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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Today it is not hard for me to believe that I'm writing my letter to you to wind up the September issue, for there is a brisk nip in the air that says plainly enough we're headed toward autumn. Already the days are much shorter, and in the morning when I go out through the living room I note a quality of light that we never see at any other time.

Recently Eula and I spent a weekend with Dorothy and Frank, and I don't know when I've enjoyed anything as much as those two days. It did us as much good as if we'd gone on a long, long trip — probably more, come to think of it, since most people seem to return from their annual vacation beat to a pulp.

I can never remember seeing finer crops than we have in southern Iowa this year. Frank's corn and soybeans were a marvel to behold and, like all Midwesterners, I hoped with desperate earnestness that nothing disastrous would happen before harvest. Incidentally, I always feel guilty when I refer to wonderful crops in some certain area because from reading countless letters I know that other people have been dealt a terrible blow by tornadoes, hail, drought, blights and the whole collection of troubles that can wipe out a year's work and hopes.

Before I arrived Frank built ramps to facilitate my getting into the back door and front door without difficulty, and nothing could have been more thoughtful. (Dorothy said it wasn't everyone who had solid walnut ramps!) This enabled me to come and go without giving constant thought to how it would be managed, so as a consequence we managed several wonderful drives.

One of these drives took us into the countryside around Chariton, and I am impressed by their beautiful lakes. Red Haw State Park is a tremendous asset with its new bath house and beach, boat docks, beautiful shelter houses

and camping area. Anyone traveling along Highway 34 who stopped there might decide to settle in and have a wonderfully restful vacation. Dorothy says that thousands of people camp at Red Haw during the summer months and I can surely understand their reasons.

Adjacent to Red Haw Park is the large lake that supplies Chariton's water supply — both of these lakes are on the east side of town. Then on the west side there is West Lake (a privately operated Country Club with many vacation homes built on it), so all in all it makes for quite a panorama of water to the eyes of people from Southwestern Iowa who can't lay claim to much more than farm ponds.

On our next trip to visit Dorothy and Frank we want to explore two state forest areas, one west of Lucas and one east of Chariton. Surely both of them would be beautiful when autumn coloring is in full swing.

Frank took time out from his busy day (my! farmers surely work long hours!) to get enough frog legs and bullheads for a wonderful feast. I don't know when I've had such a great treat, two big platters loaded with them. Dorothy is an exceptionally good cook and prepared them exactly right, so the beautiful summer night and the lovely breeze moving through the front porch where we ate all conspired to make it a meal that we will long remember with great pleasure.

Juliana is very faithful about writing good chatty letters and in the one that came this morning she said that finally their severe heat wave had broken and their desperately needed rains had at last arrived. Although she watered constantly she lost many plantings that simply couldn't survive temperatures of 104 over quite an extended period of time.

Katharine is now walking all over and keeps Juliana constantly on the alert because she is a great climber. Even when they were here she startled me by getting up on James' tricycle and standing on the seat, a feat that amazed

me since it was a big tricycle. These days she is scaling everything like a veritable human fly and only high locks on doors can keep her in one safe place.

I used the phrase "one safe place" but there really isn't such a thing. The other day she climbed up on a chair out on the patio in one swift second while Juliana had her back turned, and then took a header on to the flagstones and pushed her teeth completely through her upper lip. I'm certainly glad I missed that catastrophe!

James has a whole collection of new little friends in the neighborhood and plays happily with them for hours on end. Most of the time these youngsters get along very peacefully together and share their toys willingly. This seems to me a wonderful situation and Juliana is much aware of her good fortune. Some of her friends live in neighborhoods where there are no small children, and if playmates are to be rounded up it calls for a long drive.

Shortly after Juliana and the children were here I sent James a card with a note that began: "Dear Friend James" and then was signed: "From Your Loving Little Dog Friend Abe." He was so excited by this that he could hardly wait for his daddy to get home from the office that night so he could show him the card, and when I heard this I got off another card.

Now James waits for the postman eagerly every day and says: "Do I have a card from Abe?" He understands, of course, that Abe doesn't really write these cards, but he enjoys them so much that I try to get off two or three of them every week. I always tuck in one shiny new penny with the message from Abe to spend it for something that he wants very much, and in this day and age you can imagine how much that penny will buy!

Well, when children are three years old they have wonderful imaginations, a characteristic that disappears all too soon, so I've shared his fun in sending these cards from Abe.

Before long Martin will be coming through from his summer job in Vermont, and he'll have about a week here before he leaves for Molt, Montana, a small town near Billings. During this coming year he will be in full charge of a small church, and once a month will exchange pulpits with the minister of the Mayflower Congregational Church in Billings.

Seminary students usually spend a year (called an internship) in this type of situation, and I think it is a splendid idea. Martin will live in the guest house of a state senator who is a member of the congregation, and his duties will take him over a large area. He was advised by the committee that in-

(Continued on page 22)

FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

A few minutes ago I was stopped in my car at a traffic signal waiting for the light to change and, while I waited, I watched the pedestrians crossing the street. One mother stopped right in the middle of the street to spank her little boy. I thought for a moment that she would jerk off his arm! How sorry I felt for the boy, and how angry and disgusted I was with the mother. Sometimes I think that human beings treat their young more cruelly than any other animal treats its young. There is nothing that breaks my heart quicker than the sight of an abused child, and oh! how many of them there are!

One of my friends was telling me the other day that he sincerely believes God made some kind of a blunder when he created men and women. "How does it happen," my friend asked, "that the human animal is the only one we know of that actually does everything in its power to avoid having young? And how does it happen that only the human animal will deliberately kill its own young? Many people actually hate children, want nothing to do with them — in their homes, on playgrounds, or anywhere else! Why is this?"

How would you have answered that question? Isn't it the old question of "Why is there evil in a world ruled by a good God of love?" Thousands of devout and believing people have given thousands of answers to the question, but always the final answer is one of faith. We believe that God had to find a way to build good character, and character cannot be good unless it is given the freedom to be evil. There are times when it seems that the human race is working overtime at choosing evil. And then there are times when the goodness of mankind only can be compared with the goodness of angels.

It may be that in a hundred or a thousand years from now we shall understand the difficulties of life, the heartaches of life, the sinfulness of life better than we do now. There is an old hymn which contains the words, "Some day we'll understand." We pray for that understanding, and we hope for it, but in the meantime we must do all we can to make life better for all of God's creation. Each day we need to ask ourselves what we personally and individually can do to make life better for the children we know, the children who live in our house or in our neighborhood.

All through the summer we have had the loveliest garden. At the back of the parsonage is a large screen porch that we have furnished like an outdoor living room. The porch overlooks a



With Frederick's letter were some pictures taken during the family visits in Shenandoah. Behind Mother and James are Donald and his three children, Adrienne, Paul and Katharine, then Margery, Betty and Dorothy, holding little Katharine.

rose arbor with a formal garden surrounded by a beautifully trimmed hedge just beyond. I know when anyone enters the garden because of the Japanese temple chimes that hang in the rose arbor. They are the chimes that we got from the *Kitchen-Klatter* office last year, and I have hung them in such a way that anyone going through the rose arbor brushes against them. Each morning I stop in the garden to pull a weed or two, and of course I keep the thirsty flowers well watered.

Just as soon as we return from Europe, the entire garden will change. Each September I take out my summer annuals and replace them with gorgeous chrysanthemums that I buy when they are already blooming. I get them in pots for a little more than a dollar apiece. What a show of color it gives us to have all those mums in the garden through September and October. We used to try to grow our own mums through the summer months, but since we are away for six or seven weeks each summer, it was difficult to care for them. They always have to be pinched back at regular intervals, and invariably we would be away when they had to be pinched.

There is such a wonderful satisfaction that comes from planting a garden and having a hand in making things happen — beautiful things. My father liked to say that people can be divided into three groups: those who *make* things happen, those who *watch* things happen, and those who *wonder what* happened. A few days ago I was talking about this to some boys who were sitting under the shade of a tree in our backyard watching another boy mowing the lawn. They were nice boys from good homes, but they looked like tramps. They told me that they had

tried to find lawn and garden jobs in the neighborhood but without success. I said: "Boys, have you ever considered what a bad first impression you must make when you apply for work looking the way you do now? You actually look like bums, and people just won't hire bums. The one thing you want to remember when you apply for a job is that you never get a second chance to make a good *first* impression."

When we took our children on a trip around the world a few years ago, we had the thrill of going way up into the Himalaya Mountains. Not far from the border of Tibet we visited a school for the training of mountain climbers. The head of the school is the famous climber of Mt. Everest, Sir Lord Tenzing. He was the native guide of Sir Edmund Hillary when the two of them became the first human beings to conquer Mt. Everest. Coming down from their historic climb, Hillary suddenly lost his footing. Tenzing held the line taut and kept them both from falling to their deaths by digging his ax into the ice. Later Tenzing refused any special credit for saving Hillary's life; he considered it a routine part of the job. As he put it: "Mountain climbers *always* help each other."

I was telling that story to my next-door neighbor the other day when I called to him to help hold a ladder that I was climbing. Our parsonage is a large brick house that is covered with ivy during the summer months. The ivy is so beautiful, and of course it is so typical of this part of the country, but it also is destructive. At least twice during the summer months it has to be trimmed away from the windows, and that trimming is a dangerous job. I either risk my neck leaning way out of the second-floor windows, or I risk it climbing up a shaky ladder. How grateful I am when my neighbor can help me. I like to think that what Tenzing said of mountain climbers is also true of neighbors: "Neighbors *always* help each other." How difficult life can become where that is not the case.

During the summer months we often have visiting clergymen stop by to visit our church and to renew old acquaintances. Recently we had a visit from a young man who taught in our Sunday school a few years ago. He now is a minister of his first church, a small country church tucked away in the New England hills. He asked for any advice that I as an old-timer could give him, and after I made sure that he sincerely *did* want my advice, I told him a few things that many years of experience have taught me.

I told that young minister never to "spank his congregation" from the pulpit.
(Continued on page 22)

Quality Control

Program to Open the New Club Year

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Leader:

What is it you hold in your hand?
Nothing, you say?
Look again.
Every hand holds some special gift,
A hammer, a broom, a pen,
A hoe, a scalpel, an artist's brush,
A needle, a microscope,
A violin bow, a way with words
In the giving of faith and hope.
What is that you hold in your hand?
Whatever your gift may be,
It can open the door to abundant life —
You hold in your hand the key.

—Selected

Yes, every single member of this club has some particular talent to bring to our organization, some special ingredient which she can contribute to our 1971-72 club "ready mix". How would our club pass inspection if it were in a package, its ingredients subject to quality control inspection?

In these days of quantity production, computer-directed enterprise, and assembly-line output, we hear a lot about QUALITY CONTROL. According to the dictionary, quality control is a system of verifying and maintaining a desired level of quality in a product or process by careful planning, use of proper equipment, continued inspection, and corrective action where required.

I think if we pause to think a bit about what might happen if our club were subjected to quality control inspection, we might find ourselves facing a real challenge in this year ahead.

Suppose the membership in our club were limited to a dozen people. Would you be in or out? Suppose you had to run for membership in this club just as a candidate runs for public office. Would you win or lose? Suppose membership was good for one year only and that your re-election depended upon the service you gave the organization last year. Would your record re-elect you? Suppose every member did just as much as you are doing now. Would your club be ranked SUPERIOR, EXCELLENT, GOOD, or POOR?



Let us consider, then, how quality control is maintained? What makes a superior club? Our first speaker will talk about verifying and maintaining the desired level of quality through careful planning.

First Speaker: Sometimes we think we get too involved in committee meetings, yearbooks, telephoning, and dozens of other tasks to keep the club ball rolling. Indeed that is true of any group determined to be a quality organization worth its salt. Careful planning pays off. This is the process by which we weed out those projects and traditions that are not relevant to our times. The task we set for our club — be it a study course, a work project, or a bus tour — must be worthy of the time we give to it. In these days of pressure and change, when each of us is trying to save as much time and self for her family as possible, we should weigh carefully the worth of the "extras" we are doing. There are so many worthwhile and needful things to be done — why should we waste our time on trivial things?

Careful planning requires that we budget our time for each project as carefully as we budget the money in the club treasury to be sure we get our money's worth. It requires that we consider the needs of our community to see how best we can meet some of those needs. Careful planning requires that we look at all of the talent resources in our group to determine how to use them to the best advantage. Such careful planning makes the difference between an excellent and a poor rating.

And what joy we will find in putting out that little extra effort to be better than ordinary, to go the second mile! This is a strange thing,
This is a paradox —
That going a little farther rests the soul,
That walking the second mile refreshes life!
It is the stinginess of spirit that wears us out;

The anxiety lest we do more than we should destroys us.
They are blessed and healthy and happy
Who are free to go beyond just what is required of them.

Second Speaker: I've been asked to talk about maintaining quality through the use of proper equipment, and I think our best equipment is our club membership. We need to give more thought not only in planning to use the talents and resources of our members, but we members must be willing to use whatever talents we hold in our hands for the good of the club. As members we must be willing to line up 100% behind our officers and the program-planning committee, be willing to break away and try new patterns.

"When we are satisfied that the way we are doing whatever it is that we do is the best possible way, the wheels of progress grind to a stop," Milton Mungum writes in a U.S. Department of Agriculture Employees News Bulletin. "Too often, it is then that we listen to the advice of the Seven Devils!" (listed below)

1. It won't work — I tried it once!
2. But we've always done it this way!
3. We'll cross that bridge when we come to it!
4. They don't do it that way where I came from!
5. How are you going to pay for it? It is not in the budget!
6. It might work but you'd never be able to convince the chairman!
7. The chairman wouldn't appreciate it if I did find a better way to do it — or she'd take credit for it herself. Why rock the boat?

QUALITY CONTROL. What ingredients make up a good club member? We might call these THE SWEET P'S OF A CLUB MEMBER. (Speaker holds up a large letter "P" cut from heavy posterboard and painted a bright color.) I'll name these Sweet P's slowly so we can think about each one as it applies to us.

Patience . . . Pep . . . Perception . . . Punctuality . . . Practicable . . . Positive. We need more persons looking on the positive side of things instead of always taking a negative view! Pliable — we need to be flexible enough to change, if change is what is needed, or is voted by the majority. Pertinence . . . Perserverance . . . Peddler — yes, I said peddler — for we can all try to be more generous peddlers of cheer, praise, and friendship. Persistence . . . Preparation . . . Performer — a doer, not just a talker!

I think there are special "Sweet P's" for our officers. Now surely for our president it is Paragon — of extraordinary
(Continued on page 21)

The Teacher

by
Mabel Nair Brown

From the age of five until maturity your child spends a large portion of his waking hours under the influence of "Teacher". No one has ever been able to measure the extent of that influence, but no one doubts that it is one of the largest of the factors determining what the child will become at maturity.

Teachers are special people. They come in assorted sizes, ages, sex, and color. They have assorted ideas, too — some good, some questionable, some tremendous, and occasionally one triggers off a spark in a child that can fire him with inspiration or ingenuity.

A teacher must have many things. She must have the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the memory of an elephant, the perseverance of a spider spinning a web across an often-opened door, the diplomacy of a statesman, the understanding of a psychiatrist, the humor of Will Rogers, the energy equal of that generated at Boulder Dam, the strength of a bull, the realization that actions speak louder than words.

It's nice if teacher has beauty — and special talent which is shared with the community — but above all else she must have love.

Hers must be a love that encompasses your little Johnny's brashness, swaggering ego, bothersome noise, his atomic-like energy, his lungs that can let out a yell as loud as a pistol shot on the main street of Dodge City, his imagination that can soar higher than a kite, the carefully concealed tenderness that blooms like the desert rose — unseen; the enthusiasm that bubbles over as regularly as Old Faithful geyser, and she must be willing to share his affection with a caterpillar, wiggly worms, his dog, and a baseball bat.

Teacher must bear and forbear, and love, your little girl who is cunning as a kitten, sly as a fox, as much fun as a barrel of monkeys, who can plant her feet down as stubbornly as a mule, is as sweet as an angel, as curious as a cat, squeals "fore and aft", and remains as mysterious as Mona Lisa's smile.

Teacher must have the insight of Einstein, the tenacity of a bull dog, and the faith of the pioneer when she comes to searching out bubble gum, the paper plane astronaut, or grade papers.

Teacher must be a paragon in manners and morals, for you expect her to turn out perfect little angels though you haven't made much headway in the hours they've been under your supervision.

Teacher must learn to judge between encouraging and pushing a child. She must be steadfast without being inflexible.

Teacher does all this while worrying about new tires for the car, or how to pay the utilities on time, how to tell Susan's mother that she is flunking, how much it will cost to keep hubby in college next semester, and who put the plastic snake in her desk drawer.

And you know what — Teacher wouldn't trade jobs with anyone in the world! Aren't teachers wonderful?



Among the preparations my mother made in getting me started off to school that first morning of my first year, was to make a ball of asafetida to tie around my neck.

I haven't heard the word "asafetida" for so long, I am sure very few people today even know what it is. I must admit I had a time finding it in the dictionary, as my mother pronounced it "as-fid-i-ty." The Encyclopaedia Britannica dictionary says that it is "a fetid substance prepared from the juice of certain plants of the fennel family, used in medicine as an antispasmodic — also spelled assafoetida and asafoetida." (This doesn't tell me much, as I still don't know anything about the fennel family plants.) It comes from a Latin word meaning ill-smelling.

Well, that little ball that dangled from a twine string around my neck was certainly ill-smelling all right. I remember that when I got too warm and perspired, that little bag smelled even worse!

I don't know what the substance itself looked like, but I do remember that my mother tied it into a small square of flannel cloth and it was about the size of a small marble. I wore it as one would wear a locket or lavalier on a chain.

When I asked my mother why I had to wear that awful-smelling piece of flannel, she said it was "to ward off diseases." The smell was so bad no disease would come near, I reasoned, with my six-year-old mentality. Neither would any of my classmates!

When my roommates did inquire what it was, and I answered "asafetida",

BACK OF THE CLOUD

At the back of the cloud there's a lining

And its golden and silver and blue;
For the brightness of heaven is shining
On the side that is hidden from you.

When adversity comes, never mind it.
Face the storm with your shoulders
unbowed,

And remember that God is behind it
In the light at the back of the cloud.

—Anonymous

The Magic Ball of Asafetida

by
Gladise Kelly

that was usually enough to stall off any more inquiries, as I am sure they didn't want to admit their ignorance on the subject. But sometimes I ran across a more persistently inquisitive one who wanted to know what it was for. When I replied it was to keep me from getting sick, each would give me a blank look, and I am sure he was just as puzzled as before he asked.

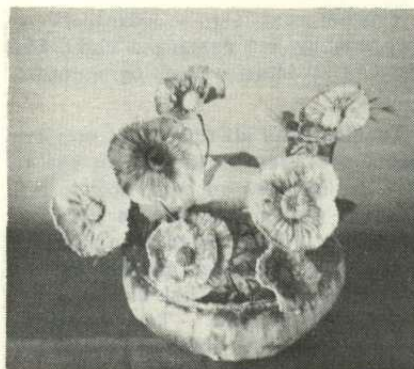
Each morning I begged to leave the little ball of asafetida behind, but mother was more persistent than I, and she always won out and the little ball dangled with me as I walked the mile to school — almost every day. Only a few times did I manage to sneak away without it.

I suppose if all my classmates had had their "little balls of asafetida" with them, I wouldn't have minded so much (then the whole classroom might have smelled like a field of the "fennel family" and no one could have borne it), but none of the other children's mothers seemed to believe in the magic of asafetida. I am sure I must have smelled stronger than the pupils who had garlic and onions in their lunch pails.

I didn't miss any days of school that first year, which I am sure mother attributed to the "little ball of as-fid-i-ty" hung around my neck.

By the time I was ready for the second grade, mother had somewhere along the way shed her superstition of the asafetida bag. I often wonder though just how she accounted for the fact that I didn't miss any days of school my second year.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM



Dorothy gives directions for making these "flowers" in her letter.

Dear Friends:

I imagine many of you who were disappointed last month when I didn't have the space to tell you how to make the hedgeball flowers as I promised, so this month I'm going to get this in first and then if I have any space left I'll catch up on the activities at the farm.

I have never made these flowers myself, but plan to try some this fall. The only ones I have ever seen are the ones Aunt Bertha Field made, and they are so lovely I was staggered when she told me what they were made of. She promised she would give me detailed instructions, which she did a few weeks ago, and I hope I can get them down clearly enough so you can understand just how they are made.

Cut the hedgeball into as thin slices as possible. These should be allowed to dry for several hours on a flat surface. Aunt Bertha made a lot of them at one time, and found that the best place to dry them was on the kitchen floor where she spread them out on several thicknesses of newspaper and let them dry all night. Then make a hole in the center of each slice with an ice pick or a nail. It is very important to do this before the next step, because if you wait to do it later they will be too brittle and will break.

Cover the grates in your oven with aluminum foil, lay the slices on the foil, and heat the oven to a very low temperature — 200 to 225 degrees. Let them bake ten hours. When you take them out the colors will vary from shades of light yellow to a dark tan, and the edges will be wavy.

For the stems, wrap fine wire with green florist's tape, or you could probably use dark green crepe paper, and as you wrap, stick in an artificial leaf or two which you can usually find in the dime store. Put a little piece of green in the center back of the flower and stick the stem through the hole you made before you baked them.

To fix the center of your flower, glue a small piece of cotton over the end of the stem, and also put a thin coating of glue over the top of the cotton. From here you can use your imagination. Stick whatever you have available that might look like a flower center onto the glued cotton. You can use tiny beads, or seeds of any kind. Some seeds are very colorful and you can use one kind, or more varieties on the same

center by making a circle around the edge of one color with the center of another color. Fuzzy centers can be made by using tiny pieces of the different-colored pipe cleaners, or pieces of frayed yarn.

You can make double flowers by putting two or more hedgeball slices together before you stick in the stem, using a larger slice on the bottom and a smaller one on top. Don't be afraid to use bruised hedgeballs because these will make dark brown or deeper yellow flowers.

Speaking of flowers, several years ago when Aunt Jessie Shambaugh came up to the farm with Mother and Dad for the day, she brought along several little plants she wanted to get started in our yard. There were two large white violets with a purple center which she set on each side of the walk by the front door. Now in the early spring we have these beautiful violets scattered around the yard among the purple ones to remind us of Aunt Jessie. She also brought two or three tiny starts of mint, and set these out by the back porch. This has now spread the length of the back porch and is perfectly beautiful in July. The blossoms are a deep pink, and look very much like asters. The other day Frank brought in some wild purple asters which grow in profusion along the side of the road, and except that these wild ones were a little smaller, the blossoms look almost identical. The two together made a beautiful summer bouquet.

There is a little humming bird that must have a nest near our home, but the only time we ever see it is when the mint is in bloom. Frank and I sit at the kitchen table watching this darling little bird while we eat lunch. What better living tribute could we have to Aunt Jessie than the beautiful flowers she brought to our house and planted several years ago? Flowers were such an important part of her life that everyone who knew her and ever received a plant from her garden realized that it was a real gift of love.

Our family was saddened this past month by the sudden death of one of

Frank's and Bernie's cousins, John Caylor. John's wife Rose is a good friend of mine, and since she opened her fabric shop three years ago I have spent more time with her than I ever did before. She has taught me most of what I know about sewing, which is my only real hobby, and since John was in the shop we'll miss him greatly.

Speaking of sewing, the new fall fabrics are in and I was happy to see that knits are still predominant and more and more beautiful all the time. Since I started wearing knits I am spoiled for any other kind of material because never have I been dressed so comfortably. In the past month I made a turquoise blue knit for Marge, a bright green knit trimmed in white braid and white daisies with yellow centers for Juliana, a blue and white knit dress for myself, a pair of green knit slacks for Kristin, and bathing trunks for Aaron and Andy. Last summer I made a bathing suit for Kristin, and she said that she thought it would be fun if I could make trunks for the boys and Art out of the same material. I bought the material right away before it disappeared from the shelf, but at that time Rose didn't have any patterns for boys' and men's bathing suits. This summer she had them, and since Kristin and her family have been swimming a lot this summer in the University pool, I thought the trunks would come in handy.

This brings me to the latest news from that branch of the family. They are moving to Durango, Colorado, before school starts, where Kristin has accepted a position in the public schools. I can't tell you exactly what her work will be because I don't know precisely what the job entails. I do know that she will be in charge of the counselling program in Durango and three small towns near there. Right now they are in the process of getting packed and ready to move, and are much too busy to write the details. Most of our communications for the past month have been via the telephone. We had hoped and planned on a visit from them sometime in August, but of course when this came up, all the plans had to be changed. Since Durango is much farther from us than Laramie is, they won't be able to make it back over a long weekend, and will have to wait until they have a longer vacation. They will be closer to Kristin's Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls, however, and hope to see them more often, and also Juliana and her family. The next time I drive Lucile to Albuquerque, I too will get to see them.

Lucile and Eula spent a wonderful weekend with us recently, but Lucile will tell you about that in her letter.

Until next month . . . Dorothy

EMILY'S TRIP EAST A GREAT EXPERIENCE

Dear Friends:

Many of you heard me describe my trip on the radio a while back, and I thought I'd write a letter to fill in the details.

In last month's issue Aunt Marge wrote how it began. Martin and I left Shenandoah on a Monday and arrived in Albany, New York, about noon on the following Saturday. From Albany he headed north to the camp in Vermont and I took the bus east to Boston.

Mary Lea and David met me downtown and we talked and talked until late hours. I hadn't seen these two cousins for many years so we had quite a bit of news to catch up on.

The next day was Sunday and we joined thousands of other Bostonians at Crane Beach. Two hours was enough exposure to the sun, so we drove around the surrounding historic communities of Salem and Marblehead, and ate fresh, fried clams on an old pier at Essex.

Mary Lea and I walked the Freedom Trail one day. This is a pedestrian tour of many of the historic sites, such as Paul Revere's house and church, Faneuil Hall, and the Old Corner Bookstore where Longfellow, Emerson and others met and published their writings.

I found Boston to be a fascinating city. It was small enough to understand the mass transit system, yet had all the attractions of the largest city.

That weekend Aunt Betty drove Mary Lea and me into Springfield. David was also home overnight. We drove him up to Amherst where he proudly showed us his garden.

After Sunday dinner the two of us girls caught a bus into New York City. Mary Lea took a flight to Madrid the next night but I stayed on in the city with a roommate of mine from Aspen who has an apartment in Manhattan.

In New York City I saw most of the typical tourist sites. I visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and United Nations, Central Park, the Staten Island Ferry (still just a nickel fare), the Museum of Modern Art and Greenwich Village.

The weekend was spent in Dover, Delaware, at the home of a dear college friend. Kitty and her husband, an Air Force pilot, have rented an old house in a downtown neighborhood and immediately set out to fix it up with a limited budget. The furniture came from second-hand stores and Kitty papered every room in bright colors. They even bought an old piano and painted it red, white and blue to match their striped wallpaper!

We spent one day touring the Dela-



Pictured are Mary Leanna and David, the Driftmier cousins Emily visited while in Massachusetts.

ware State Historical Museum and local restored mansions. Another day we journeyed up to Lancaster County in southeastern Pennsylvania. This area has several of the large Old Order Amish communities. The farms surrounding the towns of Bird-in-Hand, Intercourse and Paradise are all beautifully kept, each house having additions off every side for second generations. Several "outsiders" have purchased Amish farms and opened them for tourists to visit. We ate dinner there after our tour and I had shoofly pie for the first time.

Washington, D.C., is lovely any time of the year, so if you can avoid the summer season, you might have a more enjoyable visit than I had. I waited *many* long hours in high humidity and temperatures to enter the main attractions.

A visit to the Capitol is only complete if you get passes necessary to enter the chambers of the House of Representatives and the Senate. Both passes may be obtained from your Representative whose office is across the street from the Capitol.

Of course Washington's Smithsonian Institution is world famous. It is so enormous, one can't possibly see it all in one brief visit so I visited the Museum of History and Technology, appropriately called the "nation's attic". Having seen the art treasures in Boston and New York, you can be sure I didn't miss the National Gallery of Art.

The last big stop of my trip was Lexington, Kentucky. My good friend from college, Linda Jewell, was spending her last summer at home before starting a teaching job in New Jersey.

On Sunday we drove to Boone National Forest in the central Kentucky hills. Appropriately, we picked up some "Kentucky Fried Chicken" for a picnic at Natural Bridge. There are hundreds of these geological formations in the Appalachia area. The countryside was so beautiful! As we were driving along, Linda filled me in on the customs of

the people and explained the growing of tobacco, their main crop.

The next day we drove to Berea College in the town of Berea. No tuition is charged, and all of the students work to support the school. They are master craftsmen in the making of furniture, weaving, ceramics, etc. We had lunch at the Boone Tavern Hotel, which is completely staffed by students.

I became simply delighted by the people and the countryside of Appalachia. It would be fascinating to work in helping those people, but one would have to do it with very cautious steps so as to not disturb the way of life they so proudly follow.

Of course, Lexington itself is a very unique city. Right downtown there are stables and race tracks. The rolling country has miles of freshly painted fences. I was surprised to see some fences and barns painted black and learned that this meant those farms raised standardbred horses, while white-painted farms had thoroughbred horses. Due to arson, most of the farms have been closed to the public but "Spendthrift" is still open to visitors. The owner of this enormous place does not actually race horses, but handles all the breeding. Linda and I picked out our favorite colt. We think he'll be the next triple-crown winner for sure!

The high light of my visit to Kentucky was a tour through Mammoth Cave National Park. We were lucky to go on an experimental tour. The guide issued us hard hats with battery-powered lights and kneepads. We could hound the guide with questions because there were just the two of us girls to a guide. We went through a part of the cave that had been explored but not opened to the public. Wildlife was still inhabiting this section: eyeless beetles, salamanders and crickets. There were many charred sticks lying around that Indians had used as torches over 2,000 years ago.

We soon discovered the reason for the kneepads when the guide told us to start into a small opening! We had to tunnel through on hands and knees, even bellies. Finally we had to drop down an eight-foot chute worn smooth by water, bracing ourselves with our knees. We had a real spelunking adventure!

From Kentucky I was tempted to head south, but Hippias, my puppy, was waiting for me at Aunt Marge's in Shenandoah. The bus ride from Lexington to Omaha was about 20 hours. I passed the time jotting down notes on the trip — the places I'd seen, the people I'd met, and the old friends I'd visited.

Sincerely,

Emily Driftmier

ABIGAIL'S RECENT EXPERIENCES SOUND VERY INTERESTING

Dear Friends:

The camping gear is put away, the dirty clothing is washed if not ironed, so I'll take advantage of this quiet morning to write my letter to you.

Clark and I are just back from a reunion of my auto mechanics class. Late last winter when the snow and cold were much in evidence and, during a lull in our introduction to carburetors and PCV valves, we women and our male teacher got off on the subject of the mountains. It turned out that all of us really enjoy being in the mountains and most of us owned some sort of camping equipment.

Our instructor began telling us of a place west of Vail owned by a friend of his. This 160 acres belonging to his friend was "way off the beaten path" and surrounded by the White River National Forest. Here the fishing is so choice that it even includes native cutthroat trout. We're not fishermen in our household so I couldn't really appreciate what a tempting bit of news this was, but I could appreciate the opportunity this location afforded to get into relatively unspoiled nature, something that is increasingly difficult to achieve nowadays.

During this conversation on a bitter winter night, we set a date for a summer weekend camping reunion for the members of the class and their families. Our last class was spent drawing a map showing how to find our destination, then we dispersed for several weeks.

When the established weekend arrived, I'm sure that each of us wondered whether anyone else would show up. Surprisingly, almost half the class did! Wayne begged off because he doesn't fish, and his feet are still giving him such difficulty that he can't hike. But Clark and one of his buddies were glad for the opportunity to sleep in the wilds under the stars. I was happy to be able to use Clark's little mountain tent, especially when a gentle rain arrived in the middle of the night.

Clark, his buddy and I, using a U.S. Geological Survey topographical map, took a strenuous (for me) cross-country hike and were rewarded by encountering deer grazing in several of the meadows. Almost all of my hiking has been done on trails and I didn't realize how much effort is expended getting across an area of "deadfall". This is the term for fallen trees. The spruce and fir are particularly difficult to climb over because their branches are so close together.

It was wonderful to get off into such a beautiful natural setting. It was also



Another group who enjoyed nature along with a picnic were (left to right) Paul, Mary Beth, Mother, Adrienne, James, Katharine and Donald. Margery took the picture.

wonderful to get back to the comforts of civilization: sanitation, hot water, innerspring mattresses, sheets and a stove that starts cooking in an instant.

Because of my fondness for the mountains the headline over a recent newspaper story seemed to jump right out at me. The heading was "Hike-Out Program for Youngsters Needs Adult Leaders". The article explained that this program was started in Denver just three years ago with 50 participating sixth graders and has grown to the point where 500 participants were expected this year. The article told of the need for adult leaders willing to give one day a week for eight weeks for hiking with youngsters. There are 10 or 12 boys or girls on each team, preferably from different ethnic backgrounds, and 2 to 4 adult leaders.

It is hoped that hiking together will help these youngsters become acquainted and at ease with those of a different background. Perhaps then, when they enter the newly integrated junior high schools in the fall, tensions may be eased just a little.

I figured that anyone who could walk carrying a full set of golf clubs around 18 holes on a golf course twice a week could surely at least bring up the rear of a group of hikers, so I volunteered my name, fully expecting assignment as an assistant since I was totally unfamiliar with the program and not an experienced mountain climber. Instead, at the last moment I was assigned as a substitute team captain with substitute leaders, each of us unacquainted with the program and essential skills. We are responsible for selecting all of our hikes including, if at all possible, one overnight hike.

The only words of reassurance we've heard are that sometimes experienced mountain climbers have not made good leaders for this group. They are inclined to choose hikes that are much too difficult; also, they seem to regard

achieving the destination as the most important goal. Actually promoting a good relationship among the kids is the goal of the program; the hike is just a means of doing something fun together.

Lack of knowledge was the inspiration for me to volunteer as a hospitality hostess for the new Denver Art Museum. Many of you have seen this very contemporary and controversial building under construction adjacent to the Denver Civic Center not far from the state capitol building. It will open early in October and large numbers are expected to visit there. With its location so near the business center of the city, it is anticipated that it will become a popular stop for all visitors to the area. The museum hopes to staff each of the six floors with two hospitality hostesses to assist the visitors.

Because I know very little about any field of art, this seemed a logical place to start to acquire a little education. The building has not been opened so the hospitality volunteers have seen duty only one time when a party was held at the museum for the national convention of museum directors. Not all were associated with art museums; some were from natural history, historical or scientific institutions. Such distinctive exterior architecture drew very strong reactions, both favorable and unfavorable. However, of the comments I heard, these people were most favorably impressed with the interior design of the building. I can say in all sincerity that I find it a very exciting building — and I don't usually find architecture exciting.

If you have driven or walked past this museum you must have wondered about the peculiarly shaped and placed windows. They make sense from the inside. The windows are placed arbitrarily to protect the art objects from sunlight and to frame dramatic views of the mountains, the Civic Center, the Capitol, etc.

The other obvious feature viewed from the street is the facing applied to the building. These gray tiles also drew strong reactions of like and dislike. I can only tell you that they are made of glass by the Corning Glass Company, and that it took many, many experiments to find the formula that would produce a tile that could adapt to the vagaries of the Denver climate. Rapid variations in temperature are a major source of difficulty.

After the building opens I'll try to tell you something about the interior. Many of you will be traveling through Denver in the future and I do think this is one art museum everyone would enjoy visiting no matter how disinterested they are in art.

Sincerely,
Abigail

HOW TO GET BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH BIBLE CHARACTERS

by
Evelyn Witter



The new teacher's attendance records showed a steady increase Sunday after Sunday. Other teachers throughout the Sunday school took note and wondered. When asked how she interested her pupils so much that they didn't want to miss a single Sunday, Mrs. Swanson said: "All ages of people are interested in people. I've found that the Bible can be taught most effectively through its interesting characters. They are challenging, and they need to be presented as our teachers, which they are."

Here are ten of her techniques:

1. INTRODUCE BIBLE CHARACTERS who have common traits.

Using a concordance, prepare slips of paper or 3" x 5" cards. On each of these write in your own words a different Bible truth, leaving a blank space with as many dashes as there are letters in the word for the pupils to fill in. The missing word is the same on each card. Pass out the cards to the pupils, asking them to fill in the blank, with the help of their Bibles if necessary, in three minutes. Here are two examples:

a. In Luke 12, Jesus told the story of a man who was considered rich because he accumulated treasures for himself, but who had not bothered to get the things which God knows are important. God called him a ———.

b. Some people hate to be corrected; they do not want instruction. But the Bible, in Proverbs 15, refers to the person who "despiset" instruction as a ———.

Pupils or teacher then read the slips with the word "fool" filled in. This is an effective beginning for any lesson on the foolishness of not obeying an all-wise God.

2. WHO-AM-I GAME: The pupils sit in a circle except "it" who stands in the center. "It" gives one statement at a time about himself (a Bible character) and after each statement asks, "Who am I?" The one who guesses the right character gets a turn to be "it". For example:

a. I am the third son of Adam and Eve . . . I was born after the murder of Abel . . . Enos was my son . . . I lived to be 912. (Seth)

b. My wife's name is Salome . . . Our two sons are James and John . . . They

used to help me in the fishing business and in the mending of the nets . . . One day Jesus called them to follow Him, and they did. (Zebedee)

The pupil who is "it" the most times in a given period receives some class privilege, like passing supplies or choosing a favorite hymn.

3. QUIZDOWNS for reviewing Bible characters.

The class counts off by twos, with "ones" standing on one side of the room and the "twos" on the other. Proceed as in a spell-down, with those answering correctly standing; those missing, taking their seats. The winner makes his team the champion, and has the privilege of preparing questions for the next quizdown. Examples:

What was the name of young David's friend who gave him his sword, his bow, his robe, and his belt? (Jonathan) Which one of Jesus' brothers saw Him after His resurrection? (James) Who asked Jesus, "How can a man be born when he is old?" (Nicodemus) Who climbed a tree so he could see Jesus? (Zaccheus)

4. PANTOMIME THE PERSON. Have boxes of materials from which actors can create costumes. Headscarves, robes, flowing skirts, and sandals will not vary greatly for different characters, but properties will help identify them. Nicodemus who came to Jesus by night needs a Bible-time lamp made from clay; the woman from Samaria, a water jar; Peter, a fishing net, the Ethiopian, a scroll.

Choose one person a Sunday to portray a favorite Biblical character the following Sunday. After the person's identity is guessed, the class asks him three questions about himself.

5. MAKE THEIR NAMES is a test in spelling skill as well as name memory. Each pupil is given an envelope with one set of alphabet letters in it plus three extra copies of each vowel. (Pupils can help letter 2"-square cards with A B C's and pack then in envelopes.) At a given signal, each pupil opens his package and starts to spell out Bible characters' names in the time decided on. Record one point for each correctly spelled name on an achievement chart.

6. FIND YOUR PARTNER placards are each lettered with a different

Bible character's name, and stacked face down for each pupil to pick up one and pin it on himself. Each name has a special relationship to one other name in the stack: Adam/Eve . . . David/Jonathan . . . Samson/Delilah . . . Mary/Martha . . . Abraham/Isaac. Partners should find each other and be seated together, each ready to tell one thing about himself and about his relationship to his partner.

7. INTEREST CENTER REMINDERS of Bible characters can be made at class meetings. For instance, make a vase, using a plastic bleach bottle, pictures of Bible characters cut from old Sunday school papers, glue, shellac, sand, and artificial flowers. Cut the top off the bottle so that it becomes a low, wide-mouth vase. Cut the pictures, each no more than 1½" in size, into irregular shapes. Glue the pictures on the outside of the vase, overlapping somewhat and extending over the top and bottom edges so the vase is well-covered. Then shellac the surface and let dry. Fill vase with sand to weight it down and to anchor the stems of your flower arrangement.

8. Pupils can also frame pictures from a collection of pictures, preferably about 6" x 9", of Bible characters clipped from Sunday school literature. Mount the pictures on cardboard (cut from boxes). Make frames of chenille-covered wire. Brief talks identifying the Bible person and telling something about him can be given by the pupils.

9. MAKE SCRAPBOOKS, titled "Present-day Persons Who Remind Us of Bible Characters". Suggestions: Picture of a fisherman (James); a prayerful mother (Hannah); a man and a woman in government (Deborah); a missionary (Andrew); a strong man (Samson); two men in jail (Peter and John).

10. Make a backdrop from 36" muslin cut the length of one wall. On it paint the pupils' own creative drawings of the Bible characters they have studied. Those wishing to participate in this project first sketch on Manila paper, cut out the picture, and then trace it on the muslin. Paint with textile paints which come in tubes and can be used almost as easily as a ball-point pen. Tape this colorful panorama to the wall, discuss and admire it for a month or so, then store it by rolling it around a cardboard tube for reuse.

THINK THREE THOUGHTFUL THINGS

Three things to think and to keep — good friends, good health, good cheer.

Three things to think and to avoid — selfish people, cruel people, ignorant people.

Three things to think and to love — gentle hearts, gentle words, gentle ideas.



And the Wheels Keep Turning ---

by
Leta Fulmer

I wedged the bag of groceries into the back seat, then paused to wonder at the chattering group of youngsters that overflowed the sidewalk. Where had they all come from? Suddenly it dawned on me. This was the first day of school! I grinned in amusement at the motley array of dress. Little girl fashions ran the gamut from the briefest of mini-skirts to the flowing maxi that made them look like pint-sized pioneer ladies. And what a difference in the boys! Some swaggered along in tie-dyed jeans while others walked sedately in sharply creased trousers. Gone was the time when kids were stereotyped copies of each other — to-day even the "small fry" insisted upon their own "thing"! But they were still identical in one respect. Like grinning jack-in-the-boxes, they converged as a single unit upon the big van as it rounded the corner, tinkling out a merry tune. As they crowded around Jolly Roger with its treasure of ice cream goodies, a nostalgic yank tug-ged-out old memories. A Jolly Roger was an unknown item in my childhood. But there were other wheels that held, for me and my friends, the voice of Pan.

The ice cream wagon was a teetering two-wheeled cart pulled by a tattle-tale grey old Dobbin and the announcing bell went only "ding, ding, ding," as I rushed out with my pennies clutched firmly in my small hand. There was vanilla of course. Sometimes there was chocolate or strawberry. And once in a blue moon, that fabulous treat — tutti-fruitti! What utter bliss to let those bits of icy fruit lie upon my tongue, to savor to the fullest the crunch of that tangy flavor. Elbow to elbow, we waited for our treats. And the gooey delight dripped down the sides of the cones before we even paid our pennies. Ah, but how good it was —

first a lick on the top, next a swishing cleaning around the smeary sides and finally a lingering suck on the leaky bottom — it was too good to lose a drop!

"Ice Man, Ice Man" — these were magic words as the rattling truck hove into sight, for here no hard-to-come-by pennies were required. The driver (he was always a giant of a man) wore a huge rubber coverall to prevent his being completely drenched. And how he grunted as he scissored open the huge tongs, set their sharp teeth firmly into the big block before hoisting it to his shoulder and striding his lop-sided walk around to a kitchen door. By the time he returned, his wagon was knee-deep in kids, snatching a hunk of ice here, a sliver there. I remember with a shiver, the gratifying thrill of curling my bare toes about the chips of ice that lay there melting on the hot pavement. If there were more kids than leftovers, he'd chip, chip, chip away and let the bright spears fall where little fingers could snatch them up and point them toward waiting dirt-smeared mouths. Ever optimistic, I usually brought a hunk of newspaper to wrap about a king-sized wedge, to protect my aching fingers while I sucked away on the freezing treat.

I always remember the Mule Man with just a touch of sadness. He owned a listing sway-backed wagon and two mules to match. While the neighborhood mothers rushed out with pans and containers to haggle over the prices of tomatoes and cabbage, our mouths fairly watered at the sight of the huge stalk of bananas that swayed from the tattered top, and the fuzzy red-cheeked peaches that almost always "just cost too much!" He was a grim-faced little man. He seldom smiled and his voice was curt and rasping as he jostled us out of his way. But he invariably did a

little sorting while we watched eagerly, with shining eyes and twitching fingers. Here was a blackened banana, here an apple with a worm hole, here a peach beginning to spoil — he seldom left us empty handed. We giggled at the mules with unstarched ears who slouched sleepily while their master weighed out his wares. And we poked fun at the wobbly wagon as it angled down the street, but we truly considered the Mule Man our friend. It was drizzling rain that day he showed up with only one mule pulling the wagon, and I couldn't be sure whether it was raindrops or tears upon his cheek when he answered my childish question with a sad shake of his head. We saw him only a few times after that, and then he was gone. We missed him for awhile and then forgot. It's only now, almost half a century later, that I pause to wonder about the pathetic little man with this tawdry wagon and decrepit mules.

"H-O-T, H-O-T, H-O-T — get them while they're hot. Hot tamales!" Why those words rang out only after we were all tucked in bed for the night, I can't seem to remember. But it was always so. The tiny cart was a blob of whiteness as it steered close to the curb and the white-aproned man screamed through the dark. And one of us, if finances allowed, was always eager to throw on a robe and rush down the steps to buy the steaming cornmeal delights. And when he said HOT, he wasn't kidding! Before even sitting down to unwrap the honest-to-goodness cornhusks from the spicy food, the first order of the day was a huge glass of cold water — first a bite of tamale, then a swigging gulp of water to cool the delightful burning on our tongues and in our throats. And a lick on the cornhusk itself was enough to bring stinging tears to my eyes. I've eaten canned tamales, frozen ones, every kind imaginable, but none can even run a close second to those we bought from the Hot Tamale Man as he wound through darkened streets, unmolested and unafraid, so long ago.

"Any rags, any bottles, any junk today?" The clang of metal against metal, and the clack of mismatched wheels accompanied the husky voice of the Junk Man. And we ran to dig out our hoard of treasures. My brother lugged forth the cardboard box bulging with bits and pieces of metal scrounged from adjacent alleys and along the railroad tracks. And I wrapped my small arms tightly about the paper bag filled with odds and ends of clothes that Mom had reluctantly relinquished as "rags". Since the Junk Man paid by the pound, I felt that I'd hit a gold mine on those days when Mom finally

(Continued on page 22)

A WILD RUSH GETTING PAUL READY FOR CAMP

Dear Friends:

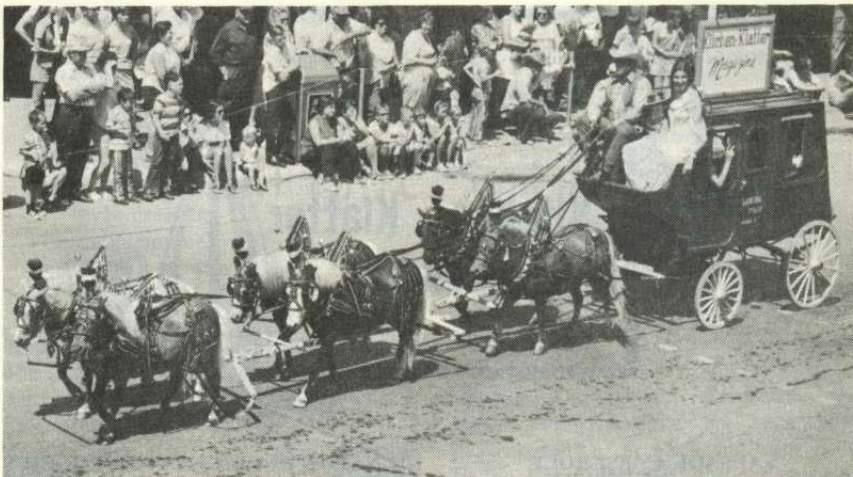
Donald is outside running the riding mower around our beautiful yard, and I cannot help but think that before long we shall begin to see the trees dropping their multitude of leaves. I certainly wish that this fall we could buy a pull-behind leaf rake which whisks the leaves into a large scoop and thus cuts the repeated hand raking out of the fall picture. Some of these rakes which attach to the rear of a riding mower are very fancy and expensive, but all we need is a large, big-mouthed type with no motor or complicated parts.

Mowing the yard is usually Paul's job but Paul isn't here to do it. Paul also mows the lawn for a neighbor lady, and I think in his absence his sister Katharine will squeeze one more job into her already-busy schedule.

Four days after we got back from Shenandoah we were unexpectedly confronted with the opportunity to send Paul to a Y.M.C.A. camp, way, way up in the northern reaches of Wisconsin. We have always wanted the children to enjoy the pleasure of camping away from home, but we didn't think about it early enough in the year (which I now learn is March in our state) to reserve a spot in one of the bigger camps.

This camp had an opening just a week before it was due to commence its second session, and with the concerted efforts of my mother, who fortunately was visiting us, and all of the rest of the members of the family save Donald (who was roofing still) we managed to get the boy ready on such short notice. I suppose that the vacancy would never have shown itself earlier in the summer, so we were unbelievably lucky to get this chance at Camp Manito-Wish. We really had a lot to do in four days: a thorough physical from our doctor (almost impossible to get without waiting three months), and all of Paul's clothing to be marked with indelible pencil since there was no time to buy name tapes. I had to search through the department stores for flannel pajamas of the correct size, and heavy wool shirts, which the merchants had put away until time for fall-type clothing. This camp is at Boulder Junction, which is only a few miles south of the northernmost Wisconsin border, and the August nights up there are sometimes close to freezing.

The camp specializes in canoe trips with as many as eight nights away from camp on a particular trip. We do not know from the one letter we have received if Paul went on any canoe trips of this duration, but he mentioned going on some and added in large capital let-



—Sentinel Photo

A highlight of the trip to Shenandoah was riding in the Centennial parade. On the driver's seat with Mr. Lansing of Madrid, Iowa, who owns the stagecoach, were Katharine Driftmier and James Lowey. The passengers inside were Paul and Adrienne Driftmier, Lisa and Natalie Nenneman.

ters that the fishing was FABULOUS. Camp lasts three weeks, which in a thirteen-year-old boy's lifetime is more like six, I would guess.

I am happy to report that Donald finished the roof without slipping or falling off once! And, to make the story even sweeter, we have gone through several heavy rains without one drop of water coming into the attic. Probably the funniest result of the summer on the roof started with a phone call from a neighbor, alarmed because our beautiful Simba kitty was on the roof and the neighbor feared for her legs if she jumped from such a distance. It was a bit of a puzzle how she had climbed up there, because none of the trees overhang the roof. However, we sent Paul up the ladder, and he came down with a terrified cat clinging to his shirt front with all claws extended and digging in for dear life. This was not her idea of a safe way to get down off something high. We soon discovered that she liked the roof; indeed, she considered it part of her property. We had to check it out each day because many times we found her up there.

We soon found that she was using the ladder to go onto the roof, but she lacked the wisdom to return to the ground the same way. Finally Donald thought he would teach our kitty a new trick, and he somehow gave her the proper instructions on going head first down a ladder, rung by rung. She needed to have the ladder placed at a little less steeply inclined pitch, and Donald and she shared it the rest of the time he was on the roof. Nothing was quite so funny to watch as the curious cat on her way up the ladder to inspect what Donald was doing, unless it was the sight of her coming daintily down, rung by rung, one paw at a time. I always knew Don was a good teacher, but that is one lesson I would have bet couldn't

be taught.

While we were visiting in Shenandoah this summer the weather was about 100 degrees, so we took the children to the pool to swim nearly every afternoon. When we went to pick them up I stopped off at Bertha Field's and chatted with her for a while. She has a garden, which those of you who do not get to Shenandoah to see with your own eyes would never believe. (I was inspired to come home and dig up half the backyard and plant a vegetable garden and surround it with a beautifully cultivated and nurtured flower garden.) On one of my visits with Aunt Bertha she gave me (after I boldly begged for) a start of some Penny Royal which she and Henry had brought back from their farm in Missouri.

We had a lovely trip home after an even lovelier visit in Shenandoah. It is always a treat to visit in Mother Driftmier's home, and Ruby becomes a better cook every year. She sent us home with some of her homemade jelly, a present for Paul, and it was a task convincing him that homemade jelly should be shared.

We went home from Shenandoah via the back roads. The interstate is fast and efficient but there is no beauty to compare with the rolling hills of southern and northern Iowa. We drove all the way north to Spirit Lake and then headed east. We stopped for lunch near Spirit Lake and then we had a picnic supper near Prairie du Chien. Such beautiful country as there is near the Mississippi!

It is almost time to drive down and pick up Katharine. She is working at the antique shop today and I know she will want to drive home. Her driver-training is almost over, and she needs all the practice she can get.

Until next month,
Mary Beth

**SAUSAGE CASSEROLE**

- 1 lb. bulk pork sausage
- 1 1/2 cups prepared dressing mix
- 1 12-oz. can whole kernel corn, drained
- 1 can condensed cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup milk

Divide the sausage into four portions and form each portion into the shape of a cup. Put these on a broiler pan and broil until browned. Drain off any excess fat that might have accumulated in the bottom of the cup. Combine the dressing mix and corn. Place about a third of the mixture in the bottom of a baking dish, and top with the sausage cups. Fill the cups with the remaining corn mixture. Combine the soup and milk until well blended. Pour over the sausage cups and bake in a 300-degree oven for 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 2 pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/3 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1 cup bread crumbs

Cook mixed vegetables as package directs. Drain and add pimiento. Pour into casserole. Make white sauce of butter, flour, salt and milk. Pour over vegetables. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and drizzle with melted butter. Bake at 350 degrees about 25 to 30 minutes or until bubbly and lightly browned.

LONDON BROILED STEAK

- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 lbs. boneless top round steak

Blend sugar, salt, cinnamon, soy sauce and Worcestershire sauce. Spread over steak on both sides and let stand for 30 minutes. Broil 4 inches from heat for about 8 to 10 minutes on each side.

—Margery

CINNAMON REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 1/2 cups sifted enriched flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 cup bran flakes
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Thoroughly cream butter, butter flavoring and sugar. Beat in egg. Sift together dry ingredients; add to creamed mixture along with vanilla and maple flavorings. Stir in bran flakes and pecans. Chill 1 hour. Shape in small balls and flatten them. Bake on greased cookie sheet in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 4 dozen. A roll of these is handy to keep on hand.

—Margery

HUNGARIAN STEW

- 2 lbs. cubed stew meat
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 large onion, diced
- 1 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1 clove garlic, diced
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. caraway seed
- 1 tsp. salt
- A dash of pepper
- 1 cup whole tomatoes
- 2 cups beef stock or water
- 2 beef bouillon cubes
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Brown stew meat in some melted shortening in skillet or heavy pan. Stir in onion and paprika. When onion is transparent, add remaining ingredients (with the exception of last two — the flour and butter). Simmer until meat is tender. Add more water if needed. Just before serving, blend flour and butter together. Stir in. Continue stirring until mixture thickens.

—Evelyn

PECAN DROPS

- 1 cup pecans
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup plus 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 cup confectioners' sugar
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Start your oven at 325 degrees or slow and chop pecans rather coarsely. Work or cream butter or margarine and shortening together until smooth. Then beat in the confectioners' sugar gradually. Stir in the flour thoroughly and add vanilla flavoring and pecans. Mix well and drop by teaspoonfuls onto an ungreased baking sheet. Bake 15 to 20 minutes or until a delicate light brown. Makes 4 dozen favorites.

—Lucile

BRAISED PORK PAPRIKA

- 3 lbs. lean pork, trimmed of fat and cut into 1 1/2" pieces
- 1 large or two medium onions, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 large tomato peeled and diced
- 1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
- 3 cans (13 oz.) chicken broth
- 2 heaping Tbls. paprika
- 2 tsp. caraway seeds
- Salt and pepper
- 1 cup well-drained, packed sauerkraut

Brown pieces of pork on all sides in heavy pan or Dutch oven. Add onion and garlic and saute until onion is transparent. Add tomato, tomato sauce and chicken broth, paprika, caraway seeds and salt and pepper. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer 1 1/2 hours. Add sauerkraut and simmer an additional 30 minutes. Serve over broad, buttered noodles. Serves 8-10.—Abigail

BUTTER PECAN CRUNCHERS

- 1/2 cup, plus 2 Tbls. butter, softened
- 1 3/4 cups firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine 2 Tbls. butter, 1/2 cup brown sugar and pecans. Mix just until blended together. Set aside. In large mixer bowl, combine 1/2 cup butter, 1 1/4 cups brown sugar and remaining ingredients. Blend well at low speed. Stir in pecan mixture just until evenly distributed. Shape into balls, using a rounded teaspoon for each. Place on ungreased cookie sheets; flatten slightly with bottom of glass greased and dipped in flour. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes. Cool slightly before removing from cookie sheets.

—Margery

TOMATO SOUP SALAD

- 1 1/2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz. can tomato soup
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup chopped nutmeats
- 3 slices onion, grated
- 1/2 cup green pepper, chopped
- 1/2 cup sweet pickle, chopped

Dissolve gelatin in the water and add to hot soup. (Do not dilute the soup.) Work the cream cheese into the mayonnaise at low speed on electric mixer, or very well by hand. Add the cooled gelatin-soup mixture. Into this add the other ingredients. Pour into mold and chill. Serves 6 to 8.

We've used this basic recipe with variations. One of our favorite additions is shrimp. For this use, we purchase the small, less expensive kind.

BUTTER-PECAN POUND CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups margarine
- 1 lb. light brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 5 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Cream the margarine and sugars together by gradually adding the sugars to the shortening, and creaming until the mixture is light and fluffy. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Beat in the flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture, beating well after each addition. Stir in the chopped nuts. Pour the batter into a greased and floured 10-inch tube pan and bake in a 350-degree oven for approximately one hour and 15 minutes, or until done when tested with a toothpick. Cool about 10 minutes, then remove from the pan onto a rack. Place the rack over some waxed paper and pour the following pecan glaze over the hot cake:

Pecan Glaze

- 1 cup sifted powdered sugar
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 4 Tbls. cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Blend all together until smooth. This will be thin and when poured over the hot cake will dribble over the sides.

—Dorothy

VERY GOOD BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

- 1 1/2 Tbls. butter
- 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups cooked chopped broccoli
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 2 tsp. chopped onion
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- Salt and pepper to taste

Make a white sauce with the butter, flour and milk. Combine this with all the rest of the ingredients. Pour into a buttered 1-quart casserole. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a 350-degree oven until firm, about 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

DAY-AHEAD CABBAGE SLAW

- 1 medium-sized cabbage, shredded
- 1 large onion, sliced in rings
- 3/4 cup sugar

Sprinkle sugar over cabbage and onions. Let set while preparing dressing.

Dressing

- 1 cup vinegar
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 3/4 cup salad oil

Bring vinegar, salt, celery seed, and mustard to a boil. Remove from heat. Add salad oil. Bring to boil again and pour over cabbage mixture. Leave 8 hours or overnight in tightly covered container.

—Margery

INDIVIDUAL FROZEN SALADS

- 2 cups commercial sour cream
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 4 drops red food coloring
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, well-drained
- 1 banana, diced
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1 1-lb. can Bing cherries, pitted and well-drained

Combine the sour cream, lemon juice, sugar, salt, flavorings, and the food coloring. Beat until well mixed and it should be a very light pink color. Gently stir in the pineapple and diced banana. Fold in the nuts and cherries. Put the large size fluted paper cups inside your muffin cup pans and fill them with the salad. This amount will fill 12 of the paper cups. Freeze. These thaw quite rapidly, so you won't have to take them out of the freezer until about 15 minutes before serving. Peel off the paper cup and place the salad on a lettuce leaf.

—Dorothy

NUTMEG BUTTERMILK CAKE

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup buttermilk

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in the flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the buttermilk, beating well after each addition. Bake in a greased and floured 9- x 13- x 2-inch pan 35 to 40 minutes, or until it tests done.

Topping

- 6 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 cup light cream or evaporated milk

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
Put ingredients into a saucepan and bring to a boil. Pour over the warm cake, sprinkle with 1/3 cup coconut and return to the oven. Bake 5 to 7 minutes more, until the topping is bubbling.

—Dorothy

You can see from the two cake recipes on this page that we are partial to cakes with glazes or baked toppings.

BAKED EGG SANDWICH LOAF

- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. onion, minced
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 4 drops Tabasco sauce (optional)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- A dash pepper
- 2/3 cup salad dressing
- 10 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 4 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled
- 1 1-lb. loaf day-old bread
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. Parmesan cheese

Combine first 8 ingredients. Stir in bacon and eggs. Spread one side of each bread slice with egg salad. Stack slices back into loaf shape on greased baking sheet. To hold, press a 3-inch strip foil around the loaf lengthwise. Bake in 425-degree oven 10 minutes. Brush top with butter or margarine and sprinkle with cheese. Bake a few minutes longer to brown top and melt cheese. Serve hot for a delightful brunch, luncheon or supper dish.

This could be made a short time ahead and stored in the refrigerator until time to bake. Too long a storing time might make the bread too moist, so do not try to make too far in advance.

—Evelyn

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD

Fresh whole tomatoes

Cream cheese

Chopped chives or green onion tops

Cut off the top of the tomato and with a spoon, scoop out the seeds in between the pulpy sections (some tomatoes have three and some four sections). Fill these cavities with soft cream cheese which has been blended with a small amount of chives or green onion tops. Refrigerate. When ready to serve slice crosswise and you have attractive slices filled with cheese.

—Dorothy

RUST COLLEGE BISCUITS

2 cups sifted flour

1 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. soda

1/4 tsp. salt

1/3 cup, plus 1 Tbls. shortening

1/3 cup, plus 1 Tbls. buttermilk

Combine dry ingredients in bowl. Cut in shortening. Gently stir in buttermilk until moistened. Turn out on floured breadboard. Knead several times until dough sticks together but is light. Pat flat. Cut into squares or circles. Bake on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 450 degrees about 15 minutes or until golden brown on top. Makes about 12 or 15 biscuits.

Girdie Barksdale of the Rust College kitchen staff was just finishing the last large pan of these wonderful biscuits for the students' breakfasts when I asked her how she made them so light and delicious. She kindly gave me her version of family-size combination of ingredients.

They are rapidly becoming our family favorite for a quick hot bread. —Evelyn

STARLIGHT COOKIES

3 1/4 cups flour

1 tsp. soda

1/2 tsp. salt

1/2 cup butter

1/2 cup vegetable shortening

1 cup granulated sugar

1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed

2 eggs

2 Tbls. water

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

flavoring

2 dozen chocolate mint wafers

Sift the flour, soda and salt and set aside while you cream the butter and shortening until it is light yellow. Gradually add the granulated sugar and the brown sugar, beating until they are well creamed. Add the eggs, one at a time, mixing well after each. Add the water and vanilla; beat well again. Finally, blend in the dry ingredients. Mixed dough should be chilled before placing on a well-greased cookie sheet. Take 1 Tbls. of dough and shape it around a mint wafer. Top with a half of nut and bake at 375 degrees for 12 minutes. Makes 24 cookies. —Mary Beth

APPLE-CELERY SALAD

3 cups diced red apples; do not peel

2 cups diced celery

2 pkgs. lemon gelatin

1 1/2 cups hot water

2 cups, less 2 Tbls. apple cider

1/4 cup lemon juice

Pinch of salt

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add cider, lemon juice and salt. Chill until partially set. Fold in apples and celery and pour into a 2-quart mold. Chill until firm. Serve with mayonnaise or sour cream.

—Mae Driftmier

MODERN SAUSAGE SCRAPPLE

1 lb. bulk sausage

6 cups water

2 cups cornmeal

1 1/2 cups milk

1 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Break sausage up in as fine pieces as possible. Put in large kettle. Add water. Simmer until meat is done. While this is cooking, combine milk and cornmeal. When meat is done, add cornmeal mixture, salt and flavoring. Continue cooking, stirring, until very thick and cornmeal is cooked. Pour into well-greased loaf pan. Chill until firm. Cut in slices. Roll slices in cornmeal. Fry in a little bacon fat or oil. The slices brown quickly and the coating of cornmeal on the outside keeps them crisp and not greasy. Excellent for breakfast, luncheon or supper main dish.

—Evelyn

POPPY SEED COFFEECAKE

1 2-oz. can poppy seed

1 cup buttermilk

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

1/2 cup sugar

1 Tbls. cinnamon

1 cup vegetable shortening

1 1/2 cups sugar

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

4 eggs, separated

2 1/2 cups sifted flour

1 tsp. soda

1 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. salt

Combine the poppy seed, buttermilk and almond flavoring and set aside. In another dish, combine the 1/2 cup of sugar and cinnamon and set this aside also. Cream the shortening and the 1 1/2 cups of sugar until fluffy. Beat in the butter flavoring and the egg yolks. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the shortening mixture alternately with the milk and poppy seed mixture. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the batter. Pour half of the batter into a greased and floured tube pan. Sprinkle on half the sugar-cinnamon mixture. Put on the rest of the batter and top with the remaining sugar mixture. Cut through the batter several times with a knife. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 60 to 65 minutes.

CINNAMON PRUNES

1 lb. prunes

2 slices of lemon

1/4 cup sugar

Stick of cinnamon

Cover prunes with cold water, soak overnight. Add cinnamon, sugar and lemon. Cook slowly until tender. Remove stick of cinnamon and serve. This really makes prunes a treat!



The last "goodbye" and he's off to school! Mother will settle down to a new routine and we sincerely hope that your schedule will include listening to the Kitchen-Klatter radio visit.

We can be heard on the following radio stations:

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

THOUGHTS WHILE BAKING BREAD

by
Evelyn Birkby

Several loaves of freshly baked bread are cooling on the racks in the kitchen waiting for Jeff and Craig to come home from their first day of preparation for the new school year. Jeff is a senior in high school and Craig a sophomore. Before long, Bob's bus will bring him from his summer's job in New Mexico to the Nebraska City station where we will meet him. He will have a happy day of visiting and washing clothes here at home before he returns to Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa, for his senior studies. It promises to be an exciting year!

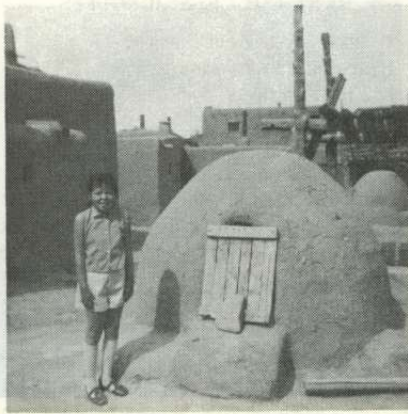
Traditionally, I have baked bread on the first day of school each year since our first little one went off to kindergarten. It proves to be fine therapy for a day when emotions need some kind of an outlet. It also shows the one going off that Mother is home thinking and planning and preparing something special for his return.

Even though my "children" are tall, strong and seem very grownup, it still brings me pleasure to mix the ingredients, beat the batter, knead the dough and shape into smooth mounds to bake into fragrant, nourishing, golden loaves of bread. The family heartily endorses this fine tradition.

I feel a kinship with mothers, wherever they are, when I bake bread. My thoughts turned today to the Indian mother at the Taos Pueblo in New Mexico whom I saw taking great round brown loaves of bread from her conical-shaped outdoor oven the day I visited there.

For several happy days I had been wandering up and down the streets of Taos, admiring the paintings and sculpture in the many art galleries, browsing in the curio shops and contemplating with awe the marvelous Indian jewelry. The rest of my family, as I reported last month, had gone backpacking into the mountains of nearby Philmont Scout Ranch. Now I wanted to reach some of the places of interest outside the town of Taos. In searching for a mode of transportation I located Richard Gonzales, a delightful and knowledgeable gentleman of Spanish descent, who operates a travel service for the area. Yes, he had room for me in his bus the day I was free to go.

Mr. Gonzales drove the bus through the winding back streets of old Taos giving us interesting, informative and humorous commentaries concerning the sights we were passing. We went past sunbaked patios and rustic fences made of poles stuck close together in



This sweet little Taos Pueblo Indian girl agreed to pose for Evelyn. The conical-shaped oven is similar to the kind used for many generations of people in the southwestern part of our country.

the hard earth, past small country villages and rural dwellings and stopped at several places of particular interest: St. Frances of Assisi Mission Church, one of the oldest historical Spanish missions in the United States, and the Millicent Rogers Foundation Museum with its fabulous collection of Indian jewelry and Spanish arts and crafts.

My sense of excitement mounted as we neared the Taos Indian Pueblo. As we drove up to the square, squat adobe building near the entrance to the village to pay our tourist and camera fees, I became aware of a quiet, peaceful beauty. The sunbaked, apartment-like dwellings were neat and orderly in pattern. In the bright sunshine the smooth clay exterior of the high-rising buildings took on a rosy tint. They were fresh looking, defying their ancient origin. This Pueblo was started over 900 years ago and contains the oldest apartment buildings in the world!

Some 1400 Taos Indians live here, but we saw few of them around the hard-packed brown earth plaza as we walked through the central area. Our path led across the log bridge which spans the river from which clear, fresh water is obtained for the use of the entire community.

A lovely young woman came soundlessly from the door of her pueblo home and climbed a ladder to a raised platform. She carried strips of meat in a bowl. Carefully, she hung each strip on thin poles stretched across the top of the platform. Here it would hang, safe from dogs and activity on the lower level, until it would dry in the hot New Mexican sunshine. How many years have Indian women cured and kept their nutritious meats in this fashion?

For a moment we stepped inside the dazzling white adobe mission which was built in 1848. I was delighted with the colorful murals on the wall and the altar pieces at the front. Three men,

wrapped in the identifying blankets which the Indians wear to keep out the dust and heat in summer and the cold in winter, were arranging fresh flowers on the altar. One smiled and welcomed us. He told us he was in charge of the church and spoke proudly of his position. The old mission ruins near the Pueblo entrance, he told us, had been built in 1617! The land inside the battered walls is now used as a graveyard. Later, we stopped by this revered spot and noted the Spanish names on the white crosses, indicating the re-naming of the Indians by the early Spanish priests.

A charming young girl was playing nearby and obligingly stopped long enough to pose for a picture beside one of the conical clay ovens. Her bright modern clothing beside the ancient style oven made a delightful contrast between the old and the new. While some of modern civilization has had its effect upon the Indians, the customs and language and many of their ceremonies have changed little through the centuries.

As we were preparing to return to our travel bus we saw a pleasant Indian woman bringing hot loaves of bread from an oven with a long-handled wooden paddle. She placed them on a rustic board table covered with a clean cloth. Above the table was a shelter topped with tree branches to keep the piercing sun away from the loaves. A sign hanging on the shelter indicated that the bread was for sale. Quickly, the dozen or so tourists on the plaza gravitated toward the loaded table. Mr. Gonzales bought a loaf: fragrant, brown and almost too hot to hold.

On the drive out of the Pueblo we each sampled the warm bread. It was white and light inside, brown and crusty on the outside. Surely it would have deserved a blue ribbon if it had been entered in a state fair competition! Loving care and long years of experience in baking made the Indian woman a master craftsman.

My thoughts lingered this morning with the woman who baked that fragrant loaf of bread. As I kneaded dough for my bread I thought of her kneading her large amount of dough to feed her family and share with the visitors who came past her rustic display table.

When my own loaves of bread came from my modern gas oven to be placed on the cooling racks on the Formica-topped counter in the air-cooled kitchen, I felt the kinship with women and mothers and bread makers the world around. Whatever kind of homes or ovens or kitchens, we are all one.

Be happy. Observe the many little things in life that make your days worth living.

COME TO THE LAKE OF THE OZARKS

by
Mary Feese

Not long ago, Margery told you of their trip to this area, and suggested that you all would like to hear more about this popular vacation spot. We live here year around, and perhaps don't get the overall view that a tourist does. (You know, something like "you can't see the forest for the trees.") But we who live and operate businesses here claim, with pride, to offer something to please everyone. There are millions of people who agree with us — the figures given by the Lake of the Ozarks Assn., Inc. for 1970 show that 2.3 million people stayed here overnight or longer, plus an additional 2 million one-day visitors.

Water sports are prominent here, of course, with such a large body of water that's warm enough for enjoyable swimming and water-skiing. We find that even people from the lake country farther north (as, from Minnesota) enjoy coming here to enjoy the warmer water temperatures. Bring your own boat, or rent one, or take a cruise on one of the big excursion boats. Or houseboats — what a peaceful idea, a week's vacation in your own floating motel. Try an aerial view of the whole sprawling "Big Dragon" as they call the Lake of the Ozarks, from a helicopter or from a seaplane; this is an unforgettable experience, one that gives you the overall picture of the area that's available in no other way.

The busiest vacation season, naturally, corresponds with school vacations, for, that is when the families with children can get away and bring them all to enjoy the myriad activities. But if your personal circumstances permit, try coming in April or May, when the spring flowers bloom. Redbud, and dogwood, and wild flowering plum, in full bloom against the delicate tint of new green leaves — a green that brightens and deepens with every passing day. In the spring, there are generally warm days and pleasantly cool nights. Or (again if your own circumstances allow it) try a fall vacation. The motels aren't so crowded, and again there's the lavish combination of warm days and cool nights. Some of the rides won't be open during these seasons, and sometimes the water temperature is pretty chilly. But these seasons have a charm all their own. The foliage flames with color at every turn. We notice, every year, that we have many couples of the age that their children are grown and gone, who especially enjoy the fall vacation



It took Katharine a little while to get acquainted with her Granny Wheels, but long before the two weeks' visit was over she spent quite a bit of time cuddling up at odd moments during the day.

time. They enjoy our area even more when the big crowds are gone, and there's a more leisurely air about the place. We notice, too, that these couples so often are from the states to the north of us: from Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Michigan, Minnesota. And I wonder each time, if Old Man Winter has caught them early, and they've temporarily migrated south for a last taste of warmth and sunshine before settling in to endure the winter?

Spring, summer, or fall, avid fishermen return again and again to their favorite fishing spots on the Lake. Or, on the Osage River below Bagnell Dam, where fishing boats congregate, the occupants united in the single purpose of pulling those fish from the water until they've caught their day's limit.

Some resorts and motels have beach privileges; others, on the highway but not on the Lake, may have swimming pools. There are some public beaches, but you need to inquire locally for these. Same thing for campgrounds — local inquiry is your best bet, for sometimes neither the campground nor its advertising is visible to the stranger in the area.

Don't hesitate to inquire, either, for it's surprising how friendly and helpful the local people can be. They may be tired enough to drop, yet will try to answer your questions or refer you to someone that can. Despite the fact that these people are in contact with hundreds of customers daily, throughout the summer months, somehow they maintain a small-town camaraderie that's hard to believe. For city dwellers, tired of a computerized existence and regimented blocks or urban or suburban housing, it's a refreshing change. For each of us is an individual, and has a deep felt need to be met on that basis; in this busy world, it's a need that is too seldom satisfied.

Another deep felt need is met by the

spaciousness of the Lake of the Ozarks itself. Miles of open water, with acres of timber country and rolling hills on all sides of the lake itself, contribute to this effect. If you travelers choose to "get away from it all", you can travel the side roads, stay at a resort or campgrounds away from the crowded highways, and pack a picnic lunch to eat at some peaceful spot where the hectic modern world recedes as though it were only a dream. With luck you might see seagulls, or an eagle soaring high above the lake, or perched in the top of a tall, tall tree. Just before dusk, the deer feed, and when you're driving the country roads (even the county blacktop route) it's a wise precaution to cut your speed — for it's not at all unusual to see three or four deer bound gracefully across the road and fade invisibly into the trees beyond.

At night, if you're camping out, there's a sense of serenity. You hear the haunting cry of the whippoorwills echoing through the moonlit night. You'll never see them, for they're shy creatures indeed. More bold is the owl, that sits like a sentinel in a tall dead tree, silhouetted against the bright bronze summer moon. He throws out a challenge, "Who-o-o-o?" (Your mind adds the final words of a midnight sentry, "Who goes there?" but in the sleepy peace of the night, it scarcely seems to matter.)

Then your mood changes, and the whole family wants a day or two of lively entertainment. Once again, there's something for everyone. Rides and games of every description: Go Karts, baseball cages, bumper cars, mini-bikes, horseback rides, swinging cages, the giant slide, boat rides, helicopter, arcades, the seaplane . . .

Don't forget the shops of every description, too, for there are novelties and gifts, sportswear, fishing supplies — you name it, and someone surely has it. There's miniature golf, drive-in restaurants, an aquarium, Dogpatch (an experience all its own!), reptile gardens, smorgasbord, and even a deer farm. (Local residents, when they see a half-grown albino deer trotting down the gravel road, simply telephone the Deer Farm and report the truant. These deer stay *barely* out of reach, so tantalizingly that it seems sure you must catch them with just one more reach.)

The newest development is a surge of interest, among vacationers, in locally made craftwork, original paintings, macrame, toile painting, decoupage, items made of wood and wood carvings, candles; once again, you name it and most likely it's there.

This surge of interest has stimulated the opening of a number of craft outlets in the area, featuring handmade

(Continued on page 18)



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Many readers who have found spiritual inspiration and enlightenment in *Take My Hands*, *Dr. Ida*, *Ten Fingers for God*, *Handicap Race* and *Palace of Healing* will welcome Dorothy Clarke Wilson's appearance in the fields of Americana and general-interest literature. She turns to her own native Maine after writing seven books about Palestine, six set in India, and several more in widely scattered areas.

"... since he turned ninety, Doc has been humoring himself a bit, getting up later sometimes, five o'clock instead of four."

Doc is Fred Pritham, M.D., of Greenville, Maine, practicing physician, lovable, eccentric, stubborn-headed, undefeatable, and the towering life-figure in *The Big-Little World of Doc Pritham* (McGraw-Hill Book Co., \$7.95) by Dorothy Clarke Wilson.

The biography of an extraordinary man, this book is also, among other things, a wonderful adventure story set in the small towns of the North Country of Maine. The wild, charming and vivid life of an American frontier teems in these pages, with colorful characters of the region: lumbermen, hotel keepers, railroad men, coastal and inland farmers and many more.

The author, who lives in Orono, Maine, authentically documents American medical history from its beginnings in New England, and tells as few books have, about early methods of teaching medicine, primitive American medical practices, and the dedicated service of the early American doctor.

"I heard for years, both first and second hand, of the unique exploits of this fabulous character before I decided to write this book. He has been described in magazine and newspaper articles, and recently the Voice of America featured the three Pritham doctors — both his son and grandson are in medicine."

Doc Pritham, who has spent his whole professional life — 65 years — in Greenville, a village at the foot of Moosehead Lake, has traveled thousands of miles through the Maine wilderness on horseback and on foot; ridden cars, boats, buggies, snowmobiles, lumber trucks, trains, railroad hand-cars and jiggers, airplanes; gone on skates and snowshoes, swum rivers,



Eula Blake, who makes her home with Lucile, and Katharine.

waded through mud and snow and slush, jumped freight cars, plunged with his car to the bottom of Moosehead — all to provide medical service to residents of an area of some 5,000 square miles.

The Big-Little World of Doc Pritham is not just another yarn about a country doctor. It is the story of a region and an era: the turning of an almost trackless wilderness into a tourists' mecca; the evolution of lumbering from log camp and axe and river drive into the giant mechanized operations of today.

The story of this unique and beloved character makes another successful book by Dorothy Clarke Wilson.

My friend Virginia in Madison, Wisconsin, certainly brought back memories to me when she recently sent the publication *Wisconsin Week-End* which contained an interesting article about a Wisconsin author, Carol Ryrie Brink, and her book for children *Caddie Woodlawn*.

The library at South Airline School was very important to me as a youngster, and it was here that *Caddie Woodlawn* (The MacMillan Co., \$4.95) became one of my favorite pioneer books. The story begins in 1864 during the
(Continued on page 20)

As homemakers, one of our biggest responsibilities is preparing those three meals a day.

What a thrill it is to turn out really good food! And you will be certain to do *just that* when you use **Kitchen-Klatter** recipes.

Readers of our magazine are always getting new ideas whether their interests are centered around recipes, household hints, do-it-yourself projects, gardening, or club work.

If you are, at this moment, glancing through someone else's copy, jot down a reminder to send in for your own subscription.

You'll appreciate having all these helpful, interesting issues of **Kitchen-Klatter** at your fingertips. Your family will welcome the food you turn out from our dependable, tested-just-for-you recipes.

\$2.00 per year, 12 issues
\$2.50, foreign subscriptions

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

LAKE OF THE OZARKS — Concluded

items only. The leader in this field was the Gateway Gallery in Versailles, Missouri. The ubiquitous "they" said, with a gloomy shaking of heads, that the new enterprise would go broke in three months. The men in charge refused to give up their dream so easily. Now, after months of enthusiasm and hard work, it's still going strong. Following suit, there are now similar craft outlets in Camdenton and Osage Beach. The newest outlet is in Lake Ozark, itself, right on "The Strip" where people park their cars and walk from one attraction to the other. The Lake of the Ozarks Arts and Crafts Guild backs this one, and exhibitors may live next door, or be completely around the Lake, for the Guild encompasses the whole area. This shop is set a bit back from the street, with inviting shade trees, and a welcoming atmosphere. You find yourself lingering, to chat with the friendly help, and to choose special gift items for that coming wedding or birthday remembrance.

Native talent also extends to country music. Many folks sing or play for their own amusement — but when you're here, don't miss the fine country music shows in the evenings, all summer long. There are several different ones, and if you're a real "country" fan, you might want to try them all. Perhaps the best known is Ozark Opera, whose performers are real "pro's". You'll especially enjoy the clowning country boy, wearing bib overalls and a battered old hat. But can that boy sing! Better get your tickets ahead of time, for many nights there's a complete sellout on seats, particularly if you've come on a holiday weekend.

Even though the local music is "country", you'll find that overnight accommodations cover the whole range: from the simplest of camping, through family-type motels and resorts, right up to the most lavish resorts in the entire state. (The Lodge of the Four Seasons, for instance, where celebrities stay when they come.) Last year, the Governors' Conference was held here at the Lake of the Ozarks. What with the governors themselves, their families, all their aides and their families, plus hundreds of security personnel, even our vast number of overnight accommodations were filled to the bursting point, and the air of excitement generally present along The Strip became even more intense. Here at the GoKarts, one of our boys reported to me, "See those teenagers? Their dad is the Governor of Nebraska!" Nice youngsters they were, too, but the boy that caught my eye was the young (very young!) GI who was their security guard. He answered questions



The Stroms' wedding anniversary called for a family party.

politely but briefly, never taking his eyes off his young charges. You seldom see such devotion to duty nowadays, for sure. He was scarcely older than they were, but, *guaranteed*, there would be nothing happen to the governor's children through neglect on his part.

From our viewpoint, as residents and business people of this area, we work long and hard to please you, the customers who come. We do a lot of construction and even more maintenance. We meet hundreds of diverse people every day, and yet it's still fascinating to single out individuals and chat a moment when there's a chance. The families come from everywhere — all over Missouri, of course, and from Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Minnesota . . . California, Massachusetts, Texas, Tennessee . . . Yes, from Alaska and Hawaii, from Canada, Mexico, Australia, Guatemala, Guam, Scotland, Russia, and France. These I've talked to myself, and I'm sure there are thousands of others representing other points of the globe.

From your viewpoint, as a visitor, I'm sure the first glance of the Lake area is bewildering. Crowds of people through the streets, and you don't know where *anything* is. But a bit of time and patience makes order out of chaos; you'll soon learn the location of your favorite places, and find your way around with aplomb.

To prove the fascination of the Lake of the Ozarks, just consider the people — whole families of them — who come back time after time, to spend a day, a weekend, a week or two. Or an entire summer, when they can manage it. Thousands buy a summer home on the water, for a "home away from home".

Come and visit us at the beautiful Lake of the Ozarks, why don't you? Because, whether you like crowds and scads of entertainment, or whether you prefer the quieter pleasures away from the beaten paths, there's something here for everyone. Try it your very next vacation, and see!

THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

Welcome to September! September is the whimsical month; one day the weather is a continuation of summer humidity and warmth, the next day skies are overcast and if you bend an ear you may hear it whispered that "Sir Fall" is just around the bend.

For every LOOKING BACK thought try to arrange three LOOK AHEAD thoughts — or better still, live each day well.

Can you remember when the first day of school meant a spankin' new pencil box filled with two or three lead pencils, a pen (and they are no more) with several shiny pen points, an eraser and a twelve-inch ruler? We must not forget the supply of "paint rags" and some Palmer Method paper. Note: If you are under forty years of age this bit will not even register.

With a reluctant foot we once again board the old merry-go-round of schedule and activity and meanwhile we ponder to ourselves, "Where has the summer gone?"

Here are an assortment of proverbs from different countries and all pertain to friendship. Perhaps you will want to clip this paragraph and post it where you can be reminded daily of the wisdom of these words:

The friends of my friends are my friends. (Flemish Proverb)

You can hardly make a friend in a year but you can lose one in an hour. (Chinese Proverb)

He who seeks a faultless friend rests friendless. (Turkish Proverb)

It is better to be in chains with friends than in a garden with strangers. (Persian Proverb)

It is worse to mistrust a friend than to be deceived by him. (French Proverb)

September is when: The air conditioner sign isn't quite so impressive and important . . . salad and tea days are gradually giving way to more substantial rations . . . we are eagerly scanning the programs of club and church groups to see where we stand as either hostess or leader . . . the neighborhood is strangely quiet and our heart goes out to the one little loner who wasn't quite old enough to make kindergarten . . . the chrysanthemums are standing tall and lush, and in a few weeks we shall think in terms of picking bittersweet and gathering nuts.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Ever since we moved to our present farm home, some thirty years ago, a peony plant has been struggling to live near the northwest corner of the house. In very wet springs it would produce several beautiful, silvery-pink blooms. In dry years, even the foliage looked droopy and forlorn. Everyone (meaning me, mostly) declared it ought to be moved, but no one did anything about it. That is, not until one day last week when I rounded up a spade and the wheelbarrow and made a *no-nonsense* ultimatum that the peony was going to be dug up and moved. Alfred grinned and said he was glad I was one of *them liberated females* as it gave me equal rights to the use of the spade.

It was a long hard struggle to dig around and under that old established clump of peony roots and to heave it out of the hole. It was finally loaded in the wheelbarrow and carted over to a shady place near the greenhouse and where there was a garden hose. I washed the soil from the gnarled, thick roots while Alfred located a stout, old butcher knife in the garage. We divided it into four sections, each with two or more "eyes" (pink buds) and set them in prepared places in the perennial border. In their new location the roots will not have to compete for moisture and nutrients with a tree and shrub, as the old plant had to do when it was growing near the house corner. We think it is the variety Mons. Jules Elie because of its color and shape of bloom — a high pyramidal body of semi-quilled petals and broad reflexing guards.

If you haven't enough peonies for your yard, do order a few new ones and set them out this fall, or dig and divide some of your present clumps for more plants. Be sure to prepare a proper planting site for these long-lived beauties. Once they become established, you can leave them undisturbed for years and they will produce fine blooms each late spring. You must plant them in a sunny, open place where they do not have to compete with roots of shrubs and trees. Dig deep, wide, planting holes and incorporate plenty of old rotted cattle manure or some form of humus such as leaf mold, compost or peat moss into the soil in the bottom half of the excavation. Plant the root so that the crown with the pink buds will be about level with the surface of the ground. Mound a little soil over the planting and the buds will settle to the recommended planting depth — 2 inches below the ground.



Frederick wheels Mother up the ramp after a tour around the yard.



AN UNUSUAL AUCTION

by
Marjorie Spiller Neagle

Although Holland is a small country there is much that one will find as fascinating there as anywhere in Europe. One thing I love to remember is the *Bloemenveiling*, held six days out of every seven throughout the year. This Flower Auction goes on in an immense hall in Aalsmeer, ten miles southwest of Amsterdam.

The hall is equipped with desk and chairs, reminding one of an old-fashioned schoolroom.

Buyers for local and export trade are in their seats by 7 A.M., when the first truckload of fragrant loveliness is wheeled in.

The bidding starts when a clock-faced dial in the front of the hall lights up, revealing at the lower left the highest price that can be legally asked, and running clockwise toward the lowest acceptable offer.

A pointer begins to move from the highest number. When it reaches the point where a buyer feels he must bid (or be outbid) he presses an electric button on his desk. The pointer flies to a number outside the rim of the dial, corresponding to the one that comes from the desk, and the lot goes to that bidder.

His purchase is rushed to the packing room, then on to Schiphol Airport. Within six hours the flowers are on display in florists' shops in London, Paris, and Stockholm. Only a few hours later a shipment arrives in the United States.

By 11:30 every morning the hall has

been cleared. An average of 600 lots of flowers has been sold. As many as 16 million carnations, 50 million roses, and hundreds of millions of other flowers are sold each year at the *Bloemenveiling* in Aalsmeer.

The auctions go on without let-up through the year. When ice locks the canals, by which the flowers are usually brought in barges, blooms are trucked in from hothouses from miles around.



Mealtimes Are More Important, Now

Schooltime means regular hours, and regular meals. Tasty, attractive meals are more important than ever.

To add variety to any meal, reach for **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** and your favorite recipe book. Try for an unexpected "surprise" flavor. Or a subtle, half-hidden one. Whatever the dish, it will profit from the addition of one of these sixteen full-strength, full-fragrance flavors:

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DELAYED ACTION

I make a list of all the chores
 (Including taking spots off doors)
 That I plan to do each day,
 And hope to get them done this way.
 Today I hemmed a gathered skirt,
 And sewed a button on a shirt.
 I put a patch on a pair of jeans
 Worn out by a boy not yet in teens.
 I scrubbed and waxed the kitchen floor
 And cleaned the glass on the front-
 room door.
 Yesterday I vacuumed and did a wash
 And made a pie from home-canned
 squash.

Tuesday I ironed and cleaned the bath
 And took a broom and swept the path
 Between the neighbors' house and ours
 And took time out to pick some flowers.
 I sorted out some papers too
 And wrote some letters overdue.

I raked the leaves from the lawn this
 week

And burned them down beside the creek.
 I've scratched each job as it got done,
 Before I started another one.

Now they're all scratched; no thing I've
 missed.

Alas, though, *that* was last month's
 list.
 —Gladise Kelly

MAN — A HUMAN CONDITION

He soothed a child who fell and
 bruised his knee.

He helped a bent old man cross a
 busy intersection.

He sent a get-well card to a second
 cousin.

He laughed at a neighbor's joke that
 was more pathetic than funny.

He fed a hungry dog that followed
 him home.

He wrote a long letter to a wounded
 soldier he had never met.

He returned a dollar given him in
 error by a sales clerk.

He visited a sick friend and tried to
 cheer him up.

He picked up some papers somebody
 left on the sidewalk near his home, and
 he put them in his trash barrel.

He smiled a "good morning" when a
 new neighbor passed him on the street.

He did a number of similar acts for
 relatives, friends, neighbors, strangers.

Why?

He is a human being who realizes
 that man is more than an animal.

THE SAME BLEACH FOR BOTH?

ARE YOU SURE?



Yes, my dear, we're sure: you can and should use the same
 bleach for the filmy nightie and the greasy coveralls. If, of
 course, your bleach is **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

For Kitchen-Klatter is the modern miracle bleach that com-
 bines heavy-duty bleaching power with complete safety. It keeps
 everything looking bright and new, yet is so gentle, even new
 synthetics are perfectly safe.

Just remember: if it's washable, it's bleachable . . . in

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

COME READ WITH ME — Concluded

Civil War days when Caddie was 11
 and tells a number of events concern-
 ing pioneer life that faced members of
 the family. Carol Rylie Brink wrote the
 story about her maternal grandmother
 and, though it reads like fiction, is
 really based on the recollections of
 Mrs. Brink's grandmother, Caroline
 Woodhouse. The book was awarded the
 John Newbery Medal as the most dis-
 tinguished contribution to American
 literature for children. The appeal of
 this book is best summed up by Caddie
 when she said:

"What a lot has happened since last
 year when I dropped the nuts all over
 the dining-room floor. How far I've,
 come! I'm the same girl and yet not
 same. I wonder if it's always like that?
 Folks keep growing from one person
 into another all their lives, and life is
 just a lot of everyday adventures. Well,
 whatever life is, I like it."

A park has now been created. The
 site is called "Caddie Woodlawn Site
 Historical Park" and is on Highway 25,
 four miles south of Downsview and
 about six miles north of Durand. There
 are now facilities for public use in-
 cluding picnic tables and a shelter
 house. Of course, the most important
 feature is the Old Woodhouse home.
 The historical marker reminds us the
 book has now become a classic, read
 by thousands of children throughout
 the nation, and translated into more
 than ten foreign languages. Dunn
 County, Wisconsin, would be a most
 interesting place to visit.

The clipping will be kept with our
 daughter's copy of *Caddie Woodlawn* to
 add to the charm of this pioneer story.

QUALITY CONTROL — Concluded

nary excellence! She must also be a bit of a Philosopher — "one noted for calm judgment and practical wisdom." For our secretary we have chosen Pains-taking, and she might even be a Perfectionist as she keeps our records in perfect order. When it comes to the treasurer, I think of Provision — maybe even Paring, as she tries to keep us within our budget.

Finally I would urge each of you to put yourself on HOLD at all times:

1. Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act.

2. Hold on to your tongue when you are ready to criticize.

3. Hold on to your feet when you are tempted to "skip out" on pulling your share of the work.

4. Hold on to your temper when things are not going the way you want.

5. Hold an open mind as others offer new ideas.

6. Hold out your hand and your heart to welcome the understanding and friendship of all who will be working together this year.

Third Speaker: Thinking in terms of quality control, I will mention some ideas on continued inspection and corrective action.

More and more we realize the importance of inspecting "where we've been, what we've accomplished", or evaluation. We need to make a critical appraisal of what our club has accomplished and how it was done. Were the results all that we had hoped for? If not, why not? What hindered us from achieving some of our aims last year?

It is surprising how often it is the small things which help or hinder us as we strive to carry out our goals. Some years ago a man set out to walk from San Francisco to New York City. In New York he was asked what had hindered him the most in his walk across the continent. He didn't mention the Rocky Mountains or the Mississippi River, but simply said: "The grains of sand that got in my shoes."

Are we letting petty differences, rivalries, and pride stand in the way of complete harmony in our club?

Did we start out with great enthusiasm on club projects, and then did most members "slough off" on the job?

Have we really considered what the majority would like to have the club undertake for the new year, or have we just followed meekly the ideas of a few?

To obtain real quality in our new year's program, we need to take a critical look at what we have done, at mistakes we have made. Then, as our definition told us, we must take corrective measures to better our product — our goals. To get out of the rut, to

be flexible and willing to change with progress, that is to grow; and as each individual member grows in understanding, so will our club grow in its outreach to its members and to the community. And we must keep growing, or we become outdated and a deficit, rather than an asset, to the community.

Someone said that man is somewhat like a bicycle and we might paraphrase that to say a club is like a bicycle. A bicycle maintains its equilibrium only so long as it is going towards something. The minute a bicycle slows down and begins to stop, it gets shaky and wobbly — and it loses its balance. So it is with our club. As long as we are working hard toward a goal that means a great deal to us, we have a reason for doing something. But once we've achieved that goal, unless we set another one right away, we may find ourselves wobbling — in the midst

of confusion, indirection, and frustration. We must keep moving forward, using the stumbling blocks of the past as stepping stones of the future.

Leader: Some members keep their organization strong, while others join just to belong. Some dig right in; some serve with pride. Some go along just for the ride. Some volunteer to do their share, while some lie back and just don't care. On meeting days some always show, while there are others that never go. Some always pay their dues ahead. Some get behind for months, instead. Some do their best; some build; some make; some lag behind; some let things go. Some never help their organization grow. Some drag; some pull; some don't; some do. Consider, gals, which of these are *you*?

This year let us resolve to keep our minds on that QUALITY CONTROL to make this the best club year ever!



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just
right!

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LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

terviewed him to get a small, sturdy car that would stand up under rocky roads and great distances, so he'll have to track down something in this line before he heads for Montana.

Our young people seem to be western minded! September will find Martin in Montana, as I said, Kristin and her family in Durango, Colorado, Alison and Mike also in Durango, and Juliana and her family in Albuquerque. We don't know at this date where Emily will be, but the chances are that it will be someplace in the West.

Recently Marge and Oliver had new sidewalks put in to replace the old, old brick sidewalks that were laid before 1900. This big pile of bricks turned out to be a treasure for the Bob Watkins family — they made several trips to haul them to their farm home outside of Clarinda. Bob said there would be enough for a patio with hundreds left-over for other uses!

Two things have happened right now — I've run out of space and it's time for supper!

Faithfully always . . .
Lucile

COVER PICTURE

So many pictures were taken these past few weeks when members of the family were here for visits, that it didn't look as if it would be an easy matter selecting one for the cover for this issue. However, when Lucile saw this one she said, "I don't believe we've ever had a better one of Frederick and Margery with Mother. Use this!" Incidentally, we should give credit to Frederick's wife Betty for she took it.



As Lucile mentions in her letter, Katharine is getting to be quite a little climber and will tackle anything. A moment later she stood on the seat of the tricycle!

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

pit. "Remember," I said, "that every single person in your congregation is fighting a hard battle, and each has come to church for help. Be kind! Be thoughtful of their feelings. They want to serve the Lord just as much as you do or they would not be in church on Sunday morning. No matter what the subject of your sermon, always make sure that there is some little part of it that will bring comfort to the person who came to church with a broken heart. Always be sure that your brain and your heart are engaged before putting your mouth into gear! And remember this: you work for your people. They employ you to be their leader, not their boss! Always make certain that what you say and do are positive, not negative. Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no

brains, no character are required to get yourself known as a complainer. When you get discouraged, remember that God was in that church long before you were, and remember that God will be there long after you have gone. Put your trust in Him." Sincerely,

Frederick

THREE VOLUMES

Life is a story in volumes three,

The Past

The Present

The Yet to Be

The first is finished and laid away,
The second we're reading day by day,
The third and last of volume three
Is locked from sight;

God Keeps the Key! —Unknown

WHEELS KEEP TURNING - Concluded

decided that the patch-upon-patch overalls could finally be discarded. The metal scales were corroded with rust and their accuracy was greatly to be doubted — but how breathlessly we watched as the twisted hand swung around the numbers. The Junk Man himself was a wonder to behold. He so nearly matched his falling-down cart that he was almost camouflaged. Filthy clothes hung upon his tall frame like streaming bandages and the lines in his face were embedded with the soil of many passing years. Year in and year out, he wore the same tweed cap atop his balding head. As he strained against the weight of the anti-goggling cart, the reversed bill of the greasy cap touched his hunching shoulders and gave him the appearance of heading into a strong wind. He was a sour man, unpleasant of voice and manner, petulantly finding fault with the quality or quantity of anything we offered. He counted out our pennies stingily, debating and grumbling that "you're robbing me blind!" Often I stuck out my tongue at him when he was safely out of seeing distance — then headed for the little candy store up the street to aggravate Mr. Summers with my indecisions and ponderings!

The Ice Cream Man, the Ice Man, the Hot Tamale Man, the Junk Man, the Mule Man — they were never real people to me, only an extension of the vehicle that paused before my door and brought a bit of fleeting excitement into my day. I'm sure those kids out there converging on the Jolly Roger feel much the same way. The important thing is the wheels — wheels that turn and twist through streets and avenues to brighten the heart of childhood. It's routine now, one small spark in an autumn day. But with the passing of the years, memory will enhance these golden days and they too, will smile reminiscently and say — "Remember when - - - ?"



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KITCHEN-KLATTER
BLUE DROPS

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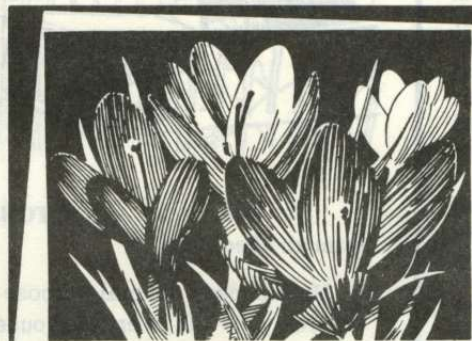
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I'VE BEEN THINKING -

(THOUGHTS AS WE BEGIN THE
NEW CLUB OR AID YEAR)

by

Virginia Thomas

Are you the club or Aid president this year? Write out the word "president" on a piece of paper. Look carefully at that little letter "i" in the middle of the word. Note it is hidden between the PRES of everyday living and the DENT we always feel after an all-out effort. Bear in mind that this little letter "i" must be kept in its proper place if you are to be a truly successful president.

You should enter your role with enthusiasm, courage, and a good stock of humor, but no matter how involved you get in club activities, remember that the "i" needs to be kept in the middle. Do not try to move it to the front to make it a capital "I". A good executive learns well how to use the talents of the other members, how to accept their ideas with grace and enthusiasm, and how to praise and encourage sincerely.

Here are a few ground rules for the president to observe:

1. Begin all meetings on time, and close them likewise.
2. Plan an agenda for every meeting and inform all participants in advance — then stick to the agenda as closely as possible.
3. Don't be afraid to show enthusiasm and interest as you preside at the meetings — keep things lively and moving.
4. Plan to attend district and state meetings of your organization and encourage other members to attend also. It's a grand source of inspiration, help, and fellowship with people interested in the same things as your group.
5. Don't make a guest speaker sit through a lengthy business meeting before being allowed to do his part in the program. Try to place the speaker at, or near, the beginning so that he can have a "fresh" audience that listens attentively. Be sure that a guest speaker gets a written note of thanks from the secretary as well as your verbal ones at the meeting.

6. Accept your office graciously and regard it as a special privilege and service, and rely on prayer for guidance.

As a club member, are you enjoying your club work? If not, perhaps it's time to do a bit of evaluating. Perhaps you are one who has not learned to say "No", and as a consequence you are spreading yourself too thin. Club work and Aid work should be interesting and fun. Perhaps you need to ration your club activities. Better to accept one task and do it well, than to be so

pressured that in doing too many things, you cannot give anything your best effort. Perhaps, if you are interested in several clubs, or several work areas of clubwork, you could resolve to take on just one area a year and then the following year change to a new area.

As we enter this new club year I would like to read again this bit about the dreamer and the worker.

'There is a big difference between a mere desire to do a thing, and the burning desire to beat it and accomplish it at any cost. A mere desire is like warm water in a locomotive — it

will never produce steam. It takes fire and force and enthusiasm to generate the things that propel the successful person who gets the job done.

"The dreamer laughs at the worker and the worker laughs at the dreamer, neither realizing that the one is useless without the other. The practical ones would have nothing to do if it were not for the idealists, and dreams would never come true if it weren't for the workers."

If we can get a nice balance of dreamer and worker in each club member, there is no end to what our club can accomplish.



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