as an aged woman, rocking in a chair, but as a young and spirited woman who is always sure of her direction, and who is constantly going about doing good works for those less fortunate than herself.

The stories of this woman's good works are enough to fill the pages of a book, but the one I like best, and the one I think of most often, concerns a little Dutch oven that her parents had given her as a going away gift, and a little portable organ that she had had since childhood, which she was also taking with her to become a major fixture in her new home.

"Now, dear," her mother said as she helped her daughter pack supplies into the wagon, "we must save room among the trunks for the little organ; and in the very back we must have space for the oven. There it will be easily accessible when you stop and make camp for the night." It is unlikely, however, that either woman, as she went about her business, could possibly have imagined just how often these two items would be used, and for what purpose, as the young pioneer couple made their way across the perilous prairie.

And so they had started out, with several other families, in a little covered wagon train, my great-grandmother living every moment to the very fullest. With her artistic eye and her musical ear she saw and heard the beauty and song that ever surrounded her. Some of them she recorded so vividly in her diary that I have now, more than a century later, only to open it in order to become a living part of them myself. I can see and smell the wild roses blooming on the hillsides; and I can hear the lark sing joyfully in the grass. I am also made aware of other events, both happy and sad, one of which might easily have become a tragedy had it not been for my great-grandmother, her organ, and her little Dutch oven.

One evening, after the train had made camp, one of the young men in the party felt the urge to explore a nearby grove of trees and do a little hunting, this against the better judgment of the wagonmaster who warned him of hostile Indians living in the area.

The young man had not listened to reason, however, and had started toward the forest where he soon found himself not only lost, but helplessly surrounded by a band of painted warriors who were clearly ready for war. At least he *thought* they were ready for war! The truth of the matter was that he hadn't had much time to study their feathered regalia before the chief of the tribe stepped forward and relieved him of his gun. They then robbed him of several trinkets he was carrying in his pockets before they turned him loose, allowing him to return, unharmed, to the encampment. He gave the alarm of an impending attack that soon set the emigrants into a state of panic. Everyone, that is, except my great-grandmother who went right on about her business of putting fresh biscuits into the little oven that she had set over a roaring fire.

Thus, while the others made ready for an attack, she remained calm and collected in the face of danger, and laughed at those who chided her for self-neglect. She told them she would defend herself the best way she knew how when the time came. Defend herself she did, as well as everyone else in the train, and she had not needed a gun to do it! Just as she was taking the biscuits from the oven (they were luscious, light and fluffy) word rang out that the Indians were advancing.

"Well," thought my great-grandmother, "let them come. I am ready." And she was! Taking the platter of biscuits, she, alone, started out to meet them.

I do not know where my great-grandfather was at this time when his wife was taking such grave dangers into her own hands, but I do know that it was the platter of biscuits that turned what might easily have been a tragedy into a happy occasion. But that isn't all: when those biscuits were gone, she invited the warriors back to camp where she immediately set to work making more. Another cow was hastily milked, more flour was poured into the

pan, and once again a fire was built beneath the little oven. At this time, too, there was an added attraction, for while the biscuits were baking great-grandmother took the little organ out of the wagon and began to play. She played and sang until the biscuits were done. The Indians had never seen such an instrument before and were delighted with all they saw and heard.

After this batch of biscuits had been eaten, the chief stepped forward and handed the gun back to the young man. "We did not mean to frighten you," he said. "We took it from you because we were afraid you might hurt one of us, or yourself," a happy statement that set the nerves of the entire wagon train at ease.

In this manner did my great-grandmother's biscuits and music become the passport of the wagon train across the plains. She was always careful to have dough prepared for baking at a moment's notice, and a fresh cow was always kept at hand to be milked at some odd hour of the day or night. The Indians, it seems, employed some strange and swift means of communication, and every so often the emigrants were encountered by a hungry band of warriors waiting for biscuits and music.

"It got so that we camped at night near the tribes," she noted in her diary. "We felt safe if we knew they were near us. Sometimes they even served as guards for our animals so that our own men could get a good night's rest. Their only request as a return for their favor being a platter of biscuits and some music when the 'singing lady' wakes up in the morning."

It is from these events that both of my great-grandparents acquired their great respect for the Indians, a respect out of which has grown a lesson passed down by members of our family. It is not a new lesson at all, but one that was preached many years ago by a wonderful Prophet in a far land who said so truthfully that if you do unto others as you wish them to do unto you, you will discover that it works.

It certainly did for my great-grandmother!



Standing by a roadside  
In Nebraska,  
Watching a farmer plowing  
In his field,  
Made me think of  
Some old rustic saint  
Scattering seeds of goodwill  
In fields  
Extending far beyond  
The fence rows.

—Don Beckman



## MARY LEANNA DESCRIBES HER JOB

Dear Friends:

The academic year is over at Boston University, and as I sit here on another rainy Sunday afternoon (the last ten Sunday afternoons have been rainy) I find that I finally have the time to tell you about my job.

Since late August of 1970 I have been working for the College of Liberal Arts at Boston University as Study Abroad Adviser. All of you who have read my previous letters know that I love to travel, and I consider myself fortunate to have a job that lets me talk about my favorite subject all the time.

My job entails handling all the problems of students currently overseas, including registration and the transfer of academic credit, as well as interviewing and writing recommendations for students who are interested in studying overseas. As the College of Liberal Arts is an undergraduate school, most of our students who go overseas do so on a junior year or semester abroad program. This past academic year there were a total of 83 students studying in other countries, all of them in western Europe except for 1 in Poland, 2 in Mexico, and 12 in Israel. So far 70 students have made definite plans to go abroad next year, and I would not be surprised if the number rises to 100 before the year is out.

You might ask why the exodus is growing in a time when our country has economic problems. Well, it happens that studying abroad is usually cheaper than studying in the United States. If a student can be accepted independently at a foreign university (we usually have a dozen in various universities in Britain) the cost is considerably lower than what he would be paying in a private university here. This kind of experience demands a very well-qualified student, however, as foreign educational systems are vastly different from our own. In addition, there is usually a language problem. This is why it is often better for the student who has limited overseas experience to take advantage of the many American-sponsored study-abroad programs.

The best American programs provide the student with a sound orientation in living in a different culture, then make him as much as possible an individual member of the host community and university. In most cases this would allow the student to live with a family or in a university dormitory with few other Americans, and allow him to take a few courses at the university. There are American administrators present who can answer questions, help solve problems, and provide additional language



It had been several years since Emily had seen her cousin Mary Leanna Driftmier, so she was happy her cousin Martin Strom had room for a passenger when he drove east for his summer job. This is her first trip to New England.

training or other instruction.

People ask me, "Why is it so important to study abroad?" My answer is, in a word, "perspective". An extended period of time spent in another culture is a very maturing experience. I sent out a questionnaire recently to students who had studied abroad, and the last question had to do with what was the single most important thing they had learned. Responses have come trickling back and almost universally contain comments like: "I became much more independent," "I learned to rely on my own resources," and "I feel that I faced the challenges."

The other kind of "perspective" that comes from being abroad is the perspective necessary to deal with one's culture. It is not important whether things are better or worse anywhere else, but simply that they are different. People should realize that there are alternative points of view and alternative ways of life. It is only after one has had an intensive experience with a French village or an Israeli kibbutz or, for that matter, an American Indian reservation, that one is truly aware of the common bonds that bind humanity.

This coming week will be a very exciting one for me as I'm anticipating a brief visit from my cousin Emily Driftmier. We'll enjoy a few days together before I launch into my next big adventure.

By the time you read this I will be in Madrid spending seven weeks studying Spanish. I hope while I am there to visit many of the study-abroad programs in that city and also to see some of Spain. You'll hear about this trip when I return.

Sincerely,

Mary Leanna

P.S. The rain has stopped so maybe the rest of the day will be sunshiny. I hope so!

## FUSS-FREE HOSPITALITY

by

Dagny Tinkey

"Don't fuss — let's take potluck," guests insist. But if "potluck" is leftovers, the house looks its worst, and sheets are dirty, any housewife may feel harried.

You can be ready instead of red-faced when company comes if:

**You shop ahead.** Replace groceries before they are gone. This prevents forgetting the most important ingredient for that company meal in a last-minute rush. It also enables you to take advantage of specials.

**Plan easy menus.** I like oven-poppers — a frozen casserole, ham, meat loaf or roast, something that does not need watching. If the main dish is savory, the meal satisfies.

Desserts of fruit, cheeses, or pre-prepared gelatins, cookies, or cake are welcome. Who rejects ice cream except dieters who won't welcome dessert anyway?

**Keep extra bedding laundered.** "Do" the spare room soon after a guest leaves rather than after the next house guest arrives.

**Start early** preparing for that big occasion when the house must be spotless. Cleaning windows one day, bookshelves another, and so on, takes the ache and the rush out of those reunion days.

**Be prepared to look your best.** Rest before guests arrive. If you need a permanent, get one. The hostess is even more important than bed and board.

**Leave company alone** occasionally, especially if they are staying for more than a brief visit. Nothing is harder work than an abhorrently non-stop conversation.

**Keep an "entertainment box"** for children. This can contain toys, games, a few puzzles or books, whatever you have or can get without too much bother or expense. I like to pick up a game or two right after Christmas when such things are on sale.

**Accept help.** A friendly chat while clearing dishes from the table can make work fun.

**Don't apologize.** At least not too much. An embarrassed hostess makes an uncomfortable guest.

**Be flexible.** If company interferes with routine, toss routine out of the window. If we wait until everything is perfection before entertaining friends, most of us would have none.

Unexpected company is not unusual these days when most people telephone or write before coming, but if it happens, relax. A good motto is "If people care enough to come to see me, I care enough to make them welcome."



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM



If we didn't see Dorothy busy with some sewing, we'd think she was sick! It is her favorite pastime.

Dear Friends:

My! What a busy summer we have had so far! There has been so much coming and going of relatives at our house I hardly know where to begin. I guess the best way will be to start where my last letter left off.

Emily spent a weekend with us before she left. I had been in Shenandoah and she could have ridden home with me except for the fact she had to have a way back again, so she had to drive her own car. Her Volkswagen is very old so I followed her in case she had any car trouble. The car performed beautifully, but something did happen that was rather funny. I hadn't given her very clear instructions on which highway to take when we got downtown in Clarinda. She got through the first stop light just before it changed, but I had to stop and as I sat there I watched her take the wrong road! By the time I had been caught by two more lights, she was out of town and several miles ahead of me. I finally caught up with her and signaled her to pull off the road. When I told her she was headed for Kansas City instead of Lucas, we both had a good laugh!

Emily spent her days working around outside with her Uncle Frank, and in the evenings she made a dress. The material was a light turquoise bonded linen-like fabric left over from a suit I made recently for Mother. Mother told me that when Emily got back to Shenandoah they wore their grandmother-granddaughter dresses to church and got lots of compliments.

The next weekend Frank's sister Ruth and her husband Frank McDermott and family and one of the children's friends came from Kansas City to spend a few days with us. Bernie (another sister) and I spent a lot of time cooking things ahead of time so when our company came we didn't have to spend all our time in the kitchen.

We thought the boys would enjoy staying alone at the Andy Bear (this is the house on the adjoining farm that we've fixed up to sleep the overflow company). Kurt has a mini-bike which they brought along in the trunk of the car, so they had this to get from place to place. We saw very little of the boys for if they weren't fishing, they were off exploring the by-roads and the timber on the bike. I don't think there

was an inch of our farm that wasn't explored. Both boys are tall teen-agers, and it was amazing to me that they could ride on the little bike through the timber and up and down hills, but they managed to and had a lot of fun.

While Ruth and Frank were still with us our good friend Clarence Meyer from northern Iowa called to tell us they would be down to spend the day if we didn't have company. I didn't have to talk very hard to convince him to come ahead because he and Sylvia were acquainted with Ruth and Frank and everyone would be glad to see each other. Clarence and Sylvia had just acquired a pick-up camper and their young son Brian was eager to sleep in it. They left home in the evening and stayed all night along the way, arriving at the farm during the morning. We all had a wonderful day together, and in the evening, after everyone had gone home, the house seemed terribly empty.

We were happy and surprised the next week to get a call from my brother Wayne's daughter Alison saying she and her husband Mike were spending the night in Illinois and would be arriving at our house sometime the next day. I asked her if they would like to stay a few days at the Andy Bear and they were very pleased to have a place to settle down after several days of travel in the South. I went to town early the next morning and got a few groceries to stock up the refrigerator so they could get their own breakfasts if they chose. Alison referred to it as "Aunt Dorothy's Care Package". They ate their noon and evening meals with us and spent the hours between exploring the farm, fishing, and just having a good time in general. Alison has had a warm spot in her heart for our farm since she spent one summer with us. Mike said he could hardly wait to get there to see it for himself after listening to Alison "rave about it for

the past 5000 miles." Alison told me later that Mike thought it was just as nice as she did.

One day while Alison was getting their washing and ironing done Mike picked strawberries and made eight half pints of strawberry jam. I can vouch for the fact it was very good! He was hoping the raspberries would ripen before they left so he could make some raspberry jam, too.

Both young people were anxious to help us in any way they could, and I do want to mention a couple of things they did for us that we really appreciated. We had purchased a piece of indoor-outdoor carpet to cover the front porch the day before they came, and they said they would lay it for us. This had to be glued to the surface and they did a marvelous job. The other job was cleaning out the grass between the flat rocks in the long walk from our front gate to the house. It had been two years since this job had been done and the grass had grown so thick you could scarcely see the rocks. I'm going to try to keep it under control now so it doesn't get so bad again.

My high school class had another reunion this year and of course I attended this. Time passes so swiftly I could hardly believe it had been five years since we had gotten together in Shenandoah. The first reunion we had was the 25th; then we waited ten years and had our 35th. We probably would have waited *another* ten years before having another one except for the fact that Shenandoah celebrated its centennial in June. We knew many class members would be coming back for family reunions or just to attend the celebration, so we decided this would be a good time to get together.

Mother says she has never seen a class have as much fun when they get together as our class. Many classes just have an open house or a banquet, but we feel when people come from great distances to attend they deserve the opportunity to gather more than once for visiting. We had a nice cool location where we could gather to visit and reminisce in the afternoons. (This was fortunate as it was over 100 degrees those days!) Our dinner was held one evening, and the next noon we had a picnic at the farm home of one of the class members. Those who lived within the Shenandoah area brought huge basket dinners, and there was ample food to feed all who attended. We felt we had a *very* successful weekend.

I was planning to tell you in detail in this letter how to make beautiful flowers from hedgeballs, but I see I have run out of space. I promise to include this in my next letter.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy



**LEMON CREAM SHERBET**

- 1 pint milk
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- Strained juice of 2 lemons
- 1/2 pint cream
- 2 egg whites
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Add sugar to milk and allow to dissolve. When thoroughly dissolved, add flavoring, then juice, stirring constantly while adding juice. Turn into refrigerator tray and freeze for an hour or turn into ice cream freezer and freeze until of a mushy consistency. Beat egg whites, add the 2 Tbls. sugar. Whip the cream to a thick consistency and combine with the beaten egg whites. Add to the mushy frozen mixture and mix entire thing carefully and lightly. Return to freezing trays or freezer and freeze until firm.

**PEACH ICE CREAM**

- 4 cups canned peaches, pressed through a sieve
- 1/2 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup heavy cream

To 1/4 cup pulp, add the gelatin and soften. To the remaining pulp, add sugar and heat to boiling. Add gelatin and stir. Cool. Pour into freezing tray and freeze to mushy consistency. Remove and add flavoring, salt and fold in stiffly beaten cream. Return to tray and freeze.

**ZIPPY GREEN BEANS**

- 1 1-lb. can French-style green beans
- 1/4 tsp. celery seed
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Heat beans with celery seed in saucepan. Drain. Add Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing; toss lightly with a fork. Makes 4 servings. —Margery

**STUFFED TOMATOES**

Skin fresh tomatoes and scoop out part of the center. Fill with a mixture of the following ingredients:

- 1 cup diced chicken
- 1/4 cup diced celery
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 2 Tbls. chopped sweet pickle
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 4 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Serve on lettuce. This will take care of about 4 tomatoes. Increase filling as needed.

This is also delicious using shrimp, crab or tuna instead of chicken.

**CHERRIES 'N CREAM SALAD**

- 2 1-lb. cans red, water-packed cherries
- 1 13½-oz. can pineapple tidbits
- 1 1/3 cups flaked coconut
- 2 cups miniature marshmallows
- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups dairy sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Drain cherries and pineapple well. Combine fruit, coconut, marshmallows, sugar, salt. Mix flavoring into sour cream and fold in carefully. Cover and refrigerate overnight. —Emily Driftmier

**GOLDEN BROCCOLI**

- 2 pkgs. frozen broccoli spears
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Boiling water
- 6 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Cook the broccoli spears in boiling salted water until almost tender. Place in shallow pan and sprinkle with 4 Tbls. of the lemon juice. Warm the cream of chicken soup, adding the remaining 2 Tbls. of lemon juice. (Do not add any additional liquid.) Pour the soup over the broccoli spears and sprinkle with the Cheddar cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 to 25 minutes, or until bubbling and cheese is melted. —Margery

**SUPERB SPONGE CAKE**

- 4 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. cold water
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 2/3 cups of cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Separate eggs and beat yolks until thick and creamy. Then add 1 cup of sugar and the 2 tsp. cold water and continue to beat vigorously. Sift together the cake flour, baking powder, cream of tartar and salt 4 or 5 times. Now add this alternately to the egg yolk mixture with the hot water. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff, adding remaining 1/2 cup of sugar very slowly. Add vanilla and lemon flavoring. Fold egg whites into cake batter. Turn into an ungreased 10-inch tube pan and bake for 55 minutes at 325 degrees.

You won't believe what a large, delicious cake can be made with only 4 eggs until you try this. The addition of the baking powder removes it from the true sponge cake, but we prefer this recipe just because it is so completely dependable. We've never had a failure with it, nor have we ever heard of anyone else who was disappointed in it.

It's purely a personal opinion, this thing of icing or not icing angel food cakes and sponge cakes, so we'll simply say that once in a while we do make up a seven-minute white icing and use it on this cake.

**CUCUMBERS IN CHEESE SAUCE**

- 1 medium onion
- 2 large or 3 medium cucumbers
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup shredded cheese
- Dash of paprika
- Soft bread crumbs

Peel and slice the onion into a saucepan. Peel and slice the cucumbers. Pour three cups of boiling water over the onion, then arrange the cucumber slices over the onion, sprinkle with 1/4 tsp. of salt, cover and steam until the cucumbers are crisp tender. Drain well. Make a cream sauce with the flour, butter, 1/2 tsp. salt, milk and cheese. Place the cucumbers and onions in a buttered casserole and pour the cheese sauce over them and sprinkle with paprika. Cover the top with bread crumbs. Bake approximately 20 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy



**NEW POTATOES AND CHEESE**

- 12 small new potatoes
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 1/2 cups milk
- 1 cup medium-sharp Cheddar cheese, grated
- 1 1/2 tsp. dried parsley flakes
- 1 1/2 tsp. dried chives
- (If you have fresh parsley and fresh chives, use 1/4 cup of each, chopped.)
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Peel the potatoes and cook in salted water until tender. Melt the butter in a saucepan. Stir in the flour and mustard until smooth. Gradually stir in the milk, stirring constantly, and cook until thickened. Stir in the cheese, parsley, chives and salt and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until the cheese is melted. Add the potatoes and keep warm until ready to serve. —Dorothy

**BING CHERRY MOLD**

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cherry gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 #2 1/2 can pitted Bing cherries with juice
- 1 14-oz. can crushed pineapple with juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped (or commercial whipped topping)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened at room temperature

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water, add cold water and flavorings. Drain the fruits well and add juice to the liquid. Chill until slightly congealed. Spread the fruit in a 9- by 13-inch pan and pour half the gelatin over it. Refrigerate until this layer is firm. Whip the cream and add the cream cheese, whipping until mixture is fluffy. Fold in the remaining slightly congealed gelatin and pour over the first layer. Chill until firm. —Margery

**CAULIFLOWER WITH CHEESE SAUCE**

- 1 medium-sized head cauliflower
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Boiling water
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 3/4 cup shredded cheese

Cook the whole cauliflower in boiling salted water for about 12 to 15 minutes, or until tender. Place on a pie plate or in a small baking dish. Blend the mustard and cheese into the mayonnaise and pour over cauliflower. Bake for about 10 minutes at 375 degrees. Serve immediately.

—Margery

**BEEF ROLLS**

- Round steak, cut in rectangles about 5" by 3"
- Onion slices
- Raw bacon pieces
- Flour, seasoned with salt and pepper
- 4 Tbls. vegetable shortening

Prepare enough steak pieces for the number you are going to serve. Put a slice of onion and 6 or 8 pieces of raw bacon in the center of each piece of steak. Fold over center, first one side, covering the center, and then the other. Fasten with a toothpick or skewer. Press well into the flour, covering the meat well, and then brown in hot fat. Cover with water and cook slowly on top of the stove for 2 1/2 to 3 hours. Add a little more water during this cooking time as needed. I had to add a little more a couple of times. When meat is tender, remove to a platter and make gravy with the drippings.

These can also be made with minute steaks for a quicker cooking time. If the steaks are smaller than the size mentioned above, allow two for each person. —Margery

**SAUCY CABBAGE**

- 1 small head of cabbage
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 cup diced pimiento-stuffed olives
- 1/4 cup diced celery
- 1 Tbls. diced onion
- 1/3 cup apple jelly
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch

In a large skillet combine all the ingredients except the cabbage and cornstarch. Chop up the cabbage and put it into the skillet. Cover and simmer for about 5 minutes. The cabbage should be slightly crisp. With a slotted spoon remove the cabbage to a bowl. Blend the cornstarch with 2 Tbls. of water and add to the sauce in the skillet. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour over the cabbage and serve. —Dorothy

**BLACK WALNUT DROPS**

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

In large mixer bowl, combine all ingredients except nuts. Blend well at low speed. Stir in nuts; mix thoroughly. Drop by rounded teaspoons onto greased cookie sheets. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

**MOLDED SALMON SALAD**  
(Perfect on a hot summer day)

- 1 can (1 lb.) salmon, drained and flaked
  - 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
  - 1/2 cup chopped, stuffed green olives
  - 1/2 cup chopped celery
  - 1/4 cup chopped onion
  - 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
  - 1/4 cup cold water
  - 1 cup mayonnaise
  - 1 cup dairy sour cream
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 1/4 cup lemon juice
- Combine and mix lightly the salmon, eggs, olives, celery and onions. Soften gelatin in cold water. Place gelatin over hot water, stirring until dissolved. Combine gelatin, mayonnaise, sour cream, salt, lemon juice and blend with salmon mixture. Place in ring mold and chill until firm. Serve on salad greens. —Abigail

**CRYSTAL SALAD**

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
  - 1 1/4 cups hot water
  - 1/2 cup pineapple juice
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
  - 1 cup whipped cream; fresh, packaged, or refrigerator kind
  - 1/2 cup salad dressing
  - 1/2 cup diced apples, unpeeled
  - 1/2 cup diced celery
  - 1/2 cup diced pineapple
  - 8 large marshmallows, cut fine
- Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add pineapple juice and flavorings. Chill until it begins to congeal. Beat. Add salad dressing; fold in whipped cream. Combine remaining ingredients and fold in. Pour into 8" square pan and chill until firm. Serves 9. —Margery

**HAWAIIAN CHICKEN**

- 1 broiler-fryer, about 3 lbs., cut up
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 1 egg, slightly beaten
  - 1 1/3 cups packaged cornflake crumbs
  - 1 cup flaked coconut
  - 1 tsp. curry powder
  - 1/3 cup frozen pineapple-orange juice, undiluted
  - 1 1-lb. can pineapple tidbits
  - 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
- Sprinkle chicken with salt, dip in egg and roll in mixture of next 3 ingredients. Put, skin side up, in shallow baking pan. Add juice and drizzle with butter or margarine. Cover with foil and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 30 minutes. Uncover, add pineapple tidbits and bake 30 minutes longer, or until chicken is tender. Makes 4 servings. —Margery



**VEGETABLE MEDLEY CASSEROLE**

- 1 1-lb. can whole kernel corn, drained
- 1 1-lb. can French cut green beans, drained
- 2 stalks of celery, sliced and cooked until just tender
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup American cheese, grated (or Cheddar if stronger cheese taste is desired)
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Lightly toss these ingredients together in a buttered casserole. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 40 minutes. Serves 4-6.

—Emily Driftmier

**SWEET RICE PUDDING**

- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 8½-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 cup brown sugar
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Spoon rice into buttered baking dish. Add crushed pineapple with juice and flavoring. Sprinkle brown sugar over the top. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool slightly and serve with cream. The ingredients may also be combined before spooning into the greased baking dish.

—Evelyn

**THE SMILING SALAD**

Tonight when your family arrives at the table expecting another ho-hum salad, open their eyes with a bright surprise. Drench their salad with new **Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing**. What makes the magical difference? Care and an elusive blend of spices. Not too tart, not too sweet. Just the greatest new dressing to hit the lettuce in a long, long time.

Look for it at your grocer's. If he hasn't stocked it yet, he'll appreciate your suggesting he get some.

**Kitchen-Klatter  
Country Style Dressing**

**QUICK PEACH COBLER**

- 1 stick butter or margarine
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 3 cups sliced peaches
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Melt butter in 8- by 12-inch pan. Combine flour, sugar, salt and baking powder. Add milk and flavorings and stir well. Pour batter in pan over melted butter. Combine peaches, sugar and cinnamon and scatter over batter. Bake for about 50-60 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve plain or with milk or cream.

—Margery

**SOUTHERN TAMALES**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1/4 tsp. instant minced garlic
- 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 1-lb. can whole kernel corn, drained
- 1/8 tsp. hot pepper sauce
- 3/4 cup yellow cornmeal
- 1 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 2 tsp. salt

Cook the ground beef, onion and garlic in a large skillet until browned. Stir in the remaining ingredients and turn into a rectangular baking dish. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 45 minutes, or until a knife inserted in center comes out clean. Cut into squares to serve. This is an easy and quick dish to fix, and is very good.

—Dorothy

**LEMON WAFERS**

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 3 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. milk
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the eggs and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together. Add flavorings to milk. Add milk mixture, blending well, and then add the flour mixture. Chill dough. Roll out quite thin and cut with a small round cutter, or use cutters of various shapes when preparing for a special occasion. Bake at 400 degrees for 6 to 8 minutes. Watch closely so they don't get too brown.

—Margery

**DOROTHEA'S RICH PIE CRUST**

- This makes 5 pie shells, which are nice to have on hand in the freezer.
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups lard
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 cup cold water

Blend the flour, sugar and salt. Cut in the lard with a pastry blender. Beat the egg and blend with the vinegar and cold water. Sprinkle one tablespoon at a time over the flour mixture and toss with a fork, blending until none adheres to the side of the bowl. Roll out into 5 circles to fit pie pans. Bake in a hot oven about 10 to 12 minutes.

**DOROTHEA'S COCONUT PIE**

- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell
- 1 pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix
- 1 envelope whipped topping mix
- 1 3/4 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 cup coconut

In a bowl put the instant pudding mix, the dry whipped topping mix, the milk and flavorings. Beat with electric mixer until thick. Place a layer of coconut in the bottom of the baked pie shell, cover with a layer of the filling, more coconut and a second layer of filling. Top with whipped topping and sprinkle with a little toasted coconut.

We like to keep baked pie shells on hand for this recipe which we've found so quick and easy. There are countless ways to vary the ingredients using other instant pudding mixes and flavorings.

—Dorothy

**WINDIGO INN DESSERT TOPPING**

- 1 1/4 cups brown sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 Tbls. corn syrup
- 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine all ingredients and cook over low heat, stirring, until of syrup consistency. Serve hot or cold over cake or ice cream.

When I was staying at Windigo Inn at Isle Royale one vacation, this sauce was served over a delicious raisin cake. It would be equally fine over spice cake, applesauce cake, white cake, etc. The original recipe was for a large commercial quantity; I have adapted it for home use. It may be made into a cinnamon sauce with the addition of 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. of cinnamon.

—Evelyn



## A NEW WAY TO START THE DAY

by  
LaVerna Hassler

Sometimes I think it is the attitude with which we begin a day that determines what kind of day it will be. We don't give the day a chance to be filled with worthwhile and satisfying experiences because we let the pressures build up inside us until they, in turn, become pressing problems. Indeed, some of us start the night before to collect problems.

Have you ever gone to bed at night thinking of what is before you the next day? You are going to baby-sit with the grandchildren in the morning, which you dearly love to do; the teen-age son has a dental appointment in the afternoon; you must get lunch for extra hands who have come to help out at the farm, and then dash to town for a church board meeting at night. How you wish you could sleep right through the next day!

The Navajo Indians have a wonderful philosophy that I like to think about every morning when I awaken.

To them every day is a good day . . . these people who have swelt for centuries in the desert Southwest and watched the sun rise and set on their arid land.

I have come to believe that every day is a good day, too. Mornings are gentle and lovely. When I have started the coffee perking I take a few moments to welcome the new day. Sometimes I look at my iris bed to see any new blossoms that have opened during the night, or look down the lane for any new activity. In winter, when the world is encrusted in the silent white of new-fallen snow, rabbits feather-stitch the lane while squirrels dart from tree to tree.

In spring I usually catch sight of a hen pheasant that is nesting somewhere along the fence line. She's out getting her breakfast or taking a dust bath. Later she will be taking her brood across the road. It is always interesting to see how the tiny chicks learn to drink the early morning dew from the blades of grass. I have often chuckled to myself as I think, "We are two old hens out for our early morning exercise."

Sometimes I have time only to open my door and listen to a cardinal sing from the orchard or take a sniff of fresh morning air. Sometimes it's a hurried look out across the farmyard after a rain to see a rainbow arched across the heavens.

I take a special moment to watch the sunlight streaming through the rosy-pink of apple jelly cooling on the window ledge, or bring out a piece of embroidery work my grandmother made



Katharine, Juliana's and Jed's little daughter, hasn't become as attached to any particular toy as her brother James has with his "Old Blue Dog", but she does seem partial to "Funny Baby".

## MOTHERS ARE PEOPLE

Mothers are people who cook things,  
Like breakfast or lunch or a snack;  
Dexterous people who hook things  
Which button or zip up the back.  
Mothers are people who blow things,  
Balloons and kisses and noses;  
Green-thumbish people who grow things,  
Like ivy and puppies and roses.  
Mothers are people who send things,  
Like letters and strawberry tarts;  
Magical people who mend things,  
Like blue jeans and elbows and hearts,  
Mothers are people who find things,  
Like mittens and homework and germs;  
Fuss-budget people who mind things,  
Like slang and snowballs and worms.  
Mothers are people who sweep things,  
Like porches and cobwebs and rugs;  
Soft-hearted people who keep things,  
Like art work, report cards and hugs.  
Mothers are people who nurse things,  
Like a boy or a girl or a spouse,  
And all in all there are worse things  
Than mothers to have in the house.

—Selected



## BUTTERFLY

Butterfly! Butterfly!  
Flutter low, flutter high,  
Weaving threads far and nigh —  
Flashing bright through the sky,  
While the wind breathes a sigh;  
Gayly pirouette ere you die!  
Butterfly! Butterfly! —Ione Alexander

many years ago. Sometimes it is a bit of inspirational verse I take time to read.

Yes, I am certain now I understand the ways of the Navajo much better, and I, too, have come to think of every day as a good day. The good things are here. We just have to seek and find, and then weave our hours around them.

## CANADIAN HONKERS

by  
Nova Nelsen

Mrs. Emma Nentwig, a subscriber to *Kitchen-Klatter* since 1929, a retired farmer, and daughter of Iowa's "Goose Man", has an interesting and unique hobby. She raises Canadian Honkers.

At her home in Varina, Iowa, one can see and enjoy these beautiful birds. Her flock sometimes numbers in the hundreds. Last spring saw fourteen mated pairs with nests, so her gosling crop was big. She allows her birds full freedom of her fenced acreage. She provides nesting materials for them, never interfering with their lives or natural ways of nesting. Her birds prefer nesting on the ground.

They gather close for feeding or "talking to", but scurry away if strangers attempt this. The wings are clipped as goslings, yet some manage to fly the length of their pasture. Migrating honkers sometimes alight near Mrs. Nentwig's flock. Certainly spring and fall migrations bring much noise from the flock, providing, of course, the added joy of this excited goose talk.

The honkers respond or react instantly to any strange sound or movement in or near their pasture, such as a straying dog or person. Their excited calls bring Mrs. Nentwig to the scene immediately.

She has both state and federal permits and welcomes visits from the state game wardens. She occasionally sells dressed honkers for holiday feasting, and has also supplied a number of live birds for Game Farms and Wildlife Conservation Refuges.

Mrs. Nentwig grew up with Canadian Honkers. Her father the former, Jacob W. Ziegler, started his flock before she was born. Mr. Ziegler was featured in an early publication of *The Des Moines Register* as Iowa's Goose Man. He was more than that; he was one of Iowa's early wild game conservationists, developing a part of his farm into a game refuge and harbor.

Mrs. Nentwig is probably one of the best authorities on Canadian Honkers. She has lived with them, raised them and observed them all of her life. Her photo album and anecdotal records are proof of this authority. She loves her geese, is a tremendous lover of nature, and appreciates all of the outdoor world and its beauty.

## THY WILL BE DONE

I am only one, but I am one;  
I can't do everything, but I can do something;  
And what I can do, that I ought to do;  
And what I ought to do, by the Grace of God,  
I shall do. —Edw. Everett Hale



## GRASS ISN'T ALWAYS GREEN

by  
Evelyn Birkby

It promised to be a hot summer day so I was up very early and out pulling weeds from the flower beds. The air was fresh and cool and the flowers looked bright and cheerful as I began my work.

Even as I pulled out the weeds, I was thankful that we can grow so many plants in Iowa's rich, black soil. When I straightened to rest my back I looked out over the large expanse of smooth, thick lawn and smiled, remembering the grumbles of our sons when they have to help with the cutting chores.

But not everywhere does grass grow so lush and green, as we observed during our vacation. Our oldest son, Bob, was scheduled to work this summer at the Philmont Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico. It worked out so we could time our vacations to take him down. Fortunately, Jeff and Craig had summer jobs which could be juggled a bit, so all five members of our family piled into a car filled in every nook and cranny with camping gear, and off we went.

It is only a short drive through the loess bluffs west of Sidney and into the flat areas of Nebraska on the other side of the Missouri River. Driving south, we passed through Topeka and into the Flint Hills section of Kansas. Fine, sleek cattle grazed contentedly on the prairie grass which covered the undulating hills as far as we could see.

Our first real stop was Abilene, Kansas. The chapel where President Eisenhower is buried is lovely; a dignified and simple memorial to a great American. The boys were impressed by Eisenhower's boyhood home, the library and Old Abilene town. The Eisenhower museum was being remodeled and hence closed — a great disappointment! The new wing is to be finished and open again to the public sometime in August.

The land changed rapidly as we drove west and south of Abilene. Driving near Cheyenne Flats we saw many, many miles of this low-lying soggy area filled with marsh grass, birds and various kinds of wildlife. It was lush and green as we passed by; I hope it stays that way into the fall months when rainfall is sparse.

A stop at Kinsley, Kansas, and Walsh, Colorado, to visit cousins proved a fascinating excursion back into my childhood. My Grandfather and Grandmother Corrie homesteaded near Isabelle, Kansas, and later near Walsh, Colorado. In fact, we spent the night



Jeff, Bob and Craig Birkby check their map beside a trail camp cabin in the mountains of Philmont Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico. The boys and their father had an exciting vacation experience backpacking in this area.

in the old adobe farmhouse built by Grandpa so many years ago.

A visit to the small country cemetery where Grandpa and Grandma are buried proved to be one of the high points of the trip. Cousin Florence apologized for the rough, stiff buffalo grass which grew spasmodically in the cactus-speckled, sandy soil, but it seemed appropriate ground cover for a cemetery which holds the remains of many sturdy pioneers of that area.

Leaving Walsh, Highway 160 took us through the Comanche National Grassland. For over seventy-five miles we passed not a town nor saw a person! A scraggly cow or two wandered through some of the ridges and gullies. A tumbled down shack and a telephone line gave hints of civilization. Gradually the Colorado mountains came into view and the soil grew even more rocky and the prairie grass became brown and thin.

Dropping south from Trinidad we found driving over Raton Pass a ruggedly beautiful experience. My ears popped for hours after we descended into the town of Raton and moved on south to the flat, red-hued plains dotted by interestingly shaped mesas and buttes.

"I can see the mountains of Philmont!" Bob excitedly pointed out Baldy Peak, The Tooth of Time and Antelope Mesa, as we drew closer to Cimarron and the Scout Ranch. We drove up Cimarron Canyon and found a beautiful camping area beside the Palisades — high, rocky, rugged cliffs which lifted far above our heads. Our campsite was snuggled close to the Cimarron River and the sounds of the water rushing over the rocks joined with the voice of the wind in the tall evergreen and cottonwood trees to lull us to sleep later that night.

Now Bob took charge. We had a number of days to roam the mountains,

scenic spots and museums which encompass the 140,000 acres of the great Philmont Ranch. (For more details about the history and uses of this ranch, see February, 1968 *Kitchen-Klatter*.)

Bob guided us through the new Ernest Seton Museum which is near the log entrance gate with its *Welcome to Philmont* sign. The museum contains the Seton collection of drawings, paintings, Indian pottery and implements as well as a fine library of books on outdoor lore and Scouting knowledge.

Driving south from the museum, Bob took us to Rayado Crossing where the Scouts have reconstructed the home of Kit Carson. A fine young man in old-time garb was going about the work of an early blacksmith in the renovated forge. His wife was preparing bread to bake in the outdoor cone-shaped oven so familiar in the Southwest. This couple is helping with the year-round development and maintenance of the home.

Space does not permit going into detail about all the places we saw on the ranch, but the following day Bob took us on a long hike up from Cimarron Canyon, behind Antelope Mesa and into a lovely meadow between two high mountain ridges. Here is situated Harlan Camp where Bob worked last summer teaching Scouts Mexican cookery. We saw the burro pens, cook shack, storage building, showers, staff tents and the camping area set aside for the troops who hike in to spend the night.

"It is certainly dry here," Bob exclaimed. "The grass is so brown and short compared to last year." We learned later it had been one of the driest months on record.

Later, after I had been safely brought down from the heights and settled some sixty miles farther west in Taos, Robert, Bob, Jeff and Craig buckled on their backpacks and went up like mountain men to the far reaches of Philmont for a four-day trek. They camped and hiked at such exciting sounding places as Shaefers Pass, Cimarroncito, Clark's Fork and The Tooth of Time. Water was a constant problem and at one camp they cleaned out an old spring to acquire some. The dry spell had all but dried up this once-flowing spring.

A most exciting experience was camping with a herd of twelve deer. The gentle animals came close while the campers were preparing their evening meal.

Reluctantly the men of my family came down from the heights and I rejoined them for the return trip home, except for Bob. He put on his backpack again and went back up into the mountains to work on conservation projects until time for college to start in September.



## GALLIVANTIN' GRANDMA

by  
Leta Fulmer

I've never quite conformed to the standard baby-sitting-grandma role. Although I love caring for our eighteen-month-old twin grandsons, I'm just not the stay-at-home-on-Saturday-night type. So it's here we went into the wild blue yonder — my husband and I gripping small pudgy hands and guiding stumbling feet in blue sneakers. This time it was Jeff's and Jon's introduction to the world of Carnival! Trying to match our steps to the youngsters' bouncing beat, we strolled through the sagging arch with its half-lit letters.

The calliope tossed its lilt above the raucous bleat of the barkers: "Bring the little lady right in here and win a prize!" "Four balls for a quarter, everybody wins!" At the first strident onslaught of noise, the boys hung back, but only for a second. Then the blinking lights and the clanging noises held for them the voice of Pan.

"Kind of a crummy-looking show, isn't it? Everything's so shabby and second rate. Remember what nice-looking carnivals they had when we were kids?" I unwound Jon's clinging fingers from a discarded paper cup.

"It is kind of run down at the heels." Jimmie shook his head. "Nothing like the shows we brought our kids to, when they were little. Let's head for the merry-go-round. Surely it'll be safe to take them on."

Up and down, up and down. Jimmie's arms circled Jeff as he rode a fiery steed with one ear missing. Jon was safe in my arms as he sat astride a jerking rabbit minus a tail. Both boys were too flabbergasted even for their usual twin talk. The ride over, we wandered about. The stands were draped with bunting that was sun-streaked and torn. Even the stuffed animals looked as though they'd seen better days. Jon stumbled and I looked down.

"Let me tie their shoes again. Hold them still." Jimmie clutched two tiny pair of shoulders while I struggled with strings that had been dragging in the dust. "There, that's done again." And suddenly I stared into two pair of bright blue eyes alight with wonder. Reflected there, I saw the turning ferris wheel, the winging arc of bright balloons, the soft pink fluffs of cotton candy. From their eye level, I turned to look down the midway. And suddenly the tawdriness was gone, and in its place I saw a string of sparkling lights that lit a magic path right into fairyland. I felt the reins slip through my fingers, right into baby hands. With infectious giggles and determined "go,



What could possibly delight young children more than a ride on a merry-go-round? Nothing pleases Aaron and Andy more than when their mother, Kristin (Johnson) Brase takes them to the amusement park.

go, go's" they pulled us into days we'd thought would never come again. We leaned against a booth where nickels clinked against bright glassware — goblets, red and green and blue — tomorrow's version of Carnival Glass. Then on to where stuffed turtles with bright polka dots dangled on a string. And even baby hands could toss those balls to win a prize — toothpick holders, plastic toys, and lucky rabbits' feet. We paused where real live ponies nickered for the weight of small fat bodies on their backs. And round and round we trudged, while grasping fingers tangled tightly into snowy manes, and pure delight burst forth in every

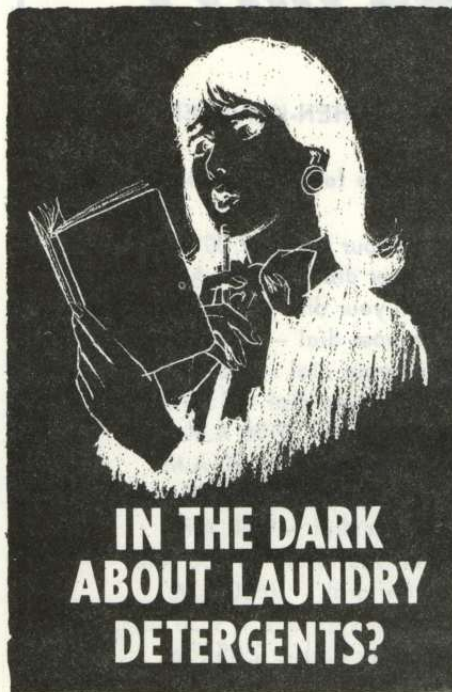
laugh, each jabberwocky word. Foot-long hot dogs disappeared like magic as we traded bites, and washed down the spicy tang with icy drinks from striped paper cups. And cotton candy smeared two small mouths — and hands, and clothes, and even tousled hair! Eyes round with awe (and our eyes on them) they wondered at the speeding cats that circled, dipped, and swung — the youngsters screaming to the tune of creaking tracks and off-beat thump of drums. And I remembered a lanky boy with dark eyes flashing, and a blue-eyed girl with windblown curls. Could it have been more than twenty years ago?

Two happy, exhausted babies slumped in twin car seats as we headed for home and bed. I glanced back over my shoulder where the ferris wheel still circled against the blackness of the sky. Faintly, I could hear the wail of the calliope as it sang its COME-TO-THE-CARNIVAL call. I sighed in utter satisfaction. Tonight had dug old memories right into the present time. And better yet, we'd begun to build a brand-new storehouse of precious memories for the future.

It was indeed, a night to remember — the first time Jeff and Jon took Grandma and Grandpa to the Carnival!

Want a good recipe for Happiness? Take . . .

2 heaping cups of patience  
1 heartfelt of love  
3 handfuls of generosity  
Dash of laughter  
1 headful of understanding  
Sprinkle generously with kindness.  
Add plenty of faith and mix well.  
Spread over a period of a lifetime.



Confused about all the conflicting claims about "miracle" detergents and little dots that gobble up stains? Well, here's some straight talk about **Blue Drops**.

**Blue Drops** is a highly concentrated, low-suds detergent that's designed for use in all washers: front- and top-loading automatics as well as wringer washers. Its super-cleaning strength makes it ideal for heavily soiled work clothes and diapers, but it's gentle enough for silks, rayons and washable wools. It has a delicate, clean fragrance and it's economical, too.

Sheds some light on the subject, doesn't it?

**Kitchen-Klatter**  
**Blue Drops**



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

It was some twenty years ago that Janice Holt Giles wrote *Miss Willie*. It has been enjoyed by so many people that Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, has reissued it. Miss Willie, a dedicated teacher, took her niece's call to leave her comfortable job at El Paso and take over a one-room school at Piney Ridge in the Kentucky hills. She was needed. Filled with plans for improving the opportunities for education, there was a resistance at Piney Ridge that she had not considered. However, they were kind to her in spite of her different ways to improve the schooling and life in general. It took Miss Willie some time to discover that some of the hill people have a beauty all their own. Her warmth and humor eventually help to bridge the gap to finding fulfillment in the community of Piney Ridge.

Mrs. Giles has revealed that the main character is based on the character of her mother and although the plot is fictional, some episodes are taken from life.

A story of the coming together of two ways of life is *Miss Willie* (Houghton Mifflin Co., \$6.95). We are glad that it is being reissued for a new generation of readers.

"... Baked 13 pies, dressed 9 chickens," the beautiful, faded handwriting stated. "Wednesday — made yeast in



Mother keeps up on new books.

the morning, dipped 60 dozen candles, fried a peck of doughnuts."

These casually enormous kitchen chores were recorded around a century ago in a New England housewife's personal notebook, one of many in the collection of Mrs. Beatrice Vaughan of East Thetford, Vermont, who has turned her long-time hobby of gathering handwritten cookbooks into a professional success story.

"I inherited some, found some in the 'box-and-lot-for-10-cents' items in country auctions, and have been given some by older neighbors or by pen-friends across the United States," Mrs. Vaughan said. "Now the antiques dealers are recognizing their value, so today the best sources for bargains are farmstead storage spots — attics, sheds, in trunks and furniture — and

often moving companies who buy up whole housefuls of goods for resale."

The "receipts," as recipes used to be called, and remedies were written usually on the ruled pages of ledgers or school composition books, many of which have been lovingly sewn together by hand. Such notebooks are valuable partly for recipes that are not found in printed books and partly as windows to the everyday life of our great-grandparents' day.

Mrs. Beatrice Vaughan's latest cookbook, *The Ladies Aid Cookbook*, (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, \$6.95) is drawn from years of personal experience in women's community activities in New England and the South. Mrs. Vaughan delightfully embellished her material with vignettes of potluck suppers, sunshine baskets, box socials and summer food sales that are Americana of the first order. Her book represents an ongoing American way of life and is a tribute to the community spirited housewives who have sent needy children to camp, raised money for a new furnace for an old church building, or bought a new fire engine for a remote country village — all through "making and making do" in the form of good food and handicrafts.

The book is affectionately dedicated "... to every woman who has ever peeled a bushel of potatoes for supper, baked half a dozen pies for a food sale, then stood on tired feet on a hot August afternoon to sell them."

This is another of those cookbooks that is fun to read because of the little additions put in by the author.

One such vignette is called "Looking Ahead" and tells of the hard-working woman who took a prominent part in putting on community suppers. At home, she cared for a large house and numerous family members. Folks often remarked about it. At one supper she confided to the other women she'd been to the doctor. "He said if I don't let up, I'm going to have a nervous breakdown. You know, I've always wanted to have one of those nervous breakdowns. But every time I thought I could spare the time, something would come up that needed doing and I'd have to put it off."

Mrs. Vaughan also writes about potluck suppers and how these affairs usually turn out pretty well as to variety. She was disappointed once, during wartime when lots of foods were scarce. "That night there were perhaps thirty or forty families assembled for the supper. Each group brought a dish, some families more than one, and, believe it or not, every single offering turned out to be some variation of a spaghetti or macaroni casserole."

Recipes in *The Ladies Aid Cookbook* make for good testing and tasting.



# TIME OUT!

## LISTEN TO KITCHEN-KLATTER

We are heard on the following stations:

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



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

What do gardeners do during the month of August? Some take vacations, others groom their annual and perennial flowers, select choice vegetables, and exhibit at local flower shows and county fairs. Alfred and I take a precarious sort of vacation too — we buzz around the state judging flower shows and horticulture exhibits at county fairs. It is the best way I can think of to see what gardeners are really growing and showing, and to learn of first-hand gardening experiences. Exhibitors have come a long way since we first started these judging jaunts and it's amazing to see the great improvements made in the quality of horticulture specimens and the tremendous improvement in floral design.

Exhibitors have learned to grow the better varieties of flowers, fruits and vegetables, and to take great care in preparing their exhibits for the show table. They have learned that beautiful plant material can be crushed, bruised or torn in transit, so they carefully pack and carry their exhibits to the show. The exhibitors are "informed exhibitors" — they know how to disbud certain flowers and how to cut and show specimens at the proper stage of development with the recommended stem length. Top exhibitors know that when all things are equal, the judge will show preference to the correctly named variety in a class. They know that no foliage is shown *unless* attached to the stem of the specimen. Judges consider the quality of the foliage along with the bloom. It just isn't cricket to remove a worm-eaten leaf and replace it with a healthy one from some other part of the plant, or even from another plant.

Flower arranging is simply the organization of plant materials according to the principles of design to attain *beauty, simplicity, expression and harmony*. When we first started judging the artistic classes very few flower arrangers achieved any semblance of design. Flowers were crowded in unrelated containers and placed on the show table. Exhibitors nowadays *know* what is meant by "good design". Though they might not always achieve it exactly, they know enough about floral art to confound a panel of judges. They have learned through study, lectures, and by watching floral demonstrators how to create lovely arrangements with their garden flowers. It is exciting and fun to "grow and show", and stimulating and challenging to view the fruits of their labor.



Begonias in a reed basket-type purse from a rummage sale.



African violets set in a collection of pretty outside containers.

### UNUSUAL CONTAINERS FOR FLOWERS

by  
Grace V. Schillinger

When you plan to give flowers to a friend or relative and think that just any old flowerpot will serve the purpose, think again! An unusual container will add so much pleasure that it'll be worth the extra effort of getting them ready to give.

For instance, say you plan to dig up some of the begonias you have growing near your house. Why not plant them in a discarded reed purse? You can pick up these reed basket purses at rummage and basement sales for a few cents apiece. Remove the lid, line the basket with aluminum foil or heavy plastic, poke a hole or two in the bottom for drainage, and add your planting soil. Then dig your begonias and place

them carefully in the soil. In a week or two, your begonia basket will look like this. (Picture #1) It could be an acceptable gift for a birthday or an anniversary.

If you have extra African violets, give some away. But put them first into an outside container that'll show them off better than just their own clay or plastic pots. (Photo #2)

"All I have to give away are ferns!" — I can hear someone say.

All right, give them away — beautifully — in a piece of old log that you can find in the woods filled with woods soil and small woods ferns. This would make a nice centerpiece for a dining table, using a plastic doily under it.

Use your imagination in selecting your containers when you decide to share your flowers with someone.

❧ ❧ ❧

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the program you have  
to give next month --  
or what to serve  
for company?



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**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

tains. We asked him to go with us to Europe, but he said he would rather stay in the United States this year. Although he is majoring in English, I would not be surprised if someday he decided to be a farmer. He loves to work on the land. You will note that I said "land". That does not include our lawn and garden at home. For the past several weeks he has been working part time on a farm that grows hundreds of ducks and geese along with a few goats.

A few days ago I was invited to take part in a big society wedding in one of the local Roman Catholic churches. I was delighted to be asked, and I was even more delighted to be given such a large part of the ceremony. The priest and I honestly shared the service, and I am sure that the young couple felt that I had had as big a part in the marriage as had the priest. After the service I was simply swamped with words of appreciation from the many Roman Catholics present. Time and time again they said: "Oh, that was so beautiful!



Frederick's family will miss the vacations at Argyle Lodge in Nova Scotia now that the property has been sold, but he and David did spend a few days there in June.

We need to have more ecumenical weddings. What a wonderful thing that we do not any longer permit our religion to divide us." Those are my sentiments exactly.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

**HOW NOT TO ANTIQUE A DESK -****Concluded**

into as unobtrusive a corner as possible. Somehow, it seemed suicidal to try coping with that stubborn piece of furniture, guarding a wet finish, and fielding comments from six family members, all at one time. I'd wait, and try again Monday.

In my spare time over the weekend, I read about the man who was pounding on the chair leg in an attempt to repair it, who commented that his methods caused it to rapidly become "over-antiqued". Mister, you never said a truer word! At once, I adopted the word as my own. The Desk was simply over-antiqued, that was all.

Back to the instruction sheet. Not one word did they say about repairing unfortunate attempts that resulted in overantiquing. They didn't even imply that such a thing could possibly occur! To myself, I muttered black comments about truth in advertising. They advised that practice makes perfect, and that you would "quickly learn . . . to achieve the antiqued effect you desire." What's the definition of "quickly"?

Another sentence caught my by-now-skeptical eye. "... a finish that will surprise and delight your family and friends." I'll admit, they were half right.

Well, I hadn't really expected to become an Instant Expert, qualified to write articles on "How to Antique a Desk" after the first try. But, having been a do-it-yourselfer for all the years of my life (my very first sentence was "Do It by 'Self!'") I hadn't really anticipated total disaster, either. I glared at The Desk, and it glared back malevolently, looking like a likely candidate for a fire sale.

Right now, The Desk is pouting on the porch, under a fresh layer of base coat, my latest attempt at rehabilitation. I've got delicate streaks to match it in my hair, where I failed to maintain the proper aloof distance while painting, and a couple of blobs are on my loafers. I also feel like the heroine of an afternoon soap opera, faced with impending disaster. Surrounded with imaginary swelling crescendo or organ music, the questions fly thick and fast, as I fight an overwhelming paralysis of the will power. "Will she summon the courage to once again apply Glaze, to achieve that exciting Grained Effect? Will she give up, and settle for ungrained green? Will she - -" the imaginary voice quivers under the stress of so much raw emotion, "Overcome All Obstacles and Achieve a Brighter Tomorrow?"

Or a brighter desk? I wish I knew. It's enough to make a woman's hair turn green!



## Kitchen-Klatter SAFETY Bleach - We're proud of that middle name!

We absolutely refused to put our name on a bleach until we were absolutely certain it was *really* safe. Safe for diapers...safe for synthetics, cottons, even colored clothes and dainty underthings.

We don't need to tell you what unsafe bleaches can do to lovely, expensive things. Nearly every household has had an unfortunate "accident" when harsh chlorine bleaches have come in contact with delicate fabrics.

Yet, with all its gentleness, Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach does its job well too: it makes white things white and colors sparkle. Rely on safe, powerful, Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach.

Your food store has it now, or can get it for you right away.



## Kitchen-Klatter SAFETY Bleach

WE KNOW IT IS SAFE!

WE MAKE IT!





A short time ago Frederick (left) and his associate, Rev. John Ames, performed at a church party in these costumes. Their act made a big hit with everybody!

### THE KITCHEN

Sometimes I like a kitchen best  
When all the work is done,  
And it is orderly and sweet.  
With fragrance and with sun.  
The floor waxed and the curtains crisp.  
My apron on its hook —  
A kitchen then has such a neat,  
Precise, and pleasant look.

But often it seems pleasanter  
At five o'clock, I think,  
When suddenly it is time to fill  
The kettle at the sink,  
To start the fire, and lay the cloth  
The old familiar way —  
Oh, a kitchen is a lovely place  
Any time of day! —Author unknown

### A PAN DOES IT

1. A flower. (Pansy)
2. A food. (Pancake)
3. To beg. (Panhandle)
4. A remedy. (Panacea)
5. An animal. (Panther or panda)
6. A discussion. (Panel)
7. Provisions stored. (Pantry)
8. Great fear. (Panic)
9. Part of body. (Pancreas)
10. A passing scene. (Panorama)

### WHICH BELL?

1. Starts ringing in the fall? (School)
2. Is a flower? (Bluebell)
3. Is cracked but widely known? (Liberty)
4. Announces a visitor? (Door)
5. Calls people to worship? (Church)
6. Was the inventor of the telephone? (Alexander Bell)
7. Is welcome sound at mealtime? (Dinner)
8. Is a stupid person? (Dumbbell)
9. Announces a marriage? (Wedding bell)
10. Invites us to talk? (Phone bell)

### LAZY DAY FUN — Concluded

as part of the entertainment, then let each "hobo" carry his bandanna on a stick. Potato chips and other snack foods, a candy bar, fresh fruit, and sandwiches are some of the foods suitable for this type of lunch. If you can locate someone who owns some timberland where you can take the group on a hike and then settle down to rest and eat their hobo lunches, you'll probably find it the easiest party you ever gave — and one the youngsters vote the most fun. It is surprising how many youngsters have never had an opportunity to take a walk in the woods. They love it!

**Bop the Bird:** Place a small piece of wood on the ground. One person stands on the wood. He is "the bird" on his perch or "it". Other players stand about 10 feet away and take turns tossing a bean bag at the bird. The object of the game is for the player to hit the bird between shoulders and waist, or to make him lose his balance and

slip off the wood as he tries to dodge the bean bag. The one who hits the bird, or knocks him off the perch, is the next bird.

**Umbrella Bounce:** Place an open umbrella upside down on the ground. Players take turns trying to toss a small rubber ball or ping-pong ball so that it bounces once onto the ground and then into the umbrella. They must stand four or five feet from the umbrella. Score a point each time a player's ball stays in the umbrella.



### THE VOTING AGE

I remember quite clearly the time when it came,

And after that nothing was ever the same;

Before, at my bidding, he'd come or go,

Till one day our infant, age two, shouted, "No!" —Church paper



Vacations *don't* mean vacations from dirt (remember last year's fish-stained shirts, grass-stained knees, fire-blackened pans?). Wise wives make sure **KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER** goes along on every trip. It works wonders on everything that needs washing — and it works as well in the Rockies as it does at home!

Be sure your last prevacation shopping list includes **KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER**. Your grocer has it. Remember:

## KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .

**KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER** does the work!"



## OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



**KIT:** Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 15" tall \$6.99 p.p. **Assembled:** Undressed: with patterns for clothes 15" \$12.45 p.p. **Dressed:** in small print cotton, old fashioned style 15" \$16.99 p.p.

**EVA MAE** Doll Co., Box 331  
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I enclose 10¢ . . . send me your Dutch Iris bulbs and free catalog.

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**LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded**  
everyone. (As I write this I am suddenly realizing that the only time he cried was when he woke up from a bad dream — and that happened rarely.)

One of the nicest times of the day was between 7:00 and 8:00 when supper was over, his bath was done, and he curled up in the chair to have me read to him. That surely brought back worlds of memories to me for I did this every night when Juliana was a little girl. He had brought several of his favorite books with him, but a trip to the children's department at the library turned up new ones that he enjoyed very, very much. Since I couldn't play with him physically, this hour of reading was surely a genuine pleasure to me — and to him also, since he would listen with absorption as long as I could keep going.

Katharine was one year old on June 7th and again, if I do say so myself, she is a darling little girl. I'm going to miss having her beside me in her high-chair three times a day. I asked Juliana in advance what I should have on hand for her in the line of prepared baby food, and it turned out that she has been "eating from the table" since she was eight months old and needed nothing special whatsoever.

After being with my grandchildren I can only conclude that I must have made every mistake in the book with their mother!!! She was such an extremely fussy eater that even Dorothy (endlessly tolerant) said she was the worst case she'd ever seen! No wonder I remember her childhood meals as pitched battles in which she always came out the victor — and it's no wonder I'm impressed by the way my grandchildren eat.

Katharine is not what you'd call a predictable child. She has only one nap a day (gave up the morning nap

when she was about 7 months old) and sometimes this lasts for two full hours. Other days it's only 20 minutes, and once awake she never, never goes back to sleep again. The same thing is true at night; she'll be awake for a long as three hours if she once rouses up. I thought at first it was because she was in strange surroundings, but Juliana says it's the same way at home. Consequently she and Jed very rarely go out in the evening — there's too much chance that the baby sitter will have a bad time.

Abe proved to be wonderful with the children, much to our surprise and delight. He loved to rough house with James outside, and he actually played with Katharine and seemed to realize that she was much smaller than James and couldn't be mauled. He brought her his toys and stood by and watched with great interest as she examined them. All in all, my worries about him were surely in vain.

Well, I see that I've written a great deal about my grandchildren, but tomorrow they'll be gone and then Eula and I will resume our very quiet life and my letters to you will reflect it! Right now the summer of 1972 when they'll come back again to visit us seems very far away.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile

## COVER PICTURE

Katharine Lowey went to an Albuquerque photographer to have her first birthday portrait taken and obviously was none too happy about it.

We had hoped for a big, merry smile, but as Juliana says: "She reserves those for people whom she knows very well — her brother and her parents."

Anyway, those of you who were receiving our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine last year will remember her first picture when she was less than 24 hours old . . . and will agree that she has changed!

—Lucile

**MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded**  
were nearly two hundred there for the dinner and dancing.

There were several dances, unique to the Jewish people, which they did in the round very similar to a polka or dancing that one might see in barn dances. They pulled these boys into the circle and taught them the basics of these dances and soon they were dancing and kicking up their heels with the greatest of fun and no feeling of self-consciousness over their possible lack of skill.

Next month I'll tell you about the girls' birthday parties — old news but fun-packed, nevertheless.

Sincerely,  
Mary Beth



## "LITTLE ADS"

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

October ads due August 10.  
November ads due September 10.  
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## MARGERY'S LETTER — Concluded

sistent that I include swimming as part of the therapy for restoring the use of my arm. It's great having such a marvelous excuse to leave the office early and take a swim — something I haven't done for several years. I've made fine gains the past few weeks and I'm confident that by the end of the summer I'll be completely recovered from the surgery.

Since I still can't handle my camera with ease, I'm grateful that Donald, Frederick and Juliana took lots of pictures. There hasn't been time for prints to reach us yet, but we hope to have some to share with you next month.

Oliver and I haven't had our fishing poles out yet, which is a bit unusual, but there will be time for that when there is nothing else to do. We'll definitely pack our gear when we go on our vacation as we'll be visiting friends in Wisconsin and likely will do some camping near water. These plans are still in the making.

Sincerely,  
Margery

## JUST A BIT MORE

He who does a little more than he is asked to . . . who takes a little more care than he is expected to . . . who puts the small details on an equal footing with the more important ones . . . is the one who is going to be successful.

Each little thing done better is the little bit growing into something bigger.



# Poems

## GO SLOWLY, AUGUST

Go slowly, August;  
We cannot part with summer yet.  
Each twilight brings its own regret.  
You proffer  
A crunch of grass in August grass,  
A sigh in vagrant winds that pass,  
A hint of smokey morning haze,  
Your subtly shortening days.  
Wait, August;  
Cling fast to summer song.  
Once quiet, once still, silence lasts  
too long.  
Go gently, August;  
Still boast of summer skies,  
Still clasp the carefree world we prize.  
Go softly, August;  
Let the pond waves run in the morning  
sun.  
Tell Autumn "stay"; our Summer's not  
yet done. —Harverna Woodling

## NEIGHBORING

Friend of my heart,  
Exchange with me  
News of the day  
O'er a cup of tea.  
Sorrow's divided,  
Joy's multiplied,  
With a true-hearted neighbor  
Close by your side.  
Halfway to noontime  
Come sit awhile,  
Sharing a tear, friend,  
Sharing a smile. —Neva D. Baker

## TIME PASSES BUT WARS CONTINUE

With rocks and clubs the cavemen settled,  
Whenever one of them was nettled.  
The spear, the sword, the long cross-bow  
Were used by Chinese long ago.  
The Roman overcame the Greek,  
His wider boundaries to seek.  
With fire and sword old Genghis Khan  
Made sure that war went on and on.  
Men fought Crusades for holy reasons,  
Struggling through heat and winter seasons.  
Poisoned arrows, deadly, fierce,  
Some Indians have used to pierce  
Their enemies from woods and glen,  
Driving away the whiter men.  
Gunpowder came with all its strength  
To give all wars impact and length.  
The atom bomb could end man's story,  
With devastation vast and gory.  
If civilization's not a sham  
The lion must lie down with lamb.  
—Adaline Lincoln Lush

## MEN OF THE SOIL

They sing with joy and a fervored hope;  
They sing of the love for the soil.  
They sing to express a basic need,  
For bread and the fruits of their toil.  
And they strain their backs and they  
bare their arms,  
As they glisten with tan and sweat,  
And they watch the sun from the first  
bright rays  
Until after its evening's set.  
Oh, the men of the soil do not sing of  
the spoil,  
Do not sing of the power of gold,  
But they sing of the seed, the sky and  
the sun,  
The wind, the rain, and a job well  
done,  
As the men in the days of old.  
They sing with love, these men of the  
soil;  
They sing of a harvest moon;  
They sing of their God and they sing of  
man;  
They sing of the fruits of their toil.  
—Mary Kurtz

## WONDERS OF HIS LOVE

I look across fields of golden wheat  
When the ripened grains stir in the  
breeze,  
And I listen to the bird call's cheery  
note  
As they nestle on the branches of the  
trees.  
At close of day, I look at the flaming  
sunset,  
Bright with glorious colors of red and  
gold,  
And gaze at the moon and stars in the  
sky  
When their splendors the night unfold.  
As I wait for the dawn of another day  
With the wonders of earth and life at  
hand,  
I beg to learn more of what they mean  
With a heart and mind that will under-  
stand.  
Then I pause for a moment of silence,  
And my thoughts turn to realms above  
In praise and thanks to Almighty God  
For the wonders of His love.  
—Nora Henisey

## PICNIC SUCCESS



Those satisfied, cake-smeared grins make all the preparation worthwhile, don't they? The hot dogs disappeared, the potato salad vanished, and look what happened to that luscious cake!

The cake was the crowning glory to a perfect meal. They always are, when they're made with **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Each flavor has the real authentic taste that never cooks out, never bakes out — guarantees success, bottle after bottle, year after year. Economical, too.

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