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# Kitchen-Klatter<sup>®</sup>

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA 20 CENTS

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-Photo by Strom

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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,

Lucile Driftmier Verness,

Margery Driftmier Strom.



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Last month when I wrote to you I said that Juliana, James and Katharine were on a plane between Albuquerque and Denver while I was at my typewriter, and I was most eagerly anticipating their arrival.

Well, today while I'm writing to you the three of them are again on a plane and as nearly as I can put together the schedule they must be above Iowa right now. This is quite a long flight, everything considered, for they started out in Albuquerque around 9:00 A.M. and won't reach their destination until about 8:00 tonight. It doesn't take much imagination to figure out how excited Mrs. Lowey must feel today!

At least one improvement has been made travel-wise since their last trip to Woods Hole, Mass., two years ago. Someone always had to drive to Boston to meet them, and after a long flight it was tiring to have bumper-to-bumper traffic for 80 miles — summer traffic on that stretch is just unbelievable.

Thank goodness they can now pick up sort of a shuttle flight on Air New England that enables them to get off at Hyannis, and then it's only about 20 miles to the Lowey family base at Woods Hole — surely a vast difference from 80 miles.

Juliana will be there for one week with James and Katharine, and the second week Jed will join them for a few days. The engineering firm where he works has been so swamped with business that he could never be spared for a real vacation until this time. If their stay at Woods Hole goes as swiftly as their last trip to Shenandoah, Mrs. Lowey will feel that she turned around twice — and they were gone!

Since I read many, many letters from you friends who tell me that you like to hear about my grandchildren, I'll go ahead and bring you up to date on their development.

I know now that living with a four-year-old boy is a pretty noisy proposi-

tion. From the time James got up in the morning until he went to bed at night he was pretending to be a truck, a jet plane, a cowboy with many guns blazing and a fireman — with all of the appropriate sounds involved. Moreover, Katharine imitates him and can create almost as much noise.

Juliana tells me that by having only one child I missed out on the high decibel level of sound that she lives with constantly, and I certainly have no reason to argue with her. Like any small youngsters they find endless things to squabble about and it creates a mighty racket. During the day Juliana says that she just closes her ears to it and doesn't really hear it at all, but as late afternoon approaches she says that suddenly she feels as if she'll start scaling the walls.

Both children still pitch into their meals with great gusto and eat everything put before them, the only exception being that James has never been able to tolerate eggs or green lima beans. (He calls them monster food!) There's never any fussing around to fix them this or fix them that and it seems to me a remarkable timesaver when it comes to meals.

Both children go to bed the moment they are told to go and we never hear a peep out of them. In fact, when they are really tired they actually ask to be put to bed and this never ceases to surprise me. If I didn't witness this I'd be hard pressed to believe it.

After they get back to Albuquerque James will enter a pre-school for three mornings a week and he is very excited about it. There are no playmates in the new neighborhood and at his age he needs companionship badly.

The only hitch I can see is that Juliana will have quite a drive through heavy freeway traffic for the school is located near the University of New Mexico and must be all of twelve or fifteen miles from their home in the Valley. I guess they have a school bus of some kind that will make the trip one way and that surely is a help.

Juliana has a big collection of projects lined up to accomplish on those mornings that James will be at school. Katharine has a great faculty for entertaining herself if James isn't on the scene, so I can see how there will be time to accomplish things without the constant interruptions that she now has.

Our family (I mean those of us in Shenandoah) has had a summer of many comings-and-goings. Probably Dorothy wrote about Kristin's visit with her two grandchildren, Andy and Aaron, so I'll just say that they spent three days with us before they returned to Durango. It was really our first chance to be around the boys for more than just a glimpse and we enjoyed them very much indeed. Dorothy surely has every right to be proud of her grandsons for they are very intelligent and very handsome little boys.

On the heels of this visit we had a weekend with Wayne and Abigail who stopped over here on their road home after attending the National Nurserymen's convention in Washington, D.C. They reported that the smog in that area was beyond belief; they rented a car to see the countryside in Virginia and were astonished to find that the smog obliterated everything but a small area at each side of the highway.

Incidentally, although Wayne has been going to these nursery conventions for years, this is the first one he attended as the owner rather than the general manager of the Wilmore Nurseries in Denver. In addition to many fields of growing stock, a fine landscape service, etc., they have a lovely and complete Garden Center with gift items of every description.

Those of you who travel through Denver should really stop by and call on Wayne — at certain times of the year Abigail will probably be there too. I don't think you'll find it hard to find; it is located at 38th Avenue and Wadsworth, a busy street running north and south that cuts across Colfax, one of the big streets in Denver.

Our next summer guests will be our three cousins whom we've always called the Fischer girls — Uncle Fred and Aunt Helen Fischer's daughters. It is the first time they've been here together for many, many years. Gretchen Harshbarger does manage to make it to Shenandoah fairly frequently from her home in Iowa City, but Mary Chapin lives in Toronto and Louise Alexander lives in Claremont, California, distances that preclude running back and forth. Mary's plans are still a little tenuous because of her husband's health, but we surely hope she gets to come so we can have a real reunion.

As far as we know at this time our

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## MARGERY AND OLIVER FACED EMERGENCY REMODELING

Dear Friends:

One evening recently Oliver and I took a lengthy drive along country roads surrounding Shenandoah to see how the crops looked. We agreed that things never looked better than they do this year. It was too nice to come on inside, so we sat out on our little back porch until dark.

Most of our conversation was devoted to plans for enlarging the porch and juggling ideas for placement of a new garage, driveway, etc. (This is about the thousandth and one discussion we've had about tearing down our old garage. As you'll no doubt recall from previous letters, we've been told that ours was the first one built in Shenandoah for an automobile. It is so unsightly we either have to tear it down or put a big plaque on it publicizing this bit of history!) When we came in the house Oliver said, "Let's see if we can get a carpenter lined up and get going on these things right away."

Guess what! This morning the plumbing went out on us! The plumber came right up, looked over the situation and said this would be a major job; both bathrooms have to be torn up. I've had an inkling something like that would happen one of these days for we live in a very old house — built in 1898 — and we've had increasing problems with plumbing. Fortunately, the men were able to get right to work. Fixtures are out, big pipes are out, flooring is coming up, new fixtures are ordered, and the carpenter has come to take measurements for redoing the walls. It looks very much as if we'll be sitting on our little back porch for another year. Maybe I *should* order a bronze plaque for the old garage, for it will have to stand a while longer!

Speaking of the old, Shenandoah observed its centennial last summer, and at that time more interest was shown in establishing a local historical society. The idea cropped up several years ago, but interest increased last summer when so much history and so many artifacts came to light. Now organization is really underway and all efforts will be taken to preserve our local heritage. I don't know that any decision has been made as to where items will be housed, but at least committees have been named and a membership drive is on.

Oliver and I have always been impressed with local museums we have visited as we've toured the country. It is usually the first stop we make when we visit a city which has one, for it gives us a fine background of the community. We save all the booklets, bro-

chures, post cards, etc., we collect on trips and *one of these days* I must take time to organize them into some reasonable order, probably by state for that would be the most logical way to handle them.

I started assembling them in desk drawers, but the overflow now fills several large boxes. It is impossible to put my fingers on anything without spending hours pawing through them. Occasionally a young friend will call and ask if I have some literature from one state or another. More often than not I *do*, but to find it is another thing. Maybe this is something I could begin working on while we're torn up, as it is almost useless to spend much time cleaning with workmen in and out.

It isn't the most fun in the world to live with a remodeling project going on around you, but I'll try not to let it get the best of me. At least we're having magnificent blooms from the garden. Fresh flowers in the house raise my spirits. I don't know when the hems, phlox, sweet rocket and roses have been more welcome. I wish I could add mums and marigolds to that list as they are favorites, but we missed them this year. Our spring vacation interfered with spring planting. We attended the open house of the Shenandoah test gardens in July and made notes on a number of flowers we would like to plant next spring. We had guests for lunch that Sunday and they enjoyed the lovely plantings too. Following the garden tours we attended the open house of the Eaton factory which is just west of our Kitchen-Klatter plant. Since I watched every stage of construction of that huge building from my office windows, it was fascinating

to go through it.

By the time you read this our son Martin will have returned from his trip east. He found it necessary to vary his itinerary a little now and then, so we were grateful for his frequent phone calls along the way. He expects to have a week or two at home before he starts his final year at the seminary, so perhaps there will be time for him to write down a few highlights of his summer travels for you.

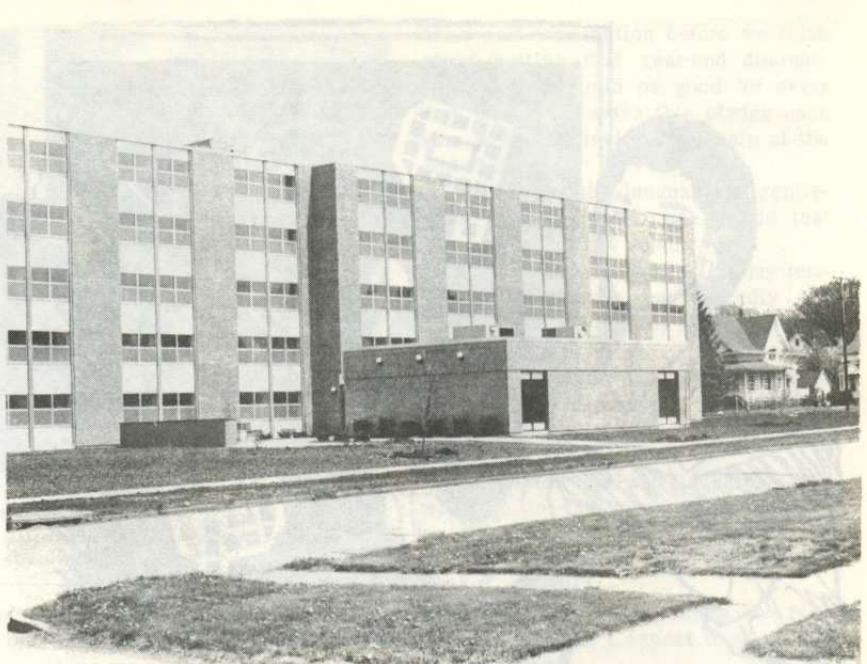
Oliver has another week of vacation left, but we haven't made any plans as to how it will be spent. If I can find a free week out of my schedule, perhaps we can take a short trip somewhere, but right now we can't make any definite plans. Perhaps later in the fall things will have settled down to a simpler schedule and we'll find it easier to arrange something. If we can't get away for a full week, we might be able to manage a couple of days at a time.

When I drove down to the office, I passed our fine new Low-Rent housing apartments. It looked as if they had something special going on today, for the street was lined with cars. Many of you have such new buildings in your towns, and I assume you have attended some of their special parties. Since many of the elderly residents have little opportunity to get out, it is nice when organizations arrange social events in their community rooms.

It is late afternoon and I must stop at the grocery store or there will be mighty poor pickings for our evening meal, so until next month,

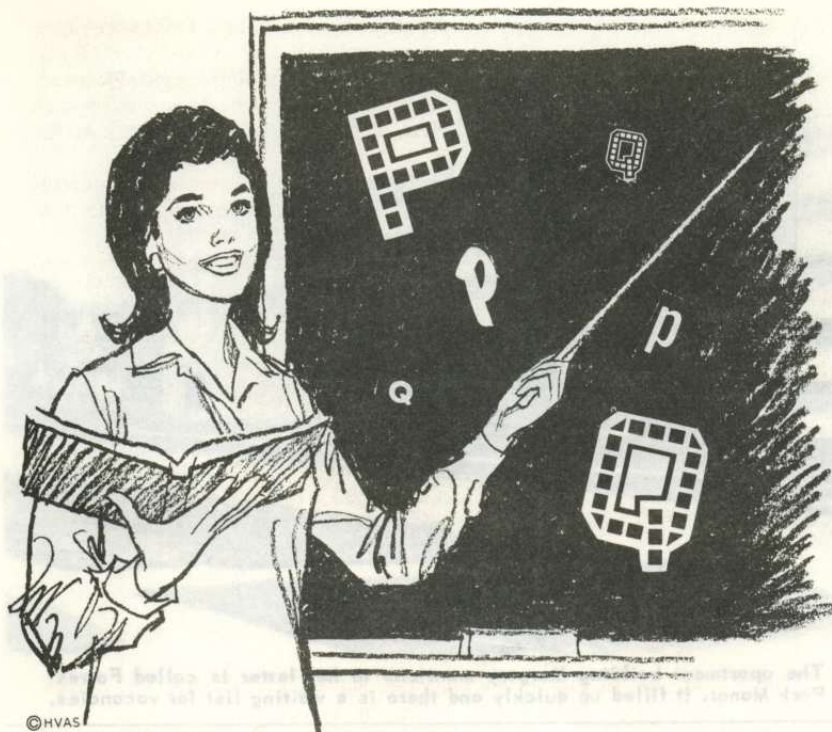
Sincerely,

*Margery*



The apartment building Margery mentions in her letter is called Forrest Park Manor. It filled up quickly and there is a waiting list for vacancies.





## Minding Our P's and Q's

A SKIT FOR BEGINNING A NEW CLUB YEAR

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

(The leader can be the narrator, with several helpers coming forward to hold up various objects as mentioned, or perhaps to read an appropriate poem or comment. One person might hold several objects high for the audience to see, as narrator makes comments.)

### Narrator:

Coming together is Beginning.  
Keeping together is Progress.  
Working together is Unity.  
Thinking together is Success.

I think that beginning a new club year in September might well be likened to going back to school. I've asked some helpers to assist me in trying to show what I mean.

Wasn't it always exciting to get ready to go back to school? All that hurry and scurry of getting everything lined up that we had to take that first day, as well as what we might need later! We thought much about what we expected to happen during the year, what our part in the life of the school would be, what might be some unexpected things to come up, and how we would react.

One important thing we need is a ruler. How else can we mark a straight path to our goal if we do not have a guide, guidelines, and plans? How else can we check our progress?

It's believed that one of the most serious mistakes made by executives

is that their minds are too often on their own problems instead of on the problems of their company. Striving toward an objective is the healthy, positive approach. Haven't we all known of clubs that wasted so much time haggling over ways and means, or if and when, that there was no time left to "do"? Let us be guided toward a year of doing, that the year's end might show that our ruler measures out a generous amount of fulfillment, remembering that success is measured, not just by that which is achieved as the goal, but by the obstacles we overcame to reach it!

Paper (notebook) is something used in school everyday. In our club it also is a useful and necessary item. On it we write our plans, note the ways and means, keep our records, all of which are important for a successful club year.

I think paper is a symbol, too, that whatever we do as club members, we are writing on our own hearts and the hearts of the community, telling them what we truly believe and what we really want to do. Let's resolve to be careful of what we write on our paper, lest it turn out to be filled with much useless scribbling and doodling!

The eraser reminds us that we're going to make mistakes. It's a mighty dull club that never gets in a little hot

water! I'm sure there will be times when we will need to erase and start over, with more resolution, more love, more understanding.

A horse can't pull while kicking.

This fact I merely mention.

And he can't kick while pulling,  
Which is my chief contention.

The good old horse has sense enough  
To pull, and not to kick;

And when we show the same good sense,

We'll get the job done quick!

And no erasers needed!

Whoever heard of a school without books? To be good club members we need to read books that will help our minds to stretch and grow, or we are apt to fall into a rut, don't you know? Someone said, "Today I am determined to study and improve myself, for tomorrow I may be wanted, and I must not be found lacking." As each of our members is well read and informed, so will our club keep abreast of what is taking place in our world, and understand better that which has gone on in the past.

A dunce cap? No! no! Take it away! Goodness, we hope no one in our club has to wear one of those things. I hope we can also find we're able to chuckle at ourselves once in a while, and admit we don't know everything there is to know, but we're doing our best. That reminds me of a verse often found in old autograph albums of our school days:

Don't worry if your jobs are small, mis-  
takes many,

And your rewards are few;

Remember that the mighty oak was  
once a nut like you.

To mind our P's and Q's we must all be good listeners. I think (name) has some commandments for good listening for us.

**Helper:** Listen to the good. Tune out resentment, gossip, and selfishness.

Listen with your eyes. See the beautiful, the loving, the understanding, the real person below the surface.

Listen with patience. Even if you disagree with the speaker, listen with patience. You may be in for a surprise and learn something!

Listen critically, always seeking the truth with an open mind.

Listen with your heart. Put yourself in the speaker's place.

Listen creatively — for new ideas, new ways, new challenges.

Listen to yourself, your deepest yearnings, your noblest impulses.

Listen with depth, with quietness, and prayerfully that you may hear the voice, the inspiration of the Infinite.

—Adapted from Iowa B.P.W. Magazine

I have no voice for singing,

I cannot make a speech;

I have no gift for music —

I know I cannot teach.

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## FREDERICK MAKES SOME INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS

Dear Friends:

I had a strange thing happen to me the other day. On my Springfield, Massachusetts, broadcast I quoted a report from the University of Alabama on the subject of animal intelligence. A long and careful scientific survey of all available information about animal intelligence showed that dogs and cats are not nearly as intelligent as several other animals. While quoting the report I said that I personally found that conclusion hard to accept because I loved both dogs and cats, but I had to go along with evidence presented. As soon as the broadcast was over my telephone began to ring. Listener after irate listener called me up to object to my having quoted any report that spoke disparagingly of feline intelligence. One lady even said: "Dr. Driftmier, I think that you are an evil man to speak so badly of cats!! I happen to believe that cats are the most wonderful creatures in the world, and I hate you for what you said about my poor little darlings!"

Here is an interesting observation about that ill-fated bit of broadcasting — not a single person complained about the fact that I quoted a report which downgraded canine intelligence as well as feline intelligence. In other words, people who love dogs do not get excited about a university study which says dogs are not as smart as some other animals, but people who love cats are the kind of people who are quick to flare up and become angry over the slightest bit of comment that is not flattering of cats.

Sometime ago I had a similar experience when I said some little thing in a sermon that was uncomplimentary of a particular cat that roamed our neighborhood every night. Within minutes women — note that they were women not men — called up to complain. I wonder why it is that people who love cats are so defensive, so touchy, so easily hurt when the subject is cats?

Everywhere in human society, two animals occupy a special place in the affections of human beings, and they are the dog and the cat. I love both, but I must admit that they are two entirely different creatures — very different indeed. The dog has developed the closest possible contact with human beings; he has become something very close to a "human animal". The cat, however, even in house and garden, has preserved much of its wild character; it has remained at bottom an untamed member of the household. Those of us who like both dogs and cats, like them for very different reasons.

I think that it is the ability to under-



Frederick's visitors are interested in the stuffed owl, named Arteekeeboo.

stand human language that long, long ago made the dog a close partner of man. Oh yes, I realize that some experts on dogs maintain that they really do not understand words! In the *National Geographic* book on dogs there is this paragraph:

"Many well-trained animals have apparently been taught to understand words. Actually, of course, the word itself is totally unimportant. If the dog is taught to bring your slippers, he will always bring your slippers even if you say, 'Bring in the kitchen stove' when referring to slippers. He brings them because he has learned that it pleases you, and pleasing you is his dominating desire in life."

Do you agree with that? I am not sure that I do. I have had many fine dogs in my lifetime, and I have taught many of them to understand a limited vocabulary. One of my dogs was trained to bring my slippers, and it was the word "slipper" which prompted him to bring them. If I had said, "Get me my coat," he would not have budged off his bed. But when I said: "Get me my slippers," he did what he was supposed to do.

It certainly is much easier to train a dog than it is to train a cat, and I have tried to train both. The big difference probably lies in the desire of the dog to please. Dogs just love to be told that they have done well. A cat on the other hand, never shows a desire to please anyone but itself, and in the case of a female, its kittens. Cats are the least civilized of all our domestic animals, and that is one of the reasons we like them. Some people get just as much pleasure holding a kitten in their

lap as they would holding a lion cub.

One of my ambitions is to have a kennel of fine dogs when I retire, and I shall spend a great deal of time training them. If there is anything I hate more than most other things, it is the sight of a man or a woman being dragged along on a leash by a dog. So many dogs just take over and become the masters of their owners, and that is all wrong. Dogs are like children. They need to be trained to be obedient, to be gracious, to be hard workers, and to be defensive of their master's property. Actually, dogs want to be trained. They just love to be obedient and to carry out orders. The last fine dog I owned was trained to perform twenty-two different commands, everything from swimming under water, to obeying traffic signals. He knew that he was an accomplished dog, and he just loved to show off his ability to do what he was told to do.

When I took some of the young people in the church for an airplane ride the other day, I was amazed to observe how many homes have swimming pools. Ten years ago it was a rather rare thing in New England to see a swimming pool in the back lawn of a home, but today it is a different story. Most of the swimming pools seen from the air are not in the gardens of the rich, but in the gardens of the laboring class homes. Since we live only eighty miles from the ocean, the people who can afford beach cottages don't bother with swimming pools. Likewise, the people who can afford to belong to country clubs and golf clubs of one kind or another do not have swimming

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# The Art of Becoming a Better Citizen

by  
Joseph Arkin



Your community needs your efforts to improve itself. It is your duty to pitch in and work to help make the newspaper items relating to community improvements, rather than your sitting back and reading how others did your work. How can you help with hometown citizenship? Read on!

*Be a registered voter and vote at election time:* Support the candidate whom you think will best serve the needs of the community. Contribute to American government by participating in the American process whether you are voting for dogcatcher, for the local school board, or for the next president of the country.

*Help to beautify your town:* Petition city officials to plant trees, flowers or shrubs on center traffic malls. Ask neighborhood merchants to plant trees at curbside or to put large planter boxes of flowers on sidewalks.

Pitch in and sponsor display contests. Because they draw attention to local stores, merchants will be glad to cooperate. And it's good for the kids too. You can have Halloween finger-painting contests in or on store windows, or exhibitions of soap-carving, woodcarving or model-building. This way you help to add a touch of gaiety to Main Street.

Promote the flying of our country's flag on national holidays and on special occasions. It is never "corny" to be patriotic — especially in these days when some extremists are advocating its overthrow. Ask public officials in your city to display the flag on all public buildings — members of the American Hotel & Motel Association will furnish flags free of charge to hospitals, schools and other institutions.

*Learn the names of the public officials in your town:* You can act more quickly if you know the names of such people as the sheriff, city comptroller, assistant to the mayor, councilmen, aldermen, state and federal legislative representatives. With this information you can register complaints, give suggestions, volunteer your help — more quickly and efficiently. And responsibility for local government decisions becomes more quickly defined when you know the name of the official who

has helped make it.

*Support your local fire department:* Make sure that yours is equipped with the latest in fire-fighting equipment. It may be your life that will be saved! Support the department in its fire-prevention campaigns. As an active citizen you should know the exact location of fire-alarm boxes, and avoid needless waste of time frantically searching for one during times of emergency. In addition, have the telephone number of the department (or volunteer headquarters) pasted near your phone. Tell every family member how to report a fire by telephone.

Many towns have volunteer fire departments and ambulance units that depend on public contributions — have you given as much as you can afford?

Keep an eye peeled for potential fire hazards, report them immediately. Many fire hazards are building code violations — report these too and insist that these laws be enforced.

*Support your local police:* Stand up and speak for your local police force when it is maligned by "hippies" and other groups. The local police are your first line of defense in having a free country — help to keep it that way. Don't stand by idly when an officer needs help — offer him physical help if you can or call for assistance.

*Keep your community clean:* A run-down dirty community breeds slums and with it the slime and filth of rodents and vermin. Join in anti-littering campaigns and request that your sanitation department place litter baskets in strategic locations. Demand of the local newspapers that they devote space to "clean-up" campaigns.

*Become a school aid in the local "Head Start" program:* It will only take a few hours of time each week to become a class mother and a helper in the reading improvement program. Discuss programs with teachers and principals and ask and encourage other neighbors to join in. Give teachers a hand by helping to take pupils on trips or to special events — puppet shows, sporting exhibitions, concerts, expositions, etc.

*Give aid to youth groups:* Lend a hand to those organizations who have organ-

ized youth programs — Boy & Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, 4-H, etc. By just giving one night a week of your time you can give neighborhood children an opportunity to participate in planned activities — the type that will make better citizens of them.

*Become an active club member:* Join your local civic clubs, or charity groups that are part of national organizations (Cystic Fibrosis, Kidney Foundation, Cancer Care, Cerebral Palsy, etc.) Serve on fund drives for these worthwhile causes and collect funds and clothing for the less fortunate of your community. Contribute generously — you won't die any poorer because of it.

Not to be overlooked are the national veteran or fraternal groups. By joining these groups you add your voice to thousands and aid in a lobby for good purposes . . . for these groups too support hospitals, youth programs, the fight against disease.

*Do what you can to help the community's youth:* Recreation areas for children are always rewarding to those who've contributed time and energy to get them started, and as many people believe, you best serve a community by serving its youth. Do what you can to provide summer jobs for vacationing youths — or join in efforts to provide supervised summer play. A baseball field, some bats and balls, a small supervisory staff and you can contribute to the fight against delinquency — idle hands will only get into trouble.

*Be a self-appointed safety inspector:* Be familiar with the roads in your area; know their faults and danger points. If there's a need for repairs, urge officials to see to it. Hedges blocking an intersection or obscuring a traffic sign? Notify the local traffic department. Road signs knocked down or obliterated? Make sure that this, too, is called to the attention of the proper officials to avoid accidents.

REMEMBER — all roads lead to a happy hometown . . . just take a little effort to help lead the way.

## DO SOME LITTLE THINGS

Some of us will do great things: some, only little things.

Both are important.

For a number of little things make the great possible.

## LITTERBUGS — AN OLD BREED

The litterbug is one of the oldest living species on earth. Archaeologists excavating Herculaneum, a Roman city buried under lava from Mt. Vesuvius in the first century of the Christian era, found a sign at a crossroads warning that litterers would be fined or subjected to corporal punishment.





## Helps for Working with Groups

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

Everywhere we turn today we see small groups working — P.T.A., Red Cross, churches, clubs, service organizations — the list is endless. We have so many people in the world, and so much that needs to be done, it likely is only by working in small groups we can hope to accomplish some of the things that need doing.

To accomplish its purpose each group needs leaders, followers (workers), and to keep itself small enough so each person in the group may feel his voice can be heard in the planning and working of the group.

We often hear someone say, "Leaders are born. I never could be president" or, "I could never be chairman." I say good leaders **WORK AT IT!**

Fortunately, we have excellent books and pamphlets that give excellent help in the "how to" of being a good leader. You will find them at your local public library or your church library, and many organizations put out special handbooks.

Churches, extension clubs, and many businesses are offering leadership training classes. Even if you are not now an officer in some group, do take advantage of the opportunity to attend some of these classes when they are given in your area. Then next time you're asked to take a position of leadership, you can say with assurance, "Why, yes, I'll be glad to do that." And what a happy surprise that will be to the one seeking your help!

What are some of the things that go into making a good leader?

The first thing is to acquaint yourself thoroughly with your job, the organization, and its goals.

Read the bylaws carefully so you're familiar with the guidelines and procedures. If they are somewhat outdated, be sure to appoint a committee to study them and make suggestions to the whole group for updating them.

Provide yourself with a good notebook and pen. If you're going to receive many pamphlets and booklets connected with your job, which must be at your fingertips at all times, make sure the notebook is such that you can punch holes and file these booklets right in your big notebook. Don't try to keep everything tucked away in your head. Make lists and jot yourself notes in your notebook. Then everything is right there for your convenience.

Every good leader needs a sense of humor. You'll find it the lubricant that keeps the organizational wheels turning! And be friendly. Make it easy for the members of the group to bring you their problems, ideas, and suggestions.

I once heard someone say that the fun of being a good leader was that you could get back **OF** people instead of back **AT** them.

Check over the meeting place for your group. Is it a comfortable place in which to meet — warm enough, with a fan if needed, chairs that won't snag, tables (if there is to be work that needs to use them), adequate light, fresh air?

Make out an agenda for each meeting and try to stick to it as closely as possible. Think up humorous ways to get the group back on the subject if it tends to wander clear around Job's barn. Start and stop the meeting on time. Nothing will kill attendance more quickly than meetings that drag on and on and on.

The general programs may be laid out in the meeting of the organization, but it is in the committees that most of the actual work gets done; thus, they are very important. A wise leader will try to appoint members to committees in which they have a special interest, or where they can use their particular talents. Do keep committees small. The smaller the group, the more efficiently they can work together. Be sure to be generous with "thank-you's" when a

committee has completed its task.

It's not always possible for a leader to attend every committee meeting, but she can telephone to show her interest in the plans and to see what has been accomplished. Telephone calls and personal visits will do much to keep all parts of the general group running smoothly, and often clear up misunderstandings and differences, so it is well worth the time and effort involved on the part of the leader.

Publicity is very important, so plan to see to it personally if you cannot find a good publicity chairman to take this responsibility. It is vital to the organization that the local papers carry notices of meetings, interesting reports of regular meetings, and of course well-written reviews of special projects the group undertakes. This means getting such information to the papers or the radio station in plenty of time to meet their schedules. Don't overlook the fact that the group also needs publicity within itself. Be enthusiastic when telling of plans made in committees, or progress that has been made in some area. Let every member feel this enthusiasm and know that she has a part, thus avoiding that "Oh, I don't know what they are doing. It's all cut and dried before I hear about it anyway."

If it is a committee you are leading, be very sure you know exactly what you are to do so that you don't overlap into the territory of another committee, or overstep the guidelines set by the total group. Get as many ideas into the open as possible, trying to get each committee member to take part, and then discuss and sift for workable ideas. Be sure that adequate notes are taken so that you can bring a clear report back to the general group.

Yes, being a leader means work, but it can also mean growth and fun and friendship. Just resolve to prepare yourself, and then look forward to a good year with your organization, with many happy memories to recall in years after, not to mention the sense of satisfaction in knowing that yours has been a job well done.



### BONES

The anatomy of any association, office or club includes four kinds of bones.

Wish bones, who want someone else to do the work;

Jaw bones, who talk a lot but do little;

Knuckle bones, who knock everything others try to do; and

Back bones, who get behind the wheel and do the work.

Which kind of bone are you?



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This is a lonesome old farm these days, and much too quiet after a wonderful two-weeks' visit from Kristin and our two grandsons Andy and Aaron. Art was unable to come this time since he hasn't been on his new job long enough to warrant a vacation. They have taken a few short trips together whenever Art has had three days off at one time, but coming this far was out of the question.

Kristin hadn't been home for almost three years, and I don't know who was the most excited about this trip, Kristin, Andy, or us. We have to count Aaron out because he was just a baby on the last trip and couldn't remember the pony or any of the other exciting things a farm has to offer youngsters growing up in town.

When she had finally decided when she could come, the big problem was "how". She didn't want to drive, and preferred the train, but she had to go either to Gallup, New Mexico, or Denver to get a train. There are several buses out of Durango to both of these cities, but none that made connections without their staying all night and wasting several hours. Art's working hours were such that he couldn't drive them to meet the train, so after much telephoning and confusion, Kristin decided her best way to come was by bus all the way to Omaha, where I could meet them without difficulty. They had a four-hour wait between buses in Denver, but even so it turned out to be the best way to make the trip.

When I finally knew where and when I was to meet them, I drove to Shenandoah the afternoon before so I could stay all night there and get up early for the short drive to Omaha. Kristin said the boys were good little travelers and didn't cause her a moment of trouble, so the trip was really quite enjoyable. They hadn't had their breakfast yet, but Kristin was anxious to get started so Lucas, so we waited until we got to Treynor before we took time out to get a good meal.

Frank was anxiously waiting for us, and was a little shocked, I'm sure, to see how big the boys had grown. We think both boys are tall for their ages; however, Aaron is a lot taller accordingly than Andy is. He is several inches taller than James, who is six



We doubt if there were any children more excited than Aaron and Andy Brase, James and Katharine Lowey, when their mothers, Kristin and Juliana, took them to the Ed Sullivan's home in Chariton, Iowa, where they were treated to a morning of pony cart rides. Assisting were two of the Sullivans' grandsons, Kurt and Kris Atha of Ankeny, and Larry Dyer, a friend of the Atha boys.

months older, and is even taller than Howard's granddaughter Natalie, who will be six before Aaron is four. But James and Natalie are both of petite build. It is hard for us to remember that Aaron is still just three and a half because of his height, and also because he acts much older. This can be attributed to the fact he has only an older brother to play with, and of course he tries to do everything Andy does. Frank's tractor is a large one, and Aaron climbed around on it like a little monkey when the tractor was sitting in the lot.

We didn't have a bit of trouble with the boys' getting into things without permission. They always asked first if it was all right to go to the big shed, or for a hike, or to leave the yard for any reason. I had borrowed a bike for Andy to ride while he was here, and we had some nice rides together. Sometimes Kristin went with him, taking Aaron on the bike with her. More often, though, Andy would ride to the field to find his grandpa, who was cultivating beans, and ride around with him for a while.

Both boys loved the tractor, and as soon as they heard Frank coming in from the field they would be off and running as fast as they could to meet him. Frank would stop and let them on, Aaron between his legs and Andy on the fender, and they would come slowly to the house. Every morning when Frank went to the Andybear to chore, Kristin and the boys rode along on the tractor with him.

We were so happy that Juliana, James, Katharine, and Margery were able to drive up from Shenandoah to spend

some time with us. It gave these little cousins a chance to get better acquainted. Juliana had tried on several of her trips to visit her mother to get up to the farm, but something always happened to change her plans; usually bad weather or illness. She wrote to us before she left home that this time she was going to make it to the farm if she had to put a child under each arm and hitchhike, especially since Kristin was going to be here at the same time.

I can hardly wait to see the movies Juliana took to record James' first visit to the farm. It made quite a sight to see three little boys running down the hill as fast as they could to meet Frank as he came in. Kristin wasn't far behind because she knew both of the little ones couldn't get between Frank's legs, and it was James' turn, so she had to hold Aaron. The expression on James' face was one of serious awe and amazement. I wondered what thoughts were going on in his little head. The tractor looks big even to my eyes, so I can just imagine that to these little boys it looked like about the biggest machine in the world.

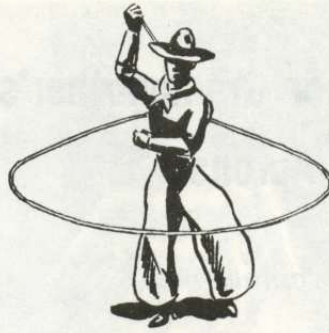
Kristin and Frank had cased the creek situation before Juliana came to see if they could find a nice sandy place to take the children wading, so after lunch and naps we all headed for the creek to cool off on that very hot afternoon. We didn't have little buckets and shovels, but we had coffee cans and old spoons which served the purpose. Marge and I didn't venture in, but sat on a rug at the top of the bank and watched. They had a wonderful time building dams and catching minnows. I

(Continued on page 20)



## Parent-Teacher Party Helps

by  
Virginia Thomas



*The Great Round-Up Reception:* Using a western round-up theme for your teachers' reception can be loads of fun and the key to a grand informal party where teachers and parents may come to know each other as friends.

While you're about it, why not move the party out of the school gym or fellowship hall, where you've been holding it, to some outdoor location? September, even October, offers many lovely evenings for this. Invite everyone to come in informal or ranch attire. Some fancy western "git-ups" will add fun to the occasion. Grill or campfire cooking will make that part easy and add atmosphere for the fellowship part. Let there be plenty of time for visiting and getting acquainted around the campfire with group singing or a few lively games. If you feel the need of decorations, a few lanterns, lariats, western hats, and a saddle or two will set the mood.

*Jelly Bean Social:* Build this party around the idea of various contests, with jelly beans being used to keep track of points. Points are not counted until the end of the party, when the jelly beans are counted to see who has the most. The leader pays the winners off in jelly beans—say five for winning a stunt or game. Players may all be given ten jelly beans at the beginning of the evening. They must give a bean to the winner of each game in which they participate.

There might be several tables set up with a game at each table. The idea is to have every person involved in some game at all times.

Another idea would be to choose up sides at the beginning of the evening or guests might draw slips of paper which designate them to a certain side. (Teams might be named for well-known football teams.) The teams would then compete in various games and stunts. At the end of the evening all the players on a team add up their jelly beans to see which side has the most.

*Circus Party:* Use the circus theme for decorations, even make it a costume party if you like. When guests have arrived, divide them into groups of three or four. Each group is to think up some "act" for the circus—stunt, song, charade, clown act—but it must

be entertaining. You might want to have a few props on hand for them to use, or allow them a half hour to prepare. They might go out around town to collect their own props. Then having arranged beforehand for a circus master, let him take over to introduce the acts. A little march music on the phonograph can provide background music where needed for some acts. You'll find this is much fun—and a whole evening of "do-it-yourself" entertainment.

### STUNT AND QUIZ IDEAS FOR GAMES

1. *What Am I Advertising?* Display a large collection of trademarks and symbols used in advertising. Provide pencils and paper to see who can identify the most correctly.

2. Pass out bubble gum to everyone. Have teams for this. The team which first has 10 bubbles blown at the same time wins the contest.

3. *Collect Your Marbles:* Each person is given a marble. Line up in teams. Set a milk bottle on the floor in front of each line (team). At a signal the first player on each side holds the marble even with his nose and tries to drop it into the bottle and then goes to end of the line. The next player attempts to put his marble in the bottle, and so on. When both teams have finished, count to see who has most marbles in the bottle.

4. *Pick-Up:* Give each player a pair of clumsy gloves and a cup with six pieces of elbow macaroni in it. Player must race to the goal, dump macaroni on a table or the floor, then pick it up and put it in the cup and race back to starting point. Play this with competing teams, or have two players compete with another couple.

### NOW'S THE TIME

*Now's the time* to learn to earn tomorrow.

Make your mistakes a guide for bigger stakes.

Do your good deed with speed for each tomorrow.

Take each doubt with heart its counterpart.

A person cannot abdicate his fate tomorrow.

Plan each dream in themes of worth... Today, too, was once a far tomorrow.

### TEACHER CONFESSES ALL

"If you can't do anything, teach."

That's what my Aunt Minnie used to say. And she would emphasize it further with this remark, "He who cannot do, teaches."

So, I certainly wasn't brought up to be a teacher.

As a youngster, I wanted to be a sailor or maybe a fireman.

Later on, I seriously considered owning a large factory that would employ an army of people.

By the time I reached high school, I dreamed about defending people in a court of law, or caring for the sick, or even designing new cities for happier living.

All were simply dreams, for by the time I entered college, I knew I had but one vocation: teaching.

As a teacher, I have helped train the sailors as well as the firemen. And some of my former students have become industrial giants who provide thousands of jobs. Others have become lawyers, doctors, architects, even teachers!

And I have learned that Aunt Minnie was all wrong. He who *can* do, teaches, for the teacher becomes part of *every* occupation and profession through his students.

Thankfully, I am a teacher!



### A WOMAN'S ALPHABET

*I will be:*

Amiable always,  
Beautiful as possible,  
Charitable to everybody,  
Dutiful to myself,  
Earnest in the right things,  
Friendly in disposition,  
Generous to all need,  
Hopeful in spite of everything,  
Intelligent but not pedantic,  
Joyful as a bird,  
Kind even in thought,  
Long suffering with the stupid,  
Merry for the sake of others,  
Necessary to a few,  
Optimistic, though the skies fall,  
Prudent in my pleasures,  
Quixotic, rather than hard,  
Ready to own up,  
Self-respecting to the right limit,  
True to my best,  
Unselfish, short of martyrdom,  
Valiant for the absent,  
Willing to believe the best,  
Xemplary in conduct,  
Young in heart,  
Zealous to make the best of life,  
And by this time, if I haven't wings, I ought to have!

—From an old clipping





## I Remember Grandmother's Aprons

by

Fern Christian Miller

Today as I stitched a gay flowered little apron gathered on a red band for one of my daughters, my mind traveled back to when I was a child. My own slender mother disliked aprons. She wore one only when washing dishes or preparing food. But my grandmother always wore a pretty, clean, starched, cover-all type of apron unless she was dressed up to go out. She made her own clothes and those of her daughters until they were old enough to make their own. Surely she must have used great talent in choosing her material and trim, because I still remember how well they expressed her gentle, patient, and cheerful personality.

In summer we often visited my grandparents on Sunday after church, taking along some dish to "help out" on the dinner. Grandmother would meet us at the door, all smiles, with greetings for everyone. Then the women would go at once to the big kitchen to finish dishing up the food, much of which had been prepared on Saturday by various visiting daughters and sons' wives.

Grandmother would have a pretty lavender or blue sprigged percale apron tied neatly over her church dress. Hanging behind the door would be other pretty aprons for any of her girls who didn't bring their own. Grandmother's apron had two big pockets, wide straps over the shoulders which crossed through a loop and were stitched to the belt at the side back. The pockets and edges of the aprons were edged with rickrack or tape of the proper color to trim the apron. The belt ended in a flared-out tie that made a pretty bow in the back.

In her apron pocket on the right side she always carried a clean white handkerchief. These were placed in the pockets as she ironed. Crying babies' tears were quickly stopped when Grandmother cuddled them, kissed the top of their little heads, and gently wiped away the tears with the sweet-smelling handkerchief.

One Valentine's Day we drove by Grandfather's farm as we went home from town. It was Saturday afternoon. We had been shut in by colds and other

illness for weeks, but we were now well, and the day was sunny and warm. My mother's health was poor, so she hadn't seen Grandmother since Christmas. So we didn't risk the weather's turning bad overnight, but just drove by to visit for an hour on Saturday.

Grandmother was tying on a clean new apron as she came to the door. It was a color I had never seen her wear before. One of her girls had given her the material for Christmas. It was white covered with small bright red designs. She had made big heart-shaped pockets outlined with red rickrack, and as usual the entire apron was edged with the same rickrack. I loved gay colors! I sat on the hassock at her feet as she and Mother talked, and kept rubbing my hands over the bright cloth. Before we left Grandmother brought all the scraps of the pretty cloth and rickrack, and gave them to Mother.

"Here, Carrie", she said, smiling at Mother. "Trim Fern's new spring school dress with this. It will look real good on that dark blue chambray. How I loved my new first-grade dress with its little collar and cuffs and pockets of red print edged with red rickrack. Mother pieced the scraps cleverly so there were enough. Now Grandmother pieced many pretty patchwork quilts, and I am sure she would have enjoyed the bright pieces in a quilt. But she always thought of other people's wants first. I am sure, as Mother said, there wasn't a selfish bone in her body.

One spring day I followed Grandmother out through the poultry yard to the hen house to gather the eggs. The old gray gander saw me lagging along behind, small and defenseless. With outstretched neck and hissing, snapping beak he made a run for me. I screamed a shrill, frightened "Grandma!". She whirled, and in one quick motion had her big apron untied and off, over her sunbonnet. She snapped it sharply at the gander, scolding him angrily. Taken by surprise, he retreated behind the hen house. Grandmother put her arms about my trembling body and led me into the chicken house and shut the door. She put her apron back on and wiped my

tears away with the white handkerchief with great tenderness. Then she calmly gathered up the fresh eggs into the cupped-up skirt of the apron. I helped her with the low nests, chattering away as if I hadn't been scared half out of my wits only a minute before. Those aprons of Grandmother's certainly contained some miraculous qualities!

Another time she was taking honey from her beehives when we arrived. I thoughtlessly ran out to her while Mother was taking the baby out of the buggy. The bees never stung slow-moving, quiet Grandmother, but when I ran up a great buzzing arose and some flew at me. She grabbed me up and wrapped the big apron about my face and bare arms, and ran quickly to the house. Then she put camphor on the only sting we either one had. It was on my bare brown knee. Then she sat down quickly in a chair, while my young aunt brought her a cup of coffee. Then I saw that she was much more frightened of what might have happened than I had been. Once again Grandmother and her magic apron had saved me!

## It's so easy!

I keep a sign-out sheet over my workbench. Members of my family sign out what they've taken. They're responsible for the tool they took. If they haven't returned the tool when I need it, it saves hunting for it. I just know who to ask for it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Make a nonslip clothesline prop by nailing a round-headed wooden clothespin upright at the end of your clothesline prop. Put the clothesline through the fingers of the pin.

\*\*\*\*\*

To store sharp knives make holders from cardboard (two strips for each knife) the width of the knives' blades and seal cardboard edges together with masking tape.

\*\*\*\*\*

You can tell the temperature when a cricket chirps by counting the number of chirps for 14 seconds and then adding 40. (Got this from my dad and it works!)

\*\*\*\*\*

Put a four-foot strip of rubber matting under your children's swings. The matting saves scuffs on shoes and keeps mud down after a rain.

\*\*\*\*\*

Slip the tips, cut from fingers of old leather gloves, over the jaws of pliers when handling polished metal to avoid scratches. This takes less time than wrapping the metal pieces.

—Bill Witter



## DID YOU EVER?

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Did you ever, in your wildest dreams, imagine a floor the size of a football field covered with beautifully costumed square dancers from all over the United States and several foreign countries?

Until this past summer neither had we! When Robert and I heard that the 21st National Square Dance Convention was to be held in Des Moines, Iowa, we decided to add it to our growing list of "mini-trips" which made up our vacation plans for this year. It was a marvelous choice which offered color, education, opportunities for energetic participation and a chance to meet many friendly people as well as to greet a number of old acquaintances.

It was interesting to discover that the 200 or more callers in attendance called the same selections and that the over 16,000 dancers (from almost all the states, including Alaska and Hawaii, Canada and Saudi Arabia) understood the same directions. It was a unifying, exciting experience.

Meeting in the huge Veteran's Auditorium, one large hall was reserved for "Challenge Dances". These are difficult advanced calls and figures. We watched several times and much enjoyed the complicated movements. They were generally beyond our simple knowledge so we moved to another one of the halls for our own participation.

Another section was set aside for simpler calls and for workshop sessions where we could learn new figures. This we liked! Another large hall was reserved for young people and it was an active, enthusiastic, beautiful place to be if you were a teenager! Many of the young people did come out to the other sections to dance but we could not go into theirs, which is as it should be.

As the number of participants increased, the speakers, turntables and callers were set up outdoors on the spacious cement apron in front of the main auditorium and even overflowed into a parking lot across the street! Another building housed the round dance section — those graceful patterned dances which are used by many clubs between the square "tips" used throughout an evening's program.

At 9:00 A.M. the callers took their places in the various rooms and one could dance continuously until 11:00 P.M. with only a moment's pause to change callers every 5 minutes. I don't think anyone tired, but the opportunity was there!

One pause in the day's activities did come in the main auditorium each evening when exhibition groups displayed their excellent special acts. These



Evelyn and Robert Birkby stopped long enough to have a picture taken before entering the Veteran's Auditorium in Des Moines, Iowa, where they attended the 21st National Square Dance Convention this summer. Evelyn reports it was a delightful experience.

groups were delightful, ranging from the *Maycroft Square Tappers*, the youngest such exhibition group in the nation whose some 62 members ranged in age from 4 to 14, to the *Squarenaders* composed of sixteen young married couples from the San Francisco area. Their appearance, personality, choreography and costuming were truly professional and a joy to watch.

At the close of the exhibition program each evening the caller would sing out, "Square 'em Up". Onto the spacious floor would stream the people ready and eager to begin their active participation in this great recreation. Robert and I sat in the steep balcony seats each evening and delighted in the spectacle below us. The brightly garbed dancers turned and swirled and moved in unison in a gorgeous panorama of color. I had not realized how graceful and beautiful square dancing could be until I sat in such a vantage point and watched the kaleidoscope of color, rhythm and motion.

The clothes were beautiful! From the simplest of blouses and skirts to the most elaborate of fabrics, trims and design. A person could feel comfortable and participate with ease in any square dance type costume desired.

A number of clubs and state groups had the same style and color of dresses and shirts which made their squares (when they danced together) outstanding. Many of the Iowa ladies had pale pink dresses with gathered white lace

stitched on in a swirl pattern. In each circle formed by the lace a dainty embroidered rose was appliqued. The wild rose is the state flower of Iowa and was used widely, not just on the beautiful dresses but also in the decorations in the hall and on the programs.

Other states showed ingenuity and beauty in their costumes. Michigan ladies used a delightful fabric with a background of sky blue decorated with drifts of apple blossoms. A majority of Utah delegates wore beautifully designed dresses made of a royal blue satin-like fabric with bright yellow beehives appliqued around the skirt. The Utah men had matching shirts and/or vests. Utah, after all, is the Beehive State, a symbol of industry and hard work! (Utah will host the 1973 National Square Dance Convention in Salt Lake City on June 28, 29 and 30th.)

Many other activities were offered during the three-day convention. Tours to places of interest in and around Des Moines were planned for those who had never visited Iowa before. Panel discussions on various aspects of the rapidly growing world of square dancing were held each day. A delightful style show and sewing clinics were of much interest to me. (These can well make a story in themselves.) And educational seminars reached those who held interest in specialized fields.

For example; square dancing for the retarded was explained by Art Matthews of the Chicago area. Along with his wife Mickey, he has worked with retarded children and adults in this recreational work for over ten years. Several of their dancers gave a demonstration in the hopes that callers and dancers alike would become involved in this therapeutic work.

A discussion of the use of square dancing in retirement homes and villages created much interest. Some of the larger retirement communities in the South and West, we learned, have a square dance caller on their permanent recreation staff. The use of square dancing in the physical education program of the public schools was discussed. Dr. Lee Walker, a physician from Kentucky, stressed the healthful aspects of this interesting activity. He is a firm believer that "square dancing is the best medicine for whatever ails you!"

If any of you live near a location where a Square Dance Convention is being held, State or National, or where a Square Dance Festival takes place, it would be great to go and see what is going on. Visitors and observers are welcome. Go and watch, or dance if you feel informed enough. Then you can answer with a resounding "Yes!" if anyone ever says to you, "Did you ever...?"



# Recipes

## Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### APPLE-FRUIT SALAD

- 1 13-oz. can pineapple tidbits
- 1 8½-oz. can mandarin oranges
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- Pinch of salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 3 apples
- 2 bananas
- 10 marshmallows
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Drain the juice from the pineapple and oranges and place in top of double boiler. When hot, add the sugar, flour, salt, flavorings, and beaten eggs which have been beaten together. Cook until thick. Remove from fire and let cool. Cut the fruit and marshmallows into small pieces. Stir into the cooled dressing. Fold in the whipped cream and nuts.

—Dorothy

### LEMON MEAT LOAF

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- ¾ lb. ground chuck
- ¾ lb. ground shoulder veal
- ¾ lb. ground shoulder pork
- 2 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 6 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs (fresh bread)
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- Pimiento strips

Melt butter or margarine in a 5- by 9-inch loaf pan; pour butter or margarine into bowl. Add rest of ingredients except pimiento; mix well. Pack into pan, rounding top. Refrigerate. About 1 1/2 hours before serving start heating oven to 350 degrees. Bake meat loaf 1 1/4 hours or until done. Let stand a few minutes; then loosen around edges. With 2 broad spatulas, lift onto platter. Place pimiento strips diagonally across top. Serves 8.

—Mary Beth

### WONDERFUL MUSTARD SAUCE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup tomato soup (not diluted)
- 1/2 cup prepared mustard
- 1/3 cup cider vinegar

In the top part of a double boiler cream together the butter or margarine and sugar. When fluffy, add the egg yolks that have been well beaten. Then add the tomato soup, prepared mustard and vinegar.

Cook over hot water, stirring frequently, until it is smooth and fairly thick. When cool, turn into a pint jar.

This sauce is a sensational success with ham, but is equally delicious with any cold meat. If stored in the refrigerator it will keep indefinitely . . . if there is any left to store!

—Lucile

### CHICKEN A LA KING

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups milk
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup sliced mushrooms
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 2 1/2 cups cubed chicken
- 1 beaten egg yolk

Make cream sauce by melting butter or margarine, blending in flour, and then adding the milk. Salt and pepper to taste. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly. When thickened, add mushrooms, pimiento and chicken. If serving it immediately, add the well-beaten egg yolk, but do not let it boil after egg is added.

I like to make this in advance and then reheat it when ready to serve it. The last-minute addition of the beaten egg yolk is not necessary, of course, but it does give it an attractive color.

—Lucile

### NEW ENGLAND APPLE PIE

- 6 to 8 tart apples
- 9-inch unbaked pie shell
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup gingersnap crumbs
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 cup light molasses

Pare the apples, slice thin and arrange in the pie shell. Combine all the remaining ingredients except the molasses and spread this over the apples. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 50 minutes. Heat the molasses and pour evenly over the top of the pie and bake 15 minutes longer. Cool and serve with whipped cream or ice cream.

—Dorothy

### FRUIT DESSERT

- 1 1-lb. can pineapple tidbits
  - 1 1-lb. can sliced peaches
  - 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1 pkg. vanilla pudding mix
  - 1 10-oz. pkg. miniature marshmallows
  - 1 1/2 cups cream, whipped
  - 1/2 cup pecans, chopped
  - 3 bananas, sliced
- Drain pineapple, peaches and oranges reserving 2 cups juice. Cook pudding according to package directions using juice for liquid. Fold in marshmallows. Stir until melted. Chill. Fold in remaining ingredients. Place in buttered oblong pan. Freeze. Remove from freezer 1 1/2 hours before serving. Serves 10.

—Margery

### SPINACH WITH MUSHROOMS

- 2 cups cooked spinach
- 1 2-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- Salt and pepper to taste

Drain cooked spinach (canned or fresh cooked) and chop. Saute mushrooms in melted butter or margarine until hot through. Add butter flavoring. Gradually stir in sour cream and salt and pepper. Add well-drained spinach. Heat through and serve. The last step may be done in the oven if used with an oven meal. Spoon into ovenproof bowl and bake until hot and bubbly. Fresh morel mushrooms may also be used if they grow in your area. Simply chop well-cleaned mushrooms and brown as directed for canned mushrooms.

—Evelyn

### CANNED GREEN PEPPERS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- Green peppers

Wash and core peppers. Pack into pint jar — slice in rings, dice, slice in strips or stack like cups. Combine remaining ingredients and bring to good rolling boil. Pour over peppers, seal immediately. These stay crisp and fresh like ones from the garden. Excellent for sandwiches, soups, salads, stuffed, etc.

These may, of course, be packed into quart jars for larger green peppers if you wish to have them whole to use later for stuffing. For the sliced or rings I like to put them up in half-pint jars for most recipes call for a small amount of green pepper.

—Evelyn



**END-OF-THE-GARDEN PICKLE**

- 4 cups onion, ground
- 4 cups cabbage, ground
- 4 cups green tomatoes, ground
- 12 green peppers, chopped
- 6 red peppers, chopped (optional)
- 1/2 cup salt
- 6 cups sugar
- 1 Tbls. celery seed
- 2 Tbls. mustard seed
- 1 1/2 tsp. tumeric
- 4 cups cider vinegar
- 2 cups water

Grind (or chop fine) the vegetables as given. Sprinkle with salt and let stand overnight. Rinse and drain. Combine with remaining ingredients. Heat to boiling. Simmer 3 minutes or until boiling hot through. Seal in hot, sterilized jars. Makes 8 or 9 pints.

A great way to use up the last of the vegetables from the garden including those green tomatoes that may not have a chance to ripen before the first frost. Delicious as a hot dog or hamburger relish, to add to salad dressings for a special touch or to put into gelatin vegetable salads to give a touch of tartness and color.

—Evelyn

**PEANUT BUTTER BALLS**

Combine in a bowl:

- 1 1/3 cups creamy peanut butter
- 2/3 cup strained honey
- 1 1/2 cups nonfat dry milk powder
- 1/2 cup wheat germ
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Refrigerate for about 1 hour or until you can easily roll into small balls. Refrigerate in a covered container. Makes about 6 dozen.

—Margery

**EDAM CHEESE OMELET**

- 6 eggs, slightly beaten
- 4 tsp. cream
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 cup grated Edam cheese

Beat eggs lightly, should be stringy when beater is lifted, add cream, salt and pepper. Pour into hot, well-buttered skillet or omelet pan. Sprinkle rice and cheese on top. Cook over medium heat about 5 minutes. Gently lift edges of omelet as eggs firm to let soft mixture run underneath. When mixture is set, place under broiler about 4 inches from heat. Broil until lightly brown on top, about 2 or 3 minutes. Fold omelet onto serving platter.

Other kinds of cheese may be used besides Edam if you prefer. Omelet may be browned in 375-degree oven or kept hot in oven for 5 or 10 minutes. For variation add 2 Tbls. either Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing or Kitchen-Klatter French dressing to the first egg mixture. This gives a different and delicious flavor to an omelet.

**GROUND BEEF AND CHEESE  
CASSEROLE**

(Can be a camping recipe)

- 6 slices bacon, diced
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/2 cup onion, chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup corn muffin mix
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Fry diced bacon until crisp. Remove from skillet. Pour off all but about 2 Tbls. drippings. Brown ground beef and onion in pan. Add seasonings, water and mushroom soup. Simmer about 10 minutes. Spoon into casserole. Combine remaining ingredients. Spoon over top of hot ground beef mixture, leaving a hole in center of topping. Bake in 375-degree oven 20 minutes or until topping is done.

For campfire cooking, place casserole in preheated Dutch oven. Bake until done. A reflector oven could also be used to cook this delicious dish out of doors.

—Evelyn

**TASTY VINEGAR ROLLS**

- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 cup cider vinegar
- 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. softened butter
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Combine the water, vinegar, 3/4 cup brown sugar, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon and the burnt sugar flavoring. Stir over low heat until the sugar dissolves. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the 1/3 cup of shortening. Stir in the milk and butter flavoring with a fork to form a soft dough. Roll out on a lightly floured surface into a 12- by 11-inch rectangle. Spread with the butter and sprinkle with the combined brown sugar and cinnamon. Roll up, starting with the long side, and cut into slices. Place the cut side up in a baking dish. Pour the hot vinegar mixture over the top and bake in a 375-degree oven 35 to 40 minutes. When done, turn out onto a serving plate.

This is one of Frank's favorite roll recipes.

—Dorothy

**BAKED SPARERIBS**

- 4 lbs. country-style spareribs
- Worcestershire sauce
- Garlic powder
- Seasoned pepper and salt
- 1 6-oz. can frozen orange concentrate (undiluted)

Light brown sugar

Heat oven to 425 degrees. Place spareribs in shallow baking pan, meaty side down. Bake uncovered for 30 minutes. Drain all juice, turn ribs over, and bake uncovered another 30 minutes. Drain all juice from pan.

Sprinkle meat with Worcestershire sauce, garlic powder, salt and pepper. Put one-half of orange concentrate evenly over ribs and sprinkle light coating of brown sugar. Cover the pan and continue to bake at reduced oven heat of 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Turn ribs, repeat the coating using the balance of orange concentrate. Bake another 30 minutes in covered pan. Serves 6.

—Margery

**GOOSEBERRY PIE, SUPREME**

- 1 1-lb. can gooseberries, drained (or fresh gooseberries, cooked and sweetened)
- 1 baked pie shell
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 cup rich milk
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch or flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Put gooseberries in bottom of crust. Make a custard using the egg yolks, milk, sugar, cornstarch or flour and flavoring. Cook in a double boiler until thick. The custard will be very thick, but with the juice from the berries it works out fine. Pour the custard over the berries and top with meringue, using the 2 egg whites and 4 Tbls. of sugar. Brown in a 350-degree oven, 12-15 minutes.

—Dorothy

**APRICOT-GLAZED PORK CHOPS**

- 1 1-lb., 14-oz. can whole apricots
- 1 Tbls. steak sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 6 pork chops, cut 1/2 inch thick
- 1 tsp. whole cloves
- Drain apricots; reserve syrup. Place reserved syrup in saucepan; stir in steak sauce and salt. Heat to boiling point; cook for about 20 minutes or until thickened. Place pork chops in single layer in 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Brush with half the syrup mixture. Bake in 400-degree oven for 30 minutes. Turn chops; skim off excess fat. Stud apricots with cloves; arrange around chops. Brush with remaining syrup mixture. Reduce temperature to 350 degrees; bake for 30 minutes longer or until chops are tender, brushing with glaze occasionally.

—Margery



**COCONUT POUND CAKE**

- 6 eggs, separated
- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 3 cups sugar
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup milk
- 2 cups grated coconut

Have ingredients at room temperature. Separate eggs. Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Grease bottom of 10-inch tube pan. Beat egg yolks, shortening and margarine on high speed. Add flavorings. Gradually add sugar, beating until light and fluffy. On low speed, add flour alternately with milk in four parts. Begin and end with flour. Add coconut, beat until blended. Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Gently fold into batter until combined. Turn into prepared pan. Bake about 2 hours, or until done. Cool in pan 10 to 15 minutes. Remove and cool on wire rack. This cake takes rather delicate han-

dling since it does not have any leavening (baking powder or soda) and depends on the egg whites to lighten it. Remember, however, it is basically a pound cake and not like a sponge or angel food cake in texture.

A light glaze of powdered sugar and milk with a little Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring and a sprinkle of coconut on top is all that is needed to finish it. —Evelyn

**LIVER LOUISIANA**

- 3 slices bacon
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 1 small green pepper, sliced (optional)
- 1 lb. liver
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 10½-oz. can condensed tomato-rice soup
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Cook bacon. Remove from skillet. In drippings, saute onion and pepper until almost transparent. Brown sliced liver in hot bacon drippings. Sprinkle seasonings over browned meat. Add the

soup and dressing. Simmer over low heat for about 40 minutes, or until liver is done. Water may be added if it gets too dry. Covering tightly will keep in the moisture if you desire a softer crust to the meat.

This dish may be baked in the oven. Place the browned liver in a casserole. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over liver. Bacon may be crumbled over top or reserved to place on top of casserole at the last few minutes of baking time. Bake in 350-degree oven for 30 or 40 minutes.

**FRENCH GREEN BEANS**

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup onions, chopped fine
- 1/2 tsp. powdered mustard
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- Dash of MSG (Monosodium Glutamate)
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- Salt to taste
- 1 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 1-lb. can French green beans, drained
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Melt butter or margarine in saucepan and saute onions until soft but not brown. Stir the mustard, paprika, MSG, and flour into the butter mixture. Add milk slowly. Add salt and Worcestershire sauce and cook for only about 30 seconds. Add drained beans, mix thoroughly and turn into a 1½-quart casserole. Top with the bread crumbs and cheese and bake in 350-degree oven until hot and nicely browned. Serves 4.

—Mae Driftmier

**WE'RE  
A  
NICE  
BUNCH**

**"So why aren't we included in the Kitchen-Klatter Flavors?"**

Sorry, fellas. But we have strict rules about selecting flavors. First, of course, is popularity. We've discovered which 16 America wants, and we concentrate on them. But, more important, we market only those flavors we know we can duplicate to perfection. Aroma and taste must match Mother Nature exactly, or the Kitchen-Klatter label doesn't go on. And the flavor must stay in, through cooking, boiling and baking. Must be economical, too. Here are the sixteen that pass the tests:

Raspberry	Banana	Lemon	Cherry
Almond	Burnt Sugar	Coconut	Butter
Orange	Black Walnut	Strawberry	Pineapple
Blueberry	Maple	Vanilla	Mint

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and Jumbo 8-oz.)

If they're not available at your grocer's, send \$1.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo 8-oz. vanilla is \$1.00, and all are postpaid. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601..

**KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS****EILENE'S CHERRY BARS**

- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup uncooked rolled oats
- Combine ingredients and press into buttered 9- by 13-inch pan. Then mix the following ingredients together in a bowl:
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup flour
- 3/4 cup maraschino cherries, drained and diced
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

When well blended, spread over first layer. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes or until done. A very delicious bar cookie. —Evelyn



## MARY BETH HAS PROBLEMS WITH NEW PET

Dear Friends:

This has been a day of frustrating events and I am ready for some peace and quiet in which to write this letter. I woke up this morning remembering that I must find a service repairman to come to work on my washing machine. Having this blessed appliance even slightly out of order is unnerving to me, but getting an appointment with a repairman isn't quickly done. Donald did not have to check into his office at the real estate company until noon, so while I was tutoring my summer student he scouted around for the closest company. Living in beautiful suburbia has its drawbacks and our problems with the telephone are further complicated by the fact that we are not on the system which all of metropolitan Milwaukee is serviced by, so we have no phone book in which to find yellow section number listings.

My little boy, who comes for two hours to read and do arithmetic, and I were deeply engrossed in an exciting story when Don, forgetting we were busy and quiet, burst back into the house with a beautiful grin on his face and the replacement part for the washing machine grasped triumphantly in his hand! I heard sounds of great activity from the utility room and soon peace and quiet. When my student had left, I went into the back yard to find a self-satisfied fellow who, with the help of his father's very old socket wrench set which he had dug out of the Shenandoah basement of his mother's house, had repaired the washing machine in almost no time at all and at a fraction of the expense that a service call would have incurred. Don said the socket wrenches were originally bought to work on the innermost insides of the early automobiles, and he bet they haven't been used in 40 years.

While I sat and caught my breath, our fierce bad kitty came curling herself around my legs. (I say this because for some reason or other, and it isn't the heat, our cat has become cantankerous and disagreeable. In short, she bites!) I noticed with a bit of alarm but no surprise that the two-day-old wound on the area between her ear and her eye had become very swollen and was obviously infected. Two days before she had gone into the neighbor's yard where they keep their equally grumpy female Siamese cat tethered. Our unsporting cat takes great delight in taunting this poor cat and she was on another one of her teasing trips. However, on this particular day the cat had anticipated our cat's visit and had slipped out of her collar, so when our cat arrived in her



This is the latest picture of our mother, Leanna Driftmier.

yard there ensued a frightful brawl. Katharine ran to see if there was anything a person could do to help these creatures, and it appeared that those two Siamese had determined to fight to the death. So Katharine grabbed the dog's drinking water bucket and ran to quench the tempers of these two tigers! The water did the trick, and at the time it appeared that Simba was more injured by the water bath than the effects of the fight.

However I could see this morning that our fighter had taken a shellacking and needed a trip to the veterinarian. And that about did in my schedule of achievement for the balance of the day. There is needless to say no veterinarian close by, so I collared the cat and headed for Waukesha, which is probably a twenty-minute drive. The veterinarian and I had a harrowing half hour of it with our treacherous patient and he sent me home with a ragingly angry (and frightened) cat, and pills to be administered twice a day into her mouth, which we have learned to avoid, and to top all this off I was shown how to wash out the wound in her head, which by now is a horrible abscess, with a long-nosed tube of ointment. I want to tell you this cat doesn't allow things like this to be done to her, and I really could not imagine that the veterinarian was sincere when he told me to repeat this operation once a day for seven days! Sincere he was, and I got even a slight hint that he did not care to work on her again. The main thing I must remember when I irrigate the cat's wound is to first drop a large heavy towel or piece of canvas tent over her head, thus immobilizing her four clawed feet and then allow her injured head to peek out, at which time I begin my part of the first-aid treatment. But I'll tell you a secret . . . I intend to enlist Donald and Katharine, the animal lover, because just watching this irrigation made my stomach quease and quiver!

Katharine the animal lover has suc-

ceeded in playing foster mother to the four orphaned kittens from the neighbor's barn with considerable success. They are almost ready to take back to the barn to begin their life as mouse chasers and barn beautifiers. They did develop very slowly without the marvel of their own mother's milk, which just goes to prove that man isn't all that super developed when scientifically produced sterilized milk and the purest baby meats don't bring up normal, strapping kittens. They are cute, but I really expected super cats from the diet they received — plus vitamins.

Katharine has had a nice break from the summer-at-home type vacation we are all having. An old school friend who recently moved to Florida but still summers in Door County invited her to Ephraim in northern Wisconsin. When they were driving through on their way north, the girls had a brief but enjoyable visit at our house, at which time they made plans for Katharine to visit at this girl's home during the summer.

In July Katharine packed up and we drove her downtown to the bus depot (and I do not mean downtown Delafield which doesn't have bus service of any kind). I can remember taking the bus to school in Bloomington, Indiana, and changing buses in Indianapolis, but now, nearly 20 years later, the story is not quite the same. Very few people in the bus depot knew when the buses left and it was out of the question for me to learn when the bus would be returning to Milwaukee! This particular bit of information was simply unavailable, so I determined to phone via long distance on the day Katharine expected to return and learn at that time when it would arrive. They very kindly told me that it would be in Milwaukee at 8 o'clock in the evening, so you can appreciate my surprise when Katharine telephoned at 5 o'clock in the afternoon to report that she was downtown and would love a ride home!

But Katharine's visit was far more delightful than the mixed-up schedule. She water skied in Green Bay, which is just about a mile from the cold waters of Lake Michigan on the west side of the thumb of Wisconsin. She shopped in the quaint little shops that dot the streets of this resort town. And there were hours of swimming and sailing with her friend. And to top it off they had some of the nicest weather that Wisconsin has had during the entire crazy summer. Our weather has closely resembled that of Iowa's, except I believe they had more tornadoes. It's been great for growing grass and mosquitoes, but the resort owners are simply weeping over the cold, wet weeks.

Speaking of the sun reminds me that this morning as I slicked up the kitchen

(Continued on page 22)

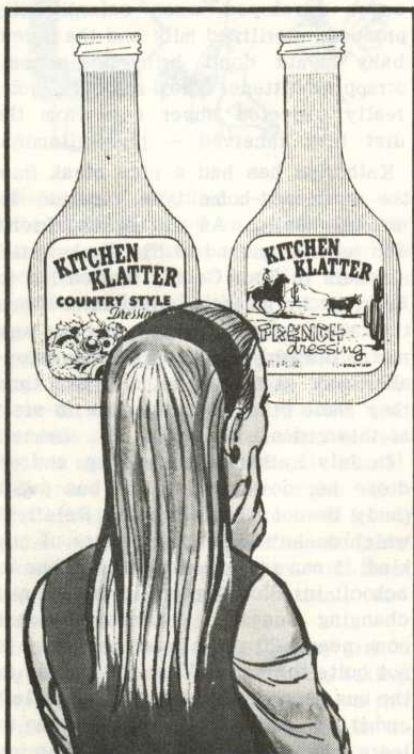


## SOME OF THESE DAYS

Yesterday: a time of experience.  
 Tomorrow: a time of hope.  
 Today: a time of getting from one to the other in the best possible way.

## ONE ANSWER TO FAILURE

He failed, so he tried again. He failed again, so he tried again. He failed . . . But he kept trying; he kept at it. Finally, he discovered that persistence is the key to that door to success.



## Decisions!

## Decisions!

How can we tell you which Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressing to try first? They're so alike in so many ways, yet so different, too. Both are creamy and smooth . . . just right to coat and cling to salad greens and vegetables. One's sweeter, perhaps, but not that cloying sweetness that ruins a salad for most of us. The other's just a shade tarter . . . but certainly not enough to pucker your lips or smart your tongue. Perhaps you like one better for fruit, or the other for a marinade.

Oh, they're different, all right. Your family may prefer one to the other. They'll probably want to keep using both. But you won't know till you try them, will you?

They're waiting at your grocer's, now.

## Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings



## Carrots, Anyone?

by

Marjorie A. Lundell

It may be difficult for some to consider the common carrot as glamorous or unusual, yet, what other vegetable is as completely versatile as this fern-like plant with the colorful root! Its somewhat fancy foliage may be attributed to the fact that the carrot is a relative of the decorative parsley family.

The ancient Greeks and Romans, as long as 2,000 years ago, used the carrot as a vegetable and for flavoring in stew. In England, sometime later, carrots were not only exceedingly popular as a food, but women of glamour used its wispy leaves to encircle their hair. In our own country the vegetable was introduced about 1609 in Virginia.

Today's housewives know that carrots can be prepared in almost every way imaginable, and is considered to be one of the richest sources of Vitamins A and B-1, as well as iron and sugar. And although many of us prefer to buy young, slender carrots, it has been proved that the medium or large carrots with their deeper color contain a greater quantity of Vitamin A. As the carrot grows and matures, it is said, the greater its food value!

The states of Arizona, California, Florida and Texas are among the major producers of carrots, making them readily available every month of the year. Here, they are mechanically harvested and processed, virtually untouched by the human hand. Within a few hours of harvesting, the carrots move through ice-filled tanks and into a cycle of washing, brushing, topping, and sizing. It is said the complete tumbling process appears as an orange river of carrots.

A pound of grated or shredded carrots, claim experts, will yield well over 6 servings, while one pound of diced or sliced carrots will provide approximately 5 1/2-cup servings, making this vegetable an economical dish indeed!

Not only do carrots make a nutritious after-school snack, they can also be braised, creamed, escalloped, glazed or pickled. Herbs, too, contribute good flavor; 1/4 teaspoon basil, sprinkled over thinly sliced carrots that have

been gently simmered in a small amount of butter or margarine, is especially delicious. Grated into slaw, carrots are equally tasty and can be combined with apples, raisins, coconut, or nuts. The familiar combination of carrots, raisins and nuts, moistened with a touch of salad dressing, also makes good topping for fresh pear halves which have been chilled and arranged on crisp lettuce.

Carrots team well with onions and asparagus; and, have you tried tender baby carrots, either raw or cooked, for truly gourmet fare? But for a somewhat sneaky way to include carrots in the family diet, why not make a light, fluffy carrot cake topped with an exquisite cream cheese frosting — Mmmm!

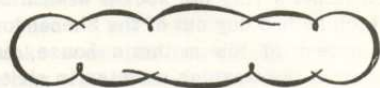
### BETTER BREAKFAST MONTH OBSERVANCE, SEPT. 1-30

Chart your course to better living by starting the day with a good breakfast. It's a good idea to get at least a fourth of your daily calories at breakfast time, according to U.S. Department of Agriculture nutritionists.

A test of a good breakfast is that it gives you proteins, vitamins, and minerals — materials needed to build and repair the body and to help keep you healthy. It provides fuel for body energy and it tastes good.

Try a breakfast pattern of fruit, cereal or bread, and beverage. Add an egg and sometimes meat and you'll have a good start for the day.

Have a happy, healthy day every day.



## DECAL CANNING

Even though our garden always yields far more than we can use, I always welcome the surplus.

The surplus is the plus which brings pleasure to shut-ins, oldsters, bazaars, and friends and relatives. Extra fruits and vegetables, home canned, and decorated appropriately for special occasions become much-appreciated gifts.

For example: A decal on a jar of cherries (such as a heart, a hatchet, or a silhouette of George Washington) make the cherries just right for giving in February. Any vegetable jar decal with a shamrock for March; a blossom for spring months; a firecracker for July; or a turkey for Thanksgiving, make the vegetables perfect gifts for those occasions. For showers and weddings, wedding bells are appropriate. But many, many more decals are available than these. Be sure to can all the surpluses you have. Decal them later. A shelf of filled jars is a treasure of gifts.

—Evelyn Witter





## I'll Be Brave

They always ask me

What I'll be

When I grow up.

I always tell them

What I'll be

But they don't

Always listen to me

When I tell them

BRAVE is what I'll be.

BRAVE like going in a rocket all by myself

So when the astronauts get to the moon  
They won't find nobody there to say,  
"Hello!"

They'll be said "Hello" to by me.

BRAVE like diving down under the sea  
So when big fish get sick  
They won't have to be sick long  
They'll be made well again by me.

BRAVE like keeping the keys  
To every zoo.  
When the wild animals want out  
They'll be let out by me.

BRAVE like finding the place  
Where dragons live.  
When dragons get slewed  
They'll be slewed by me.

BRAVE like playing with the winds  
So they can't blow houses away.  
When the winds get swirling  
I put up my hands and the winds will  
be stopped by me.

BRAVE like finding lost cats and dogs  
in the night.  
They won't have to stay lost  
Because I'll get a l-o-n-g spyglass  
And lost cats and dogs will be found  
by me.

BRAVE like laughing at lightning and  
thunder  
When it tries to tear the sky open.  
I'll cover up the sky with my giant  
sheet  
Then thunder and lightning will be hid-  
den away by me.

BRAVE like eating more than I can.

When Grandma bakes more cookies than  
she knows what to do with  
She won't have to ask everybody to  
take some.

They'll all get eaten up by me.

BRAVE like not hiding when I break  
my mother's things.

She won't be sad.

I'll sit on my mother's lap

And she'll be kissed happy again by  
me.

And maybe she'll say it's all right  
And just try not to break things any-  
more.

And nothing ever will get broken any-  
more by me. —Mrs. Wm. Witter

## THE BOOKSHELVES OF LONDON

by

Mary A. McKee

Sights abound in London, but none more interesting than her libraries where beautiful, classic and huge buildings house the books of London. The people of this city obviously like to read! There are eight daily newspapers; New York has three. But London is the largest city in the world. Those eight dailies must use a lot of space in the hundreds of public libraries in the city, where any resident may sit and read to his heart's content.

In 1841 Thomas Carlyle complained that England had more jails than libraries, and of those in existence too many that never allowed a book to go out the door. Libraries must have caught up with and surpassed the jails, for London is now known as the library capital of the world. It has been said they have never been counted!

In St. James Square there is a private lending library, the most distinguished one of its kind. No popular books are on these shelves. The annual membership fee is \$35.00 and there are 5000 members. There are private libraries that specialize on certain subjects to the point of absurdity.

The most exclusive is the British Museum Library. The major problem there is to get in. There are fewer than four hundred seats. The reading room is for reference and research only; no books may be taken out. To use books from this library you must have a ticket, and to get one you must be 21 and submit a written request, along with a recommendation from a person of recognized position (not a relative!) that the applicant is a fit and proper person. If you should be accepted, be prepared to get in line at nine in the morning. But no gum-chewing — it might get on the priceless volumes — and your hands should look well scrubbed.

It would be interesting to look up a few of these libraries if ever you are in London. A trip is not as improbable as it used to be.



Since James' introduction to riding a real, live pony, Juliana doubts that he will be content much longer with a hobby horse!



## THE INSIDE STORY

No matter how pretty your washer is, or how new, or how many fancy buttons it has, it won't do the right kind of job without the right detergent and bleach inside it.

You need a low-suds, biodegradable detergent that lifts out the dirt and takes it down the drain. And you need a bleach that safely brightens all fabrics: white, prints and colored. With no danger of bleach damage, ever.

All these advantages and safeguards are yours, when you wash with **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. The money you save will be an extra bonus.

**Kitchen-Klatter**  
**BLUE DROPS**  
and  
**SAFETY BLEACH**





## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

When I first read the title *The Sweet Apple Gardening Book*, I thought it might be a book about apples! No. Sweet Apple is a little log cabin in a rural settlement thirty miles from Atlanta, Georgia. It is the home of Celestine Sibley, reporter and author. *A Place Called Sweet Apple* was written in 1967 and introduced readers to the joys and trials of her new home. In *The Sweet Apple Gardening Book* (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$5.95), Celestine Sibley passes on to the reader the pleasures and some frustrations of gardening.

She admits there are prettier and more productive gardens, but she feels the measure of success in gardening is not always in the harvest. "The *doing* is the thing. And if by some happy chance you should have a *little* success, ah, the satisfaction that is!" she writes.

Miss Sibley talks about planning a garden, establishing a compost pile (toss a few toadstools on the heap and dogs won't go near it), garden pests (if rabbits eat everything before you do, plant onions — rabbits hate them), organic gardening, insecticides, fertilizers, wildflowers (they mostly do better when left where they are), transplanting, flower arrangements and preserving flowers.

Some gardeners set up a daybook format to guide you through your gardening year. As the author is shamefully behind or disastrously ahead of the seasons, she doesn't feel qualified. All



What a good time Aaron and Andrew Brase, James and Katharine Lowey had playing in the creek on the Johnson farm. Their mothers, Kristin and Juliana, had as much fun as the children, and were filled with nostalgia as they recalled doing the same thing when Juliana visited Kristin at the farm countless times in years gone by.

she knows for sure is that "the earth turns, the weather changes, each season as it comes offers interest, if not always joy, content, if not always high excitement."

Miss Sibley quotes from the *Catholic Digest* concerning the four-year-old who urged her busy mother to stop work and go for a walk with her. "Stop working, Mother," she pleaded. "Let's go outside and get some use out of the world."

*The Sweet Apple Gardening Book* is a charming book written by one who enjoys the beauty of the land. Line drawings by John Kollock are a splendid addition to the book.

*Merriman Smith's Book of Presidents: A White House Memoir* (W. W. Norton Co., \$7.95) is compiled and edited by the famous reporter's son, Timothy G. Smith. For nearly thirty years Mr. Smith was White House correspondent for UPI. He was also author, lecturer, magazine writer, and columnist. In his daily coverage of the presidency, Mr. Smith was straight news reporter. He became

especially well known to millions of TV viewers as the senior wire-service reporter on the White House beat by terminating the presidential press conferences with "Thank you, Mr. President."

No other man could have collected such a fund of anecdotes about the modern presidency through six administrations: Franklin Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, Dwight D. Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy, Lyndon B. Johnson, and Richard Nixon. The book includes remarks about different White House styles, people around the presidents, First Ladies, Presidential campaigns, and protecting presidents. There is an epilogue concerning the presidents and the press. Merriman Smith died in 1970. Before his death, he had planned a final book of this sort, a book of "storytelling to make famous people and their times come alive in something like human terms." Timothy Smith, his son, has edited *A White House Memoir* in fine style. A book to enjoy.

*Prayers for the Later Years* (Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. South, Nashville, Tennessee 37202, \$2.95) by Josephine Robertson is a book for those whose life has taken on a different pattern. For those who rely on the strength of their faith in God, it is a time for a renewed sense of values and attitudes. These brief, meaningful prayers were written for this special time of life and express the joy of living, gratitude for past experiences, pleasure in everyday surroundings, thankfulness for the benefits of modern life, and the desire for the insight to see the good and beautiful that surround us.

One such prayer from the book follows called "Thanks for Friends".

I thank thee for the gift of friendship and shared enjoyment, refreshing as a spring rain that makes the leaves sparkle and the fragrance of damp roses sweet on the air. I thank thee that as I know the talents and weaknesses of my friends, so they, in thine own spirit, accept me with all my faults. In times of unhappiness, I am grateful for the comfort they bring. May I, in turn, share deeply in both joy and sorrow. Give me the skill to turn complaint and bitterness to more helpful thoughts. I thank thee for the dear companions now gone, for my young friends with sparkling eyes and spirits, and for those who are contemporaries, who share past experiences — and who understand. Amen.

Mrs. Robertson has written a sensitive book of prayers. She expresses the opportunities for individuals to find zest for living at any age, and uncommon joy in common things. Add *Prayers for the Later Years* to your church library, to your own book collection, or to that of a friend.



Worried about holding an office or giving club and church programs? Or are your concerns about what to feed the family or serve to company?

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Fall bulb catalogs are arriving daily, and though it seems that summer is still with us, it is definitely on the way out. If you want a lush display of pretty tulips, daffodils, hyacinths and the lesser spring-blooming bulbs, now is the time to give them consideration. Go through bulb catalogs and make your selections soon. Get the order off so the bulbs can be planted at the proper time. You must plant daffodils as early as possible so the bulbs become established before cold weather arrives. Tulips can go in as late as the soil can be worked.

Last Valentine's Day we offered several pots of beautiful red tulips and pink hyacinths as gift plants. Although the bulbs had been started in the greenhouse, you can easily plant and grow some in your home. Pot four bulbs in rich soil using a six-inch pot. Invert another pot over the top. Tape in place with masking tape and bury the lower pot to its rim in a cold frame. Before the ground freezes, place a thick layer of straw or marsh hay over the pots and place the cover on the cold frame. You must check for water as the soil should be moist in the pots. During November and December the bulbs will form roots and will be ready to bring in after New Year's for forcing. They make delightful gifts if you can bear to part with them after the blooms appear. A pot of hyacinths will perfume a large area.

Some of you no doubt summered the gift plants received for Christmas, Easter or Mother's Day and now you are wondering what to do with them since frost will soon be threatening. Bring the pots of poinsettia, azalea, or florist's mums indoors. The latter may not survive if left outdoors over winter. Place the poinsettias where they will get good light during the day but at sundown, you should cover the plants with an opaque bag to keep out artificial light. Remove bag after daylight comes each morning. With luck, the bracts may color up in time for the holidays. Your azalea and mum plants should be put in a cool room (50-60 degree) given good light and moderate moisture. This is when the plants form buds and, here again, with luck, both plants may bloom again at holiday time.

Do all the good you can,  
By all the means you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
In all the places you can,  
At all the times you can,  
To all the people you can,  
As long as ever you can.

—John Wesley



Many people have very good luck with continued blooms from gift plants which have been set out in their home gardens. The next time you receive one, such as the mum plant pictured above, why not give it a try?

### INSPIRATION

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves obscure men whom timidity prevented from making a first effort; who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that, to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjudging nice chances; it did very well before the Flood, when a man would consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see his success afterwards; but at present, a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother, and his particular friends, till one day he finds he is sixty years old and that he has lost so much time in consulting cousins and friends that he has no more time to follow their advice.

—Sydney Smith

## DETOUR

by  
Julia Bares

Short detours, taken from the broad highways, you may find to be the most surprising and pleasant part of a trip.

You might see a snug little country town with a town square, or an old-fashioned church with a wooden steeple and clanging bell.

Maybe you will stop to eat in a small friendly restaurant where most of the customers are greeted by their first names.

The country road might take you across a rambling creek with a groaning wooden bridge. The water goes gurgling and bubbling over shallow gravel beds covered with mussel shell and multi-colored rocks.

On each side of the road the fences are covered with columbines or wild roses. In the cool green of the pastures, lazy milk cows are constantly munching, their tails slowly moving like pendulums. Nestled in the grass you see daisies, wild violets or pink clover.

Just as you are relaxed and beginning to feel rested and peaceful, you see ahead the end of the detour. You go back on the broad expanse of concrete, to the sounding of horns and the swish of speeding cars.

The next time you come to a detour, remember it may be a bonus offering a time to commune with nature, or a few inspired moments to be closer to God.

### FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do  
If he would make his record true;  
To think without confusion clearly;  
To love his fellow men sincerely;  
To act from honest motives purely;  
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke

## RED BIRD Daffodil

Here's a flower so rare, so beautiful it's sure to make your garden the talk of the neighborhood. Daintily frilled trumpets are a beautiful scarlet . . . deeply contrasted with brilliant white petals. They're fragrant, long-lived—gorgeous in vase or outdoors. They're expensive. But we know you'll want more, so we tempt you with a special offer—two blooming-size bulbs for 25c, shipped at proper planting time. (U.S. only)



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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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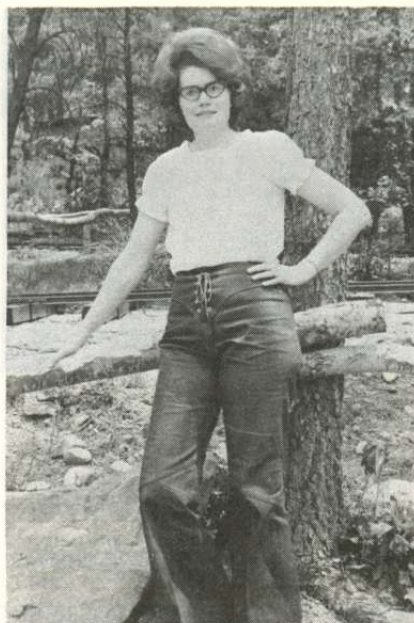


# Afraid you're going deaf?

Chicago, Ill.—A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A non-operating model 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. 4189, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.



Kristin Brase, daughter of Dorothy and Frank, had looked forward to bringing her sons to the farm for a vacation before school started.

James could have gone on riding in the carts forever, I think. Susie was even gentle enough for James to ride alone.

Aaron thought he would like to ride Mrs. Sullivan's beautiful riding horse that he saw in the stable. They have a lot of ponies and colts, and the children got to see a brand-new little black colt born just the day before.

Hildreth had made up cold juice drinks and served these with home-baked cookies, which were delicious. It was such a happy morning, and we certainly appreciated the time the Sullivans devoted to the children. I'm sure they will remember it for a long time. Lucile said that when James came home, the first thing he said was that he had had a wonderful long ride on the stagecoach.

I can see right now that I have written more than there is space for, so I will have to continue with more about Kristin's visit next month.

Frank and his help are putting up hay today and will soon be in for some ice cream and coffee, so I must get the coffee pot on.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**  
pools. The people with swimming pools are the people whose responsibilities or whose lack of finances make it impossible for them to swim anywhere else.

Only a few blocks from where we live a little five-year-old girl drowned in the family pool one day last week. In the spring I had a funeral for one of the little boys in our Sunday school who drowned in the next-door neighbor's

pool. The three-year-old son of one of our good friends drowned in a neighbor's pool a few years ago, and so we are very conscious of that kind of tragedy. How grateful I am that we never had a swimming accident in all the years we took church young people to Nova Scotia.

A few blocks from our parsonage there is a large Methodist church that has a very superior swimming pool in its parish house. While visiting with the pastor of the church I told him how envious I was of that swimming pool. I said that if we could find the money to do it, our church would build a swimming pool. I was surprised at his reply. He said: "Don't do it! A hundred times a week we wish that this church did not have a pool! It is so costly to maintain. We have to employ full-time lifeguards at considerable expense. The moisture from the pool is very damaging to the rest of the church building." His comments deserve to be taken seriously.

Betty's mother and father do not have a swimming pool in their back yard, but they do have two nice trout ponds and a lovely tennis court along with more than twenty acres of beautiful lawn. The local school children are all welcome to play football and baseball on the lawn and to fish in the ponds, and all of the townspeople are welcome to use the tennis court both day and night. When we go to visit them, we sit out on the terrace and watch dozens and dozens of children and adults having a wonderful time making use of all that is available to them. So far there has not been a single case of vandalism.

Betty and I both hope that you have had a good summer. Once it stopped raining here, our summer became very nice. In my next letter I shall tell you of the trip to British Columbia that we're taking soon.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

## A SONG FROM A WINDY HILL

I walked to the top of a windy hill.  
Around me were pastures and trees,  
In which there were sheep grazing,  
And birds singing.

Nearby, flowed a peaceful stream,  
Beside which wild flowers were growing.

Above me was a blue, clouded sky,  
In which white birds were flying.

And there was a music, too, on the hill.  
It came from the depths of my soul,  
That God, in His plan of creation,  
Should make me a part of the whole.

—Don Beckman



**MINDING OUR P'S AND Q'S - Concl.**

I am no good at leading,  
I cannot "organize",  
And anything I write  
Would never win a prize.  
It seems my only talent  
Is neither big nor rare —  
Just to listen and encourage,  
And to fill a vacant chair.  
But all the gifted people  
Could not so brightly shine,  
Were it not for those who use  
A talent such as mine! —Anonymous

**Narrator:** How many times does the school child hear "Don't forget your rubbers. Do you have your raincoat?" (Helper comes in wearing these and huddles up as if from rain.) Well, as club members we, too, must be prepared for rough and stormy weather occasionally. Things won't always run smoothly, nor will there always be harmony, but we can be resolved we will wade through to brighter days ahead.

**Song:** "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella on a Rainy Day".

**Narrator:** Yes, that is a *football* you see. (Helper could add humor by being dressed in football togs and helmet.) Just as schools know that for a well-rounded curriculum they must include some extracurricular activities, so should our club find a place for some frills that bring more fellowship, laughter, and good times together. Many a speech of dry statistics, or a dull speaker, can be livened up with a few good, hearty chuckles. Let's plan to have a little humor in every meeting — some extracurricular activities, just for the fun of it!

**Song:** (by all if desired) "Smile, Darn Ya, Smile", or have two of the helpers tell a joke or story.

**Narrator:** See, it didn't hurt a bit, did it, to loosen up those funny bones? Something else that is an important part of school is the *report card*. Do I hear some groans? Are you remembering your report card days? We're learning that the report cards aren't so much to rate the child in his competition with the fellow students as to rate his development, his understanding, his learning to live with other people. Just so it is with the club; we should pause now and then to evaluate so that we might know if we are making the best use of our time and talents. How would we rate in deportment — our relationship with others and the community? How would we rate in friendship, in concern for the needs of others, in willingness to work for some worthy cause, not for personal glory but for the good of humanity? How would each of us rate in enthusiasm? in cooperation? in zeal and "git-up-and-go"? in courtesy? in loyalty?

Ah, dear old school days! Then at last comes the big moment. We get our



Katharine Lowey has learned to blow bubbles, and a more excited little girl you'll never see. You should hear her merry laugh!

*diploma*. Or will we? Maybe ours will be one of those humiliating "unsigned" ones unless we complete our programs, our curriculum, our goals. Before we can hope to get that diploma at the end of a successful year, we must pull together to accomplish what we set out to do. It will take the "ever-lastin' teamwork of every bloomin' soul".

Are we a positive influence, or are we a negative factor? We need to do

some self-examination before we think about getting that year-end diploma.

Perhaps it would be good for every club member to make this pledge each year at the beginning and again at the end of the year:

I will study the language of gentleness, and refuse to use words that bite and tones that crush.

I will practice patience lest my temper break through unexpectedly and disgrace me and destroy the harmony of the group.

I will use my talents and my hands to do what will benefit the most, and to help our club attain the goals set for it this year.

I will bring joy and laughter along with me to the meetings, but leave some, that because I laughed, or smiled, someone's load was made lighter.

I will excuse others' faults and failures as often as I expect they will be lenient of mine.

I will be a kind and loving friend. "Coming together is Beginning.

Keeping together is Progress.

Working together is Unity.

Thinking together is Success."

May this be our motto as we mind our P's and Q's in making this the best club year we have ever had.



## Back to School!

With the children off to school again and the house settling down to a normal routine, take time to listen to the **Kitchen-Klatter** radio visit.

We can be heard over the following stations each weekday:

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



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Mrs. Howard (Mae) Driftmier and her great-nephew, James Lowey.

### COVER PICTURE

Four little cousins had a wonderful time playing together on a hot summer day. From left to right they are James Lowey, Aaron Brase, Katharine Lowey and Andy Brase, the great-grandchildren of Mother (Leanna Driftmier) and the only grandchildren of Lucile Verne and Dorothy Johnson. This picture was snapped at Dorothy's and Frank's farm where the youngsters had such a grand visit.

### LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

last visitors of the summer will be Betty and Frederick on their return to Springfield, Mass., after their trip to British Columbia. Surely by that date my new carpet will be down and I won't need to shudder when the sun pours through my big south windows! I just wish I could have gotten this project completed earlier in the summer.

The other day I came across something that I want to share with you friends because it really expresses what I feel in these times. I'm sure that Charles Kuralt, the TV broadcaster who films "On the Road" won't mind if I quote what he wrote for the Columbia Journalism Review about his impressions after four years of roaming the nation.

"To read the papers and to listen to the news, to be a reporter working in the midst of the great movements that are sweeping the country and trying to make sense of them, one would think that the country is in terrible trouble.

"You do not get that impression when you travel the back roads and the small towns. You find many strengths that you previously weren't aware of. You find people who are courteous and neighborly and who really do care about their country and wish it well, and seek for leadership to heal the wounds of the country. You do not get the feeling of a country on the brink of revolution or torn apart by hatred — the kind of impression you might get if you only read the page-one stories."

It's comforting to read this and I most firmly believe it.

Mother is well and busy as usual. By the time her great-grandchildren had come and gone, she felt as if she'd been operating a sugar cookie factory! All of the old animal cutters came out of their box and thus the youngsters had a big collection to choose from. There's just nothing like Mother's sugar cookies.

I'm sure that my space is gone — and then some — so I must say goodbye. Many, many thanks always for the good letters you write in reply to our letters.

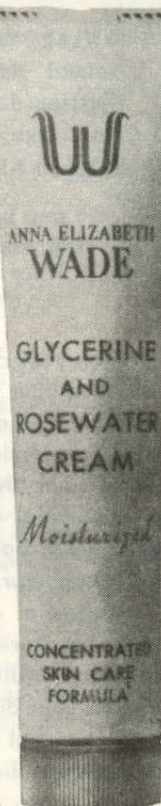
Always faithfully . . .

Lucile

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Anna Elizabeth Wade

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Your group would regularly sell this cream for \$1 per tube. Now, to help you get started, you can offer 2 tubes for \$1. You pay 60¢ for 2 tubes, sell them for \$1.

### MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

I noticed that the window box on the south side of the house is in full sun again, which points with deadly accuracy to the fact that summer is on the run. When I planted the moss roses in that box in June I forgot to allow for the sun's slipping northward, so my roses just sat and didn't bloom. Perhaps now I shall have a few blooms from those hardy plants which didn't succumb to the traffic from our imperious cat. Until next month,

Mary Beth



## Little Ads

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

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

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**WATCHES WANTED** — Any condition, jewelry, spectacles, dental gold, silver. Prompt remittance. Satisfaction guaranteed. Lowe's, P.O. Box 13152, St. Louis, Mo. 63119.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER Magazines** — 1948 to 1972 — 10 cents per copy plus postage. Olga Ovali, 218 N. Holcombe, Litchfield, Minn. 55355.

**PATTERN FOR Raggedy Ann Boy and Girl wall plaques, 16x28** — \$2.50. Darling. Mrs. L. Barrett, 703 East Sixth, Hastings, Nebr. 68901.

**DOLL CLOTHES.** Barbie, Ken, Skipper, Crissy, Dawn, others. Well made, fine new material. Attention to detail. Send stamp for new catalog. Box 376, Fort Dodge, Iowa 50501.

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**RUGWEAVING:** Balls — \$1.50 yd; unprepared \$2.40. SALE: 50" rugs \$3.50. Rowena Winters, Peru, Iowa 50222.

**SEND LOTS OF GREETING CARDS?** Send "Remembrance" greetings! Charming designs with thoughtful sentiments. Sample 10¢. The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Illinois 60304.

**WANTED: INDIAN THINGS** — baskets, beadwork, quillwork, carvings, immediate remittance. Byron Higbee, Halsey, Oregon 97348. 1-503-491-3856.

**STAR HOMEMAKER, Klemme, Iowa 50449.** Recipes, quilts, stationery, tube painting, embroidery, magnetics, hobbies, outdoor life, stories. 3 issues \$1.00.

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**NEW POETRY BOOK "Memories Are".** Written in the Ozarks about people, places, and things we might all know. Send \$1.00 for autographed copy. Mrs. Edith Newton, Longrun, Mo. 65684.

**HOUSEPLANTS,** over a hundred kinds. 12 different \$4.50 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R. 4, 5700 14th Ave., Hudsonville, Mich. 49426.

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**10 QUICK FRUIT and Nut Bread recipes** — \$1.00. Orma Tyer, Dawson, Iowa 50066.

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**FOR SALE: MY COLLECTION of 2,000 dogs.** (All sizes.) Phone Hebron 701-878-4952. Mrs. C. Heflerich, Hebron, N.D. 58638.

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

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Man is not a book.

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by Ruth Pfahler

Diet Specialist

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## What Is a Teacher?

WHAT IS A TEACHER?: A teacher is many things . . . She's knowledge with a smile on her face . . . Democracy with a book in her hand . . . Wisdom with a flick of white chalk dust on her left eyelid.

She comes in all sizes and temperament . . . Short, tall, skinny, plump . . . Laughing, serious, happy and sad.

She's the future of the nation in a sack dress . . . Love with a college education.

In her everyday work week, she's expected to be: Diplomat, philosopher, politician, fight referee, pediatrician, policewoman, practical nurse — and quiz program conductor.

She has little children in her eyes . . . And all her dreams are young dreams.

She's a psychiatrist without a couch . . . Politician without a promise . . . Baby sitter without the right to raid the icebox.

She makes more money than a dishwasher . . . Or a ditch digger . . . Or a garbage collector.

She makes less money than a woman wrestler . . . Burlesque strip-tease dancer . . . Or the women blackjack dealers in Nevada.

Her days are filled with school bells . . . Young chatter . . . Chalk dust . . . Waving hands . . . Questions . . . And worried parents.

A teacher is equally adept at: Blowing small noses, teaching fractions, putting on galoshes, finding lost mittens in dark cloakrooms — and making parents feel good at parent-teacher meetings.

She spends four years in college, studying hard, in order to learn to: Make orange paper pumpkins at Halloween, umpire baseball games at recess time, tell young boys to throw bubble gum in the wastebasket.

In addition to knowing all there is to know about reading, writing and arith-

metic, not to mention science, biology, history and music, a teacher has to be an authority on — Baseball . . . Grasshoppers . . . Little girls . . . Snakes . . . Young love and little boys.

While graceful parents spend their evenings watching television, attending social parties, complaining about the high cost of the school system, teachers spend their evenings correcting examination papers . . . Smiling at people at parent-teacher meetings . . . and wishing they had become stenographers.

Teachers can be found after school — Taking aspirin, picking up spitballs, washing blackboards, rehearsing plays, sewing angel costumes for Christmas pageants — and just sitting at a desk waiting for strength to get home.

Teachers are expected to: Go to church . . . Keep out of debt . . . Have creative minds . . . Stay away from cigarettes, beer and bingo games . . . and give willingly to all charitable organizations.

A teacher dispenses magic . . . Sells futures . . . Dreams are her stock in trade.

From her small classroom will come the doctors of tomorrow, the astronauts,

the great artists and novelists of the year 2000 . . . The industrial tycoons and all the leaders America will need to survive in a puzzled world.

She's the future of the world with a ruler in her hand . . . Progress with a pencil back of her ear.

A teacher is unappreciated at times, harried and overworked. She gains her pay in secret satisfaction.

Secretly, she will admit, "I have the greatest job of all." . . . And she has . . . Because she holds the history of the world in the palm of her hand.

## SEPTEMBER — BACK TO SCHOOL

School days mean *be careful* days for all motorists. Help make them safe for all the youngsters in your area:

Drive at posted speed limit in school zones; be prepared to stop.

Watch for and obey crossing guards or patrols.

Approach and pass school buses with care.

Watch for children walking or biking on or alongside roads and streets near schools.

At high schools, look for heavy auto, cycle, and bike traffic at noon, just before and after school, athletic events,



## I retired . . . but she couldn't!

Turning 65 doesn't mean quite the same thing for the ladies: cooking, dishwashing and cleaning keep right on (maybe more cleaning, since I'm in and out all the time).

So I pitch in some, where I can. And I've discovered what Mama's known all along: you couldn't keep house without **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

Seems like she uses it in every room in the house . . . and outside, too. Patio furniture, window sills, charcoal grill, whitewall tires, they all get the **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** treatment.

Now I know what she means when she says, "There's cleaning . . . and there's *kleaning*!"

# Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner