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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

VOL. 36

JUNE, 1972

NUMBER 6



—Photo by Strom

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This morning when I looked out the window I was delighted to see that once again the trillium in front is in full bloom.

Twenty-six years ago Russell dug up this charming wild flower from his grandfather's farm in southern Wisconsin and brought it home carefully packed in saturated cotton. How it has survived all of these years is a mystery to me for the area where it grows was buried with rubble for months on end when this house was being built. We didn't dream that it would pull through such abuse, but it did . . . and I am happy about it.

In spite of all kinds of emergency treatment I lost a lovely evergreen recently, one that Russell planted to serve as an accent point for the front of the west wing. Some of my friends said that it died because of our very dry winter, and others said that it was killed by a blight, but at any rate it is gone. A new one has been planted to replace it and I can see right now that it will be a long, long time before it achieves any real height.

The other day Eula gave me a real surprise by announcing that she had put out two tomato plants by the back gate. Our garden is planted so intensively that there was room for two tomatoes, but if they actually thrive and produce (something I feel very skeptical about!) it will be a temptation next spring to take out some shrubs and go in for a few vegetables. My idea of real luxury is home-grown vegetables, in contrast to shipped-in produce, and I've never once had access to them.

The other day when we were rearranging things in the freezer section of our refrigerator I thought for the millionth time what tremendous changes there have been in our eating habits, regardless of where we live.

Just take fried chicken, for instance. When we were growing up we had fried chicken for only a very brief period

during the summer, and my! what a tremendous treat it was — no one ever really got his fill. (The success of any picnic was based on the amount of fried chicken available.)

It must have been around 1930 or '31 that Dad came home one day with the report that someone was putting in a building down town where meat could be stored, and since this happened just about the time the fried chicken season was coming up, he and Mother talked it over and decided to rent a locker and put in thirty chickens. (I've no idea why I have always remembered the exact amount.)

Well, those chickens were a family joke for years! The first few, used very shortly after the fried chicken season closed, were fine; but before long they didn't really taste much like the fried chicken to which we were accustomed. And by the time the last ones were used the only clue we had as to what we were eating was the bones. (It was Wayne who said that he thought we were eating old men!)

That pioneer experience with frozen food is lodged firmly in my memory and I always think about it when we take out a package of frozen chicken. We're now so conditioned to chicken as it is today that when Eula and I fixed an honest-to-goodness home-grown hen recently it didn't taste right to us!

Abe, our little Chihuahua now going on two years old, came racing through this room a moment ago enroute to his favorite place: upstairs. He likes to go up there in the morning and stay until noon, a routine that is rarely broken. Yet after he comes down at noon he never goes back up even though he is perfectly free to do so.

The other day I thought with surprise that he has learned to associate quite a collection of words with given objects.

For example: he has quite a collection of "squeaky" toys and he knows each one by name. If you ask him to bring his "squeaky" mouse that's exactly what he brings even though a

number of these toys are a bright red. The same thing is true of the "squeaky" toys that are a bright yellow. He never confuses them.

His little pen is still up at the end of the kitchen and we'd love to get rid of it, but although we've taken it down a number of times with the firm resolve to be done with it once and for all, he raises such a fuss at bedtime that we always give in and bring it back from the garage. He's had that pen since he was six weeks old and I suppose when it is missing he feels about like we would if we tried to go to bed without a roof on the house!

In my letter last month I mentioned the books by Richard Scarry that I think are so fine for children and said that I would get a list of the titles for those of you who are interested. It is really difficult to describe these books, so I'll just summarize them by saying that they are wonderfully well-illustrated and truly contain a gold mine of information for children of our time.

(Last summer when James, then three, was here for the big Shenandoah Centennial celebration we were astounded at how much he knew about planes, and when I mentioned this to Juliana and Jed they said promptly that he wasn't at all precocious but simply had picked up all his information from the Scarry book titled: *Great Big Air Book*.)

These are the last published titles: *Richard Scarry's Great Big Mystery* (\$2.95), *ABC Word Book* (\$3.95), *Great Big Air Book* (\$3.95), *Great Big Schoolhouse* (\$3.95), *What Do People Do All Day?* (\$3.95), *Best Word Book Ever* (\$3.95), *Busy, Busy World* (\$3.95), *Best Mother Goose Ever* (\$3.95), *Best Story Book Ever* (\$4.95), *Story Book Dictionary* (\$3.95).

It doesn't do much good to hear about such books if you don't have access to a book store, so if you're in this position I'll go ahead and say that you can order these from Kieser's Book Store, 207 North 16th Street, Omaha, Nebraska 68102. Postage is 25¢ per book.

Things on all of our far-flung family front seem to be going on just about as usual. I think our first summer visitor will be Mary Leanna Driftmier (Frederick's and Betty's daughter) who is driving across the country by herself with stops all along the way to visit members of the family. We are much looking forward to this since she has been here only most briefly with her parents when they were starting on a long trip — or returning. I believe that her ultimate destination is Vancouver, B.C., where her brother David will be attending college this fall.

I have no trip plans of any kind since I must soon embark on a major dental project; there is no question of leaving

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Right about now we utter a big sigh of relief for the fact that we have almost reached the month of June without a major spring flood on the Connecticut River. Most of our friends in other parts of the country do not realize what a big river the Connecticut is, and few realize how each spring we live in dread of another big flood like some of past years. From now until next November we shall not be able to see the river from the house because of the heavy foliage, but we have only to cross the street to our neighbors' back lawns to see it. Some of our neighbors keep boats on the river, but we never have been tempted to do that. Quite often I use a seaplane that lands and takes off from the river near the house, and once in a great while I go for a ride in a neighbor's boat.

If you could see me writing this letter, you would be amused. I always write while standing up! I started doing my writing at a stand-up desk about two years ago, and now I wish that I had started doing it much sooner. I find it much easier to think on my feet than to think while sitting down. Tonight I am writing from my study in the parsonage where I'm surrounded by some of my favorite paintings and photographs. As I stand here, I am looking at a large color photograph on the opposite wall. It is a beautifully framed photo of my mother and her four sisters, one that was taken about thirty years ago.

On the wall to my right is a large water color of our favorite lake in Nova Scotia. The artist who painted it sat on the front steps of the family summer place. Next to that is another water color of the boat pier at the home Betty and I leased in Bermuda for a year. I was a Chaplain in the Naval Air Force then, and our home there was one of a very few that President Harry Truman visited while in Bermuda.

Next to the Bermuda painting is another large color photo in a dark mahogany frame. It is a photo of the ox team that worked the Nova Scotia farm. The team is pulling an old-fashioned hay wagon, and in the photo one can see our neighbor boy from down the road raking hay with a real old-fashioned wooden hay rake. I just love that picture!

On the wall to my right there is a collection of framed photographs that I took in Africa thirty years ago. Every time I have a guest in this study a comment is made about a magnificent photograph of my Uncle Henry Field. I saw it on his desk one day many years ago, and he promptly gave it to me. Actually, we have paintings and photo-



Winifred Welch, the senior secretary at Frederick's church, received special recognition at the annual dinner for her many years of faithful service.

graphs all over this house, and some of my favorite pictures of my mother and father I have hanging on the walls of our upstairs sitting room adjoining the master bedroom. One advantage to living in a twenty-four room house is the available space for hanging pictures!

I heard a cute thing the other day. At a party some of us were laughing at one chap who is as wide as he is tall, and who has a faculty for always saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. He really is a genuine character, but a lovable one! Right after he dropped a spoon from his saucer for the third time, he recited this bit of humor:

When God gave out brains, I thought

He said, trains, and I missed mine.

When He gave out looks, I thought

He said books, and I didn't want any.

When He gave out noses, I thought

He said roses, and I ordered a big one.

When He gave out legs, I thought

He said kegs, and I ordered two fat ones.

When He gave out ears, I thought

He said beers, and I ordered two long ones.

Isn't it a wonderful surprise to find some little treasure hidden away, something that you long ago forgot you ever had? I had just such a surprise when I was cleaning out a closet in the basement and found a gallon jar absolutely stuffed with trading stamps. I invited a friend to come over and help me get all the stamps pasted into trading books. While we were doing that he told me his story. It seems that for months a couple had saved their trading stamps for the purchase of a card table and four chairs. Then one night the husband realized how deeply the stamp habit had become ingrained in his wife. As she was pasting some stamps in her last book, she said, "Dear, why don't we just go out and

buy the table and chairs? I hate to spend our hard-earned stamps."

Did you happen to hear that nationally televised program on the subject of Women's Lib? That entire subject amuses me no end. It has been my observation that capable, intelligent, energetic women always have made their influence felt in every possible way. Just tonight I was telling Betty about the lady who when she came home from a Women's Lib meeting, found her husband patiently trying to sew a button on the sleeve of his shirt. With her new air of superiority, she chided him: "You men think you're so smart. Why, you've even got the thimble on the wrong finger!"

"I know that," he retorted. "It should be on yours!"

One of the good ladies in my church came to me the other day to ask that I stop speaking of God as a male. Of course that would mean not using the pronoun *He* when referring to God, and that would confuse things. How awkward to say: "God is in His or Her heaven!" Or, worse yet, how strange to say: "God is in It's heaven." It is obvious that we do not have the language for dealing with this problem.

We had a very successful Annual Meeting at our church the other evening. The church hall was filled to capacity, and there was a beautiful spirit throughout the meeting. All of the reports showed that our church is growing stronger each year, and even more important, they showed that each year more and more people are volunteering to serve the church in some helpful capacity. As usual, I gave my report in colored slides, and as I looked at the pictures of all the church activities of the past twelve months, I suddenly found myself feeling very weary. We do so much every day of the week, and the job is never finished.

One of the happy moments of the Annual Meeting was the recognition of our senior church secretary. She has been working for the church for more than forty-six years, and in recognition of that fact we gave her a magnificent color television set. I called her from the head table, asking her to come up to the microphone of the public address system. Then I said: "Because you have served us so faithfully for so long, we want to do something nice for you. We are going to permit you to leave work two hours early tomorrow afternoon." At this point she looked puzzled, and the audience began to laugh. Then I said: "We are letting you off early so that you can be home to open the door for the men who will be delivering a \$500.00 color T.V. set to place in your living room."

Our church secretary is truly a re-
(Continued on page 22)



Pockets, Papas, and Price Tags

A FATHER & SON BANQUET

by
Mabel Nair Brown

The typical contents of a small boy's pocket, shirts, and price tags are the clues to the decorating scheme for this year's Father and Son Banquet.

PROGRAM BOOKLET-FAVOR: You will need large sheets of paper in plaid or striped designs. You might use wall paper, a roll of figured shelf paper, or gift wrap papers for this. Have the shirts in a variety of patterns and colors. Experiment with wrapping paper or newspapers until you get a pattern that suits. This shirt pattern should be approximately 8½"x10", with long sleeves. For each program cut two shirts, leaving them joined at the back collar. Use a fine, black marking pen to mark in the sleeves, collar and yoke, and the front band, buttons, and pockets.

Cut a double round tag (about the size of a fifty cent piece) of gold paper. Punch a hole at the top and insert a red string. On the front of the tag write "Pockets, Papas, and Price Tags", and on the inside, the date. Tie the tag to the shirt front in such a manner that it appears looped around the second button.

Write the program on the inside of the booklet, and fold the booklet just as a new shirt is folded. Crease folds sharply.

DECORATIONS: Try to borrow a variety of men's and boys' shirts from a local store to use as part of table centerpieces. Collect typical items to be found in a boy's pocket — string, rubber bands, bottle caps, pieces of wire, bolts and screws, and fish lures. Arrange these items with the shirts. (If new shirts aren't available, borrow some around the neighborhood and fold them as new ones are folded.) Display some outsized price tags on which are written some of the desired qualities of a good man — integrity, kindness, humor, ambition, etc.

Wall decorations might be huge price tags in various shapes and sizes, with some of the words suggested above, printed on them. Be sure to mix in a few yellow "sale" tags (lettered in red), reading selfishness, laziness, stubbornness, "loud mouth", "show

off", etc.

If your group is large, make name tags, in the shape of price tags, slipping the string of the tag over the coat or shirt button of each guest.

PROGRAM

Welcome: We're just so very, very glad To have you here tonight, And hope you've brought along with you A hearty appetite; so I won't hold up our meal By windy words and stuff, But just say "Welcome" and sit down. Agreed, I've said enough?

Salute to Fathers: When is a father "just Dad"? Mr. H. C. Chatfield says: If he's wealthy and prominent, and you stand in awe of him, you call him "Father". If he sits in his shirt sleeves and suspenders at ball games and picnics, call him "Pop". If he tills the land or labors in overalls, call him "Pa". If he wheels the baby carriage and carries bundles meekly, call him "Papa", with the accent on the first syllable. If he belongs to a literary circle and writes cultured papers, call him "Pa-pa", with the accent on the last syllable. If, however, he makes a pal of you when you're good, and is too wise to let you pull the wool over his loving eyes when you are not; if, moreover, you're sure no one else you know has quite so fine a father, you may call him "Dad".

When I was small and troubled, Dad,
And came to you in woe,
You comforted me; and you could al-
ways mend

A broken kite, or a stubbed big toe.

That's why I dig ya, Dad!
Sometimes it was my ego "busted"
Or trouble 'tween me an' my best friend.

You always seemed to know just the words

To get things on the mend —

That's why I dig ya, Dad!

Your shoulder's always been grand to lean on

In warmth and security,

Your love always there to show me

You were glad that "I was me" —

That's why I dig ya, Dad!

I could ask for nothing better, Dad,
Than that I might be
The sort of father to my son
That you have been to me —
I dig ya, Dad! —M.N.B.

Song: "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" by the sons.

Salute to Sons:

All real boys need lots of pockets,
To keep their frogs and bugs an' rock-
ets,

An' bubble gum an' rubber bands —
They are so handy 'round the hands.
Pockets I know are just the thing
For knives an' nails an' bits of string.
They're also good for beans an' such,
And all the things boys like so much.
Pockets are good for everyone —

How else could a fellow take along his fun?
—Anonymous

Here is a definition of a boy as taken from the family encyclopedia: "Small boy; variously defined as a noise with dirt on it, or a stomach entirely surrounded by curiosity. A species of humanity with an antipathy to water except in creeks, swimming pools, or garden hose. Capable of washing his face without getting his hands wet. Often the towel is the only evidence that the hands have touched water! Congenitally unable to keep its shirt-tail in. Shirts always in need of buttons except at the neck, due to tendency to pull shirt off without unbuttoning. Neck buttons remain stationary because they are never buttoned. Sneaks to bed in underwear whenever possible. Without necessarily fatal results to parents, goes through various stages, such as slamming doors, leaving doors open, losing tools, climbing roofs, inventing a pond in the bathtub for a home for a frog, cramming food, road constructing, and collecting anything from fishworms to gum wrappers. Has a special affinity for ice cream cones, mouth organs, horses, dogs, few clothes, horns that toot too loudly, drums that beat louder, war whoops, cookies, and mud. Under the skin, and whatever incrustations accumulated thereon, are often to be found an extremely sensitive and affectionate nature, a mute appreciation of the beautiful, and a sturdy code of honor. Means no particular harm to any one. Sleeps crosswise on the bed. 'Specially cherished by his parents."

SKIT —

THE PRICE TAGS OF A REAL MAN

(Each helper holds up a large placard shaped like a price tag, with a string attached. Arrange a man's shirt on a display rack on a small table. This is placed in center of stage. As each helper finishes speaking, he pins his "price tag" on the shirt.)

Narrator: Price tags are familiar to
(Continued on page 21)

MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Oliver and I will be leaving on our trip to the Northwest in a couple of days, so this letter is being written a little earlier than usual.

This week has been a busy one for both of us. It usually falls on the wife to plan the packing — at least that is the case at our house — so I've been sorting clothes, doing laundry, etc., as there has been time to tackle it. Oliver is making every effort to leave his desk in good shape, so his hours at the office are full as can be. These past few evenings he has been moving into a new apartment. As you know, his work is in Council Bluffs which, although only 50 miles from Shenandoah, we feel is too far to risk his neck on the highway driving back and forth. An apartment to use for four nights a week was the solution. So for the past few years he has driven to Council Bluffs early Monday morning and back home again Friday evening.

When we went up to look at the apartment last Saturday afternoon, there was time afterwards to stop at the General Dodge House. This lovely old mansion, restored in recent years, has been designated by the United States Department of the Interior as a National Historic Landmark. Perhaps you recall from your history books that General Grenville Dodge was "the greatest railroad builder of all time". He directed the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad from Omaha to Promontory Point, Utah.

The home is located on a hill and back in 1869 the family must have had an impressive view of the Missouri River. However, since those days the river's course has changed and the land between the house and the river has been built up with homes and businesses.

It seems incredible that so many of the original furnishings have been returned. What a search that must have been! The balance of the contents are in keeping with the period, of course, and some interesting, unusual items have been donated.

One silver piece caught my eye. It looked like a gravy boat with a hinged lid and a small opening at the end. The guide asked if we could guess its use. I'd never seen anything like it and hadn't the faintest idea. She said it was a spoon warmer! Have you ever seen one?

Another unusual item was in Mrs. Dodge's bedroom. I recognized it as a sewing basket, but it had an interesting feature about it. Around the inside of the basket, which was on legs and rather high, were pegs, a small hole by each one. The pegs held the spools,



This is a portion of the exhibit of dishes and glassware taken up from the sunken Bertrand. One wonders if they were used on the boat or if they were headed for some household up the river.

the thread to be pulled through each hole so one could quickly select the color needed and pull off the right amount. Now isn't that a unique idea?

I won't devote more space to this home and its beautiful antiques, but urge you to stop by and go through it yourself if you happen to be in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, Iowa. And while in this corner of the state, I recommend that you stop at the DeSoto Bend National Wildlife Refuge, just north of Council Bluffs, to see the excavation site of the river steamboat Bertrand. Perhaps you saw some films about this on a television documentary recently. It has been designated a National Monument (or is it a Historical Site?) and is well worth a trip to see. The National Park Service has been working for many months on the contents of the sunken cargo and hundreds of articles are on display in the visi-

TODDLER-TIME

Gracious living? Gracious me!

Is that the laundry now I see
Scattered there upon the floor?
It was folded, but no more.

Am I up on what is new?

Was it on "Captain Kangaroo"?
I have not read the latest book.
His shoe is lost — please help me look.

The lampshade's bent? Oh yes, that's
where

I caught it yesterday mid-air.
Gourmet cooking? It's past tense . . .
Our days with "finger food" commence.

But can't you see we're having fun
With a sprite who'll kiss and run?
Our little boy with just one shoe,
Toddling now twixt one and two.

—Carol Kosek

tor's center. We've made one trip over and hope to drive over again this summer.

It is fascinating that some of the artifacts can't be identified. I suppose, as with gadgets nowadays, some things were popular for a short time and then forgotten as something new replaced them. Not long ago we saw a picture of such an item that had turned up on the cargo. Under the picture was the question, "Does anyone know what this is?"

I also read in the paper recently that it is possible another sunken steamboat has been located. It will be interesting to see what turns up when excavation starts.

Isn't it ridiculous how you can let one unpleasant experience keep you procrastinating over something that *has* to be done? Many years ago I had such a traumatic session with the extraction of a wisdom tooth that I kept putting off having another one taken care of. My new young dentist had been more than patient with me this past year. I offered all kinds of excuses about being so busy I couldn't make the trip to the oral surgeon, etc., etc., but *finally* faced up to the fact that I couldn't stall any longer. The dentist was so relieved, for he knew full well that I would be in for trouble if I let this situation continue. He convinced me that such extractions under the new anesthetics were a breeze, and he was right! It was over so quickly and so painlessly that I couldn't believe it. The most beautiful thing about it is that I'm over my fear!

Oliver and I will miss our church's annual business dinner meeting this year. This is also the occasion when we honor our graduating seniors and their families, so it is very special. Yesterday I typed up the annual reports for the committees I head. It was interesting reflecting on the year's activities. We've been a busy group.

We've been having a soft gentle rain today. I just stuck my nose out the door and it smells so fresh outside. I expect the dandelions will jump out as soon as the sun hits them. We have quite a time keeping up with them. We can catch some with spray, but a few do survive, or else we miss them. Anyway, I rather enjoy going out with my pronged digger. Oliver does too, so we have two diggers and he joins me with digging them up on Saturdays when he is home. I'm supposed to keep at it through the week, but have to confess that I don't make it every day.

There is a poem I want to share with you — one I'm sure you'll enjoy — so I'll bring this to a close.

Sincerely,

Margery

History of the Kitchen

by
Joseph Arkin



If you never seem to get out of the kitchen as fast as the lady in a famous TV commercial, don't despair. After all, homemakers have been in the kitchen for some 10,000 years — ever since the Stone Age!

At Aichbuhl in Germany, Stone Age farmers lived in rectangular wooden structures with only two rooms — but one of them was clearly a kitchen. This area, with its hearth and clay oven, was walled off from the main living room.

When the ancient Greeks later added a second story to their houses, the kitchen, oddly enough, was usually located on the second floor. The Greeks must have had a very enthusiastic word for good cuisine — for they valued copper cooking pots so highly that they bestowed them as prizes in Olympic games.

Roman kitchens, as revealed by excavations at Pompeii, were usually equipped with a large brazier on legs; it contained burning charcoal over which one basin could simmer. In wealthier homes, there was a "range" of brick or stone containing a number of holes, so that several dishes could be cooked at once.

In Northern Europe, early housewives cooked over a fire built on the floor in the center of the room. When they bent over a hot stove, it was to warm themselves, not the food. Stoves, in that period, were used to heat the house and not to cook the meals.

During the Middle Ages, some of the finest kitchens and best cooks were found in monasteries. The kitchens, located in separate buildings, were equipped for large-scale cooking, baking and brewing. There were low arched recesses in the walls where fires could be regulated more easily than was the case when they burned in the middle of the floor. Roasting was done on rotat-

ing spits which had dripping pans below, and cooking pots hung suspended on hooks over the fire.

Plywood paneling, especially Canadian Birch, is a popular feature in today's kitchens, but early 16th century French kitchens made much more extensive use of wood, for the common people ate their meals from wooden plates, cups and bowls. The table at which they sat was often just a crude plank of wood on a trestle. But the rich had "great tables" of elaborately carved wood, frequently walnut. From the French word *banc*, for the bench on which the diners sat, we get our word "banquet".

An ingenious French contribution to a "banquet" was the pressure cooker — few people know that the first one was invented in 1680! In that year, the Frenchman, Denis Papin, exhibited a "new Digester or Engine for softening bones" to the Royal Society of London. Papin and the members of the Society sat down to a meal cooked in his "engine" — the first pressure-cooked repast ever served".

In colonial America, things were much more rugged. The kitchen fireplace was commonly used for cooking until about 1760, when use of the stove became more prevalent. Chiefly responsible for this advance was Benjamin Franklin, who in 1742 invented the stove which bears his name. The Franklin stove was a kind of metal fireplace which could be set inside a regular open fireplace to save fuel and give off more heat.

By the 1800's, most American homes had a large kitchen, the most important room in the house. It served nearly every purpose from cooking, dining and sitting to laundry, bath and parlor. In the sod house or log cabins that dotted the Midwestern prairies at that time,

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THE WHY OF FATHER'S DAY

by
Virginia Thomas

For centuries fathers have proven to be the backbone of the household, right there with strength, love, and pocketbook to give security to the family.

Probably all of these things were in the mind of Mrs. John Bruce Dodd of Spokane, Washington, as she launched a movement to establish a Father's Day holiday as a tribute to her father, William J. Smart, a Civil War veteran, in 1909. She made her proposal for the observance of such a day to the ministerial association of her city. The ministers approved and suggested that Sunday, June 6, 1910, be designated as the first Father's Day.

All the people of Spokane were urged to wear red roses on that day if their father was living, and to wear white roses if he was deceased. On that day the ministers preached special sermons recognizing fathers.

Woodrow Wilson, while he was President, gave special recognition to the Spokane observance of the day (which had become an annual event) by pressing a button in Washington, D.C., which unfurled a huge American flag in Spokane, flown on that day especially in honor of fathers.

The city of Chicago began observing Father's Day in 1911, believing it an original idea with them. Two years later Vancouver, Washington, began giving annual recognition to fathers. Other cities began to follow suit and the idea of observing a national Father's Day began to grow.

Twice a bill was introduced into Congress and defeated, but the third time proved successful and on June 17, 1934, the third Sunday in June was officially proclaimed a national observance.

While roses continue to be the favorite flower to use on that day, in Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, the dandelion is used on Father's Day because, say citizens of that city, "The more it is trampled on, the more it grows!"

PRAYER FOR THE LAND

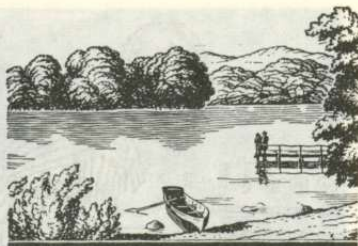
Dear God, let some place stay untouched

In virgin, pristine state;
Let Nature's handiwork remain
For us to contemplate.
Help us preserve great forests, lakes,
Keep them uncluttered, pure;
Teach us, Lord, to show respect,
To will them to endure.
Help us conserve and plant and give
Protection in full measure
So future generations have
Rich legacy to treasure.

—Inez Baker

Farm Wife Extraordinary

by
Myrtle E. Felkner



What do you do when fate seems to take an extra hard swing at you? Within a few years' time, the farm where Jean and George Curtis had spent their entire married life in Appanoose County, Iowa, was swallowed up by a new recreational and flood control man-made lake. Only 14½ acres left to them from the original 326 acres! In addition, George became a victim of Parkinson's Disease, which has taken its toll of his health over the past ten years. For the last two, George has been totally disabled.

Most farm wives roll up their sleeves and find some way to cope. Jean Curtis, a likeable and talented woman, warmly out-going and talkative, has been no exception. Using the creative talents that have long earned her a local reputation, Jean is opening up a new life for the Curtis family on what remains of the farm.

Lake Rathbun, Iowa, is a new lake, having been dedicated in the summer of 1971 by President Nixon. Most of the people whose farms were involved have now relocated here or moved to other communities. The permanent pool of the lake covers 11,000 acres, with flood pool a maximum of 21,000 acres, which makes this the largest lake in Iowa and one of the largest in the Midwest. To Jean and George Curtis it meant a challenge. How best could they make use of the 14½ acres left to them? George's health seemed to preclude any thought of relocating on another farm. In addition, the small amount of land left to them was cut in two by a county lake road!

Fortunately, the Curtis family was able to receive separate zoning for their two small parcels. The portion nearest the lake was zoned "commercial", and family members began doing their "thing".

Son Dean has established a boat, car, and motorcycle repair business on the commercial portion. Son John, a student at the Indian Hills Community College at nearby Centerville, Iowa, raises dogs and goats on the other side of the road. (Goat milk, considered highly beneficial to health, sells for \$2.00 a gallon. Many persons with stomach ulcers or ordinary milk allergies are able to use this product, and John has no trouble marketing all he produces.) The Curtis family also

keeps a cow and calf, but this is a far cry from the prosperous farming enterprise which included grain and livestock raising, with Angus feeder calves predominating in the agricultural scheme of things.

Jean herself now presides over a most attractive gift and craft shop, the first private local business to be developed on the lake.

I spent an afternoon with her in the shop recently, and it was like entering some wonderland! The shop itself is an attractive, low building of cement block construction, built for Jean by her son Dean. Inside, relatives and friends helped her decorate with bright, cheery colors. Pegboards covered with burlap in tones of green and brown hold many of the handcrafted items for sale here. As a matter of fact, Jean pointed out to me that everything in the shop is handmade with the exception of less than a half-dozen items. When these are sold, all items will be handcrafted by local people. Included in the offerings are many ceramic items fashioned by a cousin whose farm is also "down under". Flowers fashioned from fake fur by a sister-in-law of Jean's make enormously impressive and beautiful centerpieces. Another relative provides homemade jams and jellies; a neighbor brings pickles. I selected some decorative gourds and Indian corn raised by another neighbor, and admired the pot-holders crafted by one of Jean's small granddaughters.

Every item in the shop is handled by Jean on a commission basis, with the exception of her own craft. There are intricate pieces of bead jewelry. A craftsman in nearby Promise City (there's a name for you!) furnishes jewelry made from native rock, which he tumbles, polishes, and fashions into key ring pieces, necklaces, and bracelets.

Even the Iowa cornhusks are used creatively. Early pioneer settlers made dolls for their little girls from the "shucks", and this skill has become popular in the area, resulting in rows of clever dolls. Others are made from nuts and dried apples, each appropriately dressed in period costume.

There are more elaborate items: the afghans knitted and crocheted by Jean herself, intricately pieced quilts which sell for \$75.00, woven and loom-fash-

ioned throw rugs. Truly Jean has created a delightful shop with a strongly rural craft appeal!

Although her afternoons are spent in the shop, she continues to care for her home, yard, garden, and family. In addition to her invalid husband, two sons still live in the home. Daughters Elaine (Mrs. Carl Spaur of Albia, Iowa) and Anita (Mrs. Jack Snyder of Moline, Illinois) are both actively interested in the craft enterprise. Elaine comes to the shop at least once a month to help her mother with the bookkeeping and records.

Jean continues to be active in her rural and church activities. Long a Farm Bureau Women's Club member, she served as a county officer until a few months ago. In this capacity, she wrote a weekly column for the *Farm Bureau Spokesman*, the state paper for this agency. In addition, she serves as a Deaconess in the Chariton River Baptist Church, and is treasurer of its Flower Fund, secretary and treasurer of the Missionary Society, and secretary and treasurer of the Cemetery Association.

Jean's hopes are high that her business will flourish. Although the shop has been open only a few months, there are visitors recorded from 100 different cities and from 22 different states, including Alaska. More importantly, Jean and George are still home on the farm, still able to enjoy those extra benefits that rural living provides.

FRAGILE FRIGATES

I love to watch the fleecy clouds
That sail the summer skies.
These fragile frigates of the air
Enthrall my earth-bound eyes.

The majesty and mystery
Of their ethereal charm,
As phantomlike with dignity
They glide above all harm.

—Marion Louise Gee

OLD FARM HOME

We lived in a rambling farm home
The fence was tall and thin.
The gate was magic to our hearts
It swung outward as well as in.

The lawn was lush like velvet
Purple lilacs were ours to share.
We could hear the bluebirds singing
From the fragrant bushes there.

I see again Mother's garden
Old-fashioned flowers abloom.
I strolled with my young lover
Down the winding path we knew.

The singing brook, the meadow
The hills we used to roam.
Brings back to me fond memories
Of my cherished Old Farm Home.

—Joy Comfort

ADRIENNE IS EXCITED ABOUT HER SUMMER JOB

Dear Friends:

Donald is away this quiet Sunday afternoon. He has associated himself with the lady realtor in our town from whom we bought our house. She was delighted to take Donald in for the summer because she well knows his years of selling puts him in the position of knowing how to sell. He has started his summer season a little early and for him it is a very nice opportunity. He is acquainting himself with the houses in this area which are for sale. This afternoon he is running an open house and he was very enthusiastic . . . seems to me the salesman in him is still alive and well and ready to listen for the fire bell . . . like a semiretired fire horse who is ready to run.

Incidentally, when the letter arrived informing him of the results of his real estate examination, he wrote back to learn what kind of score he had made and the nature of his error. He wanted very much to determine what he had missed so that he could correct his thinking and understanding of the material. Well, he received the delightful information that he had earned a score of 97 out of a possible 100 points, so whatever he missed was very, very minute. We were extremely proud of him and he was, of course, delighted after going to night school for a year. When we look at the cost of sending a child to college I surely hope he has an enormously successful summer.

Adrienne and Katharine have gone to fuss over their horse. Adrienne has made a new friend next door to the farm where the big horse lives. They are a new family who have moved here from near Toledo, Ohio, and who, it seems, are going to be dandy new friends. Winifred, the mother, was born and raised in Indiana; the husband, John, was at Indiana University when I was, but he was in the Business School Graduate school while I was in the undergraduate school. They have four children, the youngest of whom is Adrienne's age, a very likeable youngster who loves to read, and who has a vocabulary that makes one realize how much a reading interest can aid one's general knowledge. I'm looking forward to a nice summer for both the new little girl and for Adrienne.

This reminds me that the sermon this morning concerned "altruism", and it gave me a perfect opportunity to teach Adrienne to see where to do something nice for another person. She has been accepted into this neighborhood by the other little girls after a year of waiting patiently to win their acceptance . . . and I have been pointing out to her the



Adrienne Driftmier.

golden opportunity this is for her to take this new little girl under her wing and do for her what was done for Adrienne, herself, only a little faster.

Must tell you about the lovely program my class of seven- and eight-year-olds had. We decided to invite the parents to bring a covered dish (much like a church supper) one evening after school and give the children a chance to show off what they have learned. They were so agreeable to perform for their parents that it was no trouble getting them to bone up a little on what seemed like a good demonstration. In the first place they learned three new poems which we managed to memorize in secret so they could stand up and surprise their parents with their newly learned poetry. Then we had a contest with the other half of the second grade. We have been working on the correct spelling of homonyms, which plague everybody for most of their lives, and then we mixed in the correct identification of other words, as synonyms or antonyms. We had world maps which the children had finished after covering one geography book of countries and one geography book with more emphasis on the topography of the world. We had also kept an extensive chart of the weather during the month of May, which the children had taken turns marking. This was quite an accomplishment, considering their ages. We kept track of the temperature, wind, precipitation, sky conditions, and the dates and times of the readings. They have ended up the year knowing quite a lot about their directions, and clouds and continents and oceans and hail and snow and rain! I am looking forward to next year when I hope to enlarge upon this type of discovering for the children. They are eager to learn about this subject, and with Donald's having been a weather observer during his term of service, he had I can readily get any questions answered that they might come up with that are not covered in

the books.

Adrienne is quite excited, too, about her newest presummer and summertime adventure. The Hawks Inn here in Delafield is quite a spot for the historical buffs in Wisconsin because it was one of two inns which functioned between the infant city of Milwaukee and the more central and northern trading posts of early Wisconsin. It has been lovingly restored by the historical society, and each spring when it opens to the public they enlist the girls of twelve and on through their early teens to greet the visitors at the door. They are all dressed in period dresses, complete with hoop skirts. They are expected to know the factual data concerning the founding of the Inn and the most minute information about the items in the room, and where and how they were made. We are members of the Historical Society here in town, and thinking it would be delightful for her to have this experience, I showed her the notice in the newsletter they send out and she jumped at the idea. She now had her data sheet, with all the facts she is expected to remember, neatly tucked away in her memory (and thankful she is that the school has demanded that they continue with the memorizing of poetry through all six grades, because her tools of memorizing are sharp and keen) and she is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the costume which should be here any minute. It should be as good as a summer doing little theatre work, because she will have to be at ease by the time she is through with her hostessing work in September. They work one afternoon a week and Sunday afternoons, and you would be surprised at the number of people who drive out here after church and tour the various spots.

I must take a peek in the oven and see how the roast is cooking that I put in the oven for a late afternoon dinner. I have never had the courage to try cooking inside the plastic bags that are available in the groceries now, but I finally determined not to be old-fashioned. So I have this lovely piece of beef tightly encased in a big bubble of air, now that it is hot, and the drops of hot juices are running off and evaporating back into the air bubble and basting the meat again. I am absolutely fascinated with watching the cooking process. I must admit that this bit of modern science is giving me more pans to use in the oven, because not many of my things have lids, so now I have a vast new supply of pans in which to bake meats.

Until next month, when *all* of our tardy spring flowers will be up, I remain sincerely,

Mary Beth

Summer "School"

by
Jean Russel



An educator once remarked that it took four weeks to review youngsters in their schoolwork after a summer's vacation. This seemed such an appalling waste of time that we began to consider how our two boys might return to classes ready to continue with their schoolwork.

Because reading is the accomplishment which deteriorates quickest in lower-grade students, we took steps to encourage our children to read. The boys and I lay down after lunch for a half hour to rest and read. Plenty of good library books were provided but radio and television were off-limits. At the end of the summer Ted and Jeff had accelerated in both reading and comprehension. Also, as an added bonus, their taste in selecting good books was improved.

We also helped their reading habits by adding to our home library. Good reference books are quite expensive, but we brought home a nearly new dictionary, a leather-bound set of Biblical dictionaries and a set of encyclopedias from a secondhand bookstore for twelve dollars. It seemed important to invest in a new world atlas because the rapidly changing world outdates maps almost from year to year. Inexpensive reference paperbacks on astronomy, birds, plants, etc., are also a part of our library.

Education isn't completely found in books, however. We want our boys to be aware of the world about them. A first-grade tour through a grocery store warehouse enthused Ted so much that we have made many family tours through factories, a large newspaper plant and a fragrant bakery. Frequently at the end of a tour, we are given leaflets which describe both the history and activities of the firm. These leaflets are saved and often provide valuable help in a school assignment. Most businesses welcome visitors providing an appointment is made for a mutually convenient date.

Nature is an important part of our lives, too. A shy brown thrush cannot be seen from a speeding car. We walk, peer through binoculars and at some

point, on every excursion, my husband and I rest while Ted and Jeff explore on their own. Rocks, butterflies and very much alive frogs have returned home with us. Our reference books help us identify different birds and plants. We are learning along with our sons!

Interior decorators are now taking advantage of wall decorations that have adorned our walls since Ted was in third grade. Maps of the world, the United States, and our own state are inexpensively framed and hung in convenient places. I'll confess that a radio news report will often send me, as well as the boys, to consult a map about the location of a particular city or new country.

Sometimes we have accidentally stumbled into situations which have proved valuable in several ways. While returning from a vacation, we passed through a farming area settled by Amish families.

A threshing machine, powered by a steam engine, was threshing oats. After receiving permission from the Amish owner, we parked and watched. Ted and Jeff bombarded us with questions about the unusual Amish dress, their old machinery and the huge, beautiful horses.

When Jeff climbed back into the car after playing with an Amish boy and remarked in surprise, "Why he's just like the kids back home," we felt the hour delay was well worth the lesson in religious tolerance.

Learning comes in many ways. One of the best is by actual doing or seeing something done. Summer months give us the opportunity to extend and enlarge upon subjects Ted and Jeff have been taught in school. When they return to the classroom in September, we know they are prepared to go on instead of reviewing that which was already learned the previous year.

The secret of a happy life is having something to do and doing it well.

Plan something important.
Then, do it.

BACKYARD TRAVELS

by
Gladise Kelly

"4-passenger lawn swing, height, 8 ft.; ground space, 8 ft., 3 in. x 5 ft.; depth of seat, 14 in.; shipping weight, 120 lbs.; price, \$8.85."

So read a catalog ad of 1921.

Whatever happened to the old lawn swing? It was too big to store in an attic. Perhaps it rotted in the yard and was used for kindling wood. One thing for sure, you never see it around any more.

When I was a child, the old lawn swing in the backyard was the center of my summer playtime activities. I loaded my dolls into its two spacious seats and we took off for distant lands. I pretended that I was taking "all my children" for long train rides. We sped for hours over the plains, curlicued through mountains and crossed rivers. Flowers bloomed along the "swing" tracks in summer and snowdrifts piled high along the sides in winter (though I actually never did much swinging in wintertime). We visited all the story-book places my parents read to me about.

One day, as I was traveling along, I suddenly saw a tiny snake slithering under a box in the yard (the box my mother used for her tubs — she washed outside in good weather). I had a horror of snakes when a child, and I began screaming as loudly as I could. My father dashed down from upstairs, and my aunt ran out of the back-house to see what tragedy had befallen me — thinking, no doubt, I had fallen out of a tree (where I also spent a lot of time). When they reached me, I was at the top of the swing, hanging on for "dear life", though I will never know how I managed to climb up the slim supports of the swing.

It took my father some time to unwind my arms around the wooden frame, to get me down, as I was reluctant to move from my secure perch.

The poor little snake must have been as frightened as I (if he heard my screams), and was long gone by the time my father got me down.

At the end of a long, sultry summer day, my parents often sat in the old lawn swing, moving gently, to catch a breath of fresh air before retiring to hot bedrooms on the second floor. Neighbors often came to sit with them and have a short, relaxed visit at the end of the day.

I don't remember when the lawn swing disappeared from our lives, but I never see them around any more, though I was surprised to see a miniature version recently in children's backyard play equipment. I hope today's boys

(Continued on page 20)

Spoons and More Spoons

by
Anna Wilhelm

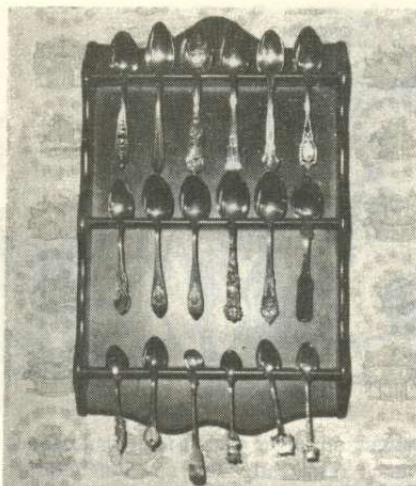
Few people moved on the streets of Guymon, Oklahoma, on that early October Sunday morning. My husband and I were up early after spending the night there on a return trip to California. But before we left the state we had to find a spoon. A spoon? Yes, a spoon. You see, we are collectors — miniature spoon collectors, that is.

Finding the souvenir stores closed that early in the morning, we decided to drive on. Somewhere before the Texas line there was bound to be an open store. To our dismay, though, we drove for miles seeing nothing but open land and sparsely populated towns. Finally, we had reached the Oklahoma-Texas border and the town of Texahoma. Our spoon had to be found here or not at all. We drove through the main street of town and spotted an open drugstore. The proprietor couldn't help us, though. As we were leaving, one of the men having coffee asked, "Have you tried the cafe down at the corner?" That proved to be our answer. Not only did we find an Oklahoma spoon at the cafe, but Texas, too, was added to our collection. We were on our way to yet another state!

Why spoon collecting? We come from families that collect things — bottles, coins, china dogs, and salt and pepper shakers, to name a few. Naturally, when the conversation turned to collecting, we wanted to be able to share in the tales. Since we're a Navy couple and subject to frequent moves, the small spoons are our answer to the "collecting itch". Our souvenirs can be easily transported with no fear of breakage and displaying them is no problem since they take up such a small area. During the few short months of our married life, we already have spoons from such faraway places as Hong Kong, Singapore, and Acapulco.

Overseas it has proven to be a challenge to my husband to locate these souvenir objects. The spoons aren't as readily available in foreign countries as they are in the states. Often hours were spent in tracking down a spoon. Then bargaining, of course, always entered the picture. In the end, a whole day could be spent in a city looking for this one item. Naturally, wisecracks flew out as my husband went ashore to "get a spoon" because of the time involved. Now that he's back, though, the men who helped him locate a particular spoon are eager to talk about their own experiences in the adventure.

The word "spoon" is of Anglo-Saxon origin meaning "chip or splinter", indicating that the first spoons were made of wood. One of the first metal



Margery Strom started collecting spoons several years ago. Some are antiques, the oldest dating back to the Revolutionary War. She's always looking for interesting ones.

spoons can be seen in the Field Museum in Chicago in a display of silver over 2000 years old.

At an early stage in history, silver spoons were considered precious objects — so much so that they were mentioned in wills. In the 16th century it became customary to give boys and girls spoons at their birth. Some of the more famous ones are those in the shape of Christ and the twelve apostles. As early as the 17th century, the spoon as we know it today came into wide use. Prior to that the stem had ended with a knob of some type. During the reign of George I in England, the bowl of the spoon became elongated and elliptical with the end of the handle round and turned up with a sharp ridge down the middle. When George II

RAINDROPS

How good it is to have it still;
To hear only the dripping of the rain.
How good it is to have no fear
Of bombs from falling planes.
What utter peace to be alone, relaxed,
at ease,
With only raindrops falling through the
trees. —Lois Drew

DEAR JUNE

June is a love story,
June is a song.
June is delight
A summer's day long.

It's the end of the rainbow
Where bright dreams lie.
It's a sparkling stream
Bubbling by.

June is a book
I'm longing to read.
Its pages are filled
With all my heart's need.

—Harverna Woodling

ruled, the bowl became more pointed and the handle was turned down. Teaspoons first appeared in the 18th century.

There are wide varieties of spoons. Perhaps some of the following may jar your memory; salt, dressing, nut, demitasse, mustard, sugar sifter, and five o'clock teaspoons.

Collectors' spoons have varying types of decorations. For example, the spoon handle or bowl may show landmarks, a coat of arms, or a floral design. The majority of our collection is made up of state spoons, which show some particular aspect of the state. As examples, Arizona has a cactus; Kansas, a sunflower; and Oklahoma, an oil well.

Where do you begin your collection? Probably right in your own town. Have you had a centennial recently? If so, a commemorative spoon was probably produced. (At a stop in Kansas during our trip, my husband and I spotted such a commemorative spoon. We had settled on collecting only state spoons at that time so we bypassed an opportunity to have a rare spoon in our collection.) Because so few spoons are produced for centennials, it's wise to buy at least one while you have the opportunity. One day such a spoon may be worth quite a sum of money, especially if a limited number were produced. In addition, you'll have the pleasure of showing an unusual spoon in your collection.

The small demitasse spoons that we've collected up to now are available in souvenir stores throughout the country. They range in price from one to three dollars so it's a relatively inexpensive hobby to pursue. Drugstores and novelty stores often carry the small spoons.

Currently, we are displaying our collection on a rack purchased in a department store. These come in different sizes and types of wood and vary in price accordingly.

We have plans for a more individual type display board. Our intentions are to decoupage a United States map onto an appropriate piece of plywood. Then, into each state we can drill two holes side by side and place small dowel rods in each hole, thus providing a slot for each state spoon. The project has yet to begin, but we think it will set off our spoons in a unique way.

You'll find that your spoons will provide a good conversation piece. Not only are friends eager to tell you of their own experiences in a state once they spot a particular spoon, but they will want to tell of their own hobbies. In turn, you have your own memories of finding each spoon.

A conversation piece, an attractive decoration, and a diary of places visited — our spoons and yours, too, perhaps, are a treasure to be cherished.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Frank has gone to the field and my early morning chores are done, so I'll sit down and visit with you before time to take a coffee break with him. The fieldwork at our house got under way the first week in April, but of course there have been several days when it was too wet to work. This was a good time to check and mend fences. There has been a great deal of this to do around the pastures since we have a lot of timber on our farm and the dead elms have fallen across the wires and broken many of them. Many posts had to be replaced and the frost had to be out of the ground before this could be done. There have been sheds to clean out, and the winter collection of debris to get picked up and hauled to the dump.

I got a chuckle out of a letter from a radio listener who said their next project was to get the yard and area around the buildings cleaned up, and she was bemoaning the fact that a place could get so cluttered during the winter. She had decided it must be because it is too cold to put everything back in its place, so before you know it things are out of hand. I think this is part of it, and I know at our house the place Frank likes to put our "junk" is hard to get to under the best of conditions. I know I'm always happy when he comes to the house and says he is going to make a trip to the dump and now is the time to get rid of anything I don't want hanging around.

I have had several letters from our readers asking for information about the pattern I use for the knit dresses I make for myself that have the stretch neckline that looks like a tee shirt. Actually this is a little difficult to answer because I use a combination of two patterns. I use Simplicity pattern 8585, for knit fabrics only, for the dress, with the exception of the neckline. For this I use the Sew-Knit-and-Stretch sweater pattern #106. This pattern gives very good instructions for putting the stretch neck band on, with diagrams. I think most of the fabric shops now carry these patterns for the sweaters, or tee shirts, in all sizes for boys and girls. I know Rose Caylor started carrying them in her shop as soon as she began handling the knit fabrics. These dresses are simple to



Dorothy's grandsons, Aaron and Andy, ready to leave for church.

make and the most comfortable to wear of any dresses I have ever had. If you are unable to find the sweater pattern locally, I'm sure if you want to send \$1.25 for the pattern and postage to Caylor's Fabric Shop, Chariton, Iowa 50049, Rose will be happy to mail it to you.

Kristin has been trying to find the right time ever since they moved to Durango to make a trip to Roswell to see her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls. It is about an eight-hour drive, so in order to have any time with them at all, they really needed to have a three-day weekend. Once when they were ready to go, both boys got sick with bad colds, and Kristin knew that with Edna's bad lung condition, this was definitely not the time to go and expose her unnecessarily. Right after Edna's birthday in April, Art had to work at the hospital all weekend and wasn't going to be with them anyway, the weather was beautiful, and the boys were both hale and healthy, so she decided to take them and start to Roswell. They hadn't seen each other for three years, so you can imagine what a change Edna and Raymond saw in Andy and Aaron.

Kristin hadn't told them they were coming, and Edna said when Raymond looked out the window when he heard the car drive up, and announced that it was Kristin and the boys, she didn't believe him. It was the perfect ending to her birthday week. She was especially happy that their visit came at a time when she was feeling especially good, so she was able to go to the park and other places with them. They went to Peppermint Park to the zoo where the boys got to ride on the merry-go-round. This happened to be the day they were holding the annual fishing derby for children, so they had fun watching them fish. The stream in the park is stocked once a year for this derby, and prizes are given for the largest fish, the most fish, etc. The same girl has won the prize for the

largest fish two years in a row.

Their next stop was the museum, and Andy was particularly interested in the rocket exhibit. Both boys wanted to stay longer and watch the rattlesnakes. (I can assure you this is one exhibit their Grandma Johnson would have walked right by without looking.)

They had to start home about 8:30 on Sunday morning. Kristin had Aaron all dressed up in a white sailor suit, when both boys decided they had to go over to the playground one more time before leaving. When Aaron came back his pants were anything but white. Raymond said he would settle for just a little bit of the pep those two boys have. They will have plenty of space in which to wear off some of that pep when they get to Grandpa's farm this summer. We can hardly wait.

After a short stop in Albuquerque at Juliana's, they drove on to Durango and got in before supper. We talked to Kristin that night, and she said they had had a happy time, but she was really tired.

Frank and I were able to be in Shendoah for Mother's 86th birthday celebration at Lucile's house, and what a perfect day it was! We brought Mother home with us to spend a week. Out of the entire week there were only two days that were sunny and nice enough for Mother to get outside. On one of the afternoons we were invited for coffee at the home of Lettie Allen, one of my friends. Aside from this I'm afraid we did very little. We had planned to go to Marshalltown to attend the Iowa Mothers' Houseparty, and to pay tribute to the new 1972 Mother of the Year, but when the day arrived it was rather cold and damp and Mother said she was so cozy and comfortable right here in the house she didn't feel up to making the effort to go. She didn't even get to do any fishing, but then it was a little early in the season. She'll be back a few times this summer, we hope, and she can do her fishing then. Mother enjoys crossword puzzles (if they aren't too difficult), so I always keep a few books on hand for her to work when she comes to spend any time with us.

I have a friend, Mary Allen, who loves to prepare for parties, and I love to cook, so we really make a good team. We both belong to the Birthday Club, and since there was no party scheduled for awhile we decided to entertain at a luncheon so that another member of our club, Norma Pim, could tell us about her recent trip to the Holy Land, and show us the colored slides she took. Our original plans were changed somewhat because Norma decided she would rather we come to her house so she wouldn't have to move all the stuff she had to show us.

(Continued on page 23)

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

SPRING CARROT CASSEROLE

- 12 medium carrots, pared and sliced
- 1 small onion, minced
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 cups milk
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1/2 lb. sliced process American or sharp Cheddar cheese
- 3 cups buttered soft bread crumbs (fresh bread)

Early on the day: Cook carrots, covered, in 1 inch boiling, salted water until barely tender; drain. Meanwhile, in saucepan, gently cook onion in butter or margarine 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in flour, salt and mustard, and then milk. Cook, stirring, until smooth. Add pepper and celery salt.

In 2-quart casserole, arrange layer of carrots, then layer of cheese, repeat until all are used, ending with carrots. Pour on sauce; top with crumbs. Refrigerate. About 45 minutes before serving, bake carrots in 350-degree oven 45 minutes. Serves 8. —Mary Beth

STRAWBERRY PUFF

- 1 1/2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs
- 1/3 cup melted butter
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 2 cups sweetened strawberries
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 Tbls. sugar

Mix together the wafer crumbs, melted butter and 2 Tbls. of sugar and press firmly into an 8-inch square pan. Add the 1/2 cup sugar to stiffly beaten egg whites and beat until meringue forms peaks. Swirl over the crumb layer. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 minutes. Cool. Spread the sweetened strawberries over the meringue. Top with whipped cream to which you added the 1 Tbls. of sugar. Spread over the berries and garnish with a few whole berries. Refrigerate for an hour or two before serving. This is also delicious with raspberries. —Margery

CASHEW DROP COOKIES

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup sour cream
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cashews

Cream together the shortening, sugar, egg and flavorings. Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder and salt, and add alternately with the sour cream. Stir in the cashews. Drop from teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet. Bake 10 minutes in a 375-degree oven.

—Dorothy

SPINACH SOUFFLE

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped spinach
- 1 slice of bread, cubed
- 1/3 cup milk
- 3 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. chopped onions
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 cup ground cooked ham
- 3 eggs, separated

Cook the spinach and drain well. Combine the bread cubes, milk and butter or margarine and let soak. Combine the spinach, onions, salt, pepper, ham and beaten egg yolks and add to the bread mixture. Fold in the well-beaten egg whites. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake for one hour in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

RHUBARB COBBLER

- 3 to 4 cups rhubarb, cut up
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Put rhubarb in 8" square pan. Cream sugar and butter. Combine flavoring and milk and add alternately to creamed mixture with sifted dry ingredients. Pour over rhubarb.

Topping

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup boiling water

Blend together sugar, cornstarch and salt and sprinkle over cake. Pour boil-water over all. Bake at 375 degrees (350 degrees if using glass pan) 50-60 minutes or until done.

Delicious with whole milk or ice cream. —Margery

STRAWBERRY DESSERT

- 1/2 lb. marshmallows
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

1 cup cream, whipped
1/3 lb. vanilla wafers, finely crushed
Melt the marshmallows in the milk in top of double boiler. Add the strawberries and strawberry flavoring, stirring until berries are thawed. Cool. Fold in the whipped cream. Place 1/2 of the crumbs in a 7- by 12-inch pan. Pour filling over the crumbs and then sprinkle the remaining crumbs over the top. Chill for several hours or overnight. Serve in squares with a little additional whipped cream and a whole strawberry on top.

—Margery

ORANGE-RAISIN CAKE

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 orange rind
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the margarine and sugar until fluffy. Add the egg and flavorings and beat well. Run the raisins and the orange rind through the food chopper and mix with 2 Tbls. of the flour. Stir into the creamed mixture. Sift the rest of the flour with the soda and salt, and add alternately with the buttermilk or sour milk. Add the nuts. Bake in a greased and floured pan in a 350-degree oven about 40 minutes. In the meantime mix the juice of 1 lemon, 1 orange, 1/2 cup of sugar and 1/8 tsp. salt together, and pour over the hot cake when it comes from the oven. The juice will soak into the cake and keep it moist.

—Dorothy

FRUIT DRESSING

- 1/3 cup orange juice
- 1/3 cup pineapple juice
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup whipped cream

Combine the three juices. In another bowl mix together the eggs, sugar and salt. When thoroughly blended slowly add the combined juices. Cook slowly over low heat stirring until thickened. Let cool and then fold in the whipped cream. Serve over mixed fruits.

—Margery

CAPTAIN'S CASSEROLE

- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 2/3 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 1/3 cups Minute Rice
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- Dash of pepper
- 1 1-lb. can whole tomatoes
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 onion, thinly sliced
- 2 6½-oz. cans tuna
- 1/4 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs

Heat the milk, soup and cheese until the cheese is melted. Put the rice in the bottom of a greased casserole and sprinkle with the oregano and pepper. Drain the tomatoes, measuring 1/2 cup of the juice. Combine this juice with the water and pour it over the rice. Slice the tomatoes and arrange them on top of the rice. Add the onion, tuna and olives in layers. Pour the soup mixture over the top. Sprinkle with the bread crumbs. Bake in a 375-degree oven for about 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

RICH AND DELICIOUS CHEESECAKE

- 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
 - 1/4 cup sugar
 - 1/3 cup melted butter or margarine
- Mix these ingredients and set aside 1/4 cup of mixture. Press remainder against bottom and sides of greased 9-inch spring form pan. Place pan in refrigerator to chill.

Filling

- 3 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 4 eggs, separated
- 2 Tbls. sifted flour
- 1 cup light cream
- 1/8 tsp. salt

Soften cheese (wrapped in foil) in colander above hot water. Then turn into bowl of electric mixer and add sugar and vanilla flavoring. Beat until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten egg yolks. Blend in flour and cream. Beat egg whites and salt until peaks form and then fold carefully into cheese mixture; pour into the chilled crust. Sprinkle reserved crumbs on top.

Bake in a 325-degree oven about 1 1/4 hours. Turn off heat and leave cake in the oven 1/2 hour. Remove from oven and cool in pan on wire rack. Refrigerate overnight before serving.

I kept this 3 or 4 days and the longer it stood the better it tasted. Ideal club refreshments since it can be made far in advance. If you don't have a spring form you could probably use a 9- x 13-inch glass baking dish, but then you'd have squares rather than slices of cake. However, it will hold its shape enough to cut squares.

—Lucile

JELLIED BEET SALAD

- 1 10½-oz. can consomme with enough additional water added to make 2 cups
 - 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 - 1 1/2 Tbls. vinegar
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1 Tbls. grated onion
 - Dash of pepper
 - 2/3 cup shredded or cubed beets
 - 1 cup celery, finely chopped
- Heat consomme and water to boiling point and dissolve lemon gelatin in it. Add vinegar, salt, onion and pepper. When thoroughly chilled, add beets and celery.

This quick and easy salad has a nippy taste that makes it ideal to serve with a pot roast or meat casserole. For an exceptionally good dressing, combine equal portions of mayonnaise and Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing.

LEFTOVER PORK ROAST ORIENTAL

- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 6 green onions, chopped
- 2 Tbls. cooking oil
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 2 cups cubed pork roast, lean meat only
- 1 8½-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. cold water

Saute green pepper and onion in oil. Add rest of ingredients except cornstarch and water. Mix cornstarch with water to make a paste and add to rest of ingredients and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Serve over rice or noodles. Serves 4.

—Mae Driftmier

DATE-PECAN BALLS

- 1 cup softened butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 cups ground pecans
- 1 cup dates, cut up

Cream butter or margarine and sugar, add vanilla and mix well. Add flour and then blend in pecans and dates. Roll dough into small balls, place on greased cookie sheet and refrigerate for a couple of hours. Bake at 350 degrees for around 18-20 minutes, but watch closely so they don't get too brown. Remove from oven, roll in powdered sugar, and when they have cooled, roll again in powdered sugar.

These easy-to-make cookies are delicious — and not too sweet. I sent a big carton of them out to Juliana and she reported that Katharine mastered climbing almost to the top cupboard to reach them.

—Lucile

SWEET-AND-SOUR BRUSSELS SPROUTS

- 1 1/2 lbs. Brussels sprouts
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 onion, finely chopped
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 cups beef broth
- Salt, pepper and ground cloves to taste
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice or vinegar

Cook Brussels sprouts in boiling, salted water to cover until they are barely tender and drain. Heat butter or margarine in saucepan, add onion and cook until it is dark brown. Sprinkle flour into the butter mixture and stir over low heat until the flour is well browned. Gradually add beef broth, stirring and beating the sauce until it is smooth. Season with salt, pepper and ground cloves, add brown sugar and lemon juice or vinegar. Add the cooked sprouts to the sauce and simmer for about 5 minutes.

—Mae Driftmier

CRANBERRY SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen cranberry-orange relish
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add flavorings. Cool down to room temperature. Add relish which has been thawed. Chill until partially set, then fold in marshmallows, celery and pecans. Pour into 9- x 13-inch pan and chill until firm.

—Margery

GELATIN COLESLAW PARFAIT

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 cups chopped cabbage
- 1 cup shredded carrot
- 1 cup sliced celery
- 2/3 cup raisins, washed in hot water and drained

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Stir in the cold water, vinegar and flavoring. Gradually add the gelatin to the mayonnaise, mixing until well blended. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in the cabbage, carrot, celery and raisins. Pour into a mold and chill until firm. This will make approximately 12 servings.

—Dorothy

FRESH RASPBERRY TOPPING

- 2 cups raspberry puree
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 2 cups whole raspberries

Prepare raspberry puree by putting fresh, washed raspberries through a food mill or sieve. Stir sugar and fla-

vor into puree. When dissolved, gently fold in whole raspberries. Keep refrigerated until time to use. Makes a marvelous ice cream topping. Excellent way to prepare raspberries for the freezer. Simply fill freezer containers to within 1/2 inch of top, seal and freeze.

RUBY'S SPAGHETTI AND MEAT SAUCE

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 6 garlic cloves, cut fine
- 2 medium onions, cut fine
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 2 bay leaves
- 2 tsp. rosemary
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. thyme
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 2 4-oz. cans tomato paste
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms (stems and pieces)
- 1 quart water
- 2 8-oz. pkgs. spaghetti
- Parmesan cheese

Cook the beef, garlic and onion in the shortening until the meat is done. Add the bay leaves, rosemary, sugar, salt, pepper, thyme, paprika, tomato paste, mushrooms and water. Cook over very low heat for about an hour. (This makes enough sauce for two 8-oz. packages of spaghetti if you want to serve 6 or 8 people. You can freeze what you don't need for use another time.) Cook the spaghetti until tender. Drain, place on platter and cover with the sauce. Top with grated Parmesan cheese.

PINEAPPLE CHIFFON MERINGUE PIE

- 2 egg whites, at room temperature
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 cup sugar

Beat egg whites and cream of tartar until foamy; gradually beat in sugar, one tablespoon at a time. Continue to beat until stiff and glossy. Spoon meringue into a 9-inch pie pan which has been generously greased. Spread meringue over bottom and up sides of pan with a spoon to form pie shell. Bake in 275-degree oven for 45 minutes. Turn off heat and leave meringue in oven with door closed another 45 minutes. Remove and cool.

- 1 tsp. unflavored gelatin
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2/3 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 cup instant nonfat dry milk granules
- 1/4 cup ice water
- 1 egg white

- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- Few drops yellow food coloring, if desired

- 2 Tbls. sugar

Combine gelatin, 1/3 cup sugar and pineapple juice. Place over low heat, stirring constantly until gelatin dissolves. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add yolks to gelatin mixture gradually and cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Remove from heat and add vanilla and pineapple flavorings. Refrigerate until mixture mounds when dropped from a spoon.

Beat together dry milk granules, water and egg white until soft peaks form. Add lemon juice, food coloring and 2 Tbls. sugar and continue beating at high speed until mixture maintains peaks. Fold egg white mixture into gelatin mixture and pile into meringue shell. Chill until firm. Serves eight.

—Abigail

BEEFBURGER PIE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 1-lb. can tomatoes
- 1 cup diced, cooked carrots
- 1 cup cooked peas
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French Style dressing

- 1 6-oz. pkg. cornbread mix
- 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Brown the ground beef and onion in the shortening in a skillet. Stir in the flour, salt and pepper. Add the tomatoes, carrots, peas, Worcestershire sauce, and Kitchen-Klatter dressing. Cook over medium heat until slightly thickened, stirring frequently. Pour into a well-greased casserole. Make the cornbread according to the directions on the package and stir in the shredded cheese. Spread this over the meat mixture. Bake in a 425-degree oven for about 20 minutes, or until the cornbread is golden brown.

—Dorothy

EASY GLAZED SWEET POTATOES

- 1 Tbls. orange-flavored breakfast drink powder
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup pineapple juice
- 1 18-oz. can sweet potatoes

In a medium-sized skillet combine the orange-flavored powder, brown sugar, butter or margarine and pineapple juice. Cook and stir until hot. Add potatoes and cook, uncovered, over medium heat for about 10 minutes or until glazed and thoroughly hot. Fresh, cooked sweet potatoes can also be used. Serves 4.

—Mae Driftmier

**THERE'S MORE TO SUMMER THAN BURNED BEEF**

Sure, Pop's barbecues are fun, but what would they be without the other fixin's? And THAT'S our department. Salads, sauces, drinks and desserts . . . each one a challenge. And, to keep the family happy, we have to provide a little variety.

And that's where **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** come in! All through the meal, these instant flavors taste so great, with real-life color and aroma. They never cook out or bake out, and are so economical because a few drops are all you need for most recipes. And there are sixteen:

Here's the list: **Blueberry, Butter, Strawberry, Burnt Sugar, Lemon, Raspberry, Mint, Black Walnut, Orange, Pineapple, Banana, Almond, Vanilla, Coconut, Maple, and Cherry.**

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$1.50 for any three 3-ounce bottles. Vanilla comes in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle, too, at \$1.00. We'll pay the postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

ABIGAIL SHARES THE LATEST NEWS FROM CLARK AND EMILY

Dear Friends:

The gentle rain prevents getting out to remove those weeds which it is nourishing — along with the grass and flowers. While they flourish, I'll use the opportunity to write to you. Rather, I'll have Clark write to you; this is a letter he wrote to our neighbors a few weeks after his arrival in Brazil as a Rotary exchange student.

"It seems only yesterday that you were over at my old home, wishing me good luck and saying good-bye. Yet here I am, further away from home than most people in this world will ever go. I can feel myself being pulled into the mainstream of Brazilian life as I get more used to the customs and procedures that they live by.

"The city of Brasília itself is very different than anything I've been accustomed to. It is truly a planned city in every aspect. Every lot, every sidewalk, every apartment complex has been planned out on paper. The complete, finished city of Brasília is ready in every way — on paper, that is. The real city of Brasília, as it exists among the trees and grasslands of the inner plateau of Brazil, is only one-third complete. It was shocking to me to discover this fact as the maps all show it as a completed, airplane-shaped city. The wing on the south side is nearly complete and is inhabited by about 400,000 people. But the north side, though shown on the maps as complete, is still a virtual wilderness. Where 500,000 people have been drawn to live, only termites, ants and hawks live. This shows you how forward-looking Brazil is. It also shows how a little friendly propaganda can turn a tree-covered plateau into a bustling metropolis.

"But even though the city is only one-third finished, you can't blame them for being slow to build it. You see, every cubic yard of concrete has to be shipped in by truck from the coast, a distance of about 600 miles. The first cement plant in the Federal District is still being constructed. The entire city is made of concrete but is not of the same quality workmanship as in Colorado. I've often kidded our neighbors in the prestressed concrete business about the ugly roofs and walls of some of their buildings; I realize now how good they look in comparison to some of the buildings here. Here it is common procedure to leave the concrete walls bare and unpainted after the wooden forms have been removed. Most stores have stress rods sticking out of their walls like long, gnarled fingers.



Mother says her one big indulgence is making long distance calls. She likes to talk to members of the family who live away from Shenandoah and phones them frequently.

"The apartments are all new and clean and each one sounds like the inside of a 50-gallon barrel. Actually, though, I shouldn't knock these apartments. They feel very secure, mainly because they look like bomb shelters with white walls and pale white lights lighting them up. I think that an H-bomb could be dropped right over our apartment with no ill effects except the noise, which would echo for two weeks in our living room. I guess I'm a house-dweller at heart and any apartment would close me in too much.

"I attend classes at the Colégio Pre-Universitário de Brasília, a very fine math- and science-oriented 'high school'. I have only 1 hour a week devoted to the humanities or arts. The third year, which I'm in, is composed solely of lectures; no experiments, no field trips, no help from the teacher during class. There are 85 to 90 kids in my class which is arranged lecture hall fashion; the teachers move from one room to another, not the students. There is no attendance requirement and the students can walk in or out at any time, or not show up at all. But they always show up because every single classmate of mine will try to get into the University at Brasília, a very fine institution. To enter these students have to pass the 'vestibular', a test somewhat like the S.A.T. but relatively much more difficult. Out of each 3,000 graduating 'seniors' who try to get into the University each year, only 200 make it! Those who are not accepted can repeat their senior (third) year and try again. Imagine the humiliation that a bright kid must suffer if he doesn't pass! (All of the kids in Pré are bright.) One of the girls in my class should be a sophomore at the University by her age but she is still in her third year of high school. With these pressures the school doesn't need attendance sheets. Everyone shows and no one is tardy because all of the

decent seats are taken ten minutes before the first class starts. The profs all start exactly at the beginning of the hour and never wait for anyone so the kids are right there to get those vital notes.

"Among the kids there is far less use of alcohol and other drugs and sex than in the United States. The kids here have to study like everything to pass that test. They just don't have the time and money and boredom that would lead them towards trouble.

"So now you ask 'What, then, do they do?' Well, they like to dance. On Easter Eve I went to a Carnival-like dance that lasted from midnight until 4:30 in the morning. They also like to smooch and drive around, a pastime once popular in the U.S. There is a new fountain in the center of the wide fuselage-like avenue. It lights up in many beautiful colors and also plays music; I had never seen an audio-visual fountain before. At night, every night, cars are jammed around, filled with lovers who have come for the romantic setting. This fountain was built by the government just for this purpose. Imagine that happening in the U.S.!

"The average height of the people here is about two or three inches shorter than in the U.S. I stick out like a sore thumb, or more properly, like a sore giraffe. Also my light skin and blue eyes flash like neon lights among the dark Brazilians. These combine to make me as identifiably American as Nixon would be. Everyone calls me 'Americano' because Clark is such a strange name that they never remember it."

Well, friends, perhaps you'd like to read the latest from our other correspondent in Brazil, our daughter Emily who is working for the Peace Corps in the isolated community of Miguel Calmon. "Saturday I finally found a house to rent — Hurrah!!! I took the only house that met the qualifications of 1) an outhouse, 2) some type of flooring other than dirt, and 3) suitable neighbors. The house is in poor condition but the caretaker agreed to fix it up and take the expense out of the rent which is not too bad — \$3.00 a month.

"The man is fixing it up this week and I've been running around trying to find some used furniture. The kitchen has a wood-burning stove — three burners, but no oven. The house has no electricity and no running water and the public faucet is quite a distance. Guess I'll get a little boy in the neighborhood to bring me water every day. The outhouse has simply a cement floor with a covered hole — no built-up seat or anything. There is a cement water box on the roof with a faucet for a shower. This is the only house I

(Continued on page 20)

EVELYN MARKS HER MOTHER'S PASSING

Those of you who have been reading Evelyn Birkby's articles through the years will be saddened to learn that her dear mother, Mrs. Mae Corrie, passed away a few weeks ago. The funeral service was held here in Shenandoah where she lived for a number of years before moving to a retirement home in Des Moines, Iowa.

The following appeared in Evelyn's weekly column, "Up a Country Lane", from the Shenandoah Evening Sentinel.

The house is very quiet except for a tape playing some of my favorite music. The relatives who came for Mother's memorial service have returned to their homes, their work and school. But friends and Robert's loving family are still stopping by for welcome visits, cards and letters are arriving in each mail with thoughtful messages, and I do not feel lonely.

Everything which could be finished was done before my sister Ruth left for Arizona. We drove to Des Moines last Tuesday with her husband Paul, my Robert and son Bob to help pack up Mother's belongings. With such good assistance and moral support the work did not take long. Besides, Mother had done a marvelous job of weeding out nonessentials, both when she moved to Wesley Acres from Shenandoah and then during this past year when her health began to fail. Would that all people prepared as well and made it as easy for those left behind!

Anticipating the task which needed to be done was worse than doing it. The people at Wesley Acres were very matter-of-fact and helpful in just the right way. They realized that too much sympathy at such a moment could be overwhelming.

Robert did go up to the Health Center and talked to the head nurse for me. She told him that Mother had seemed much the same during the last week of her life. The doctor had been in to see her on Thursday and had found nothing to indicate unusual concern. (I had checked with the Health Center on that Thursday evening to tell them I was planning to come up on Saturday, or sooner if it was indicated. No need to come earlier, they assured me.)

So it is obvious that Mother's physical change came as a surprise to everyone. She woke up early in the morning on Friday, seemed less well, talked to the nurses, took a relaxing tablet and went off to sleep. She did not awaken.

Someone asked me if Mother had a serious terminal illness and the answer is "No." Her body just wore out. Thankfully, her clear, sharp mind did



Mrs. Mae Corrie, 1881-1972.

not falter.

After returning home Ruth and I sorted through pictures, scrapbooks and keepsakes. This is a most revealing experience. One of Mother's books had the list of names and room numbers of the over one-hundred and twenty-five residents of Wesley Acres. She wanted to know each person by name! Another list was of the sewing she had done to help those with limited sight or use of their hands. For those who could afford to pay she charged a small amount: 25 cents for sewing on buttons, 50 cents for letting down a hem. The money she earned went toward her church contribution.

One notebook held some of the devotional services and programs she had given since moving to Des Moines. After each one she had a comment — "Good program," "Effective," "Not so good," "Did my best."

We have just scratched the surface of Mother's thinking and personality. Tucked into her address book where she could read it often was a poem she had copied in her own handwriting. It surely was her creed the last years of her earthly life.

NEAR THE SUNSET GATE

How blessed it is to be old and sit near the sunset gate.

Ready to enter the portals but willing, with patience, to wait;

Knowing that safely garnered are all the sheaves of the years,

That ahead are glad reunions and behind all the struggles and tears.

Oh, how the peace of their presence like a vesper bell refrain

Falls on our world-weary senses and stills all their throbbing pain;

And the sight of the peace of their fea-

tures with a heart's inward beauty alight,
Teaches us all a submission that irradiates life's darkest night.
Dear Father, we pray for Thy guidance,
'till we too reach the turn of the road;
O, grant us the glory of helping to lighten the wayfarer's load.
And when in the dusk of the evening we walk in the low sunset's gold,
May we then have a clearer knowledge of how blessed it is to be old.
—Unknown



Poetry for the Soul

CLOISTERED ROOM

At early dawn, I sought a calm retreat,
I found it in a cloistered woodland room,

Where silent joy was waiting to complete

My happiness, beneath a tree in bloom,
It showered lacy petals at my feet,
And filled the air with fragrant rich perfume.

Beneath this flowering tree, my eyes soon found,

The footprints of The Artist on the ground.
—Delphia Myrl Stubbs

A WALK IN THE WOODS

I do not speak in a tone of vanity;
But in one of unquestionable truth
When I say

That my hour's walk in the woods
Has filled my soul

With incomparable wealth, today.

—Don Beckman

TREASURES

As a child, we dream of the future,
Of glories that may unfold,
To gladden our lives, in moments so rare,

Of honor, glories and gold;

If fame and fortune smile on us,

We could be a king, or a queen,

An actress, an author or poet,

Oh, it's so much fun to dream!

But time passes by, and that future,
Is now the past, you know,

We're not dreaming now, and making plans,

Down memory's lane, we go.

Don't fret, or be sad and weary,

If plans and dream, don't come true,

Strong men have failed in their efforts,
I have, so may you;

Pleasant memories are priceless treasures,

They're ours, to have and to hold,

Discard the sad, cherish the glad,

For happiness, as we grow old.

—Carrie Wiggins



BRIDAL SHOWER GAMES

Flower Quiz:

1. What pretty girl was jilted by the groom? Bluebell
2. What was the bride's pet name for the groom? Sweet William
3. What would her groom have had if she refused him? Bleeding heart
4. What did the groom find irresistible? Tulips
5. What advice was given before she chose her mate? Marigold
6. How did the groom get the bride's consent? Aster
7. What did the bride borrow from Sister to wear at the wedding? Pansies (panties)
8. What was the bride's little brother's comment to all the wedding plans? Yucca
9. What did the bride say to her rejected suitor? Begonia
10. What decorated the lawn for the wedding? Chinese lanterns
11. How many people attended the wedding? Phlox
12. Who caught the ring the nervous groom dropped? Johnny-jump-up
13. What announced the approach of the bride? Trumpet
14. What comfort did Papa give Mamma at the wedding? Heartsease
15. What spread the good news of the wedding? Canterbury bells
16. For what were the bride's parents grateful when it was all over? Sweet peas

"Sweet!" guests will exclaim about shower favors if you make a satin heart sachet for each guest. Choose satin in the bride's colors cutting two hearts for each favor. Sew together, leaving an opening to insert the sachet powder. Edge each heart with dainty lace edging.

Wedding Package Favors: Get plain white pill boxes at the drug store. Fill with nuts and small candies. Wrap in white wedding gift wrap paper and tie with white satin ribbon, tying a spray of lily-of-the-valley or a tiny white bell into the bow.

Need an idea for collecting the pretty bows from the shower packages? Let the hostess's gift be a large brandy snifter vase, and then have one of the bride's assistants place the bows in the snifter as the packages are opened — a see-through pretty!



Natalie and Lisa Nenneman aren't quite ready to start cooking, but they do a lot of pretending with little dishes on the coffee table at their grandparent's (Mae and Howard Driftmier's) home. The girls are daughters of Donna and Tom Nenneman of Omaha, Nebraska.

Wedding Gift Mix-Up:

1. Spreadbad. bedspread
2. Rimror. mirror
3. Dearcaln. calendar
4. Panniks. napkins
5. Tabnepo. beanpot
6. Aeketetl. teakettle
7. Cothellbat. tablecloth
8. Shinuco. cushion
9. Doorstephl. potholders
10. Steorat. toaster

Announcing a wedding or engagement? For each guest use the smallest size white paper candy sack. On each sack write, "It's in the bag", and on a card write the names and the wedding date and place the card inside the bag. Tie the sack with narrow ribbon bow.

PACKS OF PLEASURE

by

Agnes W. Thomas

When my grandchildren come to visit me, they do not expect the expensive toys which most parents feel are a must. The youngest ones have a grand time with a pile of cans, pots and pans to bang on; as they grow older, they prefer a deck of cards. Not for bridge or gambling, but for fun games of various kinds. You might be surprised at the educational advantages of an ordinary deck of playing cards.

When grandson Billy was three he greatly enjoyed making a deck-of-cards highway. He laid the cards across the living room floor, one after the other, in a supposedly straight row. Two decks will make a super highway all the way down the hall and into the dining room. Of course he was taught to pick up the cards when he'd finished playing with them; that was part of the game.

Learning colors is another card trick of mine. Before Billy was three, he

knew the difference between red and black. We invented a game in which players had to get four numbers alike. Two red three's, then two black. As soon as either of us had a set of four, we put them in a pile. The winner was the one with the most piles. In this way he began to learn numbers too. I culled all the picture cards from the deck because I thought numbers and letters were too much for a little fellow.

After he had learned colors and numbers, and was big enough to hold several cards in his hand, Billy delighted in a game we called "Fish". Each player was dealt six cards which he held in such a way that the faces could be seen only by him. The remainder of the deck was placed face down on the table. The dealer played first; he asked his partner for the mate to any card he held. For instance, he might say, "Give all your four's, please." (The *please* teaches politeness.) The partner complied, if he could. Otherwise, he'd say, "Fish." The dealer then picked up the top card from the deck. If it happened to be a four, he got another turn; if it wasn't, the other player had his turn. As soon as one of us had four of a kind, we'd lay them down in a pile. This was called a book. The one with the most books at the end of the game was the winner.

When I thought Billy was ready for letters, I put all the picture cards back in the deck and began our first lesson in phonics. After learning that A was for ace, K for king, Q for queen, and J for Jack, Billy soon learned that A was also for apple, and B was for Billy.

By the time his brother Matthew was born, Billy was a pro with a deck of cards. He taught his younger brother about colors and numbers, and by the time Matt was three, the boys were spending many pleasant hours with a deck of cards.

In addition to learning letters, colors, and numbers from cards, the children also learned coordination by trying to balance the cards and building tents and wigwams.

There are many kinds of card games available today — Old Maid, Author, Pig, Animal, and others. Children can enjoy a quiet, competitive game, and parents (as well as grandparents) by careful observation, can do much to help develop a child's character while the youngster is at play.

Children should learn at an early age that no one wins all the time. If he knows at five how to be a good loser, a boy will be a better sport when he becomes a high school ballplayer. Youngsters can also learn such things as courtesy in playing games; this will help eliminate the "me first" attitude as he grows older.



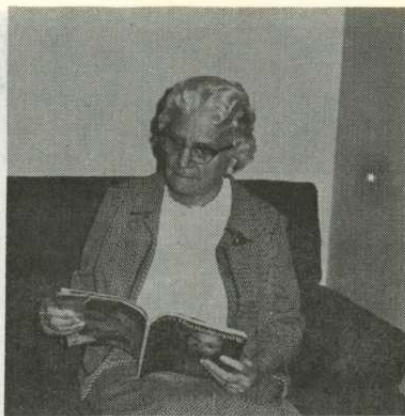
COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Fiddler on the Roof, Brian Piccolo, Elena Skrabina, and Harry Reasoner make up the column this month. Need more information? Read on.

The Making of a Musical (Crown Publishers, \$5.95) by Richard Altman with Mervyn Kaufman is a book about that famous play, *Fiddler on the Roof*, which has enchanted more audiences than any other in the history of the American stage. *Fiddler* is the story of a group of Jews living in the Russian village of Anatevka on the eve of the Russian Revolution. Tevye, the dairyman, and his wife, Golde, have raised five daughters. Tevye is torn between his love for their welfare and his love for the tradition which has governed his life. Based on the original stories by Sholom Aleichem, it is coordinated into a musical play "about the enduring strength of the human spirit — and man's ability to grow, to change, to overcome adversity."

The Making of a Musical describes the methods and creative energy behind *Fiddler on the Roof*. It tells the stages of production as well as the many complex personalities who par-



Mother enjoys reading, not only current magazines, but also new books which we check out at the library.

ticipated in this worldwide theatrical success.

The book was of special interest to me because this past year the production of the Sioux City East High School music department was *Fiddler on the Roof*. A tremendous success, professional performances were given by the high school cast. "If I Were a Rich Man" and the other great songs are still being hummed. Now we look forward to the movie.

Many of you who watched the TV movie "Brian's Song" may wish to read *Brian Piccolo: A Short Season* (Rand McNally, \$5.95) by Jeannie Morris. An inspiring story, it tells of a Chicago Bear running back — Brian Piccolo — whose career was cut short at age 26 by illness and death. The background is football. The focus is a

man whose record as a human being far exceeds any possible "record" in football. His teammate, Gale Sayers, was proud to have him as a friend who spelled out the word "courage" twenty-four hours a day.

Although Brian Piccolo lost his battle to live, his special courage has been transmitted to his wife, Joy. He would tell her, "If someone gives you a compliment, say 'thank you' — don't pretend modesty. If you know you can do something, do it." And so Joy Piccolo does. As her husband Brian said, "You can't quit. It's a league rule."

Siege and Survival The Odyssey of a Leningrader (Southern Illinois University Press, Carbondale, Illinois \$4.95) by Elena Skrabina is a gripping diary kept by Professor Skrabina of the siege of Leningrad during World War II. The book details the period during June 22, 1941, to February 6, 1942, as the Germans advanced on Leningrad and starvation took over the besieged city. She endured. She came out over Lake Ladoga, along with most of her family and thousands of emaciated Leningraders who were evacuated during the first winter of war. My family and I discussed this book, its terrors and its tragedies. It makes one very humble to read, "Often, in dreams, you picture a table full of all sorts of snacks, lots of delicious things. You don't want to wake up. And when you do, it's gloomy reality and the gnawing feeling of hunger again."

Now it is over and Professor Skrabina lives in Iowa City and is Professor at the State University of Iowa. The job of translating the book was capably completed by Norman Luxemburg. He kept it as it was, a day-to-day description of the greatest siege of world history. Small wonder that Harrison Salisbury wrote of Leningraders, "They were people who had endured so much they could never be frightened of anything again."

This past spring I visited my sister who was a patient at the beautiful new Humboldt County Memorial Hospital. It is a real asset to the community. Interesting people I met included a former pupil of mine, employed there, who expressed appreciation for past teaching efforts, and a patient, Mr. Reasoner, who was looking forward to his nephew's narrating the ABC-TV documentary, "A Small Town in Iowa". Dakota City-born news commentator Harry Reasoner helped put Humboldt, Iowa, on center stage for a nationwide audience. I'm proud to call Humboldt my home town as my "roots" are there. Because I was raised on a farm a few miles north of town, those farm scenes in the documentary were especially beautiful. The half hour, to me, was prime viewing.



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HANGING BASKETS FOR SUMMER CHARM

by
Grace V. Schillinger

If you've never tried hanging baskets to beautify your porch, breezeway, or the edge of your patio, you've missed the chance to enjoy a special summer charm.

One of my hanging baskets is a heavy wire one that I bought at a garden center, costing around one dollar. I also bought a few cents worth of coarse unmilled sphagnum moss and soaked it for an hour in a pail of water. I squeezed the water from the moss and it was easy to press it inside the wire basket to form a nest for my planting soil. Without some type of moss or even a liner made of aluminum foil with a few holes punched in the bottom, the soil would disappear in a little while. My planting soil was a mixture I made of one-third garden loam, one-third river sand, and one-third decayed cow manure. If you don't have access to the manure, substitute a good loose compost, or humus you've gathered from the woods. A good place to find humus is along a fence row where leaves catch in the fall and decay.

Now you're ready for the fun part! I used a pink geranium, (one of a group I raised from seed) 2 pink petunias, a few sprigs of wandering Jew, and several lobelia plants.

Another larger basket was a home-made affair, a huge thing my husband created with chicken wire. As it didn't have much shape, I cut a round piece of heavy brown plastic (part of an old card table covering) and fastened the circle to the rim of the unwieldy basket with wires. This one holds the moisture better as the water flows through the soil and moss and catches in the plastic cover and evaporates slowly to benefit the plants. The handles are lengths of heavy old electrical cord.

In this larger basket I planted a rooted cutting of shrimp plant, some deep rose and pale pink petunias, a bright green, yellow, and rose coleus, some Swedish ivy, and wandering Jew. Later on in the summer I inserted a blooming plant of lantana.

All summer long the flowers bloomed, and the vines flourished. We live on the bank of the Rock River and, of course, the moisture from the river helped to keep them lovely.

Hanging baskets are easy to care for and enjoy because they're hung at eye level. Try some!

What's never been — can be.

And somewhere there's a dreamer who will make the never been — be.



Jed Lowey had little helpers when he planted new trees this spring.

HISTORY OF THE KITCHEN — Concl. the kitchen was at one end of the single room, with the opposite side reserved for sleeping.

Extensive use of wood-wooden beams or, in pioneer settlement, walls made of logs — gave early American kitchens their rustic charm. This quality is still favored in most up-to-date kitchens, which achieve the country-look with woods unavailable to our ancestors.

The kitchen cabinet is such a standard feature that many people assume it

has been in use for ages. Would it surprise you to learn that this was a 20th century improvement — like the electric toaster, dishwasher and garbage disposal unit? It was first used in the Middle West, as an adaptation of the German kitchen cupboard.

The kitchen of tomorrow is already on the way. Ovens that can cook entire meals in seconds by infrared heat . . . a combination refrigerator-beverage dispenser-ice maker . . . a movable range that can be wheeled from kitchen to patio are just a few of the already-designed appliances that may become standard kitchen equipment within a few years.

With the convenience of today's kitchen, which includes not only latest appliances but also the eye appeal of wood-paneled walls, cabinets and work areas, many women may not even want to "get out of the kitchen — fast". Contemporary kitchens are pleasant places in which to linger — while designers and manufacturers keep cooking up new wonders that would have amazed those early housewives who thought they were being ultra-modern when they prepared meals over an open fire.



To Great-grandmother with her black iron pot outside, Grandmother with her wooden-stave, hand-powered machine, and Mom with her "modern" gasoline-motor, wringer-type washer, today's washers and dryers must really appear to be instruments of magic. And the miracle-working doesn't stop there, either.

Consider how far we've come since the days of lye soap and chlorine bleaches. Today, thanks to magicians like **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, we can calmly and confidently wash and bleach everything from greasy overalls to filmy underthings. No qualms about whether they'll come clean, no worries about bleach damage. With low-suds **Blue Drops** removing the dirt and **Kitchen-Klatter Bleach** safely bleaching whites, prints and colors to new sparkling beauty, you'll almost believe you're working a magic wand instead of a washing machine.

Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops
Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

A neighbor of ours grows black raspberries in great abundance on a small plot. He says there is no magic for success with these berries other than starting with good stock and giving them proper care. He has tried a few varieties, but sticks to one called *Black Hawk* which was introduced by the Iowa State University some years ago. He has less winterkill with it than other kinds and the fruits are large, sweet and juicy.

John sets his black raspberry plants in four rows that are 10 feet apart. He says the plants need more room than red raspberries and are much easier to keep clean and to harvest the fruits if there is ample room between each hill. He prunes his plants severely and sprays with an all-purpose spray material recommended for small fruits. This controls insect pests and some diseases. After a new planting is established, John spreads a heavy mulch between the hills and rows. He uses whatever material is available from chopped corn fodder, marsh hay, sawdust to straw. He dislikes the latter because straw contains too many weed seeds. Marsh hay is excellent when available. He said that sawdust was available from a nearby sawmill, but one must use a fertilizer high in nitrogen along with it for success.

Black raspberries bring a premium price in our area because so few grow them. My neighbor believes you should not attempt to grow both the red and black types of raspberries in the same garden as they do not do well when planted near each other.

Last year we set out a few plants of *Boyne* red raspberry and picked a hand-



Jed Lowey, Lucile's son-in-law, takes a break from working in the yard to visit for a few minutes with his little daughter Katharine.

ful of the largest red berries I have ever grown. We were looking forward to enough this season so we could test them for eating fresh, for sauce and for freezing, but last fall a crew came in to put up a pole shed and ran over the raspberry plants with a tractor. The young fruit-bearing canes were broken and crushed so we cannot expect much from them. *Boyne* is a Canadian introduction that is claimed to be superior to *Latham*, which has been our standby for many years. If we ever get a crop of *Boyne* red raspberries I will tell of the fruit's merits (or otherwise) in this space.

PERSON POWER

A slicer of weeds, a stirrer of soil,
A functional tool, we're told,
But a hoe of itself gets nothing done
Till hoeing hands take hold.

—Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

If you would remain ever young,
count your interests, not your years.

FRIENDSHIP IS A GARDEN

Friendship is a garden
With flowering avenues,
Aglow with precious memories
In multicolored hues.
Friends are lovely blossoms,
Each in a unique way,
From face to personality,
In all they do and say.
Friendship, that happy garden,
Like trees and velvet sod,
Needs love-blessed cultivation.
The hallowed grace of God.

—Inez Baker

ABIGAIL'S LETTER — Concluded

looked at that had any kind of shower. Very few even had an outhouse.

"I thought Carnival came just once a year but I underestimated the Brazilians! There is another carnival after Easter called Micareta. Not every city has its own Carnival so these celebrate Micareta. We went to the one in Jacobina. It lasts four days but one night was plenty for me!"

Meantime, back here in Denver the drizzle has stopped and I'd better dash to the nearest supermarket to replenish our supply of food; then perhaps I'll tackle those weeds.

Sincerely,
Abigail

BACKYARD TRAVELS — Concluded

and girls will find as much pleasure with the small ones as I did with the one my father bought for the family.

With the coming of air-conditioning and television sets, people of today seem to have no need of the cool air the old lawn swing stirred up in hot weather. Now we sit in our living rooms, watch TV, and keep much cooler than the days of the 1920's, and have no need of a "cooling off" period before retiring. Along with house-length porches, porch swings, and rocking chairs, the old lawn swing seems to have vanished from the scene. But who knows? Brass beds are in style again!

Some wag once said the honeymoon is the time between "I do" and "You'd better!"

And speaking on honeymoons, you needn't pack **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** in your June bride's trousseau. Just be sure it's waiting on her pantry shelf when she gets home. For whether that first home is a country cottage or a sleek apartment twenty floors up, it's going to get dirty. And smoky. And greasy. And soiled. **Kitchen-Klatter** is a bride's best friend: it turns water (even cold, hard water) into a fast-cleaning solution that gobbles up grease and grime the first time over, with no scum to rinse away. If you're a bride of two weeks or twenty years, that's nice to know.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner



FATHER-SON BANQUET - Concluded
all of us, a necessary part of our daily life. Sometimes we don't like what they say. We think the price is too high. Sometimes what we see on one price tag causes us to look for the article with a sale tag on it. At other times the quality of the merchandise is such that we are willing to pay the higher price.

As we think about growing from boyhood to manhood, we realize that it, too, carries "price tags", and someone must decide if the price is too high, if the quality is good - if the price is right.

Today laws protect the customer by saying that price tags, or labels, must carry information that lets the customer know exactly what he is buying. The good buyer must use good judgment, know his merchandise, and then make a decision. Is the price right?

As we think about our ideal father, let's consider the cost. What prices might we expect to see on the tag for such a man?

Speaker One: (Holds up price tag with word DISCIPLINE.) In Proverbs 29 we read: *The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself brings shame to his mother . . . Discipline your son, and he will give you rest, he will give delight to your heart.*

From cradle days a child should learn discipline, a trait most valuable to all men. Where there is order and peace, there must be rules. The sooner a child learns this, the better. As he grows he will find that he must discipline himself to pay the cost of that which he would be. Whatever he aspires to, he must be willing to discipline himself as to time and effort to achieve it. Is he willing to pay the price? You don't stay on the ball team, build a model car, or become a man without disciplining the time and the work you put into the effort. And the quality of your investment determines the dividends returned.

Speaker Two: (Price tag - INTEGRITY.) *A righteous man who walks in his integrity - blessed are his sons after him! . . . Better a poor man who walks in integrity, than a man who is perverse in speech and a fool . . . a false witness will not go unpunished and he who utters lies will not escape.* These proverbs from our Old Testament tell us what wise men have always known - that one of the highest price tags for a real man is honesty. Who can say how much it is worth? Integrity seems to be an old-fashioned word that has gone out of style. In the early years of our country there was much emphasis put on a man's honesty. There was no higher praise than to say "his name is as good as his bond". What are we teaching our sons - "No

cop in sight so run the stoplight?", "Why pay income tax on it - they'll never be able to prove it?", "What they don't know won't hurt 'em?". Today as never before we need men who can be trusted to stand firm on what they believe is just, no matter what the cost; men of honor who take pride in being fair in all their dealings.

Speaker Three: (Tag - AMBITION.) *He who tills his land will have plenty of bread, but he who follows worthless pursuits will have plenty of poverty. A faithful man will abound with blessings, but he who hastens to be rich will not go unpunished.* (Proverbs 28: 19-20) Are we becoming a nation constantly on the lookout for "something for nothing"? A very small child can be taught to do small tasks about the home, to take pride in doing his school work well, and to stick to a job until it is done. Dreams and visions are well and good, but it takes elbow grease to make them become a reality! Yes, ambition and hard work are the price! Many of our young people forget that the money they fling around so freely for Cokes, drugs, mod clothes, and motorcycles came to them because somebody worked for it! The great things have never come handed out on a silver platter; rather by the "sweat of the brow". We should teach our sons of the joy that comes with a job well done by our own capable hands.

Speaker Four: (Tag - LOVE) *Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous, or conceited, or proud; love is not ill-mannered, or selfish, or irritable; love does not keep a record of wrongs; love is not happy with evil, but is happy with the truth. Love never gives up; its faith, hope, and patience never fail.* (I Cor. 13:4-7) Those of us who have known a good father will agree that these words of Paul have wrapped it up in a nutshell. How much it adds to the stature of a man if he is kind and unselfish in all of his dealings with others, the best ways of loving! How much it means to a child to know he has the love and understanding of a kindly father! As the child grows within the shelter of this love and understanding, so will he, too, grow to be kind and understanding.

Speaker Five: (Tag - COURAGE) *Be strong and of good courage, fear not nor be afraid of them; for the Lord, your God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee, or forsake thee.* Is there anyone who would dispute that courage is one of the important price tags for real manhood - not so much physical as moral courage to stand up and say "No" to injustices? If we want a better people to make a better world, then we have to begin where people are made - in the family. If we want sons with courage to make

a better world, we must begin with them in the home by setting an example. *The father to the children shall make known thy truth.* (Isa. 38:19) It means fathers with the courage to make rules they believe in and insist that they be obeyed. It means fathers with courage to face opposition, perhaps even loss of friendships and position, to stand up for what they believe is right. It means the courage to follow the teachings of the faith of our choice.

So I hang this last important price tag for real manhood, the price tag of COURAGE. Can you buy it?

Narrator: Prayer to Be a Man. Dear God, make me a man! Give me strength to stand for the right When other folks have left the fight. Give me the courage of the man Who knows that if he will, he can. Teach me to see in every face The good, the kind, and not the base. Make me sincere in word and deed, Blot out from me all shame and greed. Help me to guard my troubled soul By constant, active self-control. Clean up my thoughts, my speech, my play, And keep me brave from day to day. Dear God, make me a man! Amen. (Anon.)

Song: "Faith of Our Fathers".

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MY MUSIC BOX

My baby is a music box
That greets the dawn with laughter,
With happy, bubbling, chuckling sounds—
Though hungry howls come after.
When fed, he gurgles joyously
Until adventure calls;
He creeps and tries unsteady legs —
Yells punctuate his falls.
When music comes on ether waves,
He sings, "Ah-ah, ah-ah;"
When Daddy tosses baby up,
He shrieks, "Ha-ha! Ha-ha!"
He makes contented murmurings
When rocked to Sleepy-Town;
The Sandman shuts two sleepy eyes —
My music box runs down.

—Neva D. Baker



Katharine wasn't the least bit afraid of the animals at her great-grandmother's farm because of her many trips to the zoo in Albuquerque where youngsters can pet the animals in the children's section.

Education requires lots of books.
Wisdom requires lots of time.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

town until it is completed. If it strings on too long I can only hope that Juliana's family will be able to make it back here from Albuquerque. Nothing buoys me up as much as a chance to be with my grandchildren, James and Katharine Lowey.

My space is gone and the printing equipment is waiting, so

Faithfully yours,

P. Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

markable woman. She has to be for her job! She once said that the chief qualification for being a church secretary is a good sense of humor. She shows that sense of humor almost every day. Yesterday she stood at the office window watching a woman park a car beside the church. When the car was finally parked, the secretary turned to me and said: "Nothing is harder for a woman to park than both ends of a car!" How many times I have heard her say something that I pass on to you as a pearl of wisdom: "A person becomes wise by observing carefully what happens when he isn't."

Sincerely,

Frederick

I GOT MY WISHES

I hid myself to a favorite nook
And settled down with a latest book,
But the first chapter was not read through
When in rushes daughter, number two;
"The directions say there's nothing to it,
But look at this sleeve — how do you do it?"

The work is finished, I slip off alone
To add a line to my well-planned poem;
But not one phrase have I done
When in stomps daughter number one;
She plops down so disgustedly,
"Please Mom, can you find that old geography?"

I haven't stopped working all day long
Until I hear the radio with my favorite song.

When in walks hubby with martyred air
And tosses a shirt over the arm of my chair.

Wouldn't you know just sure enough
He'd chose the shirt with the button off the cuff?

If ever the good fairy passes by
And offer three wishes, I know that I
Would wish just ONCE that I might be
Alone, undisturbed, for one hour free.

Would you believe it? — I got my wishes!

Not a soul came near when I washed the dishes. —Mildred Cathcart



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DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

This gave me a wonderful opportunity to test recipes for the magazine and radio. There were so many things I wanted to test that it was hard to make my selections, but I finally ended up with three salads, two vegetables, and a dessert. The main dish was my favorite nine-layer chicken dish, and along with hot rolls and coffee we really had too much to eat. If the girls enjoyed eating it half as much as I did fixing it, then it was a success.

I hear the tractor coming and I have also run out of space, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

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