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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

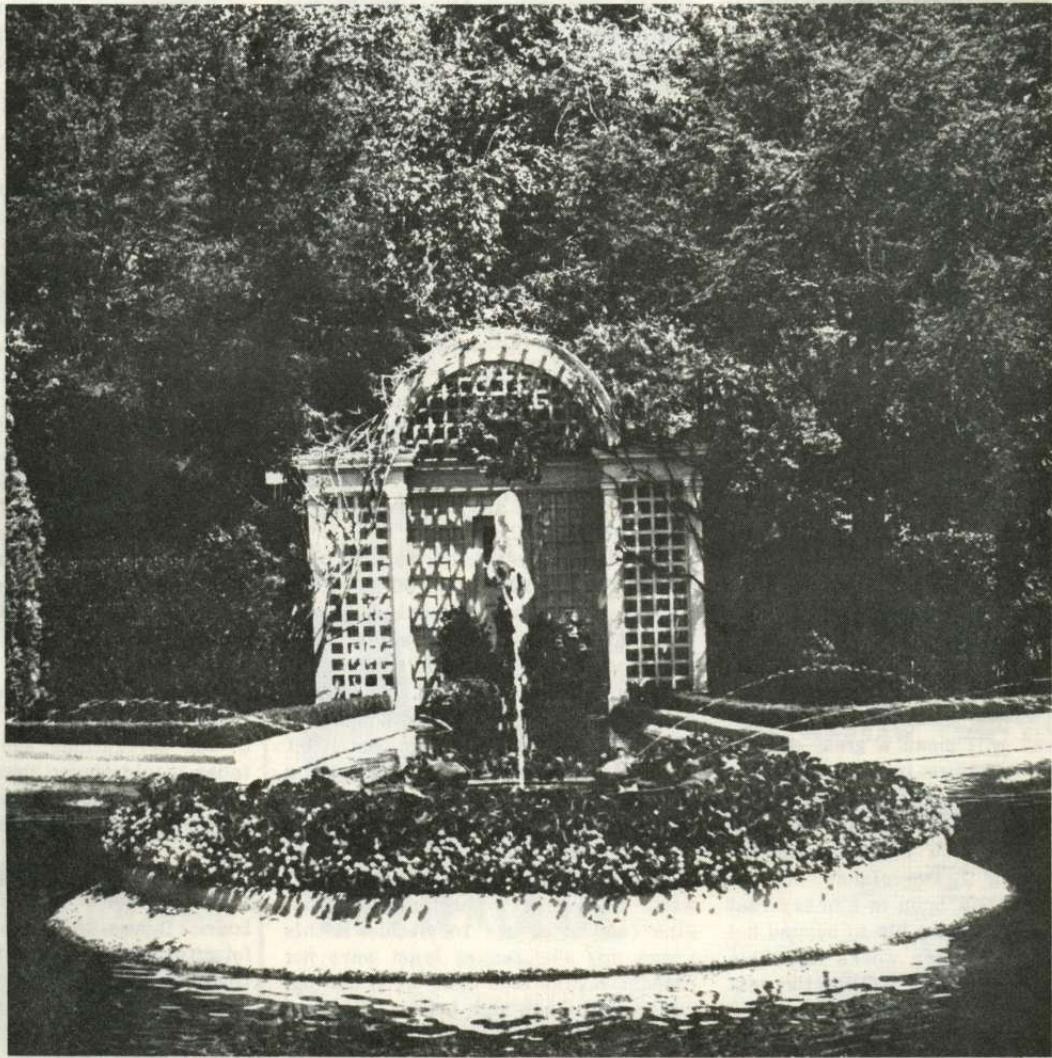
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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VOL. 36

JULY, 1972

NUMBER 7



-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:

I'm up and at it early this morning because in the late afternoon I expect two friends from Albuquerque to come driving in. They are enroute to Chicago and expect to be with me overnight. Even at this hour it's warm and there's quite a wind blowing, so I can only hope that their car is air-conditioned.

These are the months when we expect relatives and friends from all over the country and I've worked out a plan that seems to stand me in very good stead when it comes to meals. I try to keep a tinned ham in the refrigerator and this takes care of the meat. I also keep on hand all of the makings for a potato salad, frozen fruit salad in the freezer and vegetables of all kinds . . . fresh, if possible, but also frozen packages in the freezer.

We've always had a lot of company during the summer months and believe me, it was certainly a different story in the old days. I look back and wonder how we ever cooked such big meals — and how anyone ever ate them! I, for one, never hanker to return to such times.

Beside me is a stack of letters from Juliana and I feel so fortunate to hear from her at least twice a week with full details of what is going on in Albuquerque. (I'm saving all of these letters because they will mean a great deal to James and Katharine in years to come.)

The unfortunate news since I last wrote to you is that Katharine fell from a jungle gym in a friend's yard and broke her leg in two places. At this date she has now been in a heavy cast that extends from her hip to beyond her toes for around three weeks and there is still more time to go. When the next x-rays are done we are very hopeful that the cast will be removed and something much lighter substituted, but until those x-rays are taken we can't bank on anything.

Thus far she has made no effort to clamber around in any way, and you can

imagine what daily life is like with a formerly very active two-year-old immobilized! Juliana tries to get her around the yard in her old stroller just for a little variety in the daily routine, but, she reports:

"There's a lot of Granny Wheels in her because she is terrified if I have to tip the stroller back to get over humps and steps."

I can sympathize with Katharine! I'm one wheelchair customer who feels acute anxiety and apprehension if all four wheels aren't safely right on the ground.

I surely hope I can report next month that she is out of the cast and walking normally once again.

Those of you with relatives and friends in the Southwest are acutely aware of the fact that the entire area is in the grip of the worst drought ever experienced. There is considerable variance between temperatures in the area called the Heights (that's where Juliana and I lived across the street from each other at an earlier time) and in the area where she now lives that is known as the Valley.

Day after day temperatures have been above 90 and winds up to 50 miles per hour have blown frequently. Juliana said that recently they had a dust storm so ferocious they couldn't see even halfway across the yard. When that huge black cloud blew up without warning they thought it was rain, but it hit almost like a tornado and was nothing but dust.

In spite of all this she has been able to water constantly because they're in the country and have their own deep well. When severe water rationing begins (and it seems inevitable if this keeps up) she can at least save her extensive plantings that were put out earlier with such high hopes.

In looking at one of these letters beside me I note with surprise her list of vegetables that are thriving and producing — thanks to constant watering. She has peas, carrots, beets, several varieties of beans, potatoes, eggplants,

green peppers, tomatoes, onions and I don't know what all. The radishes and leaf lettuce are over, of course, but corn is also coming on, and eventually the asparagus will produce. In short, she has gone in for vegetables in a big way.

Recently Jed had to make a business trip and he stopped here for just one night. As soon as he arrived he opened his brief case and took out a horrible-looking object that turned out to be Old Blue Dog. James had sent it for me to have just that brief time!

I mentioned this on our radio visit and was surprised and delighted to receive a little verse from a friend in Lincoln who had heard me tell about it. This is what she wrote:

Say, Daddy, when you're on your trip

Will you see Granny Wheels?

Oh good! then take her Old Blue Dog
'Cause I know how she feels.

My Old Blue Dog will comfort her

And he knows happy games;

So when she picks up Old Blue Dog
She'll get some love from James.

I sent the original verse on to Juliana and she wrote back that she was putting it in James' book so he could enjoy it someday when he saw pictures of Old Blue Dog.

(I might add that the very first thing the next morning all three of us, Jed, Eula and I, saw to it that Old Blue Dog was right on top of the brief case and couldn't possibly be forgotten.)

It won't be long now until the big Republican and Democratic conventions in Miami and I intend to watch both of them from beginning to end. Without getting up to rummage around in the World Almanac and thus find the positive date, I think it must have been in 1952 that we saw our first conventions on TV. I remember both of them as being incredible documents of real Americana, and by comparison the ones since then (at least the last three or four) seem very cut and dried and without the regional color of the ones that were televised at an earlier time. I realize that it took an interminable length of time to poll individually all of the delegations and I guess costs today could never permit it, but my having a chance to see all of those people individually simply fascinated me.

This past month Marge and I entertained Mother's Thursday Club at my house. It was one of the most delightful afternoons I've had for a long, long time, and I considered it a genuine privilege to entertain Mother's oldest and closest friends.

I'm always after you friends to tell me what you serve when you have guests, so I'll go ahead and tell you what we had.

(Continued on page 22)

THE STROMS ENJOYED THEIR TRIP TO THE NORTHWEST

Dear Friends:

This is the kind of day one prefers to stay near the air conditioner. It is clouding up a bit, though, so maybe by evening we'll have a little shower to help cool things off.

Last month I wrote that Oliver and I were leaving for a trip to the Northwest. We had what we both agree was about the most interesting vacation we've ever taken.

We decided in the middle of winter that we would plan a trip to Montana sometime in late spring or early summer to visit our son Martin. The more thought we gave to it, the larger the plans became. It was one of those situations where you decided you might as well add this and then that as long as you were going to be in the area. We had to work around Martin's schedule too, and it was more convenient for him if we stopped in Montana at the end of our jaunt.

After a session with our local travel agency we made reservations with Westours, Inc. for a tour which included sight-seeing in Seattle, Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia, and a cruise up the Inside Passage as far as Skagway. We docked at Prince Rupert, Ketchikan, and Juneau on the way to Skagway, with stops in Wrangell and Alert Bay on our return to Vancouver. There are highlights at these towns which I'll mention shortly, but since this was our first cruise, and therefore an exciting new experience, I'd like to tell you about life aboard the S. S. Prince George first.

The 231 passengers aboard came from 14 states and 5 provinces of Canada. Our particular tour group made up 29 of them. We had an opportunity to become acquainted during the pre-cruise days in Seattle and Vancouver before boarding the ship. Once underway up the passage, of course, we became acquainted with the other passengers.

Our stateroom was located in the middle of the ship. We found this a convenience for we didn't have far to walk to any of the lounges or the dining room.

Speaking of the dining room, there were two seatings for meals. We were in the second seating, so our meals were at 9:00, 1:30 and 7:15. Since Oliver and I are early risers, we appreciated the coffee served in one of the lounges before our breakfast call.

The meals were fabulous! Oliver said the biggest decisions we had to make those eight days were looking at the menus — a different one for every meal — and deciding what to eat! The service was excellent and the waiter at our table was very helpful in translating



Oliver Strom is standing on the deck of the SS Prince George as he enjoys the scenery along the Inside Passage to Alaska.

the names of some of the foreign dishes. As a matter of fact, he would go into detail and explain what the dish contained and how it was prepared. In addition to those three meals, there was afternoon tea and a late evening buffet to look forward to. It's no wonder everyone leaves the ship several pounds heavier!

There were many activities to fill the hours such as shuffleboard, cribbage, bingo, movies, etc., but Oliver and I spent most of our time visiting, taking pictures and enjoying the scenery. Because we were so engaged, we were often among the first to spot whales, porpoises and icebergs.

The stops at the towns along the way broke up the cruise nicely. Our "package tour" included sight-seeing tickets on the buses waiting at dockside, but they were available to all passengers and could be purchased at the purser's office ahead of docking. They consisted of a ride around the town (which didn't take long because the towns were small) with stops to see things of special interest. Oliver and I were particularly fascinated with the totem poles. They tell a story, you know, and the most interesting ones we saw were those in the cemeteries which were carved to tell the story of the person's life or, in some instances, the accident which took his life.

We were also interested in the Indian community buildings. Someone was on hand to give an informative talk before we watched Indian dances performed in beautiful ceremonial costumes. Since history is one of our favorite subjects we enjoyed visiting the little community museums. Although most of the stops were for only a few hours, we made the most of our time and saw the

main attractions.

Our longest period of time ashore was at Skagway where we had a full day at our disposal. We had signed up in advance for the ride on the narrow-gauge railway through White Pass to Lake Bennett where we had lunch. This trip follows the old "Trail of '98" through spectacular scenery. Since I'm extremely nervous about heights, it was my bright idea that we sit in the first coach behind the engine. I just knew I'd feel safer! But the joke was on me, for coming back an engine was put on the other end of the train and we were then in the last car! However, on the return ride I began to relax more and the heights didn't bother me so much.

Our lunch at Lake Bennett was typical of the kind of food served during the gold rush days. We had caribou, boiled potatoes, navy beans, mixed vegetables, rolls, apple pie and coffee. It was a great deal of fun!

There was ample time after the train ride to wander around Skagway. The buildings were most interesting as they are being kept just as they looked at the turn of the century when this was a booming gold rush town. Yes, the streets are dirt and the old boardwalks are still there. The history of Skagway is pretty colorful!

When we returned to Vancouver our tour director was on hand to greet us, and after going through customs we boarded our bus and took the ferry to Vancouver Island. Oliver and I were pleased that the Butchart Gardens near Victoria were on the agenda. Wayne and Abigail visited these gardens several years ago and found them especially beautiful. We did too and I took many slides. The cover picture this month was taken there.

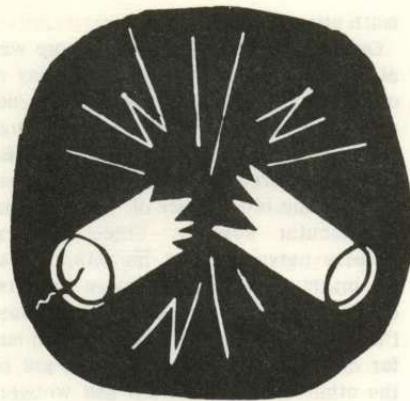
We stayed overnight in Seattle and then flew to Billings, Montana, for our week with our son. Martin met our plane and after lunch we drove to the little town of Molt where he has been living this past year while serving his internship as minister of the Congregational Church.

When we pulled into the driveway, Grace and John Leuthold came out to greet us. We had a little visit before we went to the little guest house on their ranch that Martin has called "home" since last September. In the course of that conversation we were filled in on the schedule for the coming days. There is so much to say about our happy week there that I'll save those details for next month. I've taken about all my space for this issue.

Sincerely,

Margery

P.S. Mary Leanna, Frederick's and Betty's daughter, just called. She is visiting Dorothy and Frank and will be here by the end of the week.



Fun and Frills for the Fourth

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Decorations and Nut Cups: For giant firecrackers use the cardboard tubes on which waxed paper or foil is wrapped. Glue on red paper to cover the tube, or use strips of red, white, and blue. Cut a circle to fit into the top and fasten. Poke a hole in the center and insert a piece of heavy cord for the fuse. Glue each firecracker to a star-shaped cardboard base which has been covered with blue paper. The firecrackers can also be made to stand upright by sticking them on small needlepoint flower holders. They can be used singly or in groupings of three or five for pretty centerpieces. Red, white, and blue garden flowers can be used in clusters at the base of the firecrackers; or use lengths of narrow gift-wrap ribbon in the patriotic colors, curling it by pulling it across the blade of a knife or scissors, and swirling the curled ribbon around the firecracker arrangement.

For nut cups, use small tubes, 3" to 4" high, covered with red paper as suggested above. Glue to a star-shaped base and fill with candy and nuts before gluing on the top and placing the fuse.

Several of these firecrackers would make up into an effective centerpiece with a small flag used in the center of the arrangement. If used for a buffet, with only one side of the arrangement to be seen, one might use the American shield emblem with the firecrackers and flowers.

A simple place card is made by cutting dark blue construction paper into three-inch squares. Fold in half (so they will stand), paste a silver star seal in the upper left hand corner, and write the guest's name in white ink. If you like, add a tiny bow knot of red ribbon, gluing it just below the star.

Pretty patriotic tables are easily made by covering the table with a white cloth (this can be paper), and running red and blue streamers down the center length of the table. Scatter large silver stars here and there on the streamers.

Quill Pens, made from chicken or other available feathers, would prove

real conversation piece favors. These might be fastened to a name card, or make tiny souvenir booklets, with one of the quill pens attached to each booklet cover.

A larger quill and an ink bottle and a scroll (representing the Declaration of Independence) could be used as a centerpiece for a July table. How about a cluster of red posies at one end of the scroll and blue ones at the other end?

Food Ideas for July Parties: Red gelatin salad or tomato aspic molded in star molds and bell-shaped cookies or sandwiches are pretty. You can also have squares of red gelatin salad, and use a cake decorator with salad dressing or whipped cream to outline a bell upon it.

Angel ice cream loaf served with blue punch or crush would be tasty and pretty. Make the loaf ahead of time by slicing long angel food loaf cakes into layers. Place slices of strawberry ice cream between the layers and freeze until just before serving time. Slice to serve.

Entertainment: Red, White, and Blue Quiz (Those colors are the clues.)

1. Some think a little one is O.K. White lie
2. Not George Washington's favorite. Redcoat
3. An international society. Red Cross
4. A Scottish lassie might wear it. Blue bell
5. It means double-breasted. Redingote
6. Being fragrant. Redolent
7. A cover-up job. Whitewash
8. Set it right. Redress
9. Considered a great scolder. Blue jay
10. Required by Irish washerwoman. Bluing
11. Not a desired trait. White feather
12. Biggest of the species. Redwood
13. We had a part in wiping it out. White plague (tuberculosis)
14. Many try, all find it hard, some do. Reduce
15. Unwanted. White elephant
16. Enough is too much. Red tape

17. Some carpenters find it helpful. Blueprint

18. Spring favorite. Redbud tree

19. By "My Old Kentucky Home".

Bluegrass

20. The crest. White cap

Arithmetic Quiz:

1. 500 plus a large boat equals without light. (D-ark)

2. 1000 plus a poem equals manner. (M-ode)

3. 1000 plus help equals a miss. (M-aid)

4. 500 uncooked equals to pull. (D-raw)

5. 500 plus preposition equals a great noise. (D-in)

6. 50 plus a tree equals a part of a whip. (L-ash)

7. 50 plus a finish equals a loan. (L-end)

8. 100 plus competent equals a heavy rope. (C-able)

9. 1 plus to scold equals angry. (I-rate)

10. 5 plus hard water equals wickedness. (V-ice)

Americana: Give a sheet of construction paper to each guest (some red, some white, some blue). Allow two minutes in which each guest is to tear out the silhouette of something that reminds him of our American heritage (flag, plow, ship, Statue of Liberty, etc.) This is to be done while holding the paper behind the back! Have "show and tell" time and award prizes for the best, the cleverest, etc.

Weeding the Garden: In a large bowl have a mixture of two or three kinds of dried beans (white ones, brown ones, red ones). See which guest can pick out the most white ones in a given time. Then see who can pick up the most beans in a single grab.

Ring the Liberty Bell: Place a large wastepaper basket or a small barrel in the center of an open space. On it place a hand bell. Mark a spot on the floor, or ground, about four feet from the barrel. Blindfold a player and stand him on the mark, facing the barrel. Give him a stick, then turn him around three complete turns. When he stops he has three tries to reach straight out and strike the bell with the stick.

History Lesson:

1. Where is the United States Naval Academy located? Annapolis

2. Which city is called the "City of Brotherly Love"? Philadelphia

3. Who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"? Julia Ward Howe

4. What president had a son who held the same office? John Adams

5. What was the name of the first steamboat? Clermont

6. Who gave the U.S. the Statue of Liberty? France

7. What was the decisive battle of (Continued on page 21)

FREDERICK WRITES AN INTERESTING LETTER

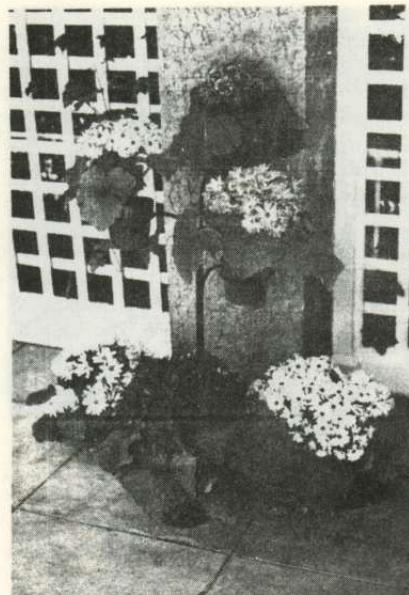
Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter in my upstairs study at the parsonage on a beautiful June day. My garden is so lovely, and I have the door open onto our balcony porch so that I can look out and see it. The birds are singing at the tops of their voices, and it is a great day to be alive! On a day like this it seems impossible that there can be so much sadness and trouble in the world, but the large number of funerals I have been having lately keeps me in touch with reality. This is a world of sunshine and shadow, of beauty and ugliness, of birth and death, but thank God the final victory is His.

Perhaps you heard me mention on our radio broadcast the little matter of the stolen lawnmower. Since so many of our neighbors have had their lawnmowers and snowblowers stolen, we had our entire garage area floodlighted with lights that come on automatically at dusk and go off at dawn. Would you believe it? We had our mower stolen in spite of the lights right at a time when Betty and I were both in the kitchen and only had to look out the window to see the thieves. We did not look, and we did not see or hear them! What hurts me more than the loss of the mower is the element of fear that creeps in when I realize that men who would take such a risk early in the evening under the bright lights would certainly have no qualms about doing worse things! I wonder where all of this is going to end.

I hope you folks have a wonderful Fourth of July! To me, it is a great day of historical importance, and I am bothered when every now and then I meet some young person who does not even know what the day is supposed to commemorate. It was in the church I used to serve down in Rhode Island that the first public celebration of the Fourth of July was observed in this country, and we still like to go down there to visit on that memorable day. That little town of Bristol, Rhode Island, is said to have the largest Fourth of July parade to be held anywhere in America.

Now that we are not going to Nova Scotia each summer, we have more opportunity for travel around New England, and a few days ago we were down in Plymouth, Massachusetts. It was a mistake to go there on a beautiful Sunday afternoon when thousands of other people decided to be there at the same time, but I still got that old tingle up and down my spine when I stood at Plymouth Rock. If you are in the East this summer, don't skip Plymouth, but plan to visit it early in the morning before the crowds arrive. I can promise



We're sure Frederick and Betty will be as impressed with the flowers in the Northwest as Oliver and Margery were. This particular arrangement was in the Butchart Gardens near Victoria, B.C.

you this — you never will forget the experience. We have been to Plymouth several times in the past twenty years, and always we come away with a new sense of gratitude for our beloved America. What a great heritage we Americans have, and how much we need to be reminded of it.

I gave a patriotic address a short time ago, and in it I said a few words about the meaning of citizenship that I want to share with you. I said: "As Americans we have many benefits and privileges, and we also have many obligations and responsibilities. A major obligation is that of a contract between us and our nation. We promise to live by democratic procedures, honoring the constitution and protecting the government it creates, and in return the government promises to protect us and our rights and freedoms as set forth by the constitution. There are times when the claims of our citizenship are burdensome and even painful, but, nevertheless, our citizenship is an essential element in our nature, and if we were not bound by the claims our American citizenship places on us, then we would be bound by the claims of some other nation.

"And what does it mean to protect our country? It means to protect it from its worst enemy — WAR. We must never again permit our country to be involved in a war that is not a direct attack on the territory of the United States! We must protect our country from any erosion of its democratic procedures. We are meant to be ruled by the ballot — not by demonstrations, not by strikes, not by violent threats to subvert the

law. A constitutional democracy like the United States of America cannot tolerate civil disobedience. We must protect our country from moral deterioration. We are protecting America whenever we speak up for decency and moral fortitude and demand their presence in the lives of the men and women we elect to rule our nation. Our fathers and mothers have left us a rich spiritual legacy, and it is our duty not to squander it, but to leave it replenished for those who come after us."

In a few days I hope to make a visit to a school where sky divers are trained. You know what sky divers are, don't you? They are men and women who do parachute jumping for fun. I always have wanted to try it, but since my broken back of a few years ago, my doctors will not permit this pleasure. One of the leading parachute schools in all the world is just a few miles from Springfield, and I have several good friends who have graduated from it.

Incidentally, did I ever tell you about the time I thought I was going to have to jump from a plane? It was a few years ago when I was on a special mission for the Air Force in Europe. We were flying in a small plane in bad conditions about a 1,000 feet altitude not far from the border of Germany, when we momentarily thought we were out of gas. My pilot said: "We are at 1,000 feet, so just remember to open your chute at once because it only takes seven seconds to fall 1,000 feet." I gave him a sickly grin and asked: "What if my chute doesn't open?" And he replied: "Well, you will have just seven seconds to learn to fly!" How many times I have laughed over that.

Speaking of airplanes reminds me to tell you that I am going to be doing some interesting flying next month. Betty and I are going out to British Columbia, Washington, and Oregon this summer, and while out there I am planning to do some aerial photography. Last night I called long distance to talk to the men who charter planes for that kind of thing, and they promised to fly me right up over some of the biggest glaciers in the West. It should be exciting, but Betty doesn't want to fly with me. While I am doing that, she will be renting a car to drive around to some of the parks. She doesn't care for the kind of up and down, acrobatic flying that we sometimes have to do to get the picture angles I want. Actually, I don't like rough flying either, but I do love aerial photography and that is the only way to get the pictures.

We have had a new tenant move into our church apartment this week. The cute little apartment where we always

(Continued on page 22)

Consider the Apple

by

Ruth E. Jensen



Did you know that today there are nearly 7,500 varieties of apples grown in the world? I would not have believed it except that my reliable reference says so. According to this reference 2,500 varieties grow in the United States, most of them being known only to specialists.

What a development has occurred in the apple world since that time in the early 1800's when Johnny (Appleseed) Chapman went about distributing apple seeds and saplings in Indiana and neighboring states.

Not until I had grown up and become a homemaker did I learn to appreciate the apple and think of it as the undisputed queen of the fruit world.

As a child growing up on the farm it seemed to me that apples were as commonplace as rhubarb. During those years I thought of them as just one of those things we canned, or were left on the ground to return to the earth.

Memories of my childhood do recall the tasty Duchess that were fine for hand eating. Undoubtedly they must have played a big part in our canning. There was a tree of apples we just called winter apples. And I distinctly remember a tree of small, deep red, puckerish crab apples Mother called Hyslops. She especially prized them for pickling.

All my growing-up years of eating applesauce never seemed to leave me with the appreciation for the fruit I now have. As with most youngsters, I was more concerned with what we did not have, such as our fill of those lovely bushels of peaches at the grocery store. We bought them, but they were mostly to can and store away for winter use.

How many of us are missing a real taste treat in applesauce because we cooks are too generous with sugar? Because of my husband's diet I have

for many years canned all of it without sugar. Our family was reared on unsweetened applesauce, and we have used it many times just as we would a vegetable. I believe Yellow Transparents are about the only apples I have ever canned, simply because they were available, and very good. There were probably a few occasions when I used other varieties.

As soon as home-grown apples are on the market I cook a big pan of sauce, put it through the colander, set aside part as unsweetened, then add to the remaining just enough sugar to give it a delicious sweetness just masking its tartness. I can't think of any food more appealing to my taste than this hot, freshly made sauce, prepared from those first apples of the season. The only thing that would improve it would be to add a buttered slice of freshly baked, homemade bread.

Another favorite method of cooking them is baking. I core the apples, place them in a baking dish and fill the centers with raisins. Then sprinkle with cinnamon, add about a half inch of water and bake, covered, until well done. The raisins sweeten them, and they are delicious either plain or served with cream. For growing appetites I always had to plan on two to three apples each. I must admit that the only apples I have ever baked are the Jonathans. If you are trying other kinds and feel that you just can't eat them without sugar, do use it sparingly. You will be rewarded with true apple flavor.

One summer I bought cooking apples from a lady who invited me to taste from two different dishes of sauce she had prepared. I was inwardly jolted when I tasted them because their true flavors were camouflaged in the thick, too-sweet sauce so graciously offered me.

Apples are a most versatile fruit, lending themselves to cooking in many ways. They are like potatoes; one never tires of them. I have known of occasions when our younger son would open a pint jar of sauce for a snack and eat the entire contents without sugar.

Here are a few more interesting facts on apples. Seven states lead others in the production of apples and are listed in rank according to total production — Washington, New York, Michigan, Virginia, California, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. Together they produce about 65 percent of the national crop. Almost 70 percent of the crop is sold fresh. Annual production over a 10-year period varies from 110 million to 135 million bushels annually. Only the orange crop exceeds the apple crop.

Apple growers who market their harvest grow only a few kinds. They are varieties most liked by the public, and ship well without spoiling. Eighteen varieties make up about 90 percent of the apples produced in the United States.

This is a list of favorite apples, some, undoubtedly, being found only in certain areas of the country: Baldwin, Cortland, Delicious, Duchess, Esopus Spitzenburg, Golden Delicious, Gravenstein, Grimes Golden, Jonathan, Lodi, McIntosh, Northern Spy, Rhode Island Greening, Rome Beauty, Stayman Winesap, Summer Rambo, Wealthy, Winesap, Yellow Transparent, Yellow Newton, and York Imperial.

The Jonathans are our special favorites, and each fall we look forward to the new crop as much as we do the first robin in the spring.

One of the delights of the fall season is visiting an apple country, or fruit stands anywhere, to view and to buy from the bushels of luscious, colorful fruit lined up for our inspection.

Yes, I do think of the apple as the undisputed queen of the fruit world.



RE/AD PAGE 14, DECEMBER 1971,
KITCHEN-KLATTER

In the far-off sunny Southland
There's a super-duper spread
Made especially for your toast
Or for fancy dessert bread.

Sold only in gourmet shops,
It costs a pretty penny;
Too expensive for my purse,
Indeed, I haven't any!

But there's a dandy substitution,
Economical for you —
Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
Plus peanut butter, and honey, too.

(Proportioned to suit your own taste.) —Katherine Epperson



Kitchen Wizardry

by
Shirley Arkin

How come everything goes so right in the kitchen for some people, but for you it's always a total loss? You've bought a good recipe book and conscientiously follow the directions.

Still, no go.

Frustration heaps on frustration when you see a real whiz operate in the kitchen — without a written recipe — and the results are perfection every time.

Temptation is to blame it on your stars, throw up your hands, and eat out as often as possible. But the truth is that it's not so much what the kitchen wizard does as how he (or she) does it.

Study an experienced chef sometime as he prepares one of his specialties. First thing that's sure to impress you is his enthusiasm for cooking. Consider the fact that the wizard may be a specialist in only one or two dishes and has mastered the recipe blindfolded.

But chances are, you'll be struck by the shortcuts he takes — the time and energy-saving steps you have to read between the recipe lines to discover.

Your past master friend may be making a fancy salad or dessert with oranges, but how did he remove the white membranes so easily? He probably heard that soaking them in boiling water for five minutes before peeling them does the trick every time.

And if he needed whole walnut meats to garnish the dish, he'd soak them overnight in salted water. Speaking of salt, a big teaspoon in the water when cooking eggs will prevent the shells from cracking.

You may have noticed in observing the kitchen wizard that instead of waving a magic wand he is quite adept with gadgets. Now, there are gadgets and gadgets, but some are more useful than others in helping cut down on time and energy spent in the kitchen.

Let's take an example. You want to prepare a perfect French omelet for your guests. The recipe is a snap and you have all the ingredients on hand. But, if you use your regular frying pan you're in for trouble. More often than

not, you'll find the omelet sticks to the pan instead of turning evenly — and your omelet becomes scrambled eggs.

The kitchen wizard nips this unhappy experience in the bud. He uses a *no-stick* fry pan (ask your local housewares dealer to recommend one to you) and one of the new spatulas made from nylon. Besides a soft, soapy-like texture that won't scrape the delicate finish of a no-stick fry pan, these new nylon spatulas are heat-resistant and can withstand temperatures up to 400 degrees. With this combination taking the sticking out of frying, your omelets come out omelets every time.

Another gadget that's sure to save you time and effort is the nylon egg beater. It's practically breakproof and won't melt if laid on a hot surface. And since it can't rust, it will never stick or splatter ingredients all over you.

The list of "unbreakables" for the kitchen is getting longer every day: shock-resistant nylon meat basters, nylon tumblers that won't crack or mar, and nylon vegetable brushes. They'll all help you earn your kitchen wizard rating.

The most alluring dishes look the most complicated, but in fact, can be the easiest to make. Suppose you decide to tackle a Chocolate Mousse Basque and the cream won't whip. Simply add three or four drops of lemon juice or a bit of plain gelatin to it, and it probably will.

If your lemon is dried up, heat it for five minutes in boiling water then squeeze. And if you have leftover cream, freeze it in a small jar and defrost in the refrigerator the next time you make mousse or defrost at room temperature to use as coffee cream.

Parsley is by no means the only garnish available. That divine chicken casserole your wizard friend conjured up may be nothing more than frozen chicken pot pie baked with blanched almonds.

You can garnish any meat with chutneyed peach halves; melon with chopped crystalized ginger or powdered gin-

ger; onion soup with cheese popcorn; salads and baked, stuffed potatoes with crisp, crumbly bacon; the plainest of cakes and ice cream with chocolate curlicues.

If you are about to protest that you don't know how to make chocolate curlicues — don't! Just take your vegetable parer and using big and little strokes, make a variety of shavings from squares of semisweet or bitter chocolate. A shortcut to chopping dates is to cut them into small pieces with kitchen shears dipped lightly, from time to time, in flour to prevent sticking. If your recipe calls for ground nuts, it's easier to crush them between sheets of waxed paper with your rolling pin.

Once you decide to become a chef instead of a can opener, here's a final bit of advice: if you burn yourself in the kitchen, a paste of baking soda and water will ease the pain.



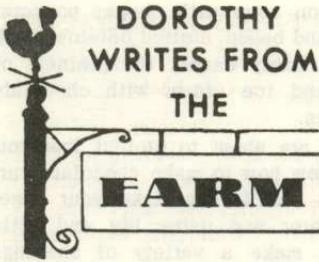
PEACE GARDEN

by
Seleta Brown

City tours do not include Salt Lake City's International Peace Gardens on their itinerary, but to the garden lover these gardens, nestled in a deep bend of the Jordan River, are the most beautiful spot in the city.

Fourteen plots are set aside by the City Parks Department for use by various national groups represented in the Salt Lake area to create with flowers and greenery a small corner of their homeland. Nations who were once bitter enemies now merge their plots into patterns of peaceful loveliness — a Chinese summer retreat, divided by a massive iron gate through which to enter a German garden, or seek the path to the wooden bridge in the Japanese plot replete with statuary and willow trees. Denmark, England, Holland, Norway, Lebanon, and Switzerland are represented. Miniature waterfalls, lakes, streams and even the "Matterhorn" are interspersed with hedges, trees and flowers. It's all free — no guards, nor guides, just browse to your heart's content.

The Peace Gardens had their beginning in 1947, with the Salt Lake Council of Women taking a lead in the planning. When the allotments were offered to the various ethnic groups in the area, these groups formed their own action committees, often receiving help of suggestions and material from the mother country in a gesture of goodwill to all people.



Dear Friends:

After much too much rainy weather with an accompanying flood, when everyone around here was beginning to despair of ever getting anything planted, we have had a few beautiful dry days with low humidity, and tractors are once again at work. We did manage to get some seeding done just before the long rainy spell started, and were glad of that.

There is always a lot of debris scattered over the fields after a flood. The first day Frank was able to get back into the bottom fields after the high water, he came in at noon and announced, "I don't know what dish-washing liquid the women downstream are using these days, but I can certainly tell you the favorite brand of detergent of women upstream."

Frank's sister Bernie had to spend a few days in the hospital since I last wrote to you. She got food poisoning from something and was terribly sick. I have always known that food poisoning could be a serious thing, but had no idea one could feel the aftereffects for so long. It has been four weeks since it happened, and she is just beginning to feel back to normal. With summer months ahead of us, be sure to take special precautions with all food, especially leftovers, and refrigerate them immediately. Don't even try to keep it too long in the refrigerator, and if you have any doubts about it at all, throw it out. After seeing how sick Bernie was, I know I'm going to be a lot more careful from now on. It's better to be safe than sorry.

I was glad Bernie had recuperated enough to go with me to the wedding of our cousin John Johnson and Carol Chambers, which took place in Ames the last Saturday in April. Frank got up that morning with the flu, so any hopes of his going had to be cancelled. I hated to go off and leave him, but he assured me he wasn't that sick, and anyway the Johnson clan is so small he wanted Bernie and me to be present since Edna and Ruth were not able to come. It was an evening wedding, so Bernie and I didn't leave here until noon. We had the afternoon to visit with John's parents, Carl and Caroline Johnson of Sioux City, and John's brother Jim, who had just returned the night before from Germany. Carl's sis-



Kristin writes that all Andy and Aaron talk about is the upcoming visit to their grandparents' farm.

ter Edith Johnson of Omaha arrived about the same time we did, and it was fun to be all together for an hour or two. Although we don't live very far apart, it seems we never get together except on special occasions. John and Jim were both members of Kristin's wedding party.

Ames was not the home town of either John or Carol, but they met while attending Iowa State University. John graduated this spring from the College of Engineering, Carol has been working in the engineering office, and both have many friends there. John is now employed in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where they will make their home.

Bernie and I stayed for the reception, and just as we left it started to rain and rained all the way home. It was so awfully late when we got home that I forgot all about setting the clocks up an hour for daylight saving. Frank had forgotten, too. I got to church the next morning in time for the closing hymn and benediction. My friends are never going to let me live this down. The Birthday Club members were going to take a trip the next Tuesday, so on Monday they all started calling me to be sure I had my clocks set right so we could leave on time.

There are only twelve members in the club, so we can comfortably make a trip in two cars. On this particular day two of the women couldn't go, so we had five in each car. We had been talking about taking a little jaunt together this spring before it got too hot, just for the fun of it, and decided to go to Nebraska City. If any of them had ever been there they had just passed through the town on the highway without stopping to see anything, and when I suggested Nebraska City everyone was in favor.

We had a long way to go and get back on the same day, so it was decided we would meet at 5:30 A.M. for an early

start. Everyone was prompt, and we drove as far as Mt. Ayr before we stopped for coffee. We stopped in Shenandoah just long enough for me to run in and tell Mother that we would be back to have coffee with her and Ruby on our way home. Our next stop was Waubonsie State Park, where we got out to stretch our legs by walking to the top of the lookout to admire the beautiful view.

We spent what time was left in the morning just shopping, and after lunch in a cafe on the main street, we drove to Arbor Lodge. This beautiful mansion and gardens was the home of J. Sterling Morton, who was the author of our national holiday called Arbor Day. It is now a Nebraska State Historical Park, and all through the summer months the home and the carriage house are open to the public. The guide who took us through, and did such a marvelous job of telling us about each item in the house, turned out to be one of our Kitchen-Klatter friends. You could tell that she loved her job and we found out why. She had a personal interest in this beautiful home since her grandmother had worked for the Mortons when she was a young girl. She related many little personal stories her grandmother had told her, which made her guided tours just that much more interesting.

When we got back to Shenandoah we stopped at Mother's and visited awhile. Mother knows all these friends of mine, so she enjoyed showing them her latest sewing projects and some of the rugs and afghans she has made, and they got to see some of the beautiful sweaters and other items Ruby has been knitting.

We stopped in Bedford for a delicious supper, then on home. We all thought we had had a very enjoyable trip, and declared we should do it more often.

We can't remember a year when there were as many morel mushrooms as we had this year. Of course we have had abundant rainfall this spring, and since they are most often found around dead trees and stumps, there has certainly been no shortage of these around the country. Many people found them this year in their own yards, and we found a lot in the pastures. Although in years past we have found them only in the timber, this surely wasn't the case this year. We had all we could eat when they were fresh, put as many in the freezer as we had room for, and I took pounds of them to Shenandoah to the family. Louise Querrey, one of my neighbors, said the last year they found this many was in 1935.

This is the time of year when I don't have the opportunity to sit down at the sewing machine very often, but Lucile

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Grandpa's Work Corner

by
Fern Christian Miller

When I was a little girl Grandpa's work corner held a special meaning. Behind the high cave and smokehouse, between the yard and the barn lot, was a large grassy space shaded by a giant elm tree. A swing had been here for years. As I swung back and forth I watched my grandpa.

Along the back of the smokehouse was his heavy workbench. A vice and anvil, and many tools lay there in summer. Nearby stood the grindstone. It was a treat to turn the handle and keep the water funnel filled when Grandpa ground the mower sickle, or the big hand scythe blade. Sometimes he sharpened his ax, or the big butcher knives.

If Grandma and my mother were cooking for the threshers or hay hands, he went out early and ground her big chicken knife, and the ax blade. For she said "Frank, I can ride to town on this knife, and that range simply eats the wood!" These words puzzled me, but Grandpa knew their meaning well. So he sharpened her knife to cut up the fryers, and the ax to split more wood.

For the big woodpile also stood in the shade of the elm. Grandpa now left most of the hard fieldwork to his sons and sons-in-law, and the hired man, but he still managed the farm, and worked constantly in his corner under the elm.

Grandma scalded the chickens after he beheaded them with the ax. Then Grandpa picked them sitting on an upended chunk of wood. The "extra" well stood out some distance from the smokehouse. It was actually a cistern filled with soft water that ran through the gutters off the smokehouse and washhouse. After picking the chickens he pumped water over them in the big bucket and washed them well, then he handed them to Grandma. She cut them up on the back porch in the shade of the wisteria vines. While she cut the chickens up ready for frying, Grandpa split and carried in wood. I trailed along carrying all I could manage. Grandpa suggested I pick up a basket of chips to hurry the fire, while he mended some harness at the workbench. He sat on a homemade high stool as he worked.

Grandma called from the porch. "You had better put some extra braces on the bench back of the table, Frank. Ben

sat there yesterday." Ben weighed 250 lbs.

"Glad he didn't sit in one of the new chairs," Grandpa chuckled as he mended the heavy bench that always sat back of the long dining room table.

Next, as I swung in the shade, Grandpa went to the truck patch and gathered a great arm load of sweet corn for dinner. I helped him shuck and silk it sitting under the elm. We handed it in to Grandma just minutes before dinner, to be cooked quickly in the huge kettle of boiling water with a little salt and sugar added. The potatoes, carrots, beans and tomatoes, peppers and cucumbers, and cabbage (for slaw) had been gathered in very early. He had picked enough blackberries for pies the evening before, coming in at dark.

After resting for a time after the huge meal where twenty men were fed, Grandfather went back to his work corner to work on a piece of machinery one of the men had pulled up in the shade with the team of horses. He oiled and put in some new part, whistling softly as he worked. For Grandfather used the education he had. There were no "dead wood" ideas rolling around in his gray head. He talked to me, his small granddaughter, quietly and gently, or with robust good humor. I loved his stories, his deep voice, the touch of his big hand on my head.

Near the grindstone stood the corn sheller. What fun it was to turn the handle of the corn sheller, or feed it the big yellow ears as Grandfather turned. For, he said, chickens lay more eggs with brighter yolks from shelled yellow corn. While he scattered the corn in the chicken yard, I built "log cabins" with the long red corn cobs. My brothers used them for horses. All this was also in the work corner under the elm tree.

Beyond the woodpile stood the sorghum mill. In autumn before the frost spoiled the cane. It was stripped, and loads were hauled to the mill where Grandfather kept the donkey going at the turnstile. Here the sweet juice was ground from the cane. A fire was kept going under the sorghum kettle until it was just right to skim and cool. If overcooked the molasses was dark, too thick, and bitter — suitable only for

stock food. But cooked just right, it was a clear red-brown delicious thick syrup, delicious with hot cakes and butter, or hot biscuits. Grandma made gingerbread and cookies with this delightful sweetening, also "egg butter".

I missed sorghum-making after I started to school unless it was done on a Saturday!

The big butchering kettle stood under the outer branches of the elm, and a heavy frame with a log across was where the hogs were hung after scalding. A big table-like affair was where they were scraped clean of hair. These were permanent fixtures under the tree because Grandfather often butchered a fat lamb in summer as well as hogs or beef in cold winter. Because of school I usually missed these big occasions. But they were all part of Grandpa's very important work corner. It was a part of my childhood. What does a modern farmer have for a work corner? Does he still "manage" his farm when he is an old man? Does he use his education as well as our grandpas used their limited knowledge? I wonder?



PLAYGROUND ON THE FARM

by
Florence Proctor

Do you have a wagon with big old-fashioned wooden wheels taking up room behind your farm buildings, or buried in the back of your machine shed? Dig it out before the weather gets too hot, and make a merry-go-round for your children or grandchildren.

All you really need is the axle and one wheel. Dig a hole deep enough to bury the axle at a slight angle, so the wheel at the top will be perhaps 18 to 20 inches from the ground at the low side, and about 30 inches at the high side. If it is too close to the ground, there is not sufficient leg room. Be sure to grease the bearings beforehand so the wheel spins freely, and tamp in the dirt to make it solid.

One child may put his legs between the spokes and pump himself around to make the wheel spin. Or several may sit on it at once and have a real ride. It takes only a few minutes for the youngest child to learn to spin around, and makes for many happy hours of riding.

Make a sandbox for the small fry from a discarded tractor tire. It gives them a rim to sit on, and keeps the sand in one place.

If you don't feel like investing in a small wading pool, set one of your old washtubs out on warm days. A pail or

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FRUIT JARS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

by

Gladys Niece Templeton

While the technique of freezing fruits and vegetables is now an art, the average housewife still has a supply of glass fruit jars in use or at hand.

Records tell us there are eleven hundred shapes, each with its own history of changing styles. Such makes an interesting, informative, and rewarding study. It is fascinating to trace the improvement in jars as the years passed. They speak for themselves: different lettering or designs, who made them, perhaps patent dates and trademarks, the factory where made.

Some jars are almost billboards of many patent dates. A great deal of history was made during the life of a jar. Each is checked as to its age, how sealed, its shape and color, and the lettering and design marked on the glass. However, the name of the maker does not always appear on the jar.

Some years ago I cleaned out the basement accumulation, which included several bushel baskets of very old glass jars which came from Grandmother's home. In recent months I learned from my reading that each of those antique jars should have sold for \$5 each and up. While this was startling information to me, I at least rescued two dozen quart and two dozen pint jars, which I had used and cherished through my housekeeping years, now finding various uses for them about the house.

My neighbor recently gathered old and unused articles from about her home for a garage sale. These were not in good condition, nor attractive, but her newspaper ad brought customers. She priced an old fruit jar at 25¢ until I told her the jar was worth more — price it at \$5. The first lady who came asked its price and took it promptly at \$5.

Perhaps you and I should give more thought to these articles which no longer serve our needs, take storage space, and call for a bit of attention from time to time.

Bottle collectors flourished up to about 1880, but collectors today not only search for jars but give much thought and time to study about them. Most of the old fruit jars have a pioneer story of even more interest than their creation, especially when they came west in covered wagons. They had their place in the soddie of the plains, in readiness for the garden produce or the wild fruit available before fruit trees were planted.

The pioneer furnishings included a supply of glass jars which the antique hunters are searching for today. Many



These fruit jars and bottles, over 100 years old, are in the display near the site of the excavation of the riverboat Bertrand at DeSoto Bend in southwestern Iowa.

of the older homemakers prefer the flavor of canned foods. This is a point for argument, especially where the freezing equipment is at hand.

Can we be called modern while we cling to some of the old ideas which continue to demand our attention? It is our privilege to make the choice.

CHARMING BRACELETS

by
Agnes Thomas

When my neighbor returned from her recent trip abroad, she was wearing a lovely bracelet made up of many unusual charms — everything from a tiny sewing machine to a music box that played "America".

When questioned about her attractive bracelet, she replied, "Well, I love beautiful things and since I can't afford the expensive, regular-sized objects, I decided to collect miniatures. Now when my husband says he will buy me a baby grand, I know he's speaking of a charm for my bracelet."

Perhaps few people realize that the fancy bracelets worn today are really an outgrowth of arm bands and amulets worn by ancient man to ward off evil. For thousands of years early man was frightened by strange events. He believed that mysterious events, such as earthquakes and eclipses, were caused by evil forces which could be controlled if he possessed the power to do so. Objects credited with the power to protect one against these evil forces became known as charms. Although we usually think of early man as being rather ignorant, he apparently pos-

sessed some obscure ideas concerning the occult powers of certain trinkets.

Long before he had either the tools or the skills to shape and engrave stones, man had the desire to use them for adornment. Bracelets for the upper arm as well as for the wrist were popular articles of jewelry. Ancient amulets have been found in Egypt and elsewhere, confirming the popularity of their use. This jewelry of ancient man was made of almost any small objects which could be strung together. Seashells, bits of stone, and even animals' claws, pierced for stringing, bear mute witness to the fact that jewelry became fashionable at a date so remote as to baffle experts as to exact reckoning of century.

We also find many references to bracelets in the Bible. When Abraham sent his servant to seek a wife for his son Isaac, among the gifts he carried with him were "two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold." (Genesis 24:22) Again, in Exodus 35:22, we learn that bracelets were among the jewels of gold which were offered to the Lord.

From these bands worn by our ancestors, modern craftsmen have fashioned many different kinds of bracelets.

Charms and bracelets belong to all ages, from the savage to the civilized. They are worn by the very young as well as by some not so young. Today, a bracelet bearing his name is usually the first thing worn by a newborn baby in the hospital. Not to ward off evil spirits, but for identification to make sure the mother gets her own child!

Many grandmothers take pride in their charm bracelets bearing the names and birthdates of their grandchildren. These can be had in gold or silver with pendants shaped like a child's head.

Boys often give their girlfriends identification bracelets, usually silver, to match the ones they themselves are wearing. These are engraved with the date and initials of the wearer.

A few girls wear ankle bracelets, although these don't seem to be as popular as they once were. An anklet is a fine chain with a small pendant engraved with the owner's name and address.

Some girls make a hobby of collecting charms from countries they have visited; others buy any kind that strikes their fancy. You can usually learn something about a girl by the type of charms she wears. If her current love interest happens to be the school's most popular athlete, she will probably wear a miniature ball, bat, or some piece of athletic equipment. If a girl plans to be a missionary, or is interested in full-time Christian service, she would choose charms shaped like a

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MARY BETH LOOKS FORWARD TO SUMMER'S RELAXATION

Dear Friends:

When you sit down to read my letter this month you can picture me sitting in our backyard, slowly deflating like a large gas balloon. The end of school will have come and gone, and with it all the little "have to" jobs which take precedence over things of a household nature. I expect to mentally take a month to get into low gear for the summer. I surely never realized when I was going through school how much of a final push there was to closing a school year. Anyway, there I am sitting, slowly letting off the extra push like a pressure cooker coming back to normal!

This past weekend we celebrated the Academy's tenth year of operation. There was a gala dinner in the gymnasium, to which invitations had been sent to 1000 people across the length of this country. I had no idea that the school had this many followers, but apparently it does. Fortunately for the children serving the dinner, these 1000 were as busy as we all were, because not quite that many accepted.

The directors invited Russel Kirk to be the principle speaker, and I was unaware of his authoritative position in the field of education. I had read his column, which is syndicated in many newspapers, but I had no idea he served as consultant to President Nixon, which he indicated during his speech, in this same field of education.

The dinner was catered because our school has no kitchen or cafeteria out of which to work, and the girls in the high school acted as waitresses, bringing on the hot meal as rapidly as they were able. There was a speech from one of our first year graduates, who is home from Rice University in Texas. He was a member of last year's graduating class, which was our first graduating class. When the school started in 1962 there were 35 pupils in first through sixth grade, but now we have grown to 280 students. It meant much to Donald and me because we have had children in it since 1963, and of course, have been even more closely associated as teachers these past three years.

The evening after this big, big dinner the Athletic Department of the school held its annual banquet to honor the stars and minor actors in the field of athletics. Adrienne is the only one in the family who earned her patch this year. Paul got his last year when he went out for track, but for sundry reasons he did not go out for a sport this year, so Adrienne upheld the family name with her participation in girls'



Adrienne enjoys dressing up a couple of times a week in a period costume and acting as one of the young hostesses at Hawks Inn, a historical site in Delafield, Wis.

basketball. I rather hope the two youngest ones will be a little more active next year, because our shut-in season is lengthy in Wisconsin, and they tend to become sedentary and washed-out.

There is a gymnastics club they can join if we can set aside the Friday evenings for it. This may be an even better plan, however, than the basketball team or track, because the formal teams require much after school work, which in turn takes time from homework and thence from bedtime. Our youngsters are simply not the best jugglers of their time, and I have a strong suspicion that their homework might suffer the most from a lot of athletics. If Delafield had a YMCA we could put them in this for winter exercise, but I shall worry about that next fall just as Scarlet O'Hara worried about things "tomorrow"!

We finished up the year with the usual final examinations and then I settled down to the task of determining which of the children had the highest academic average for the entire year. I had also to determine which of the children exemplified to the greatest degree the high standards for which the Academy stands and strives. The Academy has five stars in its crest, which stand for Intellect, Character, Truth, Individuality, and Heritage. We remind the children frequently that these are all things which they must develop. The "Heritage" is the fact that they learn to appreciate from their parents on back into the country's heritage. So when I find the child in my class who has shown the most character under conditions of tempting choices, and the one who displays real character and individuality, it will be that child who is singled out to be awarded a book (all the awards are books) for having developed so well along these lines.

Usually the child who is academically ahead of the others is thought by all the children to be the best in everything, whereas all too often this bright child is not necessarily the one with the best character traits. The little girl who received the award in my class this year strived ever so hard to get herself on the honor roll, but she never quite made it. Nevertheless, she never failed to clap loudly for the boy who did make it into the first-place position. This and many other remarkable qualities convinced me that for her years she was possessed of great character. Her mother was very pleased on Awards Day to see her little bit of a girl recognized for trying hard for the entire school year. With this kind of encouragement she will undoubtedly continue to strive hard, because she knows people recognize others who try unswervingly.

Paul had graduation exercises taking him from eighth grade into the College Preparatory end of the upper school. He has grown upwards like a bean pole, and is unable to wear many of his last summer's cool clothes. I had a hunch as I put away his winter corduroys that they will never cover his ankles by next November.

I learned a good lesson, thinking about winter corduroys, this year, and that is that I shall not buy him corduroys or cut velvet (as they are called but they are by no means velvet) pants again. They looked fine through the first ten or fifteen washings, but then they began to wear on all the seams. Soon the corduroy was bare and shiny on all of the seams, and to make matters worse, they did not take happily to the dryer, but proceeded to shrink and shrink and shrink. I usually do not thoroughly dry things in the dryer but prefer to let them line dry after 75% drying in a dryer. These pants were simply too thick to do this with, so they repaid me by growing smaller and smaller.

We managed to finish up the year with one pair of dress navy knit pants for church and for graduation. (And wouldn't I love to have several pairs like this for a boy's wardrobe! They are wonderful to take care of, laundry-wise.) So at least his ankles were not naked when he got his diploma from eighth grade.

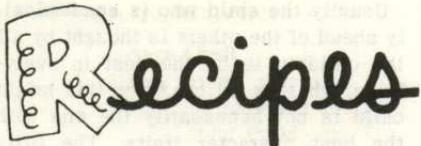
More next month,

Mary Beth

SAFETY SPELLS SENSE

Comes vacation time and it seems that the entire nation takes to the road, particularly the road you happen to be on.

So you've got to keep your mind on driving.



Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

BEST EVER APRICOT SALAD

1 1-lb., 13-oz. can peeled apricots
1 13½-oz. can pineapple chunks
1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges
1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/2 cup chopped pecans
Drain the apricots, pineapple and oranges, saving 1 2/3 cups of the liquid. Heat the liquid to boiling and dissolve the gelatin in this. Cool. Mash or blend the apricots and stir into the gelatin mixture. Add the flavoring, oranges and pineapple. Stir in the nuts. Pour into a mold and chill until firm.

DELECTABLE BUTTERMILK CAKE

1/2 cup shortening (butter or margarine)
1 1/4 cups sugar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
1 1/2 tsp. baking soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1 1/3 cups buttermilk
4 egg whites
1/4 cup sugar

Cream together shortening and 1 1/4 cups sugar until like whipped cream. Add flavorings. Sift together the cake flour, soda and salt and add alternately to creamed mixture with the buttermilk.

Beat 4 egg whites until they peak. Add 1/4 cup sugar and continue beating until quite stiff. Fold into batter.

Pour into 2 greased and floured 9-inch layer pans and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes, or until done.

I put these two layers together with whipped cream to which 1/4 tsp. each of Kitchen-Klatter lemon and vanilla flavorings had been added, plus 2 Tbls. powdered sugar. The additional cream was used to "frost" the top and sides.

This cake went to the office for afternoon coffee break and everyone pronounced it elegant eating — very moist and delicate and with a subtle taste no one could quite figure out. —Lucile

GLAZED HAM LOAF

1 lb. ground ham
1 lb. ground beef
1/2 cup milk
1 beaten egg
2 Tbls. catsup
1 Tbls. prepared mustard
Dash of pepper
1 cup soft white bread crumbs
2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
1 Tbls. chopped parsley

Mix all together thoroughly, form into loaf and bake uncovered for 30 minutes at 375 degrees. Then take out of the oven and pour the following glaze over it:

1/4 cup light brown sugar
2 Tbls. cider vinegar
1/4 cup fruit juice (any kind)

Bring these ingredients to a boil and pour over loaf. Return to oven and bake at least 30 minutes at 375 degrees. (Juice from pickled peaches or crab apples is particularly tasty.) —Lucile

"EGG" COFFEE

1 cup water per person
1 heaping Tbls. coffee per person
1 egg

Place water in pot. Combine coffee grounds (regular grind is best) and slightly beaten egg. When water is boiling, add coffee and egg mixture. Boil gently 3 to 4 minutes.

This is excellent campfire coffee. The purpose of the egg is really to clarify the coffee as well as giving that *old-fashioned* flavor to the fragrant hot drink. 1 lb. of coffee should make 45 to 50 fine cups. At the end of the boiling time, pull the pot over to the side of the fire so the contents will stay hot but the boiling will stop.

—Evelyn

DELICIOUS BARBECUE SAUCE

1/2 cup sliced onions
1/2 cup catsup
1/2 cup water
1 tsp. lemon juice
2 Tbls. cider vinegar
1 1/2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. salt
1/4 cup brown sugar
1 tsp. dry mustard
1/2 tsp. paprika

Chop onions quite thin and put in a heavy pan. Add liquid ingredients and then the spices that have been mixed together. (If you are emptying a catsup bottle, put the 1/2 cup of water called for in it and shake it up.) Bring to a boil and then remove from fire.

I first made this to go over a plain meat loaf the last 30 minutes that it baked and thought I'd never had a sauce that did more for a plain old meat loaf. Then I prepared it to barbecue spareribs and my company ate them with gusto . . . said they hadn't had such good ribs for years! —Lucile

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH RICE

1 lb. chicken livers
1/4 cup butter or margarine
2 Tbls. olive oil or salad oil
2 medium onions, chopped
2 whole garlic cloves
2 Tbls. parsley, chopped
1 bay leaf
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup regular rice
Pour boiling water over livers and let them stand for a few minutes.

In a saucepan melt butter or margarine and oil. Add onions, garlic, parsley and bay leaf. Sauté until onion is golden. Discard garlic and bay leaf. Add livers and cook covered over low heat until done, about 5 minutes, adding a little boiling water as the mixture becomes dry. Remove livers and measure liquid in pan, adding water to make 2 cups.

Return liquid to pan and bring to a boil. Salt and pepper to taste. Stir in rice and cook until most of liquid is absorbed and the rice is almost, but not quite, done. Stir in livers and put in an ovenproof buttered mold. Cover top tightly with foil and bake in a 350-degree oven for 20 minutes. Unmold onto a warm plate. —Mae Driftmier

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT LEMON PIE

1 1/2 cups sugar
1/4 cup cornstarch, plus 2 Tbls.
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup cold water
1/2 cup lemon juice
3 egg yolks, well beaten
2 Tbls. butter or margarine
1 1/2 cups boiling water
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1 9-inch baked pie shell

In your heaviest saucepan mix sugar, cornstarch and salt; gradually add cold water and mix thoroughly. Then add lemon juice, beaten egg yolks and butter or margarine. When well blended, add boiling water gradually to the mixture.

Put on stove and bring to boil on medium heat, stirring constantly. Reduce heat and boil 1 minute; add lemon flavoring.

Pour hot filling into baked pie shell and immediately cover with meringue made by beating the 3 egg whites until frothy, adding 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar, 6 Tbls. sugar (adding gradually) and a few drops of lemon flavoring. When stiff, spread over hot filling and bake at 425 degrees until lightly browned.

This pie is absolutely delicious when made following these directions. It does NOT soak into the crust even though filling is turned into the crust very hot. A day later it is just as good as when first made.

This recipe came from a friend in Omaha. —Lucile

BARBECUE HAMBURGER BAKE

1 cup long grain rice
 1 onion, chopped
 1/2 clove garlic, finely minced
 1 cup finely chopped celery
 2 Tbls. salad oil
 1 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef
 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 3/4 cup catsup
 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 2/3 cup shredded cheese

Cook the rice. Sauté the onion, garlic and celery in the oil until slightly softened, then add the meat and cook, stirring, until crumbly and lightly browned. Add the salt, pepper, catsup and Worcestershire sauce. Simmer about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Put the cooked rice in a large casserole and pour the meat mixture over it. Top with the shredded cheese. Cover and bake in a 350-degree oven about 30 minutes. Remove the cover for the last few minutes of baking time. —Dorothy

NEAPOLITAN POUND CAKE

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 4 eggs
 1 18 1/4-oz. pkg. white cake mix
 3/4 cup milk or water
 3/4 cup strawberry-flavored milk mix powder
 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
 3/4 cup chocolate-flavored milk mix powder
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Grease and lightly flour a 10-inch tube pan or a Bundt cake pan. In large mixer bowl, combine softened cream cheese and eggs. Beat until smooth. Add dry cake mix and milk or water. Beat on low speed until blended, then at high speed for about 4 minutes or until light and fluffy. Divide batter into three portions. Add strawberry-flavored milk mix powder and strawberry flavoring into one portion. Add chocolate-flavored milk mix powder and burnt sugar flavoring into second portion. Combine white portion with the vanilla flavoring. Pour strawberry layer into prepared pan. Spoon vanilla mixture over the first layer. Lastly, spoon chocolate mixture over vanilla layer. Bake at 350 degrees about 45 to 55 minutes or until done. Cool in pan for 15 minutes. Remove onto cake rack and cool completely. Glaze or sprinkle with powdered sugar.

This may also be made into a 9- by 13-inch cake with a beautiful marble effect. Drop spoonfuls of various colors around inside of pan. With a knife cut through a few times. Bake as given for about 40 minutes or until done.

—Evelyn

CABBAGE-CHEESE BAKE

3 cups coarsely cut cabbage
 3/4 cup grated cheese
 1 cup light cream
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 2 slices bacon, crumbled
 Dash of celery salt
 1/2 cup cracker crumbs
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 Combine everything except the cracker crumbs and butter or margarine and pour into a buttered casserole. Sprinkle with crumbs and dot with butter or margarine. Bake in a preheated 350-degree oven about 45 minutes. —Dorothy

SHRIMP OMELET

2 Tbls. cooking oil
 1/2 cup water chestnuts, sliced
 1/4 cup green onions, sliced
 1/2 cup celery, diced
 1/2 cup bean sprouts, drained
 1/2 cup (or more) cooked shrimp
 6 eggs
 Salt or soy sauce to taste

Heat oil in heavy skillet or omelet pan. Lightly sauté water chestnuts, onions, celery, bean sprouts and shrimp (about 2 minutes). Remove from heat and cool at least to lukewarm. Beat eggs lightly, just enough to be stringy but not liquid. Add salt or soy sauce to taste. Fold in other ingredients. Spoon into omelet pan and cook. When brown on one side, turn and brown on other. Also may be cooked on greased pancake griddle in thinner cakes like egg foo yung. Serve with the following sauce:

1 cup meat stock
 1 Tbls. cornstarch
 1 Tbls. soy sauce
 1 Tbls. water

(Meat stock may be made by dissolving a bouillon cube in 1 cup water, either chicken or beef, is excellent.) Blend cornstarch with soy sauce and water. Blend into meat stock. Cook until slightly thickened and transparent. Serve over shrimp omelet.

BLENDER BEET SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 cup hot beet juice (or juice from a 1-lb. can of beets and water to make 1 cup)

1/4 lemon, seeded and peeled

1 tsp. salt

1/2 of very small onion

1 Tbls. horseradish

1 1-lb. can beets, drained

Into container put the gelatin and beet juice. Cover and blend on high speed for 20 seconds. Add rest of ingredients, cover and blend on high speed for 10 seconds, or until beets are coarsely chopped. Pour into a 4-cup mold and chill until firm. This is very good with sour cream as a dressing.

—Mae Driftmier

RAINBOW SALAD**Red Layer**

1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 1 cup cherry juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 1 1-lb. can dark pitted cherries

White Layer

1 envelope plain gelatin
 1/2 cup milk
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 1 cup heavy whipping cream, whipped

Green Layer

2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
 2 cups hot water
 1 1/2 cups canned pineapple syrup, plus water
 1 1-lb. can (2 1/2 cups) crushed pineapple, drained

Dissolve cherry gelatin in hot water, add cold cherry juice, plus cherry flavoring and drained cherries. Turn into bottom of 9-cup mold and place in the refrigerator to get firm.

Soften plain gelatin in milk in small container. Then heat to dissolve softened gelatin. Blend cream cheese and mayonnaise together and then stir in the dissolved gelatin. Fold whipped cream into cheese mixture and pour over congealed cherry gelatin. Return to refrigerator.

Dissolve lime gelatin in hot water and add cold pineapple syrup and water. When beginning to thicken, fold in the well-drained crushed pineapple and then pour over the firm white layer. Refrigerate until time to serve. Use your favorite topping.

NOTE: This big, colorful and delicious salad will serve 16 and should be made in a 9-cup mold. Before long we hope to offer a handsome, copper mold that holds 9 cups. —Lucile

FROZEN FRUIT SLUSH

1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade
 1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice
 1 8-oz. box frozen strawberries
 1 1-lb. can crushed pineapple (with juice)
 1 4-oz. jar maraschino cherries
 3 or more bananas, diced
 2 1/2 cups water
 1 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Partially thaw frozen juices and fruit. Combine all ingredients, including juice from strawberries and cherries. Taste. If too strong, add a bit more water. Freeze in individual firm cups. Cover and store in freezer until 20 or 30 minutes before serving time. Delicious served for a brunch with rolls and coffee. Also excellent for a breakfast fruit cup or a quick dessert.

—Evelyn

COMPANY BEEF POT ROAST

1 8 1/4-oz. can sliced pineapple
 2 Tbls. soy sauce
 2 Tbls. brown sugar
 3 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/8 tsp. minced garlic
 1/2 tsp. dried basil
 1 4-lb. beef pot roast
 2 Tbls. oil
 3 Tbls. cornstarch
 1/4 cup water

Drain the syrup from the pineapple and add enough water to it to make 1 1/2 cups. Combine this with the soy sauce, brown sugar, lemon juice, garlic and basil. Pour this over the roast



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Kitchen-Klatter
Flavorings

in a shallow pan. Cover and marinate at room temperature for 2 hours, turning the meat occasionally. Remove the roast from the marinade and brown it in the hot oil in a Dutch oven. Add 1 cup of the marinade mixture, reserving the rest. Cover and roast approximately three hours in a 350-degree oven, or until the meat is tender. Baste occasionally. Ten minutes before removing it from the oven, top with the pineapple slices. Remove the meat to a platter. Add the reserved marinade and enough water to the pan drippings to make 2 cups of liquid. Combine the cornstarch and water and stir into the drippings. Cook and stir until thickened. Drizzle over the meat. —Dorothy

SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE DROPS

2 ozs. unsweetened chocolate, melted
 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 2 eggs
 1 cup sour cream
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 3/4 cups sifted flour
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup chopped walnuts

Stir the melted chocolate into the vegetable shortening. Gradually add the sugar, creaming well. Beat in the eggs one at a time, then add the sour cream and flavorings. Sift the flour, soda, baking powder and salt together. Gradually add to the creamed mixture. Add the nuts. Chill at least one hour. Then drop by teaspoon onto a lightly greased cooky sheet. Bake approximately 10 minutes in a 375-degree oven. —Dorothy

PEAR PUREE SALAD

1 lb. can pears
 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
 1 1/2 cups whipped topping mix
 1/3 cup chopped pecans
 1/2 cup drained and chopped maraschino cherries

Drain the pears, reserving 1 cup of the juice. Add 1/2 cup of water to this and heat to boiling. Dissolve the gelatin in the liquid. Add the flavoring. Beat the cream cheese into the warm mixture. Mash or blend the pears, and fold into the gelatin-cheese mixture and chill until syrupy. Fold in the whipped topping mix, nuts and cherries. Pour into an 8-inch square pan or a mold. Chill until firm. —Dorothy

SPECTACULAR DEMON CAKE!!

4 ozs. unsweetened chocolate
 1 cup butter
 2 1/4 cups sugar
 5 eggs, separated
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 3 cups sifted cake flour
 1 tsp. baking soda
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 cups buttermilk

Melt chocolate over hot water. Cream butter and sugar together until extremely light and fluffy and then add the melted chocolate and mix thoroughly. Stir in 5 egg yolks that have been beaten well. Add flavorings. Then add sifted dry ingredients alternately with the buttermilk. When absolutely smooth, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into 3 9-inch layer pans, well-greased and floured. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes, or until done.

Chocolate Icing Deluxe

4 cups powdered sugar
 2 large eggs
 2/3 cup soft butter
 2 ozs. unsweetened chocolate, melted
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Add sugar to very well-beaten eggs and then add remaining ingredients and beat until smooth and fluffy. Enough to put layers together and to cover the top and sides. —Lucile

CAMPERS' TUNA

1 large (12 1/2-oz.) can tuna, drained
 10-oz. pkg. noodles, cooked
 2 cups milk
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
 2 cans cream of chicken soup
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 Tbls. butter or margarine
 Cook noodles in boiling salted water as directed. Combine with remaining ingredients. Heat until bubbling hot.

This is easy to prepare over a campfire or on a camp stove in a heavy skillet or kettle or can be made into a casserole at home by spooning combined ingredients into baking dish, topping with buttered crumbs, if desired, and baking about 20 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

With carrot sticks, jelly sandwiches, canned peaches or fresh fruit and cookies, this makes a delicious camping meal. It is a generous amount and serves 8 to 10, depending on how hearty an appetite camping has produced. —Evelyn

BUSY, AS USUAL

by

Evelyn Birkby

It is a hot summer day but the only ones around here taking advantage of the lazy sunshine are Attu and Ahab. They are stretched out on the warm cement of the patio just close enough for companionship but far enough away to keep any friction from developing. Ahab's sharp tabby-cat claws can sweep across Attu's blunt husky-dog nose without a moment's warning, so Attu has learned just how near he can come without annoying the cat. Surprisingly, despite this need for a neutral space of air between them, they seem to enjoy each other's abrasive company.

Past the patio, down the lawn, and across the road from us, another type of activity is taking place. Our neighbors have been going in and out of their house carrying loads of clothes and boxes of bedding and supplies of food. They are getting their travel trailer ready to go on a camp-out.

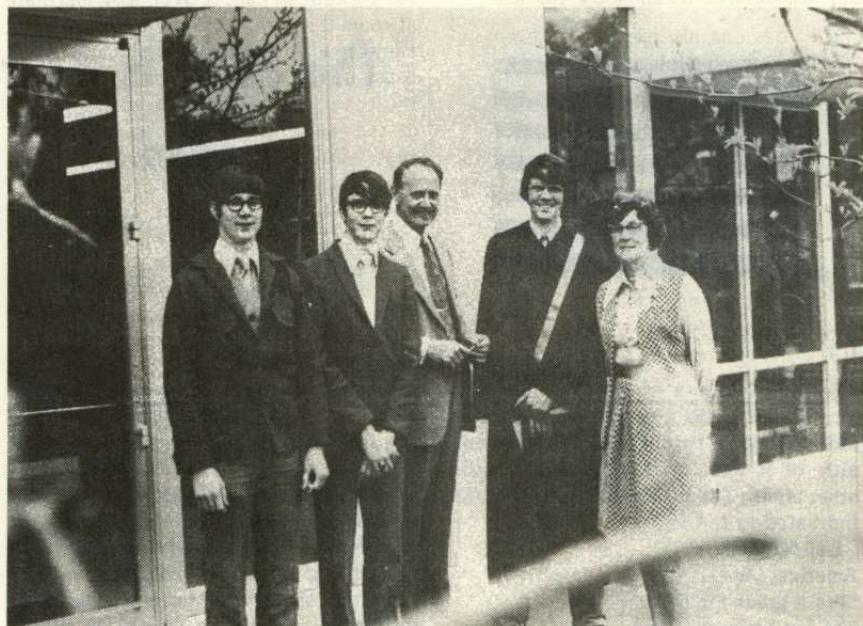
This is definitely a time when many people pack up and go off to the lakes or the mountains or the seashore. A number of fine camping spots near beautiful hills and lakes are within easy driving distance of our home here in Sidney, Iowa. The Ozark Mountains to the south and the Minnesota water playgrounds to the north are not very far, either.

But this is shaping up as the summer when we will explore the beauties immediately adjacent to our home town. With two graduations just over and more college work ahead, it seemed wise to let our summer plans be modest this year. Besides, it is easy to overlook lovely places nearby simply because they are familiar.

Leaving the garden would not be easy, either. With the spring rains coming so prolifically, the garden began growing luxuriously enough as to be almost overwhelming. It is producing enough to keep us busy from now until frost!

If I were completely responsible for the garden in this family we would have a much smaller amount. My first and only experience of gardening alone proved to be a total disaster. The rows looked like the switch tracks of a railroad terminal. Seeds which should have been sown thick went in thin and those that should have been thin ended up in the ground in handfuls.

The bulbs I planted were even worse. Robert wondered why they were taking so long to come through the ground. Finally, he dug one up and found the poor stem growing down and around and struggling up toward the surface. The roots were reversing the process. I had



The Birkby family gathers around son Bob on graduation day. Craig, Jeff, Robert, Bob and Evelyn are standing in front of the beautiful Epaley Auditorium on the Morningside College campus in Sioux City, Iowa.

put them in upside down! Bulbs and nature, it seemed, knew much more about how they should grow than I did.

My second crisis came when I had to distinguish between the new tiny plants and the new tiny leaves sent through the ground by the weeds. Someone had roguishly suggested that the best solution to this dilemma is to pull up everything and whatever grows back will be weeds. I didn't use this solution, but I never really came up with any better way of identifying the unwanted from the wanted.

Toward the end of the season when some of my carefully nurtured plants refused to develop edible produce or beautiful flowers, it was apparent they were not what I thought them to be. My efforts that summer produced precious few results. I resigned from gardening forever, except as a helper, and picked up the gauntlet in the kitchen.

One of the problems of being a gardener (or, as is now the case, of having a real gardener in the family) is the lack of time to sit and enjoy the fruits of all this labor. If any of us sits down during the busy summer days or evenings it is to stem the strawberries, take the tails off gooseberries, shell peas, snap beans, trim beets, clean spinach, sort raspberries or peel tomatoes! Otherwise we are up hoeing or weeding or putting on fertilizer.

The flower bed is as frustrating as the vegetable garden when it comes to lack of time to sit and enjoy prolific blooms. The roses must be sprayed, dusted, fed, trimmed, watered and hoed. The same process, more or less, goes from petunias, moss roses, geraniums, zinnias, iris, marigolds, ageratum,

phlox and mums. Who has time left from all this to dawdle on a lawn chair and watch martins swoop on mosquitoes?

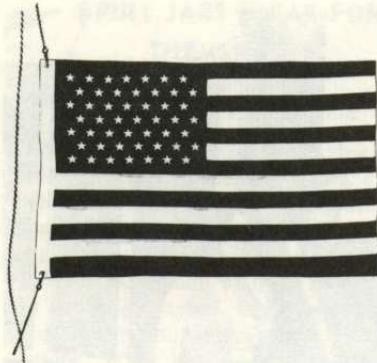
Just as Robert announces we are caught up on the garden work it is time to really begin the process of freezing and canning and jamming and pickling. Now I feel needed and efficient and useful. I have fine recipes, a pressure canner, jars, lids, a freezer and a good stove. The vision of good foods to go into interesting menus during the winter keeps me motivated to process all time and energy will permit.

Gardening is a great extracurricular hobby, providing healthful outdoor activity and tasty, nutritious food for the table. The single undisputed necessity is at least one really fine gardener with the background, tenacity and strength to carry through the long growing season.

I'm reminded of a friend who does a great deal of work in the garden. She insists her favorite flowers are the ones she sees on the blanket of the bed upon which she collapses at night!

The boys have been fine garden helpers through the years. (Hopefully they will have enough experience with their father to do better than their mother.) However, they have not been around much this summer to help. Just as soon as his graduation from Morningside College was completed, Bob took off for Colorado with his piano instructor, Mr. Larry Graham, to enjoy two weeks of camping and mountain climbing before going on to Cimarron, New Mexico. He is spending the summer on the staff at the Philmont National Scout Ranch as a conservationist.

(Continued on page 20)



This Land Is Your Land

A PATRIOTIC SKIT

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place a small American flag on a small table covered with a white cloth. Arrange two blue candles on one side of it and two red candles on the other side. These are to be lighted as indicated in the skit.

Leader:

America, America,
'Tis a great land that I love,
Truly a promised land
Blessed by God above.

America, America,
Founded by those great men
Whose ideals have been fought and
died for
Time and time again.

America, America,
Land where freedom lives,
Whose opportunities are without end —
She gives and gives and gives.

America, America,
How much she offers you;
Set your goals, dream your dreams,
Here you can make them all come true.

—M.N.B.

Song: "America the Beautiful".

First Speaker: I light our first candle for America, THE LAND OF PLENTY—with the fruitful harvests of its great fields and orchards and its vast mineral resources and its mighty forests—a country whose people can find opportunities unlimited and expect the compensation of abundance for their worthy efforts.

Leader: "When an American says that he loves his country, he means not only that he loves the New England hills, the prairies glistening in the sun, the wide and rising plains, the great mountains, and the sea. He means that he loves an inner air, an inner light in which freedom lives and in which a man can draw the breath of self-respect." —Adlai Stevenson

Second Speaker: I light our second candle for America, THE LAND OF THE FREE — just one part of the priceless heritage left to us by our country's founding fathers, and what a precious part! They saw it as a nation of hospitality, open to all peoples, a land where men need not live in fear of slavery nor have their homes confiscated at the whim of any who had

authority. They saw it as a land where families might go peacefully to sleep at night without fear of being secretly thrown into prison or tortured in a concentration camp, nor need they worship in hidden cellars for fear of spies or dictators. A nation striving always to help its peoples to overcome and to know that the heritage of each enriched the other — a nation where its "freedom of press and speech" allow its bitterest enemies to be heard — yea, while they partake of her bounties!

Leader:

The melting pot has fused and brought
the best

Forth as our heritage. Our children
must

Now keep the faith with those who
rest, and trust

In God to help them carry on their plan
Of freedom on earth for every man.
It's a sacred trust to be an American!

—Sunshine

Third Speaker: I light the third candle for America, THE LAND OF BEAUTY. From "sea to shining sea" America is beautiful. No matter where you look, God the Master Artist has painted a great picture — rivers, great lakes, majestic mountains, mountain streams, fertile plains, green valleys, timbered hills — offering solace to the spirit and to man's well-being. May every day see us become more aware of the need to care for and preserve this great beauty of our land.

Song: "For the Beauty of the Earth", or the leader may quote the first verse of "America the Beautiful".

Fourth Speaker: I light our fourth, and last, candle for America, THE LAND OF PROMISE — where, in spite of strife and differences, its people are striving to live together in brotherhood and to cling to the religious faith upon which our country was founded. America, the Land of Promise, where we still must work for that great ideal of free enterprise and equal opportunities for all, that we may ever be an enlightened nation.

Leader: Your country is all that surrounds you, all that has reared and nourished you, everything that you have loved. That land you see, those houses, those trees, those smiling

children you pass, that is your country. The laws that protect you, the bread which rewards your toil, the words you exchange, the joy and the sadness which come to you from men and the things amid which you live, that is your country. You see it, and you breathe it everywhere! Imagine, my son, your rights and your duties, your affections and your needs, your recollections and your gratitude, all united under one name, and that name will be MY COUNTRY.

—Unknown

Song: "America".

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

by

Virginia Thomas

Have you ever wondered just when the cherished and famous Liberty Bell has been rung, and when they stopped using it? Here are a few of the important occasions on which the bell was used.

Of course the best known occasion for its pealing was on July 4, 1776, when it announced the official adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

Imagine how proudly and joyfully it was rung on October 24, 1781, to celebrate General Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, which event signaled the drawing to a close of the Revolutionary War.

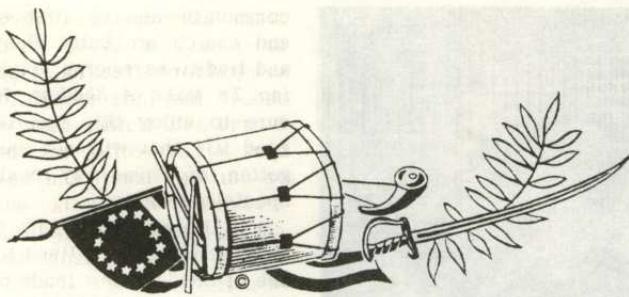
It was a joyous occasion when Lafayette, who had led the French in giving such able assistance to Washington in the war, returned for a visit to Independence Hall on September 29, 1824, and the bell was rung in his honor that day.

The famous bell tolled the death of the author of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, on July 4, 1826. John Adams also died that same day. Strange coincidence that these two great statesmen, who had done so much to get our new nation off on the right foot, should die on the same day, the birthday of its independence!

Of course it was rung on July 14, 1826, to announce the beginning of "The Year of Jubilee", our country's fiftieth anniversary celebration.

The bell was rung to commemorate George Washington's birthday for many years, the last time being an attempt to ring it on February 22, 1843, when the fracture in the bell increased to such an extent that no effort has been made to ring the famous bell since.

It's said that the bell was being tolled for the death of Chief Justice John Marshall on July 8, 1835, when the crack developed, starting at the rim of the bell and going in a right hand direction toward the top. The precious bell now rests in state in a glass case in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.



Famous Yankee Doodles

by
Erma Reynolds

Declaration of Independence, Liberty Bell, Yankee Doodle — these are all familiar symbols of the Fourth of July. The background of the Declaration of Independence and Liberty Bell are well known, but not too many folks are acquainted with the origins of Yankee Doodle.

Did you know, for example, that the patriotic painting, "The Spirit of '76" was first titled "Yankee Doodle"?

The picture was created in 1876 by Archibald M. Willard, a cartoonist living in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Willard wanted to enter an exhibit in the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, and acting upon a friend's suggestion that he draw a "Yankee Doodle" picture, he planned it as a cartoon, lampooning the patriotic theme.

But, as he worked, the flag, fife and drum in his drawing, that to him denoted Yankee Doodle, began to lose their comic import and became patriotic symbols, signifying the inspired purpose of the real Yankee Doodle fifers, drummers, and flag bearers. Willard abandoned the idea of doing the subject in a humorous vein and painted a picture with a serious patriotic theme.

Mr. Willard chose his 75-year-old father to serve as the model for the central figure, a friend of his own age was the fifer, and a young boy from the Cleveland Military School portrayed the drummer.

The "Yankee Doodle" painting was exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876. At the close of the Exposition, the drummer boy's father, General J.W. Devereaux, purchased the picture and in 1880 presented it to Marblehead, Mass., his home town, "in memory of brave men of Massachusetts who have died in battle for their country." The picture now hangs in Abbot Hall Library in Marblehead.

The famous tune of "Yankee Doodle" originated as a joke. The song is so old no one knows exactly where or when it originated, but it is generally believed to date back to an English nursery rhyme featuring "Lucy Locket who lost her pocket."

British troops brought the song to America in 1755 when they came to fight in the French and Indian Wars. The well-dressed, well-trained English soldiers did not think much of their ragtag Yankee allies, and sneered and jeered at the shabbily clad Colonial troops.

Dr. Richard Shuckburg, a British army surgeon, who was also somewhat of a poet and musician, took advantage of the situation and put new words to the old tune to make musical fun of the "homely clad Colonials".

Rather than being insulted with the song, the Colonial soldiers thought it was great, and sang and whistled it while they marched or sat around their campfires.

"Yankee Doodle" continued to be sung and played as a gay jig tune for some 20 years. But with the coming of the Revolution, it became a battle march, first played at the Battle of Lexington with fife and drum, and triumphantly by a Yankee band at Yorktown, Virginia, on October 19, 1781, when General Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington.

The song was officially printed for the first time in 1796 under the title of "Yankee Doodle". What is considered to be America's first true national song has appeared through the passing years in many forms, with numerous additions being made to the original 16 stanzas.

By the way, how many verses of "Yankee Doodle" can you sing? Try it on the Fourth of July.



O, THAT I MIGHT BE A FRIEND

O, that I be never blind enough to overlook the sunset, and be inspired by its illuminating glow that touches the heart of the evening earth with the same invigorating warmth that old friends know who have shared many happy hours together.

O, may the hours of my days and years be ever spent in bringing color to the lives of those who see it not, and kindly words to those who need them most.

—Don Beckman

OUT-OF-SEASON SPECIALTIES

by
Evelyn Witter

Who feels like Christmas in July? I do! I do because preparing for Christmas during the summer has netted me money, year after year after year.

But not only Christmas out-of-season has made delightful music in my home till, for all seasons have their tinkle out of season.

It all started when yard sales, rummage sales, garage sales and the like began to gather momentum in popularity. Every one I attended had some out-of-season articles that were passed by by all the other buyers. And since I was the only interested buyer, the prices went ridiculously low. For example: A gorgeous wreath (a little weary looking) made of various-sized pine cones was offered to me for 20¢. Of course I took it! Once I got it home I sprayed the wreath with gold spray paint and stored it away.

The following December, along with innumerable other items picked up the same way, I sold that wreath for \$5.00! Thousands per cent profit. Very few merchants can boast a mark-up like that!

Easter centerpieces, Fourth of July napkins, Thanksgiving figurines for the dining table, tableclothes with definite seasonal motifs, children's sleds, ornaments, gadgets, certain tools, etc., all purchased out-of-season, have been a source of found money for me.

What I do is "fix up" these purchases (paint, launder, and other freshening procedures are all this is needed since I do not buy the badly damaged) and when the right season rolls around again I place a small ad in the local paper, display my wares near and on the dining room table, and sell them at an in-season price.

If you can just visualize how attractive various items can be when the time is right, you can be in business. It will surprise you perhaps, just as it surprised me, how an Easter egg tree purchased in September, looking as unattractive as anything could look unattractive because it was contrary to the September mood, could take on beauty and meaning and desirability before Easter because it was just right for the feel of that time of the year.

Out-of-season buying is the wisdom of tinkle in the till.

BEAT THE HEAT

1. Get as much restful sleep as possible.
2. Add more salt to your diet.
3. If you perspire a lot, drink more fluids and take salt pills.
4. Dress lightly, bathe frequently.



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

It was the summer of 1909. With the whistle of the steam locomotive and the final fond farewells, the Cashatt family was leaving Iowa for their new home in South Dakota. *Nothing To Make A Shadow* (Iowa State University Press, Press Bldg., Ames, Iowa \$5.95) by Faye Cashatt Lewis is the story of homesteading experiences of young Faye and her family. They settled near Dallas, South Dakota, the Gateway to the Rosebud. This was the gathering and dispersal point for people who came to take advantage of the opening of the Rosebud Indian Reservation to white settlement, almost the last frontier country of our West.

Mrs. Lewis was a Webster City, Iowa physician for more than 25 years, and recalls those homesteading days as pleasurable. Despite the droughts and disappointments, there were many happy times and the riches of her family were good health, ambition, hope, and pride. She suggests if one seeks a true account of the early days of this prairie country, one look at the Harvey Dunn paintings on the college campus



Juliana says she could write a book on things that take place at the table at her house! James, with a whipped cream hand, is telling his daddy how he helped make the dessert for their dinner.

at Brookings, South Dakota. "The Prairie Is My Garden" is one painting that shows the spirit of the frontier, the how and why of all the endurance.

On first seeing this picture, she thought it was her own mother standing by their homestead. The author felt the painting "radiated the magic of love and enchantment that flows from the mind and suffuses the material environment in its glow."

The title of the book is taken from her mother's exclamation, "There's nothing to make a shadow. If we could just see some shade somewhere, it wouldn't seem quite so hot." Mrs. Lewis shares the treasures of the virgin prairie as well as the growth of the

community as the first schoolhouse and church are built. People, events and traditions emerge vividly in *Nothing To Make A Shadow*. Readers are sure to enjoy this recollection of a good life that will not easily be forgotten, and some may recall their own special memories.

Mrs. Lewis writes in *Nothing To Make A Shadow*, "I lived for a time in one of the last new lands on this continent. Who is left to tell, if I do not, what it was like to live in a spot uncrowded and unpolluted, where solitudes transcended loneliness to become precious nurturings for the human spirit?"

To those of you who enjoyed the book *To Touch the Sky* by June Parker Goldman, you'll be pleased to know she has written another book *Search Every Corner* (Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. South, Nashville, Tennessee 37202, \$2.95). Mrs. Goldman writes, "These are some of the more important things I wish I had included in the letters I have written to my children if there had ever been time for letters like that. I have written very personally. And yet what I have written will find parallels in every person's life — for we are all made of the same stuff, and we are all searching.

"But if, in all of our searching, we are to discover what we are hoping to find, we shall have to look in the corners!"

In the turmoil swirling about parents and their children today, there is a need to be reassured of an intrinsic, shimmering quality at the core of life. This quality is the gift of seeing Christ in the daily events which we often ignore — a gift which June Parker Goldman has shared with her family and now freely shares with the reader.

Mrs. Goldman is the wife of Rev. Max Goldman of Keokuk, Iowa. She is active in church and community affairs, but her husband and three children continue to hold "stage center" in her life.

Her enthusiasm for living is shared with us as she writes, "Every day is an adventure to be welcomed." *Search Every Corner* will make a fine addition to a church library and for your own library, also.

Bring Me A Unicorn Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh 1922-1928 (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95) is a book which is now receiving wide publicity, and rightly so. At an early age Anne Morrow wanted to be a writer. To her, "an experience was not finished, not truly experienced, unless written down or shared with another." She faithfully recorded in her diary the significant impressions and telling events of her life and their

(Continued on page 20)

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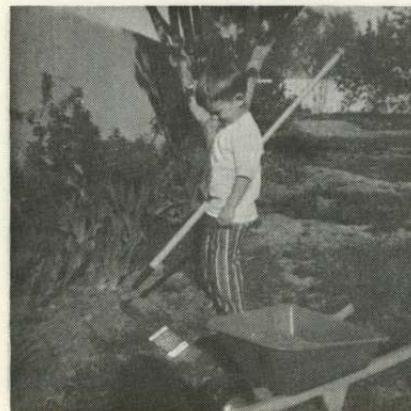
THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

So many exciting things happen in the garden during July — annual flowers come into their own, perennial phlox, day lilies, lilies, monkshood, lythrum, and many other flowers burst into bloom. It's a joy to weed, hoe, spray and work among so much beauty. Now that iris have started a rest period, this is a good time to dig and divide overgrown clumps. It is a wise gardener who makes an almost daily inspection tour of all the flower beds and garden to look for insect invasion and to remove faded blooms and seed pods. Put summer mulch around roses and perennial phlox to help maintain moisture and to keep the roots cool. If you are planning on exhibiting dahlias, and mums next month, disbud the plants that are to grow specimen blooms. Use a sharp knife and remove the extra buds with a clean cut in the leaf node so that no stub will show.

A reader writes that she received a lovely cyclamen plant for Mother's Day and now the foliage is dying. She wants to know how to save her plant. It is natural for this bulb plant to go dormant. Simply withhold water until all the foliage is dead. Remove this and set the pot in the basement for a three-month rest. In October bring the pot upstairs again and remove the bulb. Usually cyclamens will show buds on the surface indicating new growth is eminent. The bulb can be potted in fresh, humus soil that is moist, but not soggy-wet. After the first leaves appear, feed the plant a soluble plant food every ten days. Always leave a cyclamen bulb protruding out of the soil when potting and water around the rim of the pot, not in the center.

"Please tell me how to save my African violets," pleads Mrs. Dale F. "Some of my older plants started to wilt and the leaves next to the pot looked water-soaked. Some of them turned black and died. Now I notice the trouble on some of my new plants and their flowers fade in a short time. I can find no insect pests on the plants. Growing African violets has given me so much pleasure, as I start new plants and I give so many for gifts when they are in full bloom. I had no trouble when I had just a few plants but now that I have several dozen, this had to come. Can you help?"



James Lowey loves to help hoe and can identify a few weeds now.

You probably have Botrytis blight in your African violets. The disease starts with a small water-soaked lesion on the underside of the leaf petioles and this may enlarge until it involves the whole leaf blade. It spreads by direct contact from one plant to another. To control, remove all diseased and dead tissue from your plants. Space the plants far enough apart to allow good air circulation and so that the plants do not touch each other. Watch for mite invasion as one precedes or follows the other trouble.

CABBAGE HEAD

"C" is for cabbage, so clean and crunchy.
A head makes a bowl of slaw, so munchy!
Ground, chopped or shredded, for kraut or just cooked,
Its vitamin content shouldn't be overlooked.
King of the garden, it does have a head,
Now, what is it thinking as I shred and shred? —Mollie Pitluck Bell

OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH

Crackers popping; bells ring out.
Greet the morning with a shout.
Hurry! Hurry! Flags fly high.
Hip, hooray! Fourth of July.
Soldiers passing in review —
Faltering steps of Men in Blue.
Girls' white dresses everywhere,
Bright red ribbons in their hair.
Small boys joining the parade;
Picnic baskets; lemonade.
Oratory, bunting-wrapped —
"This great nation . . ." how we clapped!
Roman candles showering light.
Homeward journey; tired good night.
—Mary Pansy Rapp

Take a break!

Yes, take a half hour from your busy schedule to listen to **Kitchen-Klatter** each weekday over one of the following radio stations:



KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa 1360 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.



SOME LIKE CATS, SOME LIKE DOGS

And, sure enough, some prefer Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing, while others swear by French.

But they do agree on one thing: the quality is there . . . in both. Same creamy smoothness. Each is distinctive in its own flavor and aroma. But they're the same, too, in that each is blended of finest vinegars and oils, with a super selection of herbs and spices.

Try them both. You may prefer one to the other, but we'll bet you'll keep on using both. Like the rest of us.



Kitchen- Klatter Salad Dressings

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

was in need of a few dresses to wear this summer, so I have found time to make a couple for her, and have material on hand to make two more when I can snatch a few minutes here and there.

I wish I had something definite to tell you about plans for Kristin's visit with the boys to the farm, but some things have come up to alter our original plans, and until she knows for sure when her vacation dates will fall we will just have to wait and see.

I must stop and get a meat loaf in the oven for dinner. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy



And July is two boys building a raft to use on the farm pond.

THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

Isn't the sign "air conditioned" a real drawing card on a sweltering July day? The heat of midday brings the sing-song of the cicada; children whiz by on their bikes with catcher's mitt fastened to the handlebar and a ball bat over one shoulder; other youngsters don bathing suits and head for the swimming pool. This is July!

Did you ever "pop" the morning glories? It ruined the blossom from blooming, so not until the vine was profuse with blossom would Grandmother allow me to "pop" a few buds.

Whenever I see a vegetable garden bordered with petunias and zinnias I'm reminded that a real garden has been planted — flowers for the beauty of the soul and the garden produce to nourish the body. An excellent combination!

Hal Borland says that hollyhocks (the cared and tended type) resemble the crisp beauty of tulle and lawn and bright, cool China silk.

Remember when a long summer afternoon was spent making hollyhock ladies and floating them in a tub of water? We also made dandelion crowns and clover necklaces. As I grew up supervised play was unheard of! Children found countless ways to amuse themselves and summer vacation was over before we had our fill of these simple joys.

Jenny Wren is flipping her tail and singing her heart out to her second family of babies. Hummingbirds with their jewel throats are sipping from the trumpet vine. The red-headed woodpecker still enjoys his suet break even if it is ninety degrees in the shade. How I love to hear the robin's lullaby as evening comes with its refreshing coolness and quiet.

CHARMING BRACELETS - Concluded
Bible, cross, or church. A musician would select charms shaped like musical instruments. And the unusual thing about these miniature marvels is that some of them actually work. The horns can be blown, boxes open and close, and piano keys produce melodious sounds.

Quite different from the bracelets of earliest times, modern types have been changed, improved, and added to. Charms may be bought in almost any shape and size, and at any price. Plain ones can be purchased for a dollar, but those containing precious stones may cost \$1000 or more.

Modern maids may scoff at the idea of wearing charms to ward off evil spirits, though a rabbit's foot or a four-leaf clover is rather jocosely regarded as a talisman.

But whether the popular charm bracelet is worn to attract attention, or to bring good luck, it can be a most interesting conversation piece!

BUSY, AS USUAL - Concluded

At this writing Craig is almost ready to go to Philmont for fifteen days with the "Kit Carson Men". It will include some fifteen days of hiking, camping and survival training. He hopes to spend several days with his oldest brother before returning home.

About the time Craig leaves Jeff will be returning from his graduation trip to visit his Aunt Ruth and her family in Mesa, Arizona. This was his gift from them.

Just before Bob left for Colorado he commented that home is becoming like a trampoline — a place to drop down for a short time and then bounce off. Their bounces are taking them to far places this summer, but Robert and I will stay close to home to welcome them back and keep the garden growing.

COME READ WITH ME - Concluded
emotional impact upon her. She also corresponded warmly with her family members. It is from this wealth of material that we read of the formative years of Anne Lindbergh, as a schoolgirl, a college student, and as a member of a highly gifted, remarkably close-knit family.

The volume reveals her meeting Colonel Lindbergh, recently returned from his transatlantic flight in 1927. He changed her outlook as she wrote, "I felt my whole world before this frivolous and superficial." The self-doubting, tremulously shy young girl grows into a clear-sighted and courageous woman of captivating charm, humor, and spirit.

A truly gifted person is Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Don't miss *Bring Me A Unicorn*.

THE AMERICAN ROCKING CHAIR

by
Shirley Arkin

Experts on antique furniture cannot decide on the birth date of the rocking chair, but they all agree on one thing — it's an American institution. They are of this opinion because no trace has ever been found of early European rocking chairs, while American models date back to the 1750's.

It is a common belief that the inventive Ben Franklin devised the rocking chair as we know it. But, some historians believe that earlier Americans built rockers of their own by the simple expedient of nailing two curved pieces of wood or "rockers" (such as those used on cradles) to the legs of straight-backed chairs.

Mr. Franklin's claim to this particular fame is based on the journal entry of a minister who visited him in 1787. The reverend wrote: "He showed us his great armed chair with rockers, where he sits reading and rocking with only a small motion of his foot, and showed us other inventions of his own but of lesser note than this."

The undisputed comfort of the rocking chair — no matter what style or vintage — is a most obvious reason for its popularity. However, researchers of the chair's history feel that its fascination for furniture buffs is probably due to the mystery surrounding its origin.

If, in fact, pioneers "invented this chair for personal use" during the first years of American history, as some experts believe, and Mr. Franklin did independently devise his own model some years later, historians wonder why the renowned chairmakers of Philadelphia seemed oblivious to the rocker for such a long time.

No matter what the answer, rocking chairs did eventually come into their own. By the 1800's they were marketed in all furniture stores. Usually, rockers were built of maple or cherry wood, and they developed in style from the simplest slat-backed models to intricately decorated chairs with upholstery, head rests and matching foot stools. The well-known Boston (or Windsor) Rocker which featured a seat that was curved at the rear and rolled at the front, was probably the first rocker to be modeled for body conformity. As such, it might be considered the forerunner of modern rocker-recliners which are especially designed and constructed to suit natural and comfortable body positions.

An almost sociological aspect of rocking chairs is that they seemed at first to be, as one historian says, "a chair of the people." It is believed that middle class people who were more concerned with comfort than elegance kept their rockers in the living

room, usually drawn up before the fireplace. The wealthy class tended to keep them in bedrooms or libraries, and kept less comfortable but more stylish chairs in view.

This too changed in time, and elaborately decorated rocking chairs became an important addition to every living room. It might be noted, in line with the rocker's growing social significance, that the late John F. Kennedy was not the first president to show a preference for rocking chairs. Abraham Lincoln, in 1866, alluded to "my favorite chair" as the stuffed rocker with paddle arms and a high, tufted back which he kept in his office.

Before rockers became widely marketed, custom models were of two types: "true" rockers, or those converted from straight-backed regular chairs. Despite its two-century history, there were not, until recently, many experiments with the original structure of rockers.

One attempt at structural change was made by members of the early American Shaker sect, who experimented with a "tilting chair". It had some success, but seemed to have been used primarily in meeting halls rather than in the home. In its latest stages of development, rockers have gone automatic. Today, for example, there are various rockers featuring push-button devices which adjusts the chairs to four positions: rocker, stationary chair with ottoman, semi-recliner and full-recliner. And, latest on the scene is the inclusion of electrical devices to give the user a massage while sitting in the chair.

In this fashion, then, the simple cradle-bottomed rocking chair of pioneer stock has rocked steadily through history, earned fame and elegance, and finally taken its rightful place in the comfort corners of modern American beautiful homes.

FOURTH OF JULY PARTY — Concl. the Civil War? Gettysburg

8. What was New York City first called? New Amsterdam

9. What great American was called "Old Hickory"? Andrew Jackson

10. What two former presidents served as president of a college? Woodrow Wilson and Dwight D. Eisenhower

America Past and Present: This is a game to test the memories of the guests. Before the party, find as many pictures as you can of prominent Americans, both in the past and those who are currently much in the news. Number each picture and spread them out on a large table, or pin to a sheet and hand on the wall. Give guests paper and pencils and see how many they can identify in a given time. (Have your gallery include men and women in

all lines of work — in the entertainment and literary field, scientists, government, etc.)

Political Slogans: This is an election year and you can have a riot of fun if you have each guest make a list of as many political slogans as they can remember: "Tippicanoe and Tyler, too", "A chicken in every pot, a car in every garage", "Bring Iowa out of the mud", and "Happy days are here again" are some starters. Another idea on the slogans is to have the guests write out what they think would be good slogans for some of the probable candidates. This should produce some real laugh getters! Award a balloon (windy candidates!) for the prize.

Elephant and Donkey Relay: Divide into two groups. Have a balloon for each player. See which side has the "windiest" candidates and finishes first. At the leader's signal, the first in each line blows his balloon until it pops, then the next in line may blow his balloon and pop it. The next in line, must not begin to inflate his balloon until the preceding player has succeeded in popping his.

A FEW WELL-CHOSEN

WORDS ABOUT

WATER

When we marketed Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner, we had to decide whether to make a dry cleaner or a liquid. The discussion was quickly over when someone remarked that, if we made a liquid cleaner, we would, in effect, be selling our friends and customers water. And making them pay for transporting it to them. "Why not," they said, "let our customers add the water . . . and pocket the savings?"

So we concentrated on making a heavy-duty household cleaner that goes into solution the moment it hits water. That slicks up even greasy dirt the first time over, leaving no froth to go over again and rinse away. Biodegradable, too, to do away with soapy froth in sewage systems and streams.

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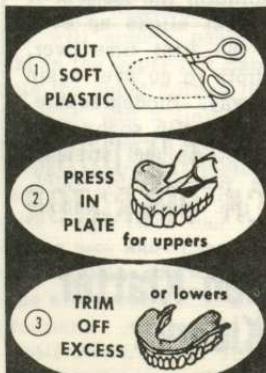
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This is the narrow-gauge train Margery and Oliver took up to Lake Bennett.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

The plates were served in the kitchen, and on each one we had creamed shrimp, a combination of regular rice with wild rice, buttered asparagus, relishes of all kinds and, on a lettuce leaf, minted pears with a cream cheese filling and a spiced crab apple. Hot blueberry muffins took the place of more conventional rolls, and for dessert we had balls of lemon, raspberry and pineapple sherbet with big slices of angel food cake that Mother had made. Oh yes, coffee, of course.

Everyone seemed to have such a good time that I told Mother I wanted to have the crowd here again when they resume their twice-monthly meetings in the fall.

These are days made to order for tornadoes in our section of the country, and I can't finish this without telling you how funny it struck me a year ago when the siren blew a warning and Eula and I looked at each other and said: THIS IS IT.

I'd always intended to go to the basement in case of a tornado and thus I headed right for the top of the stairs and didn't once realize until I got there that I could no more make it to the basement than to fly right through the roof. In the three years I've been

in a wheelchair I'd never thought about this before!

Summer is a busy time for everyone, but your letters mean a great deal to us and I hope you can write and tell us how things are going.

Always faithfully . . .



FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

have college boys living who work in the church, is now going to be occupied by a fine Christian boy from Hong Kong. He came to this country last winter and enrolled in one of our local colleges. A few days after his arrival he joined our church. In Hong Kong he was a teacher in some Salvation Army schools, and so you can know he is a splendid boy. He is the first Chinese boy to serve on our church staff, and we are delighted to have him. When I finish this letter to you, I am going to write a letter to his parents to tell them what a fine boy they have.

God bless you all.

Sincerely,
Frederick

PLAYGROUND ON THE FARM — Concluded

two of water put in it in the morning will soon warm up with heat from the sun, and keep the children splash-happy on hot summer days.

Drill several $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch holes in small pieces of scrap lumber, invest in a few long half-inch bolts if you don't have old ones, and the youngsters will bolt the lumber together in many ways. It takes a long time for little fingers to screw the nuts on, then take them off, and do it all over again in a different arrangement.

Put all the equipment in the back or side yard where you can watch from your kitchen window, and keep track of the children while you work.

Little Ads

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

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"BLUE ROSE" SUMMER JEWELRY. Love-ly carved blue roses in gold settings. Available: necklace, earrings, bracelet, adjustable ring, bow-knot pin, sweater guard, keychain — \$1.25 each; 3 for \$3.50. Boxed. The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Illinois 60304.

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DAINTY FLORAL TATTING hand decorated note cards, envelopes. 8 for \$1.25. Esther Gommels, Manson, Iowa 50563.

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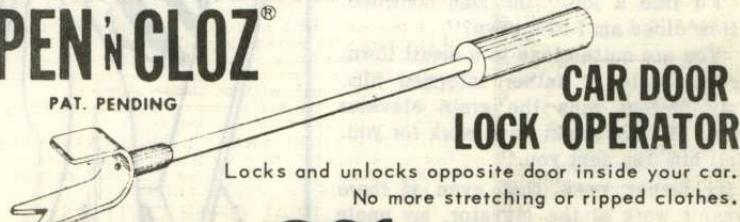
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Do Ye Also

by

Mary E. Javens

There is a passage in the Bible that has to do with feeding the poor, the beggars, and giving shelter to those who have no shelter. You are familiar with it I am sure — *As ye do unto the least of these, do ye also unto me.* My father taught all his children the full meaning of those words; he not only believed it wholeheartedly, but he lived it every day of his life.

Hobos were a common sight when I was just a child. It was not unusual to look up from our play to see a figure coming up the road, bundle on back, and, many times, staff in hand.

Our cattle dog, a big black-and-white part shepherd, loathed and despised a tramp, and the low growl issuing from his throat was the first warning of the approach. My father would call the dog, and with him at his heels would advance as far as the corner of the house yard and stand thoughtfully eyeing the on-coming stranger while calmly filling his pipe.

There was a big tree at the corner, with a great, flat field stone in its shade. My father would greet the man, motion toward the stone and say, "Rest yourself." Then he would sit down beside him and ask about crops in the section the man had walked thru.

Turning to me, father would give instructions to go to the house for food. I took to my heels and darted through the kitchen door, to be sent back in short order with sandwiches, sweets, and coffee. Most likely I went back the second time for more bread and coffee.

Most of these men were just tramps wanting a handout, but some of them were really migratory workers who would have been glad of a job. I remember one of them well. He asked for a basin of hot water, which I of course was sent for. He had a small knapsack on his back; from it he took a razor, soap, a dirty towel, and a battered tin that served as a mirror. As he lathered his face, shaved, and cleaned up, my brother and I stood pop-eyed in awed silence. My father smoked and chatted through the performance.

"I'd like a job," the man confided. "How close am I to a town?"

"You are quite close to a small town, Green Valley," father informed him. "My brother runs the grain elevator there. He just might have work for you. Tell him Jim sent you."

My father knew that even if there wasn't work at the elevator, my uncle would spare a bit of cash for a meal. Father didn't believe in giving a hobo money, but he couldn't bear the thought of another human being suffering from

hunger. Money was scarce at our house, but food was plentiful.

"If you go straight west from here," said my father, motioning with one hand, "you'll come to the railroad reservoir. It's a fine place to take a bath."

"I've got a bar of soap." A sort of happy look came over his face as the man carefully fitted his belongings back in the knapsack. He set the battered hat back at a jaunty angle, shouldered his burden, and started up the road. Abruptedly he turned, came back to my father, took off the hat, and said humbly, "I thank you."

"That's all right," said father, "I've been hungry in my time. Somebody always fed me. I'm just paying back." But I had a feeling that the man was thanking father for something else.

There is an old legend that tells of sharing food with beggars that perhaps a great many of you have forgotten about.

When Christ and Peter journeyed through the Holy Land, they of necessity begged for bread, for they were too poor to buy food.

There were those who hastened to cut a loaf of their best white bread, wrap it carefully in a clean cloth, and present it to the pilgrims. But there were those who, seeing the shabby attire, the worn-out sandals, and the dusty faces of the wanderers, cut chunks of coarse brown bread which they threw on the

ground for the men to pick up if they wished to eat.

Christ and Peter ate as they walked along the roadside. And the legend tells us that where the white crumbs fell, delicious white mushrooms sprang up. But where the brown crumbs fell, poisonous mushrooms grew.

Looking back to those long-ago years, I can't remember if ever mushrooms grew around the big flat field stone that served as a resting spot as well as a table for the beggars. But if there had been any, I know of a certainty they would have been white. Our poor and unsheltered feasted on some of the best food in the house, served by a skinny little girl with her hair in long yellow pigtails.



APPLE PEELING

I'm slicing the highways of life off an apple red and ripe.

Highways are streaming and curling in winding rivulets bright.

With a skimming and darting My knife is scrunching and whistling as red ribbons Are tangling and bunching.

Although I loathe to core it and slice the final day, Red ribbons of my highways Are streaming fast away.

—Marcia Schwartz

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