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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
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Margery Driftmier Strom.



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This July morning I got up very early with the intention of sitting down immediately at my typewriter to write a letter to you.

Well, only now around 9:00 o'clock am I finally at my desk, and the explanation is that the house was so cold I couldn't type until it warmed up a little. To the best of my knowledge this certainly has never happened before in July. I would never have had the pilot light on the furnace turned off in June if I'd dreamed that we would need heat before September!

It has been a crazy summer weather-wise in many sections of the country. I have good friends in Pennsylvania who had very severe damage done to their property — imagine water pouring out of the house as if it were a waterfall! And that house stood on such high ground that you'd swear it could never be touched by floods.

Yet while these great disasters were going on in the East (to say nothing of the Rapid City area in South Dakota), the Albuquerque area was parched to the very bone by drought and excessively high temperatures day in and day out. Juliana says that many a time they couldn't even see across their front yard because of the terrible dust storms with winds up to 50 and 60 miles per hour. These reports made me glad that I hadn't planned to go out there this summer.

When we wrote our last family letters to you we were looking forward to Mary Leanna's arrival. Well, she drove in right on schedule and we had such a happy, happy visit with her. It was the first time we'd had an opportunity to say much more than "hello" and "good-bye" to her.

Enroute to Shenandoah she stopped at Lucas to spend five days with Dorothy and Frank. It was her first acquaintance with an Iowa farm and she loved every minute of it. When she left there she told Frank that she was re-

turning next summer to run the tractor and do the chores so he could sit and fish!

After she left here she stopped in Denver and for several days walked her legs off hiking with Abigail in the mountains. Then she went on to Durango for a gratifying visit with Kristin, Art and the children, plus Alison and Mike. Her next stop was Albuquerque for several days with Juliana's family, and there she left her car and flew to Mexico City enroute to Cuernavaca where she will spend eight weeks at summer school.

She drove across the country from Springfield, Mass., all by herself and was positively overwhelmed by the size of the United States! Incidentally, she was driving a car purchased brand-new only last November that has given her unbelievable grief. It has practically been rebuilt and in spite of endless repairs is still giving her trouble galore. I don't know if it will ever hold together long enough for her to drive all the way up to Vancouver after she returns from Mexico. When you hear about such experiences it makes you feel that if you have a car that doesn't give you grief you'd better hang on to it.

This last month I received a gift that was a delightful surprise. Juliana's very old and very dear friend, Chris Crouse and her husband, Steve, sent me a gorgeous picture that is called a temple rubbing, and it is beautifully framed in gold with jade green velvet matting. I don't know that I've ever received anything so unexpectedly that I have appreciated more.

Their long tour of duty in Seoul, Korea, where Steve has been working as a neurologist in a military hospital is drawing to a close, and next month they'll be heading back to this country and an army base in Texas. Chris is counting the days. They've lived on the fourth floor of an apartment house without elevators and this has meant dragging toys up and down many times a day so Keith can play outside in an

area set aside for children. Her idea of heaven is to live where she can open the door and turn him out into a fenced yard with no more hauling his stuff up and down four flights of stairs.

Eventually Steve's military duty will be completed and at that time they hope very much to locate permanently in Albuquerque. I cannot imagine anything Juliana and Jed will enjoy more than having them close at hand once again. There is nothing more important than old friends, and in September it will be eleven years since Juliana and Chris started out as roommates together at the University of New Mexico. They certainly have shared many, many experiences.

These past few months I've spent considerable time reading pages and pages of proof for the new Kitchen-Klatter cookbook that we've wanted to get out for you friends. Such a project is really a major undertaking since everything must be checked, double-checked and then checked once again to avoid errors of any kind. We're printing this ourselves and I cannot tell you at this date when it will be done, but once the cookbook is ready you'll certainly hear about it!

On a table near this desk is a pile of carpet samples and from time to time my eye falls on them uneasily. My carpet in the living rooms and dining room has now been down for about fourteen years and it is in such disgraceful condition that I feel I shouldn't have any company except at night when the dreadful stains don't loom up so vividly.

I've never been one to apologize for anything in the house, but this carpet has just about driven me to breaking my life-long rule. I'd hate to have anyone think that I don't KNOW how bad it is!

I keep stalling on taking action because all the samples I've looked at are so thick that it will take 50% more energy to get around in my wheelchair. It's like trying to move around on newly ploughed ground to cope with the thick piles that are so popular today. After all, it's taken about fourteen years for the present carpet to get worn to the point where I can move around easily through the rooms. Indoor-outdoor carpet with its hard surface would really be the answer, but I can't bring myself to use it in the large areas that are involved. Well, *something* has to be done before much more time passes.

I keep looking at the clock every few minutes and for a very good reason: as I write this, Juliana, James and Katharine are on a big plane between Albuquerque and Denver, and after a three-hour layover there which they'll spend

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MARGERY TELLS HIGHLIGHTS OF VISIT IN MONTANA

Dear Friends:

It is necessary to stay close to the house while waiting for the telephone repairman, so this seems a good time to write my letter to you friends.

Because of visits from members of the family this has been an exciting month for us. The first to arrive was Mary Leanna, Frederick's and Betty's daughter. Her visit was much too short, but she promised to stop again in the fall. We're looking forward to that return trip.

Our son Martin arrived practically on the heels of Mary Lea's departure. It is a shame these two cousins couldn't get together this time, but they expect to see each other later. Martin was home only long enough to unload his car, then left for Crete, Nebraska, to attend the Doane College Centennial. He had been asked to conduct one of the morning chapel services held in the beautiful new administration building. Several new buildings have been completed since Martin's graduation from Doane three years ago so it was interesting to visit the campus and see all the changes. After the centennial festivities he came home for a few days before leaving on his trip east to visit relatives and friends.

Oliver and I had so many jobs lined up just waiting for our son's arrival that we would have felt guilty were it not for the fact that Martin said he needed some good physical exercise! He had plenty of that when he cleaned out the storeroom and basement, rearranging things to make room for his increasing accumulation of possessions.

We devoted one evening to showing slides. Martin hadn't seen the ones of our trip to Alaska and our visit with him in Montana. We enjoyed looking at the pictures recalling that happy week together. Last month I reported on the inside passage to Skagway, so this month I'll mention a few of the highlights of the Montana visit.

Besides being minister of the little church in Molt, Martin also assisted the minister of Mayflower Congregational Church in Billings. This necessitated his driving back and forth between the two churches almost every day. Oliver and I enjoyed those 25-mile rides into the city for it was a spectacularly beautiful drive. We never tired of it. Billings is Montana's largest city so we found many interesting things to see and do. Our schedule was geared to Martin's, of course, but we were always able to fit in some sight-seeing as well as accepting invitations to homes of his friends in both towns.

The ladies of the Molt church had a



Grace Leuthold, Oliver, Margery and Martin Strom were just leaving the luncheon at the church in Molt, Montana, when one of the ladies took this picture.

guest day luncheon while we were there and asked me to give a short talk about our radio broadcasts, and products we manufacture and our magazine. Several were already acquainted with *Kitchen-Klatter*, having taken the magazine for a number of years.

My talk was followed with a concert by the choir from Yellowstone Boys Ranch, and my! did they sing with enthusiasm! These boys are from all over Montana, as well as a few from outside the state, and are sent there because they need a home and help. It is a marvelous institution. The Leutholds, where we stayed, serve on the board. When Oliver and I expressed a wish to see the ranch, they drove us over to have dinner with the boys and tour the campus.

Another day we attended a patio sale at the Mayflower church. What fun that was! If we had been driving our car instead of flying, we'd have bought some items ourselves. The men took a particular interest in this event and handled most of the selling while the women sold sandwiches, cookies, coffee and soft drinks.

Our Sunday with Martin was a very special day as we had been looking forward so to hearing him in his first church. A coffee hour followed the service to provide an opportunity for us to get better acquainted with members of his congregation. In the after-

COVER PICTURE

The highlight of the summer for Dorothy and Frank Johnson will be the arrival of their two grandsons, Andrew and Aaron Brase, children of their daughter Kristin and her husband Art. Big plans have been underway for weeks for the boys' entertainment while they vacation at the farm with their mother. Their daddy can't come this time because of his work. Art took this picture recently while the family was picnicking at a park near their home in Durango, Colo.

noon we drove to the Leutholds' cottage on Stillwater River. We stopped briefly in Columbus to call on the new minister who had been a fellow student at the seminary.

What a lovely location the Leutholds chose for their summer home! The low wall of the patio is right on the river. You could sit on the ledge and stick your toes in the water. That time of year the snows were melting in the mountains above and Stillwater River was anything but what the name implies. It was bouncing "white water" bank full! After a long hike up into a high canyon to an overlook and back, we were more than ready for a picnic around the outdoor fireplace. It was a day we'll long remember — such a perfect day!

The other evening we also looked at Martin's slides taken during his 10-month internship. He was so impressed by the beauty of the ranch country with each change of the seasons that he tried to capture this in his pictures. He did a good job and we thought his slides were lovely. There was one in particular that we're contemplating having made into a large print for framing. As a matter of fact, Oliver and I may take out the best slides from several trips to have made into large prints for a grouping on one wall. I've seen this done very effectively.

We're glad we decided to take an early vacation this year, for now we'll be in town all summer and won't miss out on visitors to Shenandoah. One of my oldest friends was here last week and this time we managed to get together. The past few years we've missed their call as we were out of town. The years come and go and as they pass we make new friends, of course, but how much we cherish our old ones.

We're so happy that Dorothy's and Frank's daughter Kristin and her two boys will be in Iowa while Lucile's Juliana is here with her children. What a good time they'll have together.

We're also looking for Wayne and Abigail before long. They are going to a nursery convention in Washington and will stop by for a few days before returning to Denver. Yes, lots of coming and going in the family this summer.

Last month I wound up my term as president of our church women's group. A friend and I delivered the last of the items our ladies have been sewing for the Mental Health Hospital in our area. Now committees are getting together to plan next year's work.

The telephone repairman has come and gone. While he was here I asked him to put a longer cord on the phone as we're changing some furniture around and I'd like to move the tele-

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It's About Time

AN OUTDOOR VESPER SERVICE

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Spread a simple cloth upon the ground and in the center place an open Bible. Around the Bible arrange some bits of nature — a seashell, pretty or unusual rocks, a bouquet of wild flowers, an interesting piece of dried wood. Seat the audience upon the grass in a circle around the worship setting. (They can sit on blankets or cushions.)

For music use the autoharp, guitar, flute, or trumpet to accompany the singing or for instrumental numbers. Certain music will be suggested here, but the leader should feel free to substitute other numbers, or other instruments available in her particular group.

Quiet Music: "Now the Day Is Over" — trumpet solo. "The Lord Is in His Holy Temple" — sung by all.

A Call to Worship:

Believing that God is and that in Him we live and move and have our being —

Believing that God cares for the world so much that He sent His only Son that all might have eternal life —

Believing that God has called all people into a covenant relationship with Him and into fellowship with each other —

Believing that God calls each of us to witness to His love and care in these trying times —

We will use these few moments —

To deepen our understanding of God's purpose for us,

To sharpen our awareness of the wonders of nature about us, the loving care with which God provides for our needs,

To seek a better understanding of our fellow men,

To dedicate ourselves to make better use of our time and our talents, beginning right where we are, using that which we have.

Scripture: *For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter*

under heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted; a time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance; . . . a time to seek, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace. (Ecclesiastes 3)

Hymn: "God of Earth, and Sky, and Sea" or "Turn, Turn, Turn".

Prayer: O God, creator of all the beauty around us, grant us the eyes to see, the ears to hear, the will to do that which Thou wouldst have us to do to make the best use of our time. Guide, O God, that we may make the right choices in what is important. Grant us the wisdom to make the best use of the many blessings Thou hast bestowed upon us, and give us the vision to see the Great Plan of world brotherhood. Teach us, O God, each day, each hour, each minute to be aware of Thy love and care, to take time to see and know the evidences of Thy constant Presence, and Thy task for us. Amen

Leader: I'd like to share with you this inscription on an old sundial: The shadow by my finger cast divides the future from the past; Before it sleeps the unborn hour, in darkness, and beyond thy power; Behind its unreturning line, the vanished hour, no longer thine: One hour alone is in thy hands — the NOW on which the shadow stands.

We have chosen for our theme today a phrase we often use, often in exasperation. "IT'S ABOUT TIME!" For these few moments together here in this lovely setting, with so much of God's wonder and love surrounding us, let's think a bit along the line that it's

about time we all decide just what is most important and deserving of our time. Each of us has the same 24 hours in each day. How do we decide what to do with those hours? Yes, it's about time we thought about it!

It seems to me that it is in the midst of nature that we best see how the Great Creator sets us an example that *there is a time for everything*. Too often we try to shove time around to suit our convenience; but as the verse on the sundial says: "One hour alone is in thy hands — the NOW on which the shadow stands." It's about time we think about how best to use that NOW.

Meditation One: As we think of those well-known verses we heard from Ecclesiastes on the way God has planned for each thing in its time, I'd like to share these thoughts of a group of boys and girls who were discussing God's plan for sharing, or the use of God's time.

These show us God's plans for plants: Seeds flying in the wind, sailing on the water, sticking to animals and people, or carried by birds to find new homes.

Seeds lying safe from the cold under a blanket of snow.

Plants sprouting and growing when the sun warms, the showers water, and the soil feeds them.

Flowers attracting bees with bright colors and sweet smells; bees coming for honey and leaving pollen to make new seeds.

These show God's plan for animals: Foxes growing thick coats of fur to keep them warm.

Dogs and cats finding their way home. Squirrels storing nuts for winter.

Bears crawling into caves and sleeping through the cold weather.

Birds flying south for the winter and back north again for the summer.

These show God's plan for people: The farmer raising corn, wheat, and vegetables for food.

Cows giving milk, sheep growing wool, horses and donkeys carrying loads, all that mankind might live.

Miners digging coal to keep people warm and industries going.

Children having fun in the snow, people listening to music, writing poems, painting beautiful pictures, making music.

People using their minds to think and their hands to work — people everywhere thinking and working to keep God's world as beautiful as he created it, and working with other people to make a better and happier world in which to live.

What wonderful use God makes of His time, and how much it shows that He cares for every living thing!

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth".
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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I have just come home from the Lucas Community Hall, where our Birthday Club served another one of its dinners during the noon hour. We had a good crowd and everyone said they wished we would do it once a week. We all groaned at the thought, since it was a very warm and humid day and we were hot and tired. We do enjoy doing it once in awhile, but certainly not that often.

When you live in a small town every one knows all the local citizens. This noon, after the mad rush was over, and we had fixed our own plates and were eating, two women walked in who were strangers to every one of us. We visited with them for a while and found they were from Yankton, So. Dak., and just passing through on the highway. They had stopped at the oil station to see if there was a cafe in town. The attendant told them there wasn't, but that he had just had a good home-cooked meal at the community hall, so they decided to come and eat with us.

We have certainly been enjoying the new electric ice cream freezer we got this summer. It seemed foolish to buy ice cream all the time when we had our own cream and milk and eggs. Frank says we will have to get busy this winter and put up some ice as they used to do when he was a boy. I see no reason why we can't. One of our neighbors has his own sawmill, so we can probably get sawdust to pack it in. I think this would be interesting, and a new experience for me.

Marge and Oliver spent a weekend with us this past month. They had hoped to fish, but the weather wasn't nice, so we just visited. We initiated the ice cream freezer while they were here, making plain vanilla, but since then I have experimented with other flavors — maple-nut, fresh strawberry, and banana-nut.

A few days after Marge and Oliver were here, Frederick's and Betty's daughter Mary Leanna arrived to spend several days with us. This was her first trip to our farm, and we thoroughly enjoyed her visit. Our only regret was she couldn't stay longer. We are hoping that later this fall she will be able to come back again for a few days.

I tried to fix foods that she particularly liked, and found that she loved



Mary Leanna Driftmier, getting into her car in front of the house, prepares to leave for the next stop with relatives. We're looking forward to another visit when she winds up her studies in Mexico.

fried chicken with mashed potatoes and milk gravy. She also loves waffles and hadn't had any homemade ones for years. She had brought us some real New England maple syrup, which prompted me to make waffles. Strawberry shortcake is a favorite, and she was more than happy to help me pick berries so we could have shortcake several times. Morel mushrooms were new to her. She had never seen any, nor eaten any, so I was happy I had put quite a few in the freezer so we could have them for one meal. Like everyone else, Mary Leanna thought they were delicious.

It seemed to me we spent much of our time on the road while she was here, running here and there for Frank. He was busy at that time planting beans and spraying herbicide, and I explained to her that at this time of year she would see more women going in and out of implement businesses than she would men, because the farmers' wives were the ones who went to town for machinery parts.

A friend who stopped to see me the other day told about someone she knew whose husband had sent her to town to get a part he needed. He said he would put the broken part in the car and she was to get one just like it. She went to every place in town, and not anywhere had they ever seen anything like what she was looking for. When she got home her husband said he had forgotten to put the piece in the car, and what was in there that she was showing everyone was an old piece of junk he had picked up and had forgotten to take out. I suppose this same sort of thing has hap-

pened to many of you farm women. This particular thing hasn't happened to me, but my problem is that I get in there with something written down that I'm to get, and then the parts man says, "We have this in several different lengths (or sizes). Do you know which one he wants?" I stand there looking blank, and of course it does no good to telephone, because there is no one in the house. And so it goes.

Mary Leanna had just been gone a few days when Frank's sister Ruth came to visit. She works, and this was the first time in a long time she had been able to get away to spend some time at our house. Her home is in Kansas City, and it is a treat for her just to get out in the fresh air and enjoy the beautiful countryside. This was the first time she had been here since Bernie retired from her job in the post office, so we all got to spend more time together. We ate most of our meals together at our house because it was easier for Frank, but on the last night Bernie called and said she was bringing everything for a picnic supper and she didn't want me to fix a single thing. When I said I had two pies I wanted to test, she did give her permission for this. We had planned to have a bonfire and roast wieners, but it was so hot we decided to eat on the front porch and fix the wieners on the electric grill. We all enjoyed it more because we didn't have to put up with mosquitoes.

I have been riding my bicycle early in the morning and late in the evening when it is cooler. In the half mile from our house to the bridge I see many little animals and birds. There are some ducklings out in the road sometimes that are so cute. We have a pair of wood ducks that nest here every year, and we see them often swimming around on the bayou with their little ones. When they came this year the ice was still on the bayou, since this is the last place for the ice to melt, so they had to spend some time on the creek. They go back and forth from the bayou to the creek, and this is when I see them walking down the lane together.

I almost ran over a big muskrat the other evening. He came out of the timber on his way to the creek. A few feet farther on a baby rabbit hopped across the road. I see a lot of baby rabbits, so the rabbit population must be plentiful this year. We have seen more different kinds of birds than we have seen in several years. We hadn't seen any of beautiful little bluebirds for many years, but this summer we have a pair nesting nearby that we see nearly every day.

I had such a happy week the last time I was in Shenandoah to address the magazine. How fortunate I was that this
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FREDERICK AND BETTY ENCOUNTERED STORMY SEAS

Dear Friends:

When the 130-foot yacht with its forty-nine passengers and crew of eleven pulled out from the Warren, Rhode Island pier on a stormy Sunday a few weeks ago, Betty and I did not dream of the adventure in store for us. We knew that there had been a hurricane down in the Florida area and that there had been some heavy rains in the Carolinas and Virginia, but we did not know that our five-day cruise through the outer New England islands would be affected. It was! That first evening we sailed through heavy seas and rain squalls to Block Island just off the south shore of Rhode Island, and we were glad when the yacht was safely tied up to the pier in the broken down town of New Shoreham. Through the rain we could see that New Shoreham was a page out of the past. I think we counted about five deserted hotels, all of them built before this century, and at one time considered to be quite elite. We hoped the rain would stop long enough for us to get a chance to see the rest of the island, but that was not to be, and the next day we sailed through heavy seas to the quaint little island of Cuttyhunk right at the mouth of Buzzards Bay.

If we thought we had had heavy rain at Block Island, what we had at Cuttyhunk was simply unbelievable. My how it did rain! Betty and I finally put on our "foul weather gear" (rubber suits we wear while sailing) and took a sloshing walk around Cuttyhunk Village. It was a dismal picture of water, water everywhere. The next morning when we woke up the storm had stopped, but there was a heavy fog. In spite of the fog, we did see much wildlife coming down to the ocean shore in the early hours, particularly deer, and wild birds of all kinds. After an hour of delay waiting for the fog to lift a bit, we set sail for the beautiful island of Martha's Vineyard. Have you ever heard of the Elizabethan Islands? We had not until we had to make our way to Martha's Vineyard. That part of the trip was comparatively calm, and we even saw a bit of the sun. We reached the Vineyard without incident and tied up in the little harbor at the village of Oak Bluffs. We did not know it at the time of our arrival, but that harbor was to be the end of our cruise. We got in there all right, but then the storm increased, and we could not get out.

There must be some of you reading this letter who have been to Oak Bluffs, for back in the last century it was a famous camp-meeting place. As a matter of fact, much of the town still is owned by the Oak Bluffs Camp Meeting



Mary Leanna was very interested in her Grandmother Driftmier's crewel embroidery as she has recently taken up Bargello Florentine canvas work, a type of embroidery which is quite similar to needlepoint.

Association and the large open-air evangelistic auditorium still stands in the heart of the village. I am told that it is not much used these days, but they still hold hymn-sings on Wednesday evenings and services at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning. The most interesting thing about it is the collection of Victorian gingerbread houses built all around the camp-meeting grounds. There are literally hundreds of small homes looking for all the world like something out of Hansel and Gretel — just little gingerbread houses, each two stories high with porches, porches everywhere and a few balconies built on for good measure. Eighty-five years ago the village was crowded with people whose chief pastime was that of sitting on their porches and watching their friends parade by. In the old days everyone would go to camp-meetings morning, noon and night, and when not at meetings, they were sitting on each others' porches passing the time of day.

We had considerable reason for anxiety while docked there, for our yacht was the first one inside the breakwater and only about fifty feet from the sea wall where enormous waves were breaking. Many extra lines were run from the boat to the shore, and we were able to sit out the storm until it abated. On the last day of our hazardous cruise we made a run for the mainland, but by the time we reached Woods Hole, the wind was up again and we had to go the last sixty miles not by boat, but by bus. There is no doubt about it — we picked the wrong week to make that cruise. I hope the rest of our vacation plans turn out more smoothly.

When we were safely back in Springfield, I immediately called my mother, Leanna, back in Shenandoah to assure her that we were safely home, and to

ease any anxieties she might have been having for our safety. When I said: "Mother, I hope you have not been worried about us out there on a yacht in the gales and the rain?" She replied, "Oh no! I haven't been worried! I knew that you had too much good sense to go out on the ocean in a storm!" Well, I am afraid that we have disillusioned her, but the trip was fun, and it was an adventure, and I think we might even do it again.

All the time we were away, we heard radio reports about Hurricane Agnes giving heavy rains to western Massachusetts, and we were relieved to get home and find that conditions were not as bad as we had been given reason to expect. Our dear old Connecticut River was not over its banks, and the only serious flooding was about fifty miles away in southern Connecticut. Much of the problem down along the shore was caused by high tides more than by the heavy rain. The small river that runs right under and beside Betty's family's factory in Rhode Island got very high, but its flooding was not serious.

We have the greatest sympathy for the people in the Pennsylvania area who had such a bad flood, because we had just that kind of a flood here in 1955. That was the end of Hurricane Diane, and that storm brought eighteen inches of rain to the Springfield area in thirty-six hours. My what a flood that was, and how narrowly Betty escaped death when a dam broke in a valley where she was driving her car at the time. Twice in that storm Betty had highway bridges wash out right after she had driven over them. In the midst of that storm she had started to Rhode Island to get our two children who were visiting their grandmother. None of us knew at the time just how bad the storm was

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Make the Most of Your Camera

by
Joseph Arkin

Having a camera is a lot of fun, especially during the summer months, but it is not a plaything. You know the difference between a toy and a fine precision instrument, yet thousands of cameras every year go to an early grave because their owners treat them like toys.

Nobody would think of tossing a good wristwatch onto a sandy beach blanket, or shoving it into the roasting oven of their glove compartment. Yet too often, this is the kind of treatment too many cameras receive.

Not only does such treatment often "gum up the works" of a camera, but it can ruin your pictorial record of a wonderful vacation. You may find your camera jamming, or when you develop your film, find it fogged from heat.

How to avoid such catastrophes? Yashica's camera expert Bob Leeson, has the following suggestions:

First: Keep your camera clean. Get one of those little sable brushes and whisk the dust off the lens and interior of the camera. Professional photographers advise against over-cleaning of the lens even with lens tissues. Keep the lens cap on when you're not using the camera, and keep your fingers off the lens at all times. Using a handkerchief, facial tissue or your finger to clean a lens could permanently scratch the surface. When you must use a lens tissue, use it gently.

Keep your leather camera case clean with a good leather polish, wax, or preservative — it will lengthen the life of the case.

Second: Guard against summer's camera hazards — sun, sand, salt and sea!

Keep your camera in its case with lens cap on when not in use. If by mischance it is dropped into the water or sand, take it to your camera repair shop as soon as possible and have it professionally cleaned.

Never be the dumb cluck who stows his camera in the car's glove compartment or trunk during a trip. The heat and humidity that build up in these "ovens" can fog your film, melt the lubricant on your camera shutter, loosen the lens, and dry out the leather of the camera case. So keep your camera with you on the car seat, except of course, when you leave the car. Then take it along — that is what the shoulder strap is for. Leaving it in sight on the car seat, even when the car is locked, invites trouble. You may come back to a broken window, and no camera!

Third: Keep the serial numbers of your camera handy, so if it is stolen, you can report it to the police. Most police departments have a method of sending circulars of stolen articles to pawnbrokers and second-hand stores. It's also a good idea to insure your camera.

Fourth: When filming in the summer sun, you'll get better pictures with a glare filter. You can use a filter for color film that will not change exposure and a pale yellow filter for black and white. Filters are inexpensive, but are a small price to pay for better pictures, and incidentally, added protection for that precious lens.

The way to click with your camera is to use it to the limit of its ability. Even an inexpensive camera can do

more than most amateur shutterbugs ask.

For instance, we've all seen an amusing, spontaneous event that prompted us to say, "Oh, I wish I had a picture of that." Well, if you keep your camera on the ready at all times, you can get those unforgettable shots — the candids that will make you smile time and time again.

In fact, you'll find that your best shots all have a "candid look" about them. Even when the picture is posed, it should look natural. If Junior's playing basketball, for instances, pose him dribbling, or shooting for the basket — not standing still, holding the ball, and grinning determinedly at the birdie.

It's a clever idea, too, to make your pictures tell a story. Camera experts suggest a series of snaps starting at the beginning of an event and carrying through to the logical conclusion. As an example, suppose you and your family are going on a picnic. You might want to start with a shot of one of your children helping you prepare the lunch. Maybe the next would be a picture of your family in procession to the car, each one carrying a picnic goodie. To continue with your vignette, take the candids of the public activities, and finish off with Dad carrying a sleepy child back to the car. Making your pictures tell a story will not only result in a more satisfying album for you, but will really interest your friends too.

The kind of camera you have determines to a great extent what you can do with it. Take time to really get acquainted: learn how it will perform; and then take full advantage of it. Most modern cameras have depth-of-field scales built into them. This means you can throw a distracting background out of focus and concentrate on the foreground subject. Your local camera dealer can help you select the best camera for you and your budget.

Other suggestions from expert Bob Leeson include these do's and don'ts:

1- Do keep your camera loaded and ready for action. There is no telling when a good picture will present itself!

2- Do avoid cluttered backgrounds.

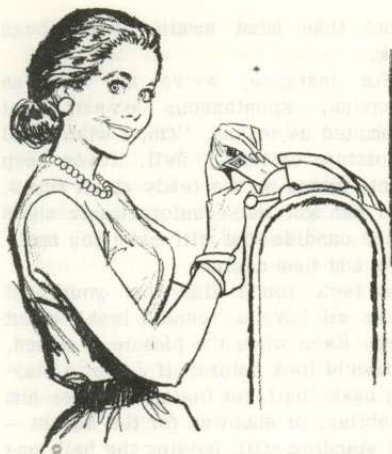
3- Do hold the camera steady by bracing it against your body, or by bracing your elbows against your body and holding your breath as you click the shutter.

4- Do take your shots quickly. Youngsters, especially, get bored waiting for you to snap.

5- Do take lots of pictures of your vacation trip for pleasant browsing later. Be selective in case some just didn't "pan" out.

6- Don't take innumerable shots of the same setting or scene. Only the professional has to do this in order to

(Continued on page 20)



Shop for Clothes the Easy Way

by
Mary Feese

The big family dinner was over, and the Arnold menfolks had gone to the living room to watch the "big game" on television. The women, clearing up the dishes, were busily catching up on the past week's events. Pretty Sally Todd glanced out the window at the children as she began to run dishwater. "Jackie and Lisa are outgrowing everything they own." With a bit of a frown, she added, "Now that we have the baby, I'm exhausted after taking them with me as I shop. Yet I simply can't afford baby sitter costs!"

"When my children were young, I solved that problem by sitting down with the mail-order catalog, and making out an order for everything needed." The speaker was an older woman, with sparkling blue eyes and pure white hair.

"Oh, I can see why you did, Grandmother," said Sally. "After all, you lived on that farm, miles from any decent place to shop. But I'm only a few blocks from a marvelous shopping center, remember."

Petite Beth Arnold, Sally's sister-in-law, handed her another stack of dishes. It's not a bit old-fashioned to use mail order! For our family, it's often far more practical. I find it much easier, for many needs, to order rather than spending my time and energy going to the store in person."

This might be a typical scene in many kitchens today. I wonder, where do *you* stand on this debate of shopping in person vs. sending an order by mail? What, really, are the advantages and disadvantages of mail-order shopping? Does it limit your choices? And do you find that you can obtain dependable quality by mail?

These are only a few of the questions asked by those who are unfamiliar with ordering by mail. Others find it almost a life style, and become nearly "pros" at separating the unreliable offers from the legitimate ones. And yes, many city people have discovered the excellent catalog values that are lifesavers when you're struggling to stretch that

shrinking dollar. Then, too, there are certain items that are difficult — if not impossible! — to find in your locality, special collector's items, boutique originals, or clothing to fit the member of your family that is extra hard to fit. Mail order is a convenient way to send gifts of clothing, too, since you simply make out the order, leaving all that tiresome package wrapping and mailing to the supplier. Quite often, if you're not in a tearing hurry for the product, you can save a considerable sum of money through mail order.

The next logical question, then, is where are the best places to shop by mail? Let's begin with the general mail-order catalog companies. You're already familiar with a good many of the names: Wards, Sears, Aldens, J. C. Penneys. Noted for dependability, these companies really do "play fair" with the customer, and their descriptions on the catalog pages are as accurate as they can make them. In recent years, both quality and styling have continued to improve on the merchandise they supply. And keep an eagle eye on their clearance sale catalogs, where the price savings are tremendous. (We save from 1/3 to 1/2 by buying every possible school clothes item for our boys, during the mid-summer clearance sales held in June and July. Permanent press slacks two pairs for \$5; canvas gym shoes two pairs for \$5.50 rather than the \$4 a pair *and up* that will be asked the day school begins!) If you have the storage space, you can plan ahead on larger needs such as next summer's play clothes, sandals, swim trunks, etc., by buying at the end-of-season clearances.

Remember to keep your eyes open for totally unexpected values. In 1970, the extended truck strike caused a pile-up at some mail-order houses; new fall merchandise began to come in, while the summer items weren't cleared out yet. Space was at a premium, so prices were slashed for fast clearance. We'd already planned to order a name-brand boys' underwear from one house, that

offered a consistently reasonable price. Then a sale flyer arrived in the mail, "25% off on all catalog items." We doubled our intended order, getting twice as many garments for only half again the money spent.

Some items that can be purchased by mail offer lower prices and/or superior quality, such as men's work clothes, infants' knitwear, men's shirts, and hosiery.

So far, we've talked about standard clothing needs. But what else can be bought by mail? Well, outsize clothing for men and women, sewing supplies for making clothing at home, hunting clothes — you name it, chances are that someone's got it! In the lingerie field, there's been such a sudden surge of interest in sewing them at home, that there aren't yet shops in all areas. Some existing shops aren't so fully stocked, or it's unhandy for you to get them at times. Remember, these companies have catalogs or other literature available upon request, and you can shop for lingerie sewing supplies by mail, too.

You'll see the by-mail fabric clubs, with periodic mailings of swatches. What about these? I've found them to have a wonderful selection of fabrics that are in current vogue. The price range varies, though the real bargains (if any) are nearly always found in their clearances. The quality, over-all, is good. So here, it depends upon whether you're looking for the newest in fabrics (in which case, it's fine to order through these clubs) or for the utmost in savings (in which case, you'll probably prefer to shop around elsewhere).

Regardless of the specific reason that clothing shopping is a bugaboo to you, ordering them by mail just may be the answer. It's a different way of life, for a fraction of the energy otherwise used. At the very least, keep the modern motto in mind: Try it — you might like it!

Address list of particularly well-known mail-order companies:

Montgomery Ward & Co., 619 West Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60607.

Sears, Roebuck and Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 19132.

J.C. Penney, Catalog Division, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201.

Aldens, Chicago, Ill. 60607.

Lane Bryant (full sizes) and *Hayes* (half-sizes), Indianapolis, Ind. 46207. (for women)

Roaman's, Fifth Ave. at 39th St., New York, N.Y. 10018. (ladies' large sizes)

Kingsize, Inc., 24 Forest St., Brockton, Mass. 02402. (men's large size clothing)





The Sod House on the Prairie

by
Fern Christian Miller

Log cabins were built by the pioneers along the rivers and in the forests of the Midwestern states, but on the plains where wood and stone were scarce the sod shanty, or sod house, was the typical pioneer home. Some of my pioneer forefathers built log cabins; but one, at least, built a sod house after bringing his family from Illinois in a covered wagon. This was built about 1856 on smooth prairie land between what are now Clinton and Sedalia, Missouri.

According to records a south slope was chosen for the house, with a "living spring" by a stream at the foot of the slope. This stream was called Flat Creek, and had some deep holes of water that never went dry unless a huge herd of buffalo drank there when driven hard by Osage hunting parties. The Osage were a peaceful tribe, and did not molest the white settlers unless harmed.

This house was first a hollowed-out cellar hole on the slope, with the door at the lowest end. The floor was hard-packed earth. The walls were slabs of tough prairie sod, called Buffalo grass, 2' to 3' long, 12" to 20" wide, by 6" to 8" thick. The sod was plowed into strips by oxen pulling a walking plow. These long sod "bricks" were cemented together by clay from the creek. It took at least half an acre of sod to build a 20' by 30' house. Some houses had a ridge pole of native oak, or a peaked roof; others had a sloping shed roof even with the slope at the top, or highest side, and sloping off not quite to the ground on the lowest side. This sounds more like a "dug-out" than a house, which it was. The roof was black or white oak logs hauled from the nearest timber.

The first settlers realized that prairie fires, tornadoes, buffalo stampedes, or Indian war parties' arrows could not harm these sturdy structures. In fact, they were hardly noticeable on the face of the prairie. This special sod house had stones brought from the creek to build a fireplace and chimney reaching just above the tops of the tall prairie grass, the sods of which were placed over the heavy oak planks that formed the roof. A short piece of stove pipe was fastened securely into the top of the stone chimney. The cooking and heating were done with this fireplace. Long low windows covered with oiled buffalo skins were placed in the low side just under the roof. In summer

these were rolled up, and if a woman lived in the house, mosquito netting was placed over the open windows and the open door to keep out insects. The wood stoves were brought west for these sod houses about 1875. Doors were made from wooden crates.

The furniture was either an iron bedstead brought in a covered wagon, or a homemade wooden one. The mattresses were either feather beds, corn shuck-filled "ticks", or straw ticks. There was a washstand with bucket, dipper, wash pan; a homemade table and benches by the wall, and home-built cupboards. Usually, of course, there was a baby cradle, and sometimes a small rocking chair for the hard-working young mother.

These sod houses were said to be cool in summer and warm in winter. It usually took weeks of rain to penetrate the thick roots of the prairie grass enough to soak through the clay chinking between the roof logs. Men learned to thatch the roof with packed-down loads of prairie grass before the rainy seasons. (The lazy man's roof always leaked.)

If a pioneer woman came with quilts in a chest she often fastened the dark ones to the walls for added comfort and hominess.

Diaries tell of simple cooking in these primitive surroundings. Game, killed and dressed out by the man or elder sons of a household or a friendly Indian, was cooked in the black iron pot over the fire. Smaller pots often contained hominy or cornmeal mush, pot herbs, wild fruit, or potatoes; for these women soon learned to make gardens which were fenced in by saplings, or watched most carefully to keep out cattle, sheep and other livestock.

Bread was baked in the coals, but more often a rock oven was made in one end of the fireplace and coals heaped all over and around it. Corn bread or wheat bread was made from whichever they had, or could trade for. Salt was precious and sometimes came from a long distance. Sugar was also precious. Cane syrup or sorghum molasses was often made by one of the homesteaders from the stripped cane. Everyone had his cane patch, and hauled his cane to the neighbor running a sorghum mill. In winter homesteaders put their milk cow, or cows, in a shelter similar to their house. A good manager always had milk for his children. Pig pens and chicken houses were also

made from sod.

Soap was made from wood ashes, lye, and grease and cracklings saved from the butchering of beef, hog, buffalo, or sheep. Some women added glycerine and rose water to a small amount of the whitest of this soap to make a smooth, fragrant bath soap.

At first these pioneer folk taught their own children in the "soddy" during the severe winter or rainy weather. The lonely life was enriched and made more bearable by the exchange of work, and by get-togethers for weddings, new babies, husking bees, nutting parties, taffy pulls, quilting parties, butchering, harvesting, singing schools, and religious gatherings. The men wrestled, practiced shooting at targets, and vied at archery, or log cutting, or horseshoe pitching, while the women chatted and worked and prepared the food.

This early pioneer kinsman lived in a sod house for twenty years. As his family grew he built another soddy bedroom with its own fireplace and bunk beds. A short tunnel with a steer hide door joined the old house and the new bedroom for the boys. After this lumber was hauled and a new house was built. The tough "soddies" were kept repaired and used for fruit, vegetables, potatoes, and other foods. Stoves were used in the new house.

Where buffalo chips and twisted hanks of prairie grass had been used for fuel in the soddy, wood was now hauled from the timber along the creek. Corncobs from the pig pen and cow and horse troughs were burned to start fires and for quick summer warm-up meals. According to the diary a small rock oven was made outside for cooler summer baking. Wash water was heated in the butchering kettle outside, the washing done in a tub on a stand under a tree. (Trees had been planted around all prairie homes by that time.) A cistern was dug and well rocked near the house, and gutters and down spouts made of wood carried the rain water from the roof into the well. A strong wooden frame and windlass to draw the long bucket from the well made drawing up the cold water from the bottom of the deep well a simple task.

Water, food, shelter and fuel were the four prime needs of the pioneers, just as they are of their descendants; and shelter was the first of these.

Should you vacation this summer in the Midwest, and have an opportunity to see a sod house that has been preserved, or a replica, don't pass up the chance. What a revelation to see how the prairie pioneer lived just over a hundred years ago!





Travel Party

by
Mabel Nair Brown

This party is for those who do not want to get far from an easy chair in some cool spot on a hot summer day. But summer is vacation and traveling time, so how about some armchair traveling?

Set the party mood with easy decorations, using some of the things you might have about the house — perhaps collected from your travels or used on vacation trips. Seashells, fish nets, travel posters, travel brochures, fish pole, sun hat, beach towels in gay designs, picnic basket, suntan lotion, and sunglasses are some of the things you might use to set the stage for your travel party.

Invite the guests to wear casual travel togs, and ask each to bring one item she has picked up while traveling. As the concluding feature of the entertainment, ask each guest to show what she has brought and tell a bit about it. You'll find this can be almost a travel program in itself.

Around the World Flight: Pass out paper and pencils and announce that a prize will be given to the person who can write down the most song titles in a given time, each title containing the name of some city, country, or place one might visit on vacation. Examples: "Blue Hawaii", "I Left My Heart in San Francisco", "Back Home in Indiana", "Galway Bay", etc.

Treasure Hunt: It isn't necessary to canvass the neighborhood on this treasure hunt. Rather, it's a challenge to the hostess to hide objects in the party room in such a manner as will make them hard to locate. She passes around to each guest a list of the "treasures" she has hidden. To make it more difficult she can describe the item in an original jingle which doesn't actually name the article. (Give a prize to the first one to find all articles, listing their location on a sheet of paper, but keeping silent until all, or at least several, have located the treasures.) Here is list of articles which might be hidden.

1. Clear Scotch tape — stick it flat along the edge of a mirror.
2. Penny — fasten to any brass fix-



ture, such as a doorknob.

3. Three brown tablets — glued to any piece of brown furniture; might be made to look like part of decorative trim.

4. Toothpick — laid in a crack in floor, or window sill, or in line of decoration on furniture.

5. White button — attached to hem of white sheer curtain.

6. Pearl bead — dropped into gravel in bottom of a fish bowl, or placed in center of an artificial flower in a bouquet.

7. Blank check — slip between pages of a magazine or book, with just edge sticking out.

8. Gold chain — hung along edge of gold picture frame, like a trim.

Shuffle-off Relay: The teams are lined up opposite each other. A goal is marked off the desired distance in front of the teams. The first player on each team places a potato on her left foot. At leader's signal the player "slip-foots" to the goal and back, and hands the object to the player next in line, who places potato on her foot and follows same procedure. Any player who jiggles potato off her foot must return to the starting line and begin over. To make competition stiffer, place a potato on each foot. The first team to finish wins the game.

Let's Make Hay in the Country: All the words in the answers begin with an "h", end with a "y" and have an "a" somewhere in between.

1. Very beautiful (heavenly)
2. Pleasing accord (harmony)
3. A cheer (hurray)
4. Arrogant (haughty)
5. Progress (headway)
6. Convenient (handy)
7. Intoxicating (heavy)
8. Festival (holiday)
9. Salubrious (healthy)
10. Ponderous (heavy)
11. Gossip (hearsay)
12. Scarcely (hardly)
13. Joyful (happy)
14. Impatient (hasty)
15. Sturdy (hardy)

Travel Pictures: Cut up picture postcards into jigsaw puzzles, putting pieces in an envelope. Cut up a card puzzle for each guest. Hand out envelopes and see who can be first to put her picture postcard together. Each might then tell about her picture. The greater the variety of cards, the better

for this "tell it" time.

Guess the Place: This game also uses postcard pictures. Spread pictures out on a table or fasten to a wall area, numbering each picture. Give guests paper and pencils and see who can identify the most places from the pictured views. Borrow from traveling friends if need be so that you have pictures from many vacation spots.

Travel Report: Clip from a newspaper an article about someone's trip or about some vacation spot. Cut each sentence apart. The leader keeps the first sentence. The other sentences are mixed up and each guest draws a sentence. The leader reads the first sentence and the others read their sentences whenever they think it fits into the story. The sequence is sure to be ridiculous and good for laughs.

Bird Watching in the Park: There is a bird hidden in each sentence (here in italics). The hostess will want to duplicate the sentences and give each guest a copy. See who can first identify the birds.

1. She put a *card* in a little envelope.
2. We *crowned* the May queen.
3. The plumber brought a big *wrench* and other tools.
4. That man will *rob* in a hurry whenever he gets a chance.
5. *Dover* is the name of a town in an old-time song.
6. So now let us hurry home and celebrate.
7. *Pshaw*, kids are no worse today than when we were young.
8. He *lost rich* topsoil from his land in the floods.
9. He has a *beagle* hound which he shows in all the dog shows.
10. In America *nary* a man should fear to speak out for the right.

When it comes time for refreshments, you can continue the travel theme by seating guests on the floor, putting a paper lei around each guest's neck and serving the refreshments luau style; or perhaps you will go Chinese and provide a paper "coolie" hat (made of wall paper).

THE SPOILING GAME

Doorbell ringing. Look who's here!
Rosy cheeks and gap-toothed grins,
Hugs and kisses, happy talk,
Then the "May We" song begins:
"May we play out in the garden?
In the attic? May we take
The puppy for a walk? Have soup
And sandwiches for lunch? AND cake?"
Parents with fond disapproval,
Sigh and ruefully agree
Grandfolks tend to spoil the children,
To indulge outrageously
And express the kind of patience
Rarely shown as Dad and Mother.
Grandchildren and grandparents know
That isn't true. We spoil each other.

ENJOY JUST BEING

by
Evelyn Birkby

The world in which we live is full of surprises. Every summer day can hold adventure if we have eyes to see, ears to hear, fingers to touch and sense enough to pause in the busy rush of activities.

This is so true of adults but it is even more true of children. The period of childhood goes by so quickly it is important to guard against the over organization which seems to be increasing in intensity in most communities. Children need time to splash in puddles, to make mud pies, to sleep in an improvised tent out in the yard, to skip stones on a smooth pond, to toss rocks into a creek, to climb trees, to watch animals and to walk in the woods. A time, truly, to enjoy just being.

One reason our children may not know how to enjoy moments when they are not specifically directed could be because we parents are hesitant to let them play in a child-like manner. Frequently we squelch summertime pleasure by scolding: "Don't get your clothes dirty." "Now be careful, you might fall." "No you can't jump from rock to rock in that stream, you'll get wet." "You are tracking dirt into the house. Can't you keep your shoes clean?" "I can tell you've been in the sandpile again, you scattered sand on the rug!"

On a camping trip to Lake Superior several years ago I remember seeing two adorable little boys. They were dressed in white knit shirts, pale blue shorts, white anklets and white sneakers. They looked darling. They looked miserable. Their mother looked miserable. She shouted at them to keep clean and when it became impossible for them to obey any longer she scolded unmercifully.

Two active, alert little boys simply cannot find rocks of exciting shapes, catch tiny water animals, collect unusual pieces of driftwood, push together logs for a raft and explore quiet nooks washed out by waves along the shore if they have to sit with hands folded. How important was it that the white and blue knit outfits stay clean? Nature was all around encouraging them to learn.

If children cannot find their way alone into summertime adventure parents need to lead the way. My father used to call me into the yard on a still summer evening just to listen and see how many sounds I could hear in the darkness. The beating wings of a moth, chirping of a cricket, the rustling of tree leaves pushed by a slight breeze, the deep "chug-a-rug" of a bull frog,



The Birkbys spend as much time as possible outdoors. The men in the family are experienced campers and camp cooks. With their well-used tent in the background, Robert and Craig prepare breakfast for the family in a wooded area.

all together became a magic symphony.

Part of the time on such a night was spent in looking. We would peer upwards toward the star-sprinkled sky until my neck ached, then I'd lie down on the grass for better perspective and less strain! Fireflies glowed in the bushes and we marveled at their "cold" light. Sometimes the majestic sweep of the northern light played across the far horizon with strange shapes and colors.

In the same way I learned to appreciate all kinds of weather. During summer thunderstorms Dad would take my sister and me to a safe observation point, usually the swing on the front porch. Dark wind-swept clouds gave a rhythm and agitated movement to the sky. Rain would beat an accompaniment on the sidewalk and against the house. Lightning slashed across the sky in varied designs. Soon the rumble of thunder would reach our ears.

Contemplating the awesome wonder and beauty of a storm with a protective arm thrown around our shoulders gave us an appreciation of that aspect of nature without fear.

Speaking of exciting summertime activities reminds me of the day a few years ago when our boys and some of the neighbor children were playing outside. They were all young enough that a period of intense quiet meant that I should investigate! Realizing that such a moment had come, I looked outside to see a cluster of heads over one spot in the yard.

Drawing near the group, I was signaled to be *very* quiet. Receiving all the children's attention was a large ant hill. The busy members of this insect community were rushing back and forth caring for their various duties. The boys watched, commenting in whispers on the purpose of this action and that movement. Completely ignored, I tip-

toed softly back to the house.

Craig came into the house long enough to get some of the books on insects. It was suppertime before interest waned and the children sought their various homes. During our evening meal our boys told their father and me of the wonders of life among the ants. No one had planned their afternoon. No teacher had assigned the research or the final report. Out of natural curiosity of lively minds the boys watched, searched for answers and shared their findings. It was a rewarding day for us all.

In the years that Robert had taken his sons (and other people's sons in Boy Scout projects) on camp-outs and to Scout camp, he has stressed this idea of looking and listening and finding the answers to nature. On a recent Scout hike he found a small animal skeleton beside the trail. Stopping, he asked the boys to try to reconstruct what might have happened to the tiny animal. Before the troop moved on, they had thought through the cycle of nature and survival; a small rabbit ate plants and in turn provided food for a predator, probably a hawk.

A bumper sticker on the back of a truck on the highway last week spelled out in bold letters: SLOW DOWN AND LIVE. The message was directed toward drivers on the highway, of course, slow down, drive carefully and live. But the more I think about that message the more sure I am it applies to me. Slow down, it is saying, and enjoy family, and friends. Slow down and find enjoyment in the activities which are an exciting part of life but can become over-busy and frenzied. Slow down and take time to look at the trees and the birds and the sky and the stars and the ant hills.

Would you believe that, at least for today, I have heeded the message? The alarm went off one-half hour earlier so I could prepare breakfast with a bit more leisure. Packing the lunches for the boys, I visited with the family as their breakfast was eaten. When they had all gone off to work, I fixed my own breakfast, put it on a tray and went out to the table under the mulberry tree.

It was beautiful, and quiet. The lovely color of the roses, the deep green of the thick leaves on the great shade tree, sent peace into my soul. Attu lay at my feet. Ahab purred nearby in the warm sunshine. As long as possible I lingered. I'll do this again, I promised myself as I gathered up my dishes and took them into the kitchen. It was a refreshing moment of renewal.



Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

FESTIVE FRUIT SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce
- 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup pecans
- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Dissolve orange gelatin in boiling water. Drain off juice from crushed pineapple (press out as much juice as possible) and put in a standard 1 cup measuring cup. Sprinkle plain gelatin in it to dissolve. Fill cup with enough water, plus the pineapple juice, to make 1 cup. Add to the hot orange gelatin mixture and stir thoroughly. Then add the can of whole cranberry sauce and beat to dissolve it.

When above mixture is cool, add the crushed pineapple, mandarin oranges, pineapple flavoring and pecans. Place in refrigerator. When mixture is beginning to thicken, add the cream to which you have added the 2 Tbls. sugar. Fold in thoroughly.

Turn into fancy mold or into a square pan if you wish to cut it into squares. It is not necessary to serve this with a dressing of any kind. —Lucile

VERY PLAIN, VERY GOOD MEAT LOAF

- 1 lb. ground meat
- 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Combine all ingredients and mix very thoroughly. Form into a loaf, place in a shallow pan and bake about 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

This quick-and-easy meat loaf not only tastes downright good, but also has the virtue of slicing neatly and holding its shape. —Lucile

ELEGANT BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 heaping Tbls. grated onion
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1/2 cup grated sharp cheese
- 3/4 cup Ritz cracker crumbs
- Butter or margarine

Put the frozen broccoli into a little water and let it come to a boil. Turn off the heat and let it sit, covered, while you fix the rest of the dish. Drain well before adding to the other ingredients. Combine the rest of the ingredients except crumbs and butter or margarine then fold in the drained broccoli. Put into a greased casserole and top with Ritz cracker crumbs. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake in a 350-degree oven for approximately 45 minutes. —Dorothy

AVOCADO RING

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 1/4 cups cold water
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 ripe avocados, mashed
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 3 cups muskmelon balls

Dissolve the gelatin and salt in boiling water. Add the cold water, lemon juice and flavoring. Chill until syrupy. Blend together the avocado and mayonnaise. Stir into the gelatin until well blended. Pour into a one-quart ring mold and chill until firm. When ready to serve, unmold onto a large plate and fill the center with muskmelon balls.

—Dorothy

GEORGIA PEACH COBBLER

- 3/4 stick margarine
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- Dash of salt
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 cups sliced peaches
- 1 cup sugar

Melt margarine in 8- x 12-inch pan. Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Stir in milk and flavorings. Pour over the melted margarine. Mix peaches and remaining cup of sugar and place over batter. Do not stir them in. Bake at 350 degrees about 1 hour. —Margery

CHOCO-MINT DESSERT

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 4 eggs, separated
- 4 ozs. semisweet chocolate
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

In the top of a double boiler combine gelatin and sugar until well blended. Stir in the milk. Beat egg yolks lightly and mix into the gelatin mixture. Place over simmering water and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture coats a metal spoon, about 10 or 15 minutes. Remove from heat and add the chocolate, broken into pieces, and the Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring. Stir until the chocolate is completely melted. Cover and refrigerate until it is the thickness of unbeaten egg white. Beat egg whites until they hold firm, moist peaks. Beat the pudding until it is frothy and fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into a 1-quart mold and chill until firm. Makes about 8 servings.

If a stronger mint flavor is desired, just add more flavoring. —Mae Driftmier

ORANGE-GLAZED PORK CHOPS

- 6 pork chops (1/2 to 3/4 inch thick)
- 2/3 cup orange juice
- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. orange marmalade
- 1 Tbls. vinegar

Season chops with a little salt and pepper, then brown in a little shortening. Drain off excess fat. Combine juice, brown sugar, marmalade and vinegar. Pour over chops, cover and simmer about 45 minutes or until done, adding more liquid as necessary during simmering. Serve the sauce over the chops. —Margery

SPECIAL VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen green lima beans
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen cauliflower
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen broccoli spears
- 2 10½-oz. cans cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup cheese cubes (Use a mild cheese.)
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds

First, let me say that if you are one of the few people who dislike mushrooms, you could substitute a can of Cheddar cheese soup and a can of celery soup for the mushroom soup.

Cook the vegetables only half the required time. Layer the vegetables in a buttered casserole. Heat the soups and blend. Place the cheese cubes over the vegetables and then pour the soup over all, moving the vegetables a bit with a fork to allow the soup to settle down into them. Sprinkle the almonds over the top and then bake at 350 degrees for about 35 to 40 minutes.

—Margery

PORK CHOP BAKE*(Or Pork Steak)*

Pork chops or pork steak, enough for family
 1/4 cup flour
 2 Tbls. salad oil
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1 Tbls. rice for each serving
 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
 1/2 soup can of water
 2 cups cooked green beans
 Coat pork chops or pork steak in flour. Brown on both sides in salad oil. Salt and pepper to taste. Place in baking pan. Put 1 Tbls. uncooked rice on each piece of meat. Combine cream of mushroom soup and water. Spoon over and around meat. Drain beans and add. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

This may be prepared in a heavy skillet on top of stove if desired. Add more water if needed. Cream of celery soup is an excellent variation. —Evelyn

FAVORITE VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
 1 10½-oz. can Cheddar cheese soup
 1 1-lb. can cut green beans
 1 1-lb. can cut wax beans
 1/2 cup carrots, diced
 1 5-oz. can water chestnuts, sliced
 Blend soups together and then combine all ingredients in a greased casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. —Margery

APPLE-CARROT CASSEROLE

5 large carrots
 5 large apples
 5 Tbls. sugar
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 tsp. nutmeg
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/2 cup orange juice
 Slice the carrots and cook until tender. Peel, core and slice the apples. Combine the sugar, flour and nutmeg. Layer the apples and carrots in a casserole. Sprinkle each layer with the sugar mixture. Dot with the butter or margarine. Pour the orange juice over all. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 40 minutes. —Dorothy

LIME-APPLESAUCE SALAD

1 1-lb. can chunky applesauce
 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 cup lemon-lime soda pop
 Combine applesauce and gelatin in saucepan. Heat, stirring, until the gelatin is dissolved. Stir in flavoring and pop. Pour into a small mold. Serves 6. (Next time I make it I'll double it!) —Margery

STRAWBERRY-BANANA FREEZE

1 quart fresh strawberries
 1/3 cup lemon juice
 2 ripe bananas
 3/4 cup sugar
 1 1/2 cups heavy cream, whipped
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
 Crush the strawberries; add lemon juice, diced banana and sugar. Put in blender and blend until smooth. Pour into a large mixing bowl. Whip the cream; add flavorings. Fold into strawberry mixture. Pour into 7- by 11-inch pan, cover with foil and freeze until firm. Serve with a spoonful of whipped cream and top with whole strawberry. —Margery

PEACH-PECAN PIE

1/4 cup soft butter or margarine
 1/4 cup sugar
 2 Tbls. flour
 1/2 cup light corn syrup
 1/4 tsp. salt
 3 eggs
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 1/2 cups diced fresh peaches
 1 unbaked 9-inch pie shell
 Nut crumb topping
 Cream together the butter or margarine, sugar and flour. Stir in the syrup and salt. Beat in the eggs one at a time and add the flavoring. Mix until just blended. Add the peaches and pour into the pie shell. Sprinkle with the following topping:

Nut Crumb Topping

1/4 cup flour
 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 2 Tbls. soft butter
 1/2 cup coarsely chopped pecans
 Combine all together and mix until crumbly. Bake in a 400-degree oven about 35 minutes, or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. This is delicious and can be served plain or with ice cream, whipped cream, or whipped topping mix. —Dorothy

BEEF-PINEAPPLE SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
 1 cup boiling water
 1 cup cold liquid (pineapple juice and water)
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
 1/2 cup crushed beets
 Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the cold liquid and flavorings. Stir in the pineapple and beets. Pour into a mold and chill. —Dorothy

KING-STYLE SCALLOPED CORN

4 cups corn
 2 cups crushed cracker crumbs
 1/2 cup celery, chopped
 1/4 cup onion, diced
 2/3 cup American cheese, shredded
 1 tsp. salt
 2 eggs, beaten
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/4 tsp. paprika
 1 cup milk
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Combine ingredients. Spoon into well-greased 1½-quart casserole. Bake at 350 degrees 50 to 55 minutes.

Fresh corn cut from the cob may be used for this, or frozen corn or the cream-style canned corn. A very versatile recipe, one which may be made with less corn and cracker crumbs if desired. An excellent way to use leftover cooked corn. —Evelyn

ANGEL LEMON DESSERT

1/3 cup cornstarch
 3/4 cup sugar
 Pinch of salt
 1 cup boiling water
 1 slightly beaten egg or 2 beaten egg yolks
 1 Tbls. butter
 1/4 cup lemon juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 commercial angel food loaf cake (Net weight 10 ozs.)

Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt; add water and cook until thick and clear, stirring constantly. Add a little of the hot mixture to eggs and then stir this into remaining hot mixture. Cook 1 minute over low heat. Remove from fire, cool slightly and then add butter, lemon juice and lemon flavoring. Cool.

Split angel loaf into three layers and put back together with lemon filling between layers. Then cover loaf with whipped cream frosting made as follows:

Soften 1 tsp. unflavored gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water; dissolve in 1/4 cup heavy cream that has been scalded. To 1 3/4 cups heavy cream, whipped, add pinch of salt, 1/4 cup powdered sugar and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Then fold in gelatin mixture.

This very delicious dessert that will serve 12 may seem complicated the first time you make it, but it really goes together very quickly and holds up well for a couple of days if kept refrigerated. Homemade angel food loaf cake could be used, of course, but we've made this on short notice with the commercial loaf.

Do make this soon.

—Lucile

DOROTHY'S FAVORITE ICE CREAM RECIPES

Country Strawberry Ice Cream

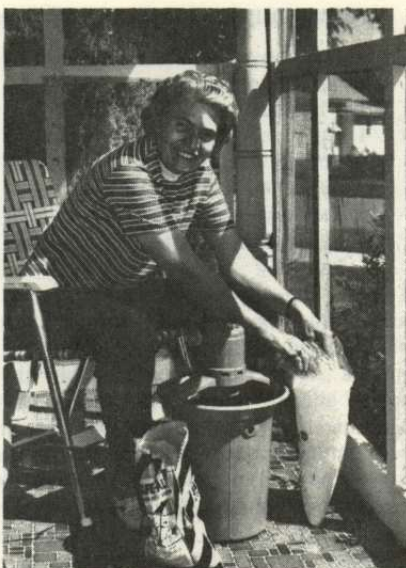
- 6 eggs
- 2 cups sugar
- 7 cups milk
- 5 cups cream
- 4 cups fresh strawberries, sweetened and mashed (measured after mashing)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. red food coloring

Maple-Nut

- 6 eggs
- 3 cups sugar
- 7 1/2 cups milk
- 6 cups cream
- 6 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup finely ground nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Banana Ice Cream

- 6 eggs
- 2 cups sugar
- 6 cups milk



- 5 cups cream
 - 4 cups mashed bananas
 - 4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 - 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
 - 3/4 tsp. salt
 - 1 cup finely ground black walnuts
- These three recipes are our favorites

(so far!) of the many I have tried out in my new 6-quart electric ice cream freezer. If your freezer is a smaller size, it will be a simple matter to decrease the amounts of ingredients I've listed here.

Frank and I prefer the old-fashioned uncooked ice cream, so none of these use a thin custard base.

In the three recipes given here, I use the same method for putting them together.

I beat the eggs, gradually beat in the sugar, and then add the cream, fruits, nuts, salt, flavorings, etc., and pour this mixture in the can. Then I fill the freezer two-thirds full with milk. The approximate amounts of milk are given for each recipe.

Use only coarse ROCK SALT. Put about three inches of ice in bottom of tub, then distribute a half-cup of salt, then alternating the ice and salt until it is level with top of can. Freezing time is dependent upon the type of ice cream mix used.

When ice cream becomes the consistency of heavy whipped cream, it is ready for packing. Take out dasher and scrape off excess ice cream back into can. Place sheet of waxed paper across top of can, press down cover. Drain off

(Continued on page 20)



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NEW PETS FOR THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

This has been a beautiful summer day for us. We started out by carrying our skillet and coffee pot and other assorted cooking needs to the back of the yard to join those rugged souls who had slept out by a campfire during the night. I cannot get at all enthusiastic about sleeping on the hard ground, and last evening did not happen to be either warm or soft of ground. So I joined the family at breakfast this morning. To be perfectly honest, Don did not sleep out either. He wanted desperately to be a good sport but his bed looked too good to him when the moment of decision came. We even gave our dog a treat this morning. We knew that the smell of bacon and the offer of pancake treats would be enough to entice her to stay with us without being tethered. She was visibly delighted to be allowed back with the family, so she started the day off with a smile.

She has had to wear a smile button these days because we have had an unusually large number of dog-nerve-wracking events which she has had to endure because she could not cure. Katharine came home from riding one afternoon with a suspicious-looking box which she slipped even more suspiciously into my lap, with the plea that I look inside. I asked if it were alive before I whipped the top open, and she answered that she didn't know whether "they" would be or not! I judged accurately that whatever she was softening me up for would indeed be alive, so I carefully turned back the top and discovered a mass of three-inch long balls of fluff which were, in fact, four kittens from the farmer's barn where Katharine boards her horse. I commented that they were truly extraordinary kittens without their eyes open, but that they ought to be returned post haste to their mother! Then came the entire hitch to the story. While she had been out riding, Katharine had found the mother, whom she knew well from their acquaintance at the barn, sadly mashed on the highway. It didn't take a genius to get the picture in one fleet instant. I knew these infants had come to stay.

The farmer said he would not possibly have time to attempt to keep them alive. So Katharine, the blossoming small-animal doctor, agreed that she would feed them through the night and do whatever else was required if we could just keep them. I agreed that they were in desperate straits, and would not mind if she took care of them, later returning them to the barn that they might carry on in the finest tradition of Barn Cats. Eloise (our docile basset hound) snuffed into their box the first



Do you suppose Adrienne's catch will end up on the table, or will these fish be kept in a tank to join the fast-growing collection of pets?

time she was in the area and decided that they were certainly close relatives of that wretched cat Simba, who lives here, too. She is so cowed by this cat of decidedly bad disposition that she has given these kittens wide berth, and I have never felt for a moment that, they were in any danger from her.

I cannot say the same for the aforementioned Simba. She waltzed into the house and breezed through the room where the cats were, and one could almost see the hair rise on the back of her neck with panicky fear. Her curiosity, however, made her track down the strangeness in the room. One hasty glance in the box and one swift sound of mewing from the box, sent her out of the room like a streak. I was confounded to think that this small-sized cat had sensed that these kittens were terrible news for her.

To make a two-week-long story short, she has not yet come into any room where the cats have been. Katharine has thus far moved them in their box from room to room with the exception of Don's and my bedroom, and this is the *only* room where she will settle for the night. Katharine has handled the kittens so much that she is covered with their scent and as a result Simba will not allow her to be friendly at all. They had been rather extraordinary friends, much to the distress of Adrienne, her owner, so it is obvious to all that Katharine and Simba are going their separate ways.

Katharine, as a foster mother, with four small baby bottles (doll size) and the wonderful prepared human baby formulas plus the prepared baby meats, is doing a 100% successful job. I only hope mousing is an instinctive thing because there are many aspects of being a mother cat which a person cannot handle. For instance, there was no way short of a daily water bath to keep them in any semblance of cleanliness. So these cats started out their lives with us by taking baths, which they ac-

cept agreeably. To substitute for their mother's warmth Katharine put a heating pad under a piece of plastic in their box, and they are truly contented. I wonder if they will adjust to being barn cats after all!

Less than a week later Adrienne found just the present she wanted to buy for Katharine's birthday. They had hatched a duck egg in an incubator at school as a biology experiment, and when the time came for "Adam" to go home with someone, Katharine was not lucky enough to get him. So I agreed that if these cute little things could go to the horse barn when school began and the weather became such that they would need protection, I would allow her to spend her 65¢ for a birthday duck. I rather foolishly bought two companions, because the lady told me that they would be much quieter if they were not alone. This sounded reasonable, so Katharine now has the addition of three rapidly growing ducks. They are muscovy ducks, which the lady informed me would dress out at nearly 16 pounds apiece when we were ready to eat them. I didn't have the face to tell her we were soft-headed enough to be buying these ducks for pets. These cute fellows, or girls as the case may be, are happy in an enormous chain link cage which a neighbor brought over when she saw the cardboard box home we had started out with.

We're all keeping busy this summer. Donald's real estate venture is proving to be a thriving one. His hours are as unpredictable as a doctor's. He has "floor" time when he is in the office to meet any prospective buyers, and he has time when he must be within telephone reach in case the office is inundated with customers and they need help. In addition to this, during his free time he drives around the countryside, looking for houses which are for sale "by owner", with the hope that he can convince them that if they do not sell their home themselves, he is *the* man to do it for them. Thus far he has convinced two home sellers that he can do it. He is enjoying it and it gives him something to put on a clean, colored shirt for these long summer days. He does not take gracefully to being idle, so he's busy and happy.

Paul now has a paper route in the neighborhood. It is a small route but large enough that it takes his full attention to do the collecting and make the bank deposits and all the other little things that go with a paper route. It takes him only 45 minutes to deliver, so this should not be too great a task when school begins again. Don commented that the method of collecting is the same as it was when he was delivering a paper way back when. As a
(Continued on page 20)

MARY LEANNA DRIFTMIER EXPLAINS HER WORK WITH FOREIGN STUDENTS

Dear Friends:

By the time you read this I will be in Cuernavaca, Mexico, spending two months studying intensive Spanish. This is hopefully in preparation for getting a Master's degree in bilingual education. I will need Spanish for this and although I have studied it both in the United States and in Spain, I am not fluent yet. I'm writing this in Shenandoah between visits with relatives, and I'm sure you'll be reading about my adventures going across country in some of the other letters.

While I have the time, I want to tell you some more about my job at Boston University which I quit in order to take this trip and go to graduate school. As you may remember, I have been working in Boston as Adviser to Study Abroad and as Academic Adviser to Foreign Students. I wrote a previous letter about study abroad, so now I'd like to tell you a little bit about working with foreign students.

Boston University is fortunate to have an International Student Center with a full-time staff. The staff consists of a director, two secretaries, a program director (for community and extracurricular activities), and the assistant to the director who handles primarily visa and tax problems. The Center provides a 5-day orientation for new foreign students, and I arrived back from Spain last summer just in time to assist them with this. The program consisted basically of tours of the campus, lectures and discussions, social activities, and an academic orientation. I had to academically orient the students in the College of Liberal Arts, and it wasn't easy even though I had been through it all myself when I was a student there. There is a saying about Boston University that if you can register, you can graduate — registration is that complicated! Luckily, a Canadian student had registered early and was able to help me with the details.

During the first two weeks of the semester my office was crowded with students coming in to discuss and change their programs and to let me know what courses they ended up with. After they started and learned American ways of preparing for classes, we could settle down and just be friends. As the semester went along I worked closely with the staff at the Center and got to know many of the students well.

The highlight of the fall was an Inter-cultural Workshop Weekend held in October at a YMCA camp outside the city. We had 26 students, half American and half foreign. The activities



How much we enjoyed Mary Leanna's visit! From Shenandoah, she drove to Colorado and New Mexico to see other relatives before heading on to Mexico for study.

consisted of small group discussions on friendship and understanding as well as fun and games. The weather was gorgeous, and we had some lovely walks out into the swamp on a log trail where the trees were in full color. When the students evaluated the experience there were plenty of criticisms (it was an experimental program), but they had enjoyed it and felt very close to the people who were there. Of course, you almost always feel close to people with whom you've lived for an extended period of time, but I was happy to find that there was a core of students who had gotten to know each other on this trip who remained good friends for the rest of the year. They ran in and out of my office constantly, and were as likely to run into each

NIGHT

Night enfolds us in her arms

As a mother soothes her child,

Breathes a benediction

In a hush as calm and mild.

Night,

The birds have ceased to sing,

The dark curtain falls,

The bat is on the wing.

Night,

All is rest and peace,

When busy hands and hearts and minds

From labor seek release.

Night,

As we pause on Nature's breast,

While the dreamy purple haze

Lulls man and beast to rest.

Night,

The dark, then comes the dawn,

God's gift of love to all His own.

—Mary E. Boyles

other there as anywhere. We went out to the movies and to dinner together, and I had a party for everyone in the spring.

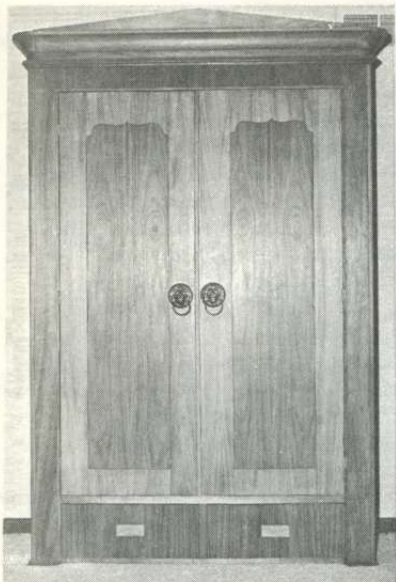
I did handle occasional academic problems and kept tabs on students about whom I was worried, but most often my advice was sought on personal problems, especially those related to culture shock. You can imagine what it must be like for a girl coming from a sheltered home in a Latin American country, for example, where her dates were chaperoned and she was constantly under parental supervision, to cope with social life in a city like Boston. Of course, some American students have to be educated to accepting the ways of foreign students that might seem strange to them, but some of the foreign students had to be encouraged not to condemn American conduct whether or not it was appropriate for them. There was a great deal of mind-opening on both sides. Sometimes the foreign students got some shocks from each other. During the orientation, a Mexican girl got up one morning to discover that her Japanese roommate was not in bed. A quick search found her meditating beside a running bathtub. They laughed over this incident when I had them to my apartment for dinner later.

I tried to find ways to introduce them to New England. I took a small group to Rockport one afternoon. Rockport is a small town on the ocean north of Boston. It's an artists' colony filled with quaint shops and galleries, and I'm sure many of you who have visited New England have been there. I wanted to show them how maple syrup is made, so I got in touch with some people who have a "sugar house" in East Northfield, Mass., who said I could bring a group up when the sap ran. Well, I called them every week from Boston to ask, "Is the sap running yet?", but it hadn't. *Finally it did*, but by that time we were into midterm tests and no one had time to go. A trip I had planned to Old Sturbridge Village never came off either. Schedules tightened up so that I just had to be satisfied that I got them around as much as I did.

I came to know some absolutely wonderful people, and I have many addresses to which I have to send postcards while on this trip. A girl who lives in Mexico City is already planning a party for my 25th birthday which will occur while I'm down there, and that's something to look forward to.

It's time to run down to Aunt Lucile's for supper, so I'll leave you with the hope that everyone is enjoying life as much as I am. Pretty soon you'll be receiving another installment in the adventures of

Mary Leanna



This large cupboard that is used to store china in Lucile's dining room, started out over 100 years ago to hold clothing. After a fire that charred the two front panels it was moved to a cellar to store home-canned fruit. Twenty-five years ago it was a gift to Lucile and Russell — they refinished the walnut and covered the front panels with French tapestry. When their present dining room was built Russell had a carpenter encase the entire thing with a light walnut veneer, install glass shelves and interior illumination. Perhaps sometime we can get a picture of it with the doors open.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

by
Gladys Niece Templeton

When asked the question "What do you do with antiques? I don't like the house full of old junk; I like pretty things", the answer pops out without hesitation. "Use them." While my "old things" have always been in my family, I also appreciate the lovely old articles one sees almost everywhere: elegant silver, china, satin-smooth furniture that has weathered many years, laces, and linens.

One is amazed how the linens of the 18th and 19th centuries endure. Some very dainty pieces have never broken at the folds. Perhaps temperature had something to do with this, but I believe careful handling is the answer. Heat is hard on furniture or linen. Wood suffers if neglected; cracks may damage it beyond repair. Moisture is necessary for wood. Furniture creams should be used regularly.

Each generation has produced skilled workmen and artists in their fields, but the common, ordinary antique indicates the care given the article through the years. Art served a need other than

creating a thing of beauty. A dish or a chest was *used* and tenderly cared for. These are treasured antiques today, and they may be *used* today also.

One friend has a beautiful hundred-year-old chest which now holds her linens. Her milk glass is never put into the automatic dishwasher, but is washed by hand in tepid water with mild soap, rinsed well, and dried with soft cloths. She regrets the breaking of a dainty pitcher which she had kept in the living room as a thing of beauty. Now she wishes she had used it rather than keeping it to *look at*. If a thing of beauty is a joy forever, she *had* used her pitcher every day.

Ceramics are a *must* in some rooms. Choice glassware become collector's items regardless of age. One collector fills her kitchen window ledge with bottles of unusual shapes, sizes, and colors. The sheer curtains do not detract from their beauty, and the sun adds sparkle.

Another friend enjoys her antique lamps about the house, making note of the color scheme of the room. Light also accents the beauty of a vase, picture, or small bit of decor. Pottery or glassware add grace and accent to any room. The colorful teapot or ring mold adds sparkle to the kitchen.

The busy housewife remembers to use the antique articles which demand the least care. Almost any home has the ideal corner for that old chair. If it is not upholstered, make a seat cushion of washable material, calling attention

to its age by adding a ruffle around the cushion. Quaint patterns are now found for this.

Tiny antique articles, thoughtfully placed, provide conversation pieces. A pint fruit jar filled with artificial fruits attracts attention in the library as well as in the kitchen. The antique clock ticks right along despite its age. The old coal hod (bucket) can be filled with magazines or potted plants. A cut-glass salt shaker holds tiny plastic flowers and the old tureen on the antique buffet is filled with lists of things we are to remember . . . if we remember to look in the tureen for the list! The old silver service is handy on the corner table in the dining room. The spoon rack is filled with antique silver spoons, but these must be polished often, and I dread this routine.

Grandmother's teapot brews tea for you just as it did for her. Her methods were *antique* but resulted in keeping *treasures* for us today.

How can you use antiques? Just keep them in good condition right where they can be used, and try to use them every day, be they dishes, silver, furniture, or quilts. The next generation is learning from you!

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Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings

TREES OF THE BIBLE

by

Gladys Niece Templeton

When the children of Israel entered the Promised Land, they found many and varied trees, which represented to them the power of God on earth, and they used trees to express man's immortality. They were the first to see Nature as a part of God, though being human, they constantly had to be reminded that trees were the *gift of God*. Jeremiah speaks of the righteous man as "a tree planted by the waters . . . shall not see when the heat cometh but its leaf shall be green and shall not be careful in the year of the drouth, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." Jeremiah and Psalms use this simile.

To transform dry places into woods of evergreen was a vision of heaven on earth. (Isaiah 41:19-20.) They saw that a power far above the tallest trees timed the seasons and the weather.

The trees of the Promised Land had important uses. The cedars of Lebanon of the desert were used in the building of King Solomon's Temple. (I Kings 5: 6.) Being hard and closely grained, this wood is valued in cabinet work today. However, in Bible lands it was also used for fuel.

Cypress, cedar, and oak were widely used, even along the coast where ship building required hard wood. "Cypress" stems from a word meaning "hard". The cedar tree led in grandeur and was the *Glory of Lebanon*, just as our giant sequoias rank in our country. Ezekial used the cedar tree to stress God's greatness.

Were we to travel from the desert of the Southwest to the evergreen woods of Maine, we would note the contrast of nature in the Hebrew's life. Forest trees were trees of the Lord. (Psalms 104:16.) The arid climate of the Holy Land has always been a problem for those who have given up the nomadic life.

The cedar has been used throughout the years in landscaping. Its height and spreading branches were the most beautiful of those spoken of in Bible gardens.

The children of Israel were instructed to use cedar wood in purification ceremonies. (Lev. 14:4-6; Num. 19:6.)

Oaks were common in Palestine and scattered throughout the area of the Jordan. Important events were held under their branches. There were many species, but the *evergreen* oak was the most valued by the people of the Bible because it retained its green leaves all year, and was proof of God's everlasting goodness of life. Strong men were compared to its strength. Man

(Continued on page 20)



During the summer we can always depend on blooms from hemerocallis.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

August is sometimes hot and dry, so gardening work lets up to some extent. If you must water, do soak the ground thoroughly just as a good rain would do, and then wait until the plants are thirsty again. Check house plants that are summering outdoors.

Because we have a floral shop and greenhouse, we have a wealth of geranium plants around the buildings and in flower beds. They bloom profusely all summer long and do not seem to mind the heat if given a little moisture when rain is scarce. To keep them pretty, one must go over the plants with pruning shears and cut off the faded bloom heads. This is no small job when one has so many plants but the geraniums reward us with a splendid display of flowers.

In spite of all the dusting and spraying, we found thrip damage in many of our choice gladioluses. Once these pests invade the garden, they seem to stay around from year to year and cause blighted florets. One can still save the corms over again for another season if they are treated during storage and again at planting time. DDT used to be recommended but it has been replaced with a less toxic material. You might inquire at a pesticide counter for something to control thrips if you have this trouble too.

Have you ever tried growing miniature roses? They are of easy culture, more hardy than hybrid teas (to my surprise!), and will provide you with a wealth of perfectly formed tiny roses. Last spring we sent for two "Fair-

Roses" — Red Roulette, a lovely ruby-red color, and Pink Roulette, a soft pink. The little plants were set at the base of a birdbath and now we are enjoying their second display of bloom. Next spring we hope to add a white and a yellow miniature to the planting. We often send a miniature vase filled with three or four of these roses to the hospital where the nurses and patients alike dote on them. If you have never grown a miniature rose, do keep them in mind for planting early next spring.



GARDEN FLOWERS

For our exalted moods God made the hills,
His purple mountains clad in deathless snows,
Against the morning skies of amethyst
Or evening skies of flaming blue and rose.

But God knew we were human, and could lift
Not always to His mountains and His skies,
And so He wrought the miracle again
And laid it at our feet in humbler guise;
So close that tired, downcast eyes can see,
So small that we can clasp and call it ours,
But still in blue and rose and amethyst,
The miracle of common garden flowers.

—Helen Field Fischer



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Ole Edvart Rølvaag is the dominant figure in Norwegian American literature. His novel *Giants in the Earth* is an American classic, one of the finest works of fiction relating the struggles and expectations of immigrants to America. *Giants in the Earth* was first published in Norway in 1925. It brought him fame as an artist, both in Norway and the United States and was a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club in 1927.

The Third Life of Per Smevik (Dillon Press, 106 Washington Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minnesota, \$5.95) by Ole Rølvaag is based on his own experiences as a young Norwegian immigrant to the Dakota prairies as told by Per Smevik in letters to his family in Norway. It first appeared in late fall, 1912. It is now published in English for the first time, and was translated by Rølvaag's daughter, Ella Valborg Tweet, and granddaughter, Solveig Tweet Zempel.

The title of the book *The Third Life of Per Smevik* is explained in a letter to his father, written from Clarkfield, South Dakota, in 1896:

"It's not quite a month since I left home, but it seems like an eternity — and a long one at that! It is as if I have already lived two lives here on earth: the first was in Smeviken, and that lasted almost twenty-one years. The second one I lived through on the trip from Smeviken in Helgeland to Clarkfield, South Dakota. Now I am about to begin a third."

Why was it that he decided to come to America? He felt he wasn't fulfilling himself and wanted to see what the world was like. Whatever he did, he tried to do the best. At one time he wrote, "Life would be much simpler for me if only my nature were a little different, so that I could take things easier and not always have to do everything faster and better than anyone else." He helped his boss and Uncle Hans on the farm and, in 1897, hired out for eight months' farm work at seventeen dollars per month. He was impressed with the hard work and tried to keep up his share, sometimes with disastrous results. Later he enrolled at school to learn English and became an enthusiastic student. He was pleased that everything was so democratic. He wrote, "Here I am — the fisherboy, newcomer, and greenhorn who under-



Oliver Strom, Margery's husband, catching up on the daily news:

stands nothing — yet I'm equal to the pastor's son and all the other sons in the world."

Per Smevik went on to graduate from school, to do some preaching in the church, and to teach parochial school.

When his brother asked about coming to America, he replied using a Fourth of July celebration speech that he had heard using the theme: "What is gained and what is lost, upon exchanging the Fatherland for the new land." This was a most thoughtful speech and explains clearly the feeling of the immigrant in America.

Ella Valborg Tweet, Ole Rølvaag's daughter, has written an interesting introduction to the book which tells much about the great writer and man.

This book is full of challenges and adjustments, as well as humorous adventures. It is good that it has been translated into English. *The Third Life of Per Smevik* reflects Rølvaag's first American experience so spontaneously

and vividly that the reader can hardly lay it down, according to Einar Haugen of Harvard University. I was especially interested in the immigrant's story. With the names Jacobsen, Maasdam, Carlson, and Swanson in my husband's and my family tree, you will realize why.

Now for some humor. There are so many words that appear in print each day, that there are bound to be some funny results. Jerome Beatty, Jr. has compiled the silly things he's seen in newspapers, on signs, and elsewhere in *Double Take* (Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, \$3.95). It's a book of bloopers which Mr. Beatty says was "well worth the effort."

Here are a few examples:

"Antiques — Old and New"

—Arkansas shop

In the window of a Lower East Side butcher shop: "This is the store of Max the Knife."

"Order our rings by mail. State size or enclose string tied around finger."

—Mail order catalog

"We had nine meetings during the year. February was cancelled due to the weather."

—Parish report

"If it rains Saturday the picnic will be held the day before." —Church paper

KITCHEN-KLATTER'S ON THE AIR

Kitchen clutter, putter, putter,
All these tasks just make me shudder.

Lady, dear, don't despair;
Kitchen-Klatter's on the air with many
helpful hints to share.

Nutritious meals, delightful platter,
Delicious flavors enhance the batter,
Big savings, too, the billfold's fatter.
A little spatter doesn't matter,
Just clean it up with Kitchen-Klatter.
Inspiring thoughts and friendly chatter,
All this you'll find in *Kitchen-Klatter*.

—Mrs. Walter Paulson

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HELP CHILDREN LIVE IN A CHANGING WORLD

Your children will have to come to grips with a complex and challenging world. If they are to make their rightful contribution to it:

Teach them to treat all people with respect.

Encourage their idealism.

Praise their efforts on behalf of others.

Place a value on healthy competition.

Point out that new ideas are rooted in honored traditions of the past.

Help them to keep up with a changing world and change it for the better.

MARY BETH'S LETTER – Concluded

result of this similarity, he is able to advise Paul on the little trouble spots which arise.

The weather is so lovely that I shall close this and take the winter sweater outside which I am knitting for one of the girls, and sit and enjoy some more of the outdoors.

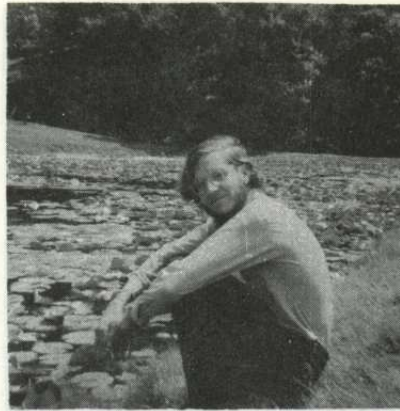
Until next month . . .

Mary Beth

DOROTHY'S ICE CREAM – Concluded

water. Repack freezer using five parts of ice to one of salt, until entire can and lid are covered with the ice and salt mixture. Cover with newspapers, then a burlap bag or some suitable material for insulation. Let stand until frozen hard.

Each recipe makes 6 quarts.



David Driftmier, son of Frederick and Betty, was one of the fortunate college students who was able to find a job this summer. He is working in a fish cannery in Alaska.

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR CAMERA

– Concluded

get one saleable shot.

7- Don't be afraid to experiment.

8- Don't forget to have your camera checked periodically so that it gives you the best service and clearest shots.

And, probably the most important advice is to handle your camera with respect. It will reward you with years of enjoyment. Don't be a cluck about your clicker – record today's happenings for posterity.

To make a great future, you must learn about the great past.

To sin by silence when they should speak out makes cowards of men.

—Abraham Lincoln

FREDERICK'S LETTER – Concluded
because the high water had knocked out the radio stations and the newspaper could not be delivered. Just remind me when we retire to never buy a home in a river valley or on an ocean front. I want to keep to the highlands within sight of the water!

A few days ago Betty and I were entertained at the home of a wealthy industrialist who owns a large estate of forest land down in Connecticut about thirty minutes' drive from here. The woodlands were so beautifully cleared, and the little trout streams and swimming ponds were delightful. He keeps several homes on the estate, and he and his wife or their guests use all of the homes a part of the time. Betty and I may be using one of the homes for a days later this summer.

Our son David writes frequently from Alaska where he is employed in a fish cannery this summer. His hours are such that he can take advantage of the long evenings to explore the immediate area which he describes as "terrific".

Mary Leanna, our daughter, informed us on the telephone that she has written a letter to you friends for this issue, so she will account for her own activities.

Betty and I expect guests momentarily so I'll bring this to a close and join her in the living room.

Sincerely,
Frederick

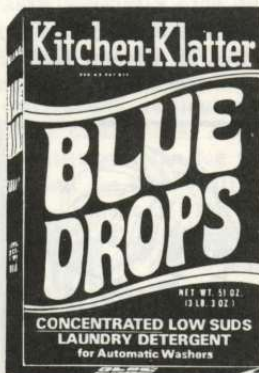
TREES OF THE BIBLE – Concl.

was constantly being warned against worshipping this majestic tree. The lofty oak is said to have warned Nebuchadnezzar that he was to fall. (Daniel 4:8-27.) (The majestic 300-year-old oak which grew on Rutgers University campus in New Jersey inspired Joyce Kilmer to write the favorite poem "Trees".)

The tamarisk was common in the Holy Land, as it endured drouth. Abraham planted a grove of them.

The Russian olive was also common; as today, it was used for landscaping and carving. (I Kings 6: 23, 31-33.) Poplars were spoken of in Hosea 4: 13, and fruit trees flourished in well-tended gardens. Psalms 137: 1-3 mentions the willow. Legend tells of the exiles hanging their harps on the branches of the willow trees, weighing them down and causing them to droop forever after.

Most of the trees here mentioned are common in the plains states. Throughout this arid region we appreciate any tree. Regardless of insects, disease, drouth, we endeavor to save everyone. As a result, our homes appear to be permanently located. Perhaps someday we may say "and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." (Revelation 22: 2.)



CHECKS OUT!

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KITCHEN-KLATTER BLUE DROPS

AUGUST DEVOTIONS - Concluded

Leader: What would we write down under the heading "These are the things that show how we use our time" or "These are the things that show we are trying to follow God's plan for living"?

Meditation Two: How often in a day do we ask "What time is it?" We want to know if it's time for lunch, or our favorite TV program, or to go swimming. Everything we do uses a certain amount of time. What a wonderful gift God gives us when He allows us to use the minutes of the hours of each day as we choose.

How do you use your time? What are the things that really matter most to you? What do you care about most? What are the top priority items in your family's time? What are the things you dream about; what are the concerns you pray about?

Jesus said, "Where your treasure is, there is your heart also."

The way we use our time shows what we really care about. The way we use the things we treasure, what we treasure, the way we use what we have — they all tell so much about our values. How do you use your time? What does the way you use it tell about you?

Remember the Scriptures said "There is a time for everything" — for planting, for reaping, for building up, for tearing down, for laughing, for weeping, for speaking, for keeping silent, for loving, for hating? The sundial inscription warns us that our time for action is now.

How often have you heard someone say, "Well, if you want something done, ask a busy person to do it."? In other words, the busy person is no doubt the one who has learned how to budget the hours of the day so that he can do things he cares most about.

In the fairy stories the prince is often granted a great treasure to keep and to enjoy. My! we think. Wouldn't it be wonderful if something like that happened to us? *It's about time* we realize that there is no greater treasure than the gift of time that awaits each one of us as we awaken to begin a new day.

What things are given priority in the minutes and hours of *your* day?

How much time will we give to plucking enough profits to give us material comforts and luxuries for daily living? How much time will we spend killing gossip and selfishness or healing hurt feelings and broken friendships? How much time will we spend tearing down false values and prejudices, in building up love and understanding and neighborliness? How much time will we spend seeking out the needs of the lonely, the underprivileged, the hungry, the sick, the discouraged, the scorned? How much time will we give to joy and

laughter, to appreciation of beauty, of blessings of life, and of family and friends? Will we find time to speak out when there is need for someone to stand firm on just principles even if it means giving up some prestige and friendships? Will we find time to be silent when it is needed to squelch gossip, greed, and misunderstanding? More important, will we find time each day to be still and listen to God speak to us? Will we speak out against war, and work long and diligently for peace? Yes, indeed, it's about time we decide how we will spend our time. How we spend it paints the picture of what we are to those who know us and lets others know what we care most about. What does your time say about you?

Song: "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing".

Leader: Isn't that a beautiful thought — to teach the world to sing? In our troubled world today we hear so much that is discouraging. We hear so many who shake their heads and say, "My, isn't this an awful world we live in? I just don't know what is going to happen to us all." What a joy when we come across those persons who go briskly about, brightening the corner where they are, bent on "teaching the world to sing"! Are you using your time to teach the world to sing?

"But it's so hard to do in this world of war and riots and hatreds", we say. We say we haven't the strength "to buck all the opposition".

Here again, as we look at nature, the handiwork of God around us, it reminds us to "be still and know that I am God."

I will be still and know

The Lord is God today.

No matter what the foe

Of righteousness may say,
No matter e'en how steep

The way on which I plod;
I will be very still

While listening to His voice,
And pray His sovereign will
May guide my humblest choice.

So while earth's clamorous din
Resounds o'er land and sea.

I will be still within

And hear God speak to me.

—Thanks to unknown author

It's about time we take stock of how we budget our time. What do we place first? A look at the way we use our days will tell us if we are the person we want to be, if we are fulfilling our place in God's beautiful world. It's about time we take time to be still and and listen as God speaks to us. Only then can our hearts find the peace for which the heart so longs and is forever seeking.

Hymn: "God, Who Touchest Earth with Beauty", or join hands and sing again the chorus of "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing", or use the first verse of "Put Your Hand in the Hand".

Benediction: God, who touches earth with beauty, send us forth to take joy in finding time for all those things which we know in our heart we should be doing, ever rejoicing that in Thee all things are possible. In the name of Christ we pray. Amen



A garden is a holy spot

For anyone can see —

God's footprint in each garden plot;

God's hand on every tree.

The Happy Housewife's Song



I look around my house and see
A thousand things to do.
There's always lots of cleaning
With gobs of scrubbing, too.
From sidewalk to the back porch
From basement to the bay
There's never any shortage
Of dirt to wash away.
Thank goodness for the cleaner
That helps me night and day
That never leaves a residue
To rinse and wipe away.
You'll never find a better one,
No matter what you spend . . .
Than Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner,
The housewife's real true friend!

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

You're never too old to hear better

Chicago, Ill. — A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A replica of the smallest Beltone aid ever made will be given absolutely free to anyone answering this advertisement.

Try it to see how it is worn in the privacy of your own home without cost or obligation of any kind. It's yours to keep, free. It weighs less than a third of an ounce, and it's all at ear level, in one unit. No wires lead from body to head.

These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. Write to Dept. 4182, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.

Courtesy is an investment in friendship.

Every day is judgment day — use a lot of it daily.



Katharine, out of the cast, can join James in the wading pool.

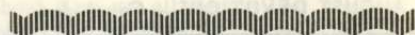
DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

week coincided with a visit to Shenandoah by one of my old and dear friends, Mrs. Lambert (Virginia) Miller, who had come from her home in Tacoma, Washington, to attend her class reunion. She stayed in the home of another good friend, Mayrilla Irvin, and the three of us had a wonderful week reminiscing.

Kristin and her family spent a week-end recently in Roswell, New Mexico, with her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls, and had a good time. Kristin, Andy, and Aaron will be arriving soon now, and we are all anticipating their visit. Andy writes he is getting anxious to ride Little Buck, his pony.

I must get this to the post office, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy



JET SET BOY SCOUT

An insulated sleeping bag,
An ice chest filled with ice,
A TV dinner wrapped in foil,
Canned heat to make it nice,
A pair of drip-dry walking shorts,
An incandescent lamp —
These are the things he now must take
When a Boy Scout goes to camp.

—Mrs. Bill Holland

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

with Abigail, they'll be boarding another plane for the flight into Omaha where we'll meet them.

Katharine's leg is out of the cast at long last and she is getting around normally aside from a slight limp when she's tired. It seemed like a good time for them to come back here since business won't permit me to go to Albuquerque until late autumn.

Everything is in readiness for their arrival. The highchair is in the dining room, the crib is upstairs, the tricycle is waiting for James and on the back porch is a wonderful collection of toys loaned to us by Val Black, our faithful printer down at the plant. He has five children and the youngest is now at an age where toys suitable for James and Katharine have been put aside.

This generous loan saved my life because I had passed on to Dorothy the collection of things I'd gotten together a year ago when I expected the children to arrive for a visit. I figured they'd come in mighty handy during the two weeks that Andrew and Aaron will be at the farm, and I didn't dream then that my own grandchildren would arrive only one day before her grandchildren arrived. Well, thanks to the Black youngsters there will be toys at this house and Andrew and Aaron can enjoy the ones I sent home with Dorothy on her last trip down here.

A year ago when James was here he couldn't go near our big municipal swimming pool because of his ears, but this summer the specialist has given him a clean bill of health and he can go down there with his mother. Now if it will only warm up . . .

I must get to the kitchen before more time passes and start the sweet-sour pineapple sauce that we're having on country style spareribs tonight. This is one of Juliana's favorite meat dishes and both children love it too, so that's what we'll sit down to for their first meal at Granny Wheels' house. I'll be doing a lot of cooking in the two weeks ahead — and I'll love it.

Until next month I am always faithfully yours . . .

Lucile



TIME OUT!

LISTEN TO KITCHEN-KLATTER

We are heard on the following 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.

Little Ads

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

October ads due August 10.
November ads due September 10.
December ads due October 10.

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COOKBOOKS PRINTED. Money making project for church or organizations. Write for prices. Star Printing, Klemme, Iowa 50449.

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LADIES TOWEL JACKET pattern with instructions - 60¢. Huffman, Box 280, Hoop-eston, Ill. 60942.

CHURCH WOMEN: Will print 150-page cookbook for organizations for \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

PEARLS, TRI-BEADS, SAUCERS AND SPACERS free price list. MAB CRAFTS, 2624 Beaver, Des Moines, Iowa 50310.

FOR SALE: Afghans 45 x 60 for \$17.50; film rose for 50¢; large painted dish towels 6 for \$6.00. Violet Barnes, Felton, Minn. 56536.

COFFEE MAKER - \$8.95. 12 volt only, car, truck, boat. Cigarette lighter plug in. Order: J. Masek, Box 1192, Spring Valley, Calif. 92077.

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded
phone table a few feet. I'd say the phone went out on us at the right time, wouldn't you?

The first call after the serviceman left was from Mother. She said she had taken pies out of the oven several hours ago and had hoped to reach me before 12:00 so we could have one for lunch, but it will taste just as good with our evening meal. She didn't mention what kind it is, so with my curiosity aroused I'll run down the street and get it right now.

Sincerely,
Margery

A HOME IS NOT A HOUSE

"You have two small children who need more growing space," observed a neighbor when she visited the couple in their much-too-small apartment. "Why don't you move out of your apartment and get a home?"

"We've got the home," smiled the mother. "We just don't have a house to put it in."

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A HOBBY FOR ALL

by
Gladys Niece Templeton

By what miracle is the ordinary backyard transformed into a spot of bird heaven? Perhaps by no miracle, but by the result of simple planning on the part of folks who love birds. Birds nesting in their yards know they are among friends and will not be disturbed.

Birds have fascinated mankind since the beginning of history. We marvel at every phase of their lives, and history is filled with stories about them. They are responsive creatures: by providing food, water, and shelter, you can attract them to your property.

Large shade trees give the strongest invitation; however, if you have no trees perhaps you can place a bath and feeder nearby, somewhat concealed by a shrub or vine. Place them as near a window as possible where you can observe these feathered friends throughout the seasons.

The birds most familiar in the central states include sparrows, martins, wrens, blue jays and orioles. They carefully inspect the house you have prepared for them, semiconcealed if possible. No other bird has become so thoroughly a part of civilization as the sparrow. Like the rat, it is detested, as it usurps the nests of other birds. However, it feeds exclusively on the harmful insects such as aphids, beetles, and locust and weed seeds of crabgrass, dandelions, and such.

The starling has a bad reputation. It is tough, intelligent, and capable of adjusting to any locale, thus causing the gradual disappearance of the desirable native birds. It imitates other birds and takes over their nesting sites, even moving into occupied nests!

The beautiful robin, our largest thrush, moved west with other early birds. It is heard across the nation in the early hours of dawn. The robin enjoys human society, and repays his rent many times over by destroying insects and worms — not forgetting his song. He struts about the yard, everything under control, taking turns at the bath, with eyes alert for insects. Raising two or three broods of young in the season, he is a constant delight to the bird watcher.

The blue jay is our only bright blue and white bird. His aggressive, loud, and varied calls make him distinctive. His bad manners drive other birds from the feeder and bath. He is very busy, giving little time to song.

The oriole is not only beautiful but has a vigorous, happy song. Each pair raise only *one* brood a year, leaving early for their winter home.

The little wren starts her day at the break of dawn, singing lustily for hours, a pleasure to watch and hear. She is restless, energetic, nervously excited as she goes about her homemaking. I take my coffee to the terrace and sit quietly while these tiny friends come within my reach, unseen by me (they think). They like music and happy sounds but are frightened by slamming doors and unnecessary noises. When I work in the flower bor-

der they follow nearby for worms, and spend hours under the sprays. Plenty of fresh, clean water attracts them. Even with the help which Nature provides, our feeding of them requires thought and time, especially in winter or when there has been a destructive storm. A few crumbs, suet, peanut butter, or seed well placed will draw them.

Banding has shown that robins, wrens, and other birds return to the same nesting place year after year.

Bird watching has become a hobby enjoyed by many, an interest that can last a lifetime anywhere.



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