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# Kitchen-Klatter *Magazine*

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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1955



# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

### EDITORIAL STAFF

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

My! What a gorgeous summer day this is! It makes up (at least to a degree) for the miserable succession of dark, rainy days that plagued us so endlessly at an earlier time.

The year around we have many visitors who drive to Shenandoah to look it over, but we are now into the season when a sizable number of people come in buses on guided tours; or a sizable number come on their own and frequently stay all night in town.

There are three motels here at the western edge of Shenandoah, and from observing their activities over a number of years I would say that during the summer months they have a full house every night. One motel offers full dining service, but I believe the other two offer only sleeping accommodations for the night.

There are a number of restaurants in town, as well as "quick order" places, but I'm sure I've never mentioned the fact that our local American Legion Club is open to the public for the evening meal. Since it is the former Country Club and certainly looks like a Country Club, I doubt that most people would realize, unless they'd been told, that they can go in there at night for good food.

It's not hard to find this American Legion Club for it is at the end of Elm Street, probably our busiest north-south street that runs right into Main Street downtown. I've been going to mention this for a long time and somehow it always escaped my mind, so now I'm glad to get it down in black and white.

Our Kitchen-Klatter plant, also at the west edge of town, is now open on Friday afternoon until 4:45, and you are most surely welcome to stop there and see what is going on. However, Hallie Kite, our office manager, has asked me to tell you that if you intend to buy premiums you must be sure to bring your box tops and cap liners.

This has been an exceptionally busy month and one of the highlights came

when Dorothy, Marge and I joined forces to entertain Mother's Thursday Club for a luncheon, the final meeting until next fall. We've done this before and have thoroughly enjoyed it — and this year was no exception.

As always, we like to hear what you serve when you entertain, so I'll go ahead and say that we used dinner-size plates to take up the food. On each plate we had a lettuce cup filled with shrimp salad, a square of spinach souffle with buttered mushrooms on top, blueberry muffins and olives. (We'd intended to have extra-fancy watermelon pickles also, but forgot them!) For dessert we had a perfectly delicious strawberry pie made by Marge, and coffee.

All in all it was a happy afternoon and I thought once again how comforting it is to live in a little town where people know each other over many, many years and remember so many jointly shared incidents and experiences. You just can't get this sense of continuity in a city, or in big, sprawling suburbs. I truly believe that you can get a better sense of life in these United States in a small Midwestern town than in any other place.

On page 15 in this issue you'll see a picture that certainly cries for an explanation . . . so here it is.

One day in February Eula brought in from the greenhouse a pot that was filled with delicate and charming looking clover, just plain old clover but with tiny, fragile looking leaves. She had kept this pot watered to save the clover, and when it looked really attractive she put it in the kitchen on the countertop of that long island.

One day, to our astonishment, we saw poking through something that looked very much like an amaryllis, and that's exactly what it turned out to be. We hadn't dreamed there was an amaryllis bulb in that pot, and we were amazed.

The upshot of the whole thing was that it grew to be 35½ inches tall and bore three enormous blooms. Eula tied it up by running string over to the cop-

per molds because it was far too heavy to stand without support. We watched that flower perform over quite a period of time and regretted the day when the show was over and the pot had to go back to the greenhouse.

Incidentally, the picture frame at the left holds a stunning piece of crewel embroidery that Juliana did for me several years ago. This is the third piece of crewel embroidery that she has done for me, and I treasure them. I just wish you could see the stunning pillow top she sent for my last birthday — it's a beauty.

These days Juliana is up past her ears with her huge vegetable garden. If there is a vegetable known to man that she isn't growing I'd be at a loss to name it. I don't need to tell any gardener how much watering and weeding all of this takes, to say nothing of canning and freezing, so during this period I don't expect her usual long and detailed letters.

James has found a playmate in the neighborhood who is only a year older and this works out fine for him, but Katharine feels sorely left out because they insist she is too little to participate in their activities.

During my last trip out to Albuquerque I noticed that whenever any of James' school friends came to play she looked at them very seriously and then said in a voice made up of pure resentment and contempt: "BOYS!" I've never heard anyone of any age who could get more feeling into a word than she could get into "BOYS!"

Juliana's and Jed's very old and very close friends, Chris and Steve Crouse, have now purchased a house in El Paso, the first home they've ever owned since they were shifted around so much that it didn't make sense to do anything but rent. They had all been very hopeful that this big move of buying a house would take place in Albuquerque, but Steve (a neurologist) had an opportunity to join a group of doctors and since it was the type of medical practice he'd always wanted, there was nothing for it but to locate in El Paso.

That drive from Albuquerque down to El Paso used to be a real hassle because of miserably inadequate roads, but now those old, dangerous roads have been replaced with fine new highways, and thus a drive that once took six or seven hours can be made easily now in only three hours. As I write this letter I know that they are all together in El Paso for the weekend.

I've felt fortunate this summer because a perfectly gorgeous Baltimore oriole makes frequent calls to our garden. Surely there cannot be a more beautiful bird, and I hadn't seen one

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## MARGERY AND OLIVER ATTEND MARTIN'S GRADUATION

Dear Friends:

There are never-to-be-forgotten experiences in our lives, and our son's graduation from seminary last month heads our list! Martin looked so handsome in his cap and gown, and the expression on his face when the academic hood was slipped over his head and arranged on his broad shoulders left an impression Oliver and I will treasure for a lifetime.

When Oliver broke his ankle in April, we wondered if he would be able to attend the commencement service. Martin phoned weekly to check on his father's progress, and was greatly relieved when we could tell him that he'd be able to make it.

We decided it would be wise to break up the trip with a stop overnight in Mason City. We selected this particular city because there were things we wanted to see there. Arriving in mid-afternoon there was time to do some looking around after checking into the motel.

We had heard that Mason City has one of the finest libraries in the state, so this was our first stop. The building itself is a beautiful one, and we were impressed with the facilities. They have a wonderful children's room. It was a surprise to see a painting by James Chapin (our cousin Mary Fischer's husband) hanging over the fireplace! There is a beautifully furnished reading room for adults, a 300-capacity auditorium, as well as conference rooms for art and local history.

Next door to the library is the Charles H. MacNider Museum of art. Although the museum was closed temporarily while exhibits were being changed, they were gracious in offering to show me through the building.

Both buildings are situated in a lovely wooded area overlooking Willow Creek — really delightful.

Our daily visits are carried over Radio Station KSMN and we have thousands of listeners in that area in and around Mason City. To you friends in particular, I just want to say that Oliver and I think you have a lovely city.

The station manager, Mr. Dale Low, and I had a fine visit Saturday morning, and in the course of our conversation he suggested that he might accompany me on a tour around the residential sections and the parks which I much enjoyed. Around 11 o'clock I returned to the motel to pick up Oliver and head on toward Minneapolis.

The graduation service on Sunday was held behind the seminary in a lovely setting with a long row of flowering crab trees in the background. They were in full bloom — a beautiful



Martin Strom, receiving his Master of Divinity degree and academic hood at commencement at United Theological Seminary of the Twin Cities.

sight. The reception following was held inside and provided us the opportunity to visit with graduates, their families and faculty.

Martin wasn't able to leave immediately as he had some things to attend to. It is a big job to clear out four years' accumulation of possessions! When he did arrive home, his time was very short, spent mostly with sorting and putting away. He is now in a clinical pastoral education program at the Iowa Methodist Hospital in Des Moines. We are delighted to have him closer to Shenandoah and have great hopes of seeing him often.

Now, backing up a bit to Martin's arrival, he had no sooner pulled in with boxes and boxes to unload when the phone rang. Very dear friends were traveling through our area and hoped to stop for a little visit if it was convenient. We were so excited with that good news! Martin rushed around and got all his things as far as his room, I got busy with food, changing beds, phone calls to friends to come join all of us for the evening meal, and had just wound up the last detail when our company arrived. What a marvelous time we had! There were seventeen in all, so we made it more or less like an indoor picnic. Our friends were with us over the weekend, leaving Monday noon to continue on their trek to Minneapolis where they will be making their home.

We expect another couple in a few days so we'll be planning another get-together of old friends when they arrive.

We are so glad that our new dog, Wendy, is so "social", a real opposite of our last dog, Nickie. Nickie didn't really like anyone but Oliver, Martin and me, and it was necessary to shut him away from company. But Wendy is as friendly as can be. She romped with all the children, would let them maul her

around, and really seemed to enjoy all the excitement and attention.

I mentioned at the beginning of this letter that Oliver is recovering nicely from his severely broken ankle. The cast was on for six weeks, and now at last it has come off and the ankle is bound. He is able to put about 50% pressure on his foot and he finds it easier to get around with a walker than crutches. It was a great relief to be transferred back to the local office, of course, for he isn't able to drive yet. I run him down to work in the morning and pick him up in late afternoon, taking a lunch to him at noon. Sometimes I fix enough for both of us and stay and eat with him.

We had expected to take some of our vacation about now, but will delay making any plans for extended travel until Oliver is able to get around better. In the meantime, you can write and tell us about your trips. Maybe we'll get some new ideas for ours.

Mother has just returned from a nice visit with Dorothy and Frank. What a good time she had! I expect Dorothy will be writing about that next month, so I'll not go into detail. But these bright sunshiny days have been more than welcome. Mother spends several hours a day outside enjoying the fresh air after being cooped up through the long winter months. She is getting a nice tan and looks so well.

The neighbor children are enjoying our fine swimming pool now that summer has arrived. I like to swim but don't start going to the pool until it gets very hot. By then the water has warmed up enough for me! It is great exercise after hours in the office at my desk. If you visit Shenandoah this summer, swing by our pool.

It is time to get Oliver so I must close.

Sincerely,  
Margery



## A Betsy Ross Party

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Decorations and Favors:** What could be more appropriate for a Fourth-of-July luncheon or party than a Betsy Ross theme? For the *table centerpiece* dress a doll in colonial costume, giving her a cotton wig and a white ruffled cap. Place her on a doll chair or a block of styrofoam, and over her lap spread a small reproduction of the flag which she designed, with the thirteen stars in a circle. You can draw this on white muslin with crayons. For a luncheon alternating streamers of red and blue paper might be run from the centerpiece out to each place setting, fastened to nut cups, or to tiny baskets filled with red, white, and blue garden flowers.

For *place cards* use small, plain white cards to which a flag seal is attached at the upper right-hand corner. Write the guest's name across the center. With red or blue ink write a quotation by a noted American across the bottom of the card.

*Nut cups* might be red cups with a "Betsy Ross" cap set over each cup. These caps can be made by cutting circles of white muslin and running a gathering thread about half an inch in from the outside edge. Pull the string to gather the edge, forming the ruffled brim, and pull it until the cap will fit down easily over the nut cup. Tie the string firmly. Experiment a bit to get the size circle that will work best for the size nut cup used. If you have the time, a narrow lace edging, sewed on the circle edge before ruffling, would add a dainty touch.

If you're having a luncheon, *colonial bouquet favors* for each guest would be most attractive as part of the table decorations as the guests are seated. After all are seated, the favor corsages can be worn to add a more festive look to the occasion. Use red, white and blue garden flowers (blue cornflowers, red Lilliput zinnias, with sprigs of baby's breath, for example) and pull the stems through the center of a small lace paper doily, taping the stems with florist tape. Add short streamers of nar-

row ribbon in the patriotic colors. Place a corsage at each place along with a corsage pin.

For laughs at your luncheon, pass out lengths of crepe paper (some red, some blue) and provide a roll of cellophane tape. Have each guest fold herself a colonial soldier's cocked hat, which she then wears. Later, for one of the games, the hostess (who might be appropriately costumed as Betsy Ross) might hand out slips of paper on which questions on some historical person or event in American history are written. If a guest answers the question correctly she may remove her hat — otherwise, wear it for the duration of the party or until she wins one of the other games.

*United States place mats* are another suggestion for a patriotic touch to the luncheon table, which can also be used as part of the entertainment. If possible have those maps which show state outlines only. For games: 1. See who can be first to write in the correct location the names of the 13 original colonies. 2. Locate in the proper state such things as the Old North Church, Independence Hall, Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, etc. 3. Write in names of states, or the state capitals in the proper places on the map outline; or the leader may read the name of an important city and have guests locate it on the map. Or they might be asked to see how many presidents of the U.S. they can identify with their home state.

**Refreshments:** *George Washington Pie* (often called *Boston Cream Pie*) would be appropriate, with a dab of whipped cream on top decorated with a bright red cherry, and served with blue punch.

Perhaps you'd prefer to serve *Liberty Frappé*. To make this use one pint of grape juice and one pint of water, the juice of one lemon, and sugar to taste. Freeze to mush and serve in sherbet dishes, topped with dab of whipped cream and a red cherry. Serve with iced cupcakes (you might stick a small flag into the top of each cake) or a slice of angel food cake.

**Entertainment: Who Signed the Declaration of Independence?** The hostess reads a couplet clue and guests are to number their paper and write down the name of the signer as the clue is given.

1. The oldest and the wittiest, too, Of this brave band of patriots true.

(Benjamin Franklin)

2. Two signers on the same Fourth of July

Just fifty years afterward did die.

(Thomas Jefferson and John Adams)

3. Maryland did this Croesus give, Who all the signers did outlive.

(Charles Carroll)

4. The Revolution's financier, Who sacrificed his fortune dear.

(Robert Morris)

5. As he signed the famous document He little dreamed he'd be president.

(Thomas Jefferson or John Adams)

6. Two brothers from Virginia came To sign this document of fame.

(Francis Lightfoot Lee and Richard

Henry Lee)

7. He plainly signed that George III need

Not wear his spectacles to read.

(John Hancock)

8. One who signed his name with pride Had a son, the first in the White House to reside. (John Adams)

**Colonial Charades:** Divide guests into small groups. Have ready slips of paper on which are written important historical events, songs, or poems dealing with our country's history. For example: The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, Yankee Doodle, Washington Crossing the Delaware, Writing of the Star-Spangled Banner, Dolley Madison saving the treasures of the White House from the British, Abigail Adams hanging her wash in the East Room of the unfinished White House, and of course Betsy Ross making the flag as the final charade.

**Patriotic Quiz:** Red, white and blue gives you the clue.

1. Symbol of cowardice (White feather)

2. A popular tree (Red bud)

3. Very necessary to health (Red corpuscle)

4. Delaware's nickname (Blue Hen State)

5. Opposite the Minutemen (Red-coats)

6. Favored by the Scots (Bluebell)

7. You might find it in the woods. (Red cedar)

8. She kept seven persons busy. (Snow White)

9. A memorable occasion (Red letter day)

10. A type of garment (Redingote)

11. Something we could do without. (White elephant)

12. A revolutionist (Redshirt)

13. To cover up (Whitewash)

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## FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

There are many beautiful and interesting cities on our North American continent, but at the very top of the list I put Victoria, British Columbia. How I do envy our son David Lloyd who lives in Victoria the year 'round. You will recall that he went to the University of Victoria last year, and this summer he is working at the registration desk of the world-famous Empress Hotel. Some of you will be visiting Victoria this summer, and I want you to ask for David when you stop in at the Empress. Of course you will visit the Empress Hotel, because that is something every tourist does in Victoria. That hotel has few equals in all the world, and certainly it has no equal in this country. It is a hotel in the grand manner of the pre-World War I days with lots of elegance.

When Betty and I went to Victoria last summer, we stayed at the Empress, and we were fortunate to get a room overlooking the harbor. Do your best to get a room with a harbor view, and don't hesitate to pay a premium price for it if necessary. It was worth the price just to sit in our room looking at the busy harbor traffic with all kinds of beautiful boats coming and going, and with seaplanes landing and taking off in front of the hotel every few minutes. David and I did some flying while we were there, and we were amazed at the low cost of charter flights. By all means you should take one of the sightseeing flights over the city and the harbor area when you go to Victoria.

Now that David has graduated from university, he may do some traveling this coming fall and winter. Eventually he plans to return to school for graduate studies, but right now he wants to break out of the academic routine, and I don't blame him. I went to Egypt when I graduated from Tarkio College back in 1939, and that Egyptian adventure led to all kinds of experiences that have proved so valuable to me over the years. If you have a son or daughter who wants to take a year off after graduation from college, don't let it bother you. It has been my observation over many years that the year of travel after graduation is one of the most valuable years in the entire learning experience.

Finally we are getting some painting done on the exterior trim of this large, brick parsonage. It was supposed to have been done last summer, but the painters never got around to it, and then the continuous rainy weather of the early part of this summer slowed up



David Driftmier, who graduated this spring from the University of Victoria in British Columbia, is working at Victoria's Empress Hotel this summer.

the job. In spite of the fact that this is a brick house, the painting of the trim is going to take a long time because of the several porches with their latticed railings. It makes me nervous to see the men using blowtorches to burn off some of the old paint, but I guess it has to be done. What a mess painters make, and what an inconvenience it is to have their ladders and buckets of paint cluttering up the garage for weeks on end, but how nice the house will look when the job is completed.

Our church building is ninety-eight years old, and every year some major repair has to be made. Last year we had to replaster and paint the ceiling in the main sanctuary at a cost of \$13,000 (actually, very little plastering was done — mostly painting) and this year we are having to repair the cornices of the parish house roof at a cost of more than \$12,000. The nearly one-hundred-year-old slate shingles may have to be replaced in another year, and that will be a major repair item of enormous cost. Old buildings are gracious and beautiful, but how expensive it is to maintain them.

Because our church is a downtown church, it has a constant stream of persons coming to it for financial assistance. Believe it or not, more than seventy-five percent of all persons asking for money do not tell the truth! We always ask for proper identification and some kind of proof of need, and time after time after time, we learn that the persons asking for help actually want the money for liquor or other drugs. The hardest cases to refuse are those where people come to the church office with crying children in their arms. Our hearts go out to the children, but even then we too often learn that money meant to help the children actually is spent otherwise.

Only yesterday a man came to my office with a small boy in his arms. He

told me that his wife was drunk and had been drunk for a week. The father had taken his son away from the mother's apartment, but in the process of doing that, the father had lost his job. He said he had no food for the little boy and no money to get any food. When I looked at the little boy, my eyes filled with tears, but I knew better than to give the man any money. What I did was to send a member of our church staff with the man and boy to a neighborhood grocery to buy the food. Our staff member saw to it that the proper food was bought and taken to the man's apartment.

Some years ago on a Sunday morning a woman came to the church office with a story about needing money for herself, her husband and five children. She said they were on their way from California to her parents' home in the state of Maine, and that they had run out of money. When some of our Sunday school teachers heard me ask the woman to bring her children and husband to my office, they thought I was being too severe, but I had a hunch the woman was not telling me the truth. She said that she would go down the street and get her family, but she never returned. The next day the police came and asked me if such a family had been at our church. They told me that the family was not from California, but from Minnesota, and that the father was a dangerous, escaped convict.

It is so blessed to give. It is so wonderful and a fine thing to help people who need help, but what a hard job it is to do it in the right way. Charity can hurt as well as help, and sometimes the more you give to a family, the more that family is tied into a pattern of dependency. As I look at the world of nature, I see that God has created a world of both reward and punishment. Little birds that don't fly right, get hurt. Little squirrels that do not work hard all summer storing up food for the winter, sometimes die of starvation. Yet God loves those birds and squirrels. The older I become, and the more I see of life, the more I realize that many hardships can in the end prove to be blessings. If we lived in a world where no one ever got hurt or ever went hungry, what kind of a world would this be? It is a complex question for which there is no simple answer.

Yesterday a man came to my office on a strange mission. He asked: "Dr. Driftmier, I wonder if you can help our church with a problem that is disturbing many of us?" He then went on to tell me that his little church in the western part of this state had a young minister who never prepared his own sermons. The man said: "Our minister subscribes to some kind of magazine

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# The Most Beautiful Lawn

by  
Mary E. Zeller



When Mother set her mind on something, she did not give up easily. Therefore it came as a surprise when she capitulated on the possession of the lawn. We children knew the lawn belonged to us and always had, but the surprise was that Mother gave up.

The final straw was the incident of the round flower bed in front of the house. We thought it was unfair of her to make a round flower bed. She, herself, was a bicycle rider. We had all learned on her bicycle. It had no brakes. She should have known the flower bed was a challenge, particularly to those who fancied they were expert bicycle riders. And she must have known that the rider could not fall outside the bed, but must inevitably fall on the inside.

She did not say much, only "Some day ——". We knew in that far off "some day" she would have the most beautiful lawn in all of Waseca.

We did not bother to survey our domain. We knew every inch of it. At the northern edge was the pump from which we reluctantly pumped water for the house and gaily pumped water for the slide we iced in the winter and the flooding of the hand-made ditches, made purposely to float pea-pod boats. The sides of the ditches were rounding off now and soon would be only memories.

Nearby was the burr oak tree with the iron rings suspended by ropes from a branch that hung almost horizontally eighteen feet above the ground. The rings were the first independent action ever undertaken by Kay and me. Our favorite performers at the county fair were the performers on the rings and swings. We had almost no money then, certainly not an allowance, and saving a dollar and twenty-eight cents was done only by denying ourselves every minute pleasure for months.

Kay was eight and I was nine when we sought out the blacksmith. We were barefoot and we stayed a safe distance from the flying sparks. Mr. Douglas was magnificently muscled and dirty and

the sweat poured down his cheeks while he pounded out the shoe for a horse that stood nearby. We and he and the farmer, who was as engrossed in our purchase as we were, decided on how big the rings should be and we presented our money. I wonder how much rings really cost then. We were invited to watch and when the second ring hissed itself to a safe warmth, we started home with our purchase. Oh, it is pleasant to be young and not to think that rings needed ropes and a man to hang them. Mother supplied the money for the ropes and Dad hung them and both resolutely closed their eyes until we had learned to do a head stand and turn and do a basket and swing madly by our knees.



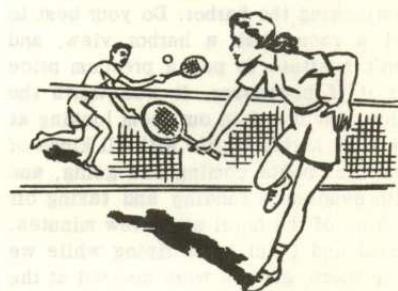
The ball diamond took one whole corner. The fire hydrant was first base, an oak tree was second, and third base was the iris-peony bed corner. Every year the iris and peonies bravely put forth their leaves, but before they could blossom, the ball season was well under way and in a month we could hardly tell what had once been there.

Scattered all over the lawn was the nine-hole golf course. The holes were tin cans sunk in the ground and we had one club, a mashie that we had found broken on the golf course. We taped it well and played golf for several seasons. It was never an especial favorite, but it was always there when other games palled. Mumblety peg was played furiously one summer and never thereafter.

Kay and I had dolls, but we seldom played with them. Only one doll ever really pleased us — the wooden doll Grandpa Jenkins carved out of a stick

of wood. This pirate of a doll went with us many places. The boys had it as much as we did, often stuck in a back pocket where, peering out, it solemnly surveyed our world. We girls were forever tagging the brothers and because we were good at fetching and carrying, we were accepted. And we tried, oh, how we tried, to keep up with them. We learned to walk on the low stilts, but the high ones eluded us. When we had our annual Olympics we were always in last place.

Then we became really ambitious and decided we should have a tennis court. Rather, Lloyd thought we should. He was the oldest and the leader. He thought we should have it right next to the house and reluctantly Mother said we could cut two of the oak trees to make room for it. She was most explicit, tho, when she said we must make and pay for the court ourselves. It was always true that Lloyd did most of the work and bore most of the expense and the tennis court was no exception. We played on that court for a number of years.



We were growing up and going away to college and working summers. We played ball sporadically and the tennis court, no longer receiving tender care, grew rough and difficult to play on.

The years stepped up their tempo while the grass grew slowly over the bare spot that had been home plate. The city built tennis courts and Mother took down the rotting supports and sagging fences of the back stops of our court and seeded it down. The family was scattered all over the world, for the war was on. This was the moment for which Mother had waited. She looked at her lawn to decide what she would do and at last she realized what we had always known — she had had for many years and most beautiful lawn in all of Waseca.

## SUMMER IS SMILING

Summer is smiling, singing, and smiling;  
Summer is waking me up every day;  
Summer is kissing my cheek with a sunbeam;  
Summer is saying, "Come outside and play!"

## CONSIDER STOPPING HERE ON YOUR VACATION

by  
Katherine Epperson

You might see your own!

This is, if you live on a farm near a U.S. Highway, you might see a picture of your own home. Where? In the Agricultural Hall of Fame and National Center located near Bonner Springs, Kansas.

A Southern plantation mansion — a sharecropper's home in the hills of Kentucky — a cabin in Alaska — a Navajo hogan — a New England saltbox — an Iowa farm home — they are all there in an amazing collection of U.S. farmstead pictures.

Mr. M. L. Mosher, from Grinnell, Iowa, took 570 pictures as he traveled through fifty states on U.S. Highways between 1949 and 1964. Mr. Mosher spent forty-five years in Agricultural extension work and this contribution of his to the Hall of Fame was "prepared so as to form a permanent record of farm living conditions at the time when tremendous changes were being made in farming and farm living conditions. No other such collection is known to exist. It would be impossible to duplicate it because of rapid changes that have taken place."

No one whose roots are in rural America can fail to be impressed by the wealth of agricultural memorabilia housed in two low, rambling buildings erected on a 275-acre site. High above the front lawn the sign "Ag Hall of Fame", topped with a replica of an ancient ox yoke, announces to travelers that the place is here: the place where nostalgic reminders of another era are lovingly housed, meticulously catalogued, and well displayed.

All items, carefully tagged, are properly credited to the farm families and friends who have donated their personal pictures, household mementoes, and farm implements. Artifacts that might have been lost if left in dusty attics and crumbling haymows are preserved here for posterity. The displays are arranged to show the evolution of household appliances, farm tools, and machinery.

A display of cream separators brought to the writer a vivid memory of the hated task of washing one. In those pre-detergent days if the least bit of cream was left when the parts were put into the soapy water the water turned immediately to a gooey mess which had to be dispatched for fresh water. And if one inadvertently let the graduated-in-size disks slip off the rod, what a time-consuming task it was to replace them!

A Universal Cake Maker, the prede-



—Photo by Robert Epperson

cessor of our modern mixers, can be seen. According to the label, in 1884 it brought "fame and fortune" to one Joseph Lamb for his invention of this mixer.

Chain dishrags, used as we use a Choreball today, were made of iron rings linked together. Homemade wooden shoe lasts, potato mashers, butter paddles, butter molds, and mixing bowls attest to the ingenuity of the pioneers who could "make do" with whatever was at hand. A wooden pump for shallow wells was fashioned from a tulip tree because of the lasting quality of the wood. An entire case is filled with over one hundred butter molds in many patterns, including the popular sunflower, rose, acorn, pineapple, and wheat shock designs.

A complete history of home canning is there from stone jars, sealing wax and tin cans, to the first Mason jars and finally to pressure canners.

A contrivance labeled "ash sifter" caught my eye. I stood by it thinking about how my thrifty Pennsylvania Dutch grandmother, in my childhood, still saved her wood ashes to make lye for soap. As I remembered her carefully sifting those ashes, I heard a member of a group going through the museum "explaining" that this was a kind of smoking stand that men tapped their pipes on! In fact, an added dividend to a trip through the museum is listening to the comments of people to whom such terms as horn seeder, singletree, soapstone footwarmer, and hog ringer quite evidently are like words from a foreign language.

Here can be seen every kind of churn that was ever used for making butter, spinning wheels, wool carders, stoves for every purpose, weaving looms, sewing machines, cider presses, cherry

stoners, apple peelers, etc., etc.

One of two experiments in the free delivery of mail to farmers was carried out in 1896 by the U.S. government in Bonner Springs. The other was in West Virginia. The experiments were so successful that the idea spread until eventually all areas were covered. The first vehicles used can be seen in the museum — as can all kinds of surreys, buggies, buffalo robes, fancy lap robes, and other related articles.

Not everything in the museum is homemade and homespun. There are elegant costumes from the past, and large collections of exquisite china and glassware. There is an outstanding collection of 89 pieces of pattern and pressed glassware, assembled by Mrs. Eleanor Whittier of Kansas City. There are 518 salt and pepper shaker sets collected by a Mrs. A. J. Wilson. These are all she was able to save from a larger collection when the disastrous flood of 1951 filled her Kansas City home to a depth of thirteen feet!

If your thing is barbed wire, as it is for thousands of members of barbed wire collectors' associations, there are nearly 200 patented examples here for you to gaze upon. All are named, bearing such intriguing labels as Sunderland Kink, Burnell Four-Point, Frye's Twist, etc. The account of barbed wire, and its place in the settlement of the plains, is too long to tell here and too fascinating to abridge. That will have to be another story.

All of the displays mentioned thus far, and many, many others, are housed on the ground floor of the main building. In the basement are an old-time general store, a blacksmith shop, a log cabin, and a veterinary hospital equipped with the instruments and office furniture of a Dr. Carl Wank, a St. Joseph veterinarian, who opened an animal hospital in St. Joseph in 1922.

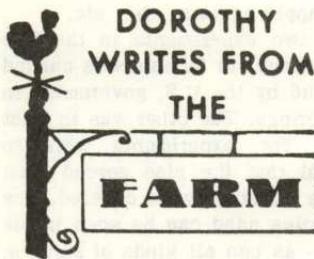
In addition to the ordinary objects used on farmsteads there are various and sundry exotic articles such as Indian blankets and jugs, a picture of Lincoln done in felt, a chair made from animal horns, an Eskimo sled, and a funeral coach with glass windows and painted-on black drapes.

In another building are antique cars, tractors, and all kinds of farm machinery from the types used in earliest America to the present time.

Outside is a steam threshing machine which gives demonstrations in the summer. A Texas longhorn wanders nearby. Every Sunday steam traction engines are in action, and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. there is live Western music.

A Conservation Trail winds over the 275 acres. Dozens of busloads of school children come every season to go along the trail and learn about farm-

(Continued on page 20)



**DOROTHY  
WRITES FROM  
THE  
FARM**

Dear Friends:

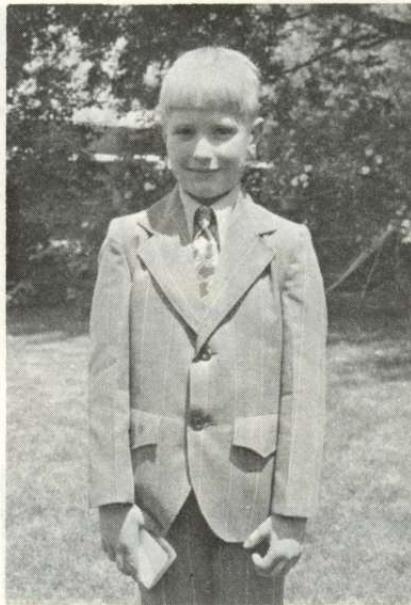
My, but it was wonderful to get up to another beautiful day today! With farm work now zooming right along, it is a pleasure to get up with the sun and start the activities of the day. Frank was finally able to go to the field for the first time around the middle of May, but what a job of cleaning up debris he had to do before he could start disking stalks! The creek had been out of its banks thirteen times since the first of the year, and besides big drifts of cornstalks and the beans that never were combined, there were huge logs in the middle of the fields, washed in by the floods.

I'm glad the last of the beans have been turned under and something new planted there, because with the new crop comes new hope. Ever since the first, and worst, flood last fall, we have had to drive past these fields of wet, muddy beans every day, and after hearing the market reports, with the price of beans steadily climbing, climbing it was a sad sight. We have so many blessings to count that we are pushing last year out of our minds and are going to be optimistic about the new crop year.

Recently five of my friends went with me to attend an Arts and Crafts Festival at the Iowa Living History Farms, and we had a most interesting time. I want to tell you about this Festival, which is held for two days every year in May, but I also want to tell you more about these farms, because if you happen to be driving through Iowa this year on either Interstate 80 or 35, I'm sure you would consider it well worth your time to stop and see the farms.

The 500-acre expanse is located just west of Des Moines at the junction of these two interstates, and state highway signs mark the farm, which is east on the Hickman Road turnoff, exit 32. Visitors are welcome from 9:00 to 5:00 daily, including weekends and holidays. There will be two more special events this year — the Grain Harvest Festival, July 28 and 29, and the Corn Harvest Festival, October 6 and 7.

The Arts and Crafts Festival that we attended was held in the old Flynn Mansion, built in 1870. On display at the farmhouse mansion was an old type of kitchen area, complete with utensils, and a toy area with all kinds of old toys. The demonstration in the kitchen



The Johnsons' 9-year-old grandson, Andrew, was all dressed up and ready for church when his daddy, Art Brase, snapped this picture.

was butter churning.

In another room a gentleman was caning a chair and a group of women were quilting. There were a great number of old quilts on display, the dates ranging from 1840 to 1870. I loved the names on them — Wreath of Roses, Prairie Star, Log Cabin-Barn Raising, Drunkard's Path, Old Tippicanoe, and Broken Dishes. This was just a few of them. The handwork on these quilts was terrific. Such tiny stitches! One beautiful quilt on display upstairs was made of gold linen, the material having been spun, woven, and then quilted in 1772. It was still in beautiful condition.

Also in an upstairs room a lady was demonstrating china painting. She certainly had some beautiful pieces on display, such as plates, jewelry, and a lovely teapot. When Mother was young she did china painting, and I particularly remember a small plate with little Dutch girls on it.

There is one building called the Loom House, and I was especially fascinated with all the demonstrations going on there. Members of the Des Moines Weavers Guild were making all kinds of beautiful things on their looms. Others were showing how to dye wool yarns naturally. I had never seen anyone making yarn with a spinning wheel. The woman I talked to was using wool just as it had come from the sheep, and I saw the big bundles of sheep's wool piled on the floor behind her. Since they were demonstrating sheep-shearing at another place on the farm, it might have been brought right over for the women to work with. She showed us a winter coat she had made from wool she had spun and

woven. It was dark brown, and she said it hadn't been dyed but was the natural wool from black sheep. This was just one of the many lovely articles on display. There were suits, dresses, scarves, yardage, and a man's jacket — all made from wool they had woven themselves.

There was even one lady making lace. I don't know how in the world she could do it. There were so many bobbins of thread lying in front of her I don't know how she could remember which ones to pick up and put over or under, but she said she could do it while watching television. The lace she was making was delicate and beautiful.

In other buildings and outdoor spots at the farm we saw soap making, white-smithing, wood carving, meat cutting and sausage making, rope making, horseshoeing, bridle making, rail splitting, shingle making, and pottery making with a potter's wheel. There is a museum with many pieces of pioneer farm equipment.

When completed, the site will tell the story of agricultural progress with three working farms, including an 1840 Pioneer Farm, which is virtually completed now, a Horse Farm of 1900, and a Farm of the Future with its experimental machinery and its ultra-modern methods. You can take a hayrack ride to the 1840 farm and visit with the young man there who works as a pioneer farmer. He built a log cabin from trees close by, split the rails for his fence, preserves meat in a smokehouse, and does his farm work with a team of oxen. If you have school-age children in your family, this is a wonderful way to make history come alive for them. There is a small admission fee to help maintain the farm, and it is well worth it.

Mother's Day happened to fall on my birthday this year, and I had such a happy day! There were phone calls all day from members of my family and Frank's family. Bernie had a wonderful dinner for us at her house. When I entertain the family at our house she always insists on bringing some of the food, so I called to see if I couldn't take something to her house, but my answer was a very positive NO.

Kristin's call brought some very special news from their house. She and Art and the boys planned to move, when school was out, to Livingston, Montana. (I can report now that they have moved.) Art has been given a fine promotion, and will be in charge of the inhalation therapy department in a new hospital in Livingston. He likes this work very well, and we couldn't be happier for him. They had no trouble selling their house in Durango, and I

(Continued on page 22)

## STARTING YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Back in 1959 we asked for letters from our friends who had started a new business venture and thus knew the ins-and-the-outs of the subject.

These two letters were so crammed with information and advice that we decided to reprint them for the benefit of readers who have joined us since January, 1960, when they first appeared.

Their points are as pertinent in 1973 as back in 1960.

—Lucile

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

For almost 35 years I operated a restaurant in a town of 4,000 population. I began with practically nothing — just make-shift equipment, no money to put into advertising of any kind, and had to borrow cash to make change on the day I opened. By the time I sold out I had made a big success out of what seemed a hopeless undertaking.

These are the things I learned while I was in business. I won't list them in order of their importance because they're all important.

Cleanliness. It isn't enough to be able to meet all standards of your state inspectors. Everything must shine. You simply cannot have a single spot that isn't clean. In a small town you must depend upon regular customers, not just the people passing through, and nothing gets around as fast as the impression that your restaurant isn't as clean as it should be.

Hospitality. A cheerful greeting, a genuine smile, a sincere "thank you, please come again" can almost make the difference between success and failure. I've seen restaurant owners so surly and indifferent that it never surprised me when they went broke.

Executive ability. If you don't know how to work with people, don't try to run a restaurant or cafe. You must have good help. If you fight with your cook, you're headed for bankruptcy. Expect only the very best from everyone who works with you and do the very best you can by them. If you're trying to save money by getting by as cheap as possible in paying your help, they'll finish your business for you. Make all of them feel they're important and that all of you will thrive together if all of you work hard.

Know your business before you start. If at all possible, work as a cook or a waitress in some cafe — this experience will show you what is important, how to check weak points, how to avoid waste, what should be done differently, etc.

Appearance. You may not be able to do anything about a dingy, drab exterior, but you can surely work wonders on the inside. Pictures on the walls, houseplants . . . these things create a warm, home-like atmosphere that cus-

tomers really appreciate. As far as possible, think of your cafe dining room as your home dining room and do all of the seemingly small things that can make so much difference.

Food. How much of a variety to serve, how to avoid waste — these are things you can only learn by experience. But whatever you serve, see that it is good. Homemade soup has tremendous appeal in this day of canned soups. Always have your soup kettle going. Serve hot food HOT and cold food COLD. Don't try to "get by" with a big portion of cheap food — serve half of that amount of GOOD food and be sure there is plenty of bread or hot rolls for the comparatively few people left who are big eaters. Very few people are indifferent to what they eat, so don't try to get by with big piles of tasteless, poorly prepared food.

Advertising. A satisfied customer is always the best advertising you can ever have. If you can afford an ad in the local paper from time to time featuring some special dish, fine. Since I didn't have a penny to spend for any kind of advertising, I know you can manage without promotions of any kind. Your happy customer is your advertisement.

Willingness to work. If you're lazy, stay out of the restaurant business. For the first five years I worked an average of 18 hours a day. When things got rolling I still worked long hours. There is always the unexpected emergency. You can't expect your help to put in odd hours, so if you want to serve good sandwiches and short orders after the local movie house lets out, you'll have to do it yourself.

Organization. Always know exactly what you're going to do and what everyone else is going to do. Don't leave things to chance.

Even in this day of high-priced food I'm convinced that anyone who will heed the points I've listed can make a good thing out of a restaurant or cafe. Any handicap such as poor location and hard competition can be overcome if you are willing to pour all of your brains and energy into your business. Never slacken your standards. Never get set in a rut. Never guess at just how you stand financially. KNOW how you stand. If I've made all this sound like terribly hard work I can only say that I wish I could turn back the clock 35 years and live it all over again.

—Mrs. J.D.K., Mo.

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Dear Friends:

I am writing as one who has had success starting a small business in a small town by baking for others. I wanted "pin money", but after working away from home for two years I decided I'd much rather work in my own kitchen

and be with my family.

First, I will say that unless you really enjoy baking, this is not for you. You have to love to bake breads, cakes, cookies and pies to make a go of it.

I figured out costs of staples such as sugar, flour, shortening, etc., to see how much my products would cost me to bake. Then I figured out what I would charge to make it worthwhile.

Our small town of less than 500 people is a very active one with many organizations and civic duties in which housewives are involved. I sent a note to each of 10 or 15 prominent club members whom I knew were gone from home much of the time, and in this note I listed what I would bake and the prices. I also guaranteed that these things would be homemade from scratch (no mixes). I also contacted the school faculty and offered to fix at any time their refreshments for weekly teacher's meetings. In the past three years I have baked hundreds of dozens of sweet rolls for them — they never tire of them. Needless to say, the teachers are among the busiest so really appreciate knowing someone who is willing to whip up a pie or batch of cookies for them when they get in a pinch for time. I did run an ad in our little local advertiser but only a short time as word spread by mouth is a better seller than anything else.

My "business" caught on fast enough that I soon had all the extra baking I could handle. About two years ago I decided to specialize in decorated cakes as that was a pet hobby of mine.

Experience is a wonderful teacher and as soon as I developed more skill I took my courage in hand and started baking wedding cakes and decorating them. I called them "Cake Creations by Iris" and with but a small amount of advertising it has developed into a thriving business. During June and August this year I did 11 large wedding cakes averaging around \$30. I always deliver the cakes to the church, and have a bridal knife I let the bride use. This summer I invested in a large punch set which I rent out. I also make sugar and ribbon table centerpieces and mints on order from the bride.

Just a couple of tips. No matter how small you might go into the baking, always sell *superior* products. Your family will eat the too-brown cookies or the not-as-light-as-they-might-be rolls and love you just as much. After you get the feel of it you won't have many failures — and of course you'll use only tried and tested recipes.

Be dependable. Your customer is counting on you, so don't let her down. Even if it means getting up at 4:30 in the morning to start rolls for an early-

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## MOVING MOUNTAINS

by  
Evelyn Birkby

What is the first step in refurbishing a room? If it is a church room, step one is simple. *Form a committee!*

The decision-making group for the High School and Junior High classes of the Sidney United Methodist Church was called, appropriately, "Youth Project Committee"! Two young people from each class were chosen. It was not by accident that the two from the High School group were also the youth representatives on the Administrative Board of the church. They channeled the decisions made by the young people to the board for final approval.

The first really big decision was the choice of carpeting. The room is about 21 by 40 feet, so it was a *large* space. The walls are a light, pretty green and did not need redoing, thank goodness! Four carpet samples were taken, first to the board so they could see the direction the project was taking, and then to the entire youth group for a vote. The final choice is bright and warm, most appropriate for a north room, a tweed blending gold, yellow, orange, beige and brown. Made of nylon in a tight twist with a rubber backing, the carpet is highly recommended for high-use areas and ease in cleaning.

When it became evident that our money-raising projects (the way the money was raised is described in detail in the June, 1973, issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*) would bring in more than our share of the carpet expense, the young people began discussing needs of the room. A list was made of everything in the way of furnishings and equipment which seemed reasonable. The project committee then looked at furniture, made out price lists and checked on fabric and paint.

Once all the ideas were in and the cost of items reasonably definite, the committee held a final brainstorming session. A list was made of the items in order of priority. This was presented to the entire youth group and finally to the Administrative Board for its consideration and suggestions.

The list included (in order of priority): 1. Carpet, 2. Wall clock, 3. Worship/interest table for Junior High class, 4. Two corner tables for conversation groupings, 5. Two activity tables, 6. Record player, 7. Lamps for corner tables, 8. Large screen for projector, 9. Bookcase.

Now came the arduous work of preparing the room. The furniture was all moved out. Finding a place to keep various bulky items is not an easy task in a church building, but the room was finally cleared. Woodwork and windows were dusted and washed. The floor was



*-Photo by Craig Birkby*  
Creating a lovely room has been the exciting project of the young people of the Sidney United Methodist Church. The boys in the foreground are covering chair seats in preparation for the final cane repair and polishing of the wood. The girls in the background are cutting foam rubber to cover and use as cushions for folding chairs.

cleaned and then began the process of filling the cracks so the surface would be smooth enough to lay the carpet.

Just like any job, we did not realize how much work was involved until we got deep into the task. The number of cracks in that old wood floor was fantastic! With putty knives, old kitchen knives and plastic bowls filled with hard rock putty, the young people valiantly went to work filling and smoothing. We ended up with splinters in our fingers, splinters in our knees and pain up our stiffened backs, but it was all fun. During some of the sessions different individuals brought food to share. We would stop our scraping and putty stuffing and smoothing and sit on the now spackled, streaked, ugly floor and drink refreshing fruit drinks and eat tasty cookies. We chuckled at the way the floor looked, and at the way each of us looked and at our audacity in trying such an ambitious project, and then mix up more sticky putty and go back to work. We should have counted the man hours and the cracks (one girl insisted it took *at least ten thousand* hours to fill about *ten million* cracks!).

Truthfully, it took about \$20.00 worth of putty to complete the job, which gives some idea of how much was finally used. The carpet layers, when they came later, gave the young people a fine compliment: "The floor is in fine shape. You smoothed the putty down, too often people leave it rough and it doesn't provide an adequate base for the carpet. This floor is in good condition."

Slap went the glue. Down went the carpet. The following Sunday the young people all came and sat on the floor and joy flowed from one to another as beauty was shared just as the work had previously been shared.

After the carpet bill was paid, the project committee moved toward the purchase of equipment. First, they chose a square, wood-framed, battery-operated clock. Next, they positioned on the opposite wall an antique mirror which had been purchased at the Treasure Sale and given to the room. Both items look great.

Corner tables and the worship/interest table came next. The interest table is, in reality, a simple maple "tea cart". It was the only small table the committee found that was of the proper height. It can be adaptable to many uses. The High School class has an interest table which I bought a number of years ago at an auction sale. It is much like a small library table. It may be refinished, eventually, or we may be fortunate and find a serving cart similar to the one purchased for the Junior High class.

Next began the search for activity tables. We wanted them round, preferably no larger than 48 inches in diameter, with folding legs so they could easily be moved when the room is needed for other functions. The size and type was finally found through a public school equipment company. (At this writing the tables have not yet arrived. We hope they come soon, but in the meantime our activities continue on the floor and on top of a low built-in storage unit.)

Covering the seats and repairing the cane backs of a number of old dining room chairs came next. The project committee found a beautiful fabric in a crewel design which matches the rug colors beautifully. A work session to cover the chair seats and the piano bench went well. Painting some old wooden folding chairs a dark olive color came next. The young people cut foam rubber to fit the seats and covered this with their lovely, bright fabric.

Many, many people have helped with this project. Besides those who helped raise the money, one member helped with the repair of the cane on the chairs, another made two easels, a beautiful large walnut cross and a pair of candleholders (he made the cross and candleholders from walnut logs cut on his own farm).

The record player is ordered and very soon we hope enough money will come in to complete the last of the equipment and furnishings still not funded. It has been an exciting project. The church learned again that given enough motivation and its own deep faith, a group of young people can be off and running to accomplish mountain-moving tasks.

Give that which is good unto man good will be your lot.

## PHOTOGRAPHY, A FAMILY HOBBY

by  
VaDonna Jean Leaf

A hike in the woods or around a lake is a good way to spend a Sunday afternoon, especially if the family takes a camera along.

A family that takes pictures is a family that has fun together. Even the youngest toddler is intrigued by a camera and with help can join in the fun. Everyone enjoys seeing a picture of himself but enjoys even more taking a picture.

Using one of the new inexpensive Instamatic cameras takes most of the work out of operating a camera. It leaves you free to take creative shots without worrying about lens, shutter speed, distance and lighting. Read the instructions that come with your camera and follow a few simple rules.

Photograph a happening. Get some action so the picture will tell a story. Take a picture of Mother watering the new rosebush or Dad brushing the family dog. A picture of Johnnie engrossed in flying a kite will be cherished as well as a shot of Barbie riding her new birthday bike.

A snap of the children standing self-consciously in a line on the front porch is a picture hardly looked at. But those same children caught laughing in the yard during a game of tag will be a picture long remembered and enjoyed.

It's possible to get action into your picture if you have the camera ready, trained on the subject and be alert of the brief moment when motion stops. Another hint for action shots is to snap the camera when the child is running towards you and not as the child runs past. But the most important idea is to snap something happening. A child posed at the table is far less appealing than a snap of the child studiously cutting his meat.

A good rule to remember when taking pictures of children or pets is to get down to their level. This avoids a distorted and looking-down look. A picture of the family cat lapping milk should be taken with the camera nearly on the floor.

Scenic views are made more interesting with the addition of a person or an object. A boy sitting on the bank or a boat in the river is more appealing than just a shot of the river and trees.

Try to frame your scenic shots. A tree on each side or a fence ambling across the foreground will help focus the eye on the interest point further back in the picture.

Taking an angle shot instead of pointing the camera directly at your subject will create a more interesting



**"In case of fire, grab the family photograph albums first!"** That is a rule of the Driftmiers for those treasures can't be replaced. We're very fond of this picture (taken in 1960) of Katharine and Paul Driftmier getting acquainted with their new baby sister Adrienne.

and natural view.

A common mistake is to stand too far away from the subject. Many of the newer cameras have a range finder which will help you with distance. But a good idea is to get in close to crowd out empty space around the subject. A good picture has one center of interest. It's not a good idea to have empty spaces between two subjects or your eye darts from one to the other. Move them together into one center of interest.

Hold the camera steady and level. Do not take pictures directly at the reflecting water, glaring windows or mirrors. Be careful about taking a picture of a person dressed in light clothing against a light background, or dressed in dark clothing posed against a dark background. A person in figured clothes will show better with a plain background.

Take time to check the image in the viewfinder. Be sure the subject is in a clear position so it doesn't look as though the lamp shade is sitting on her head. Be sure too, the edge of the garbage can or a pair of muddy boots are not in the picture. Get in close and move around to avoid getting shadows in the picture.

So often we wish we had a picture of some enchanting or cute thing. With a camera always loaded with film and fresh batteries and flash bulbs available there is less chance of missing some precious shot.

Wouldn't a picture of Betty in her first Sunday school class be a precious keepsake?

Although taking pictures of the Christmas program is not recommended because it would disturb from the blessing of the program, it is possible to get some of these memories on film

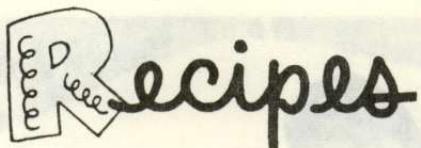
during rehearsal and practice times. A group of youngsters enjoying cookies during Vacation Bible School can record some of your family experiences. What about a shot of the men on ladders painting the church? Or a snap of Lon mowing the church lawn or one of Dad scraping ice off the church steps some Sunday morning? Saps like these shared with others can focus attention on the church and can be a testimony of your interest.

Sharing your pictures with others is a highlight of photography fun. An album of pictures makes a personal and welcome gift to a serviceman or to family members away from home. The newest snapshot of baby enjoying his bath tucked in a letter will be sure to please Grandmother.

Snaps can be framed and hung on the wall or an enlargement can be made of a special print.

Family fun with a camera can lead to a scrapbook project. This should be a family affair. Arranging and pasting pictures and writing under them is enjoyable for the children. Don't put your precious pictures away in a drawer to curl up and tear or fade. Make a family scrapbook and keep it out to be looked at and enjoyed.

The secret of enjoying a family photography project is total participation. It is easy to teach a child to be careful of a camera by example and a gentle reminder. Let each child plan and take a picture or two as your family enjoys a photography hike. Older children can learn to operate a simple camera of their own. Don't become so engrossed in all the technical points of photography that family sharing becomes sidetracked. Make photography a happy family fun time.



## Tested

by the

# Kitchen - Klatter Family

### GOOSEBERRY CREAM PIE

1 cup sour cream  
1 cup sugar  
3 eggs  
1/4 tsp. cinnamon  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1 1/2 cups gooseberries

1 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Combine sour cream, sugar, eggs, seasonings and flavorings. Beat well. Stem and wash gooseberries (or use canned, drained gooseberries) and fold into batter. Spoon into unbaked pie shell. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour or until filling is nicely set.

Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring or a little Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring goes very nicely with gooseberries. Other fruits could be used besides gooseberries, but if it is a sweeter fruit less sugar will be needed. Try this with blueberries, finely diced rhubarb, or firm peaches, chopped. —Evelyn

### EXCELLENT PANCAKE MIX

12 cups sifted flour  
2 Tbls. salt  
3/4 cup baking powder  
3/4 cup sugar  
4 cups powdered milk  
Combine well. Store in airtight container. (Does not need refrigeration.) When ready to use:  
1 1/2 cups pancake mix  
1 egg, beaten  
1 cup water  
2 Tbls. melted shortening  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine ingredients, beat until smooth, bake on hot griddle. This is excellent to use for making waffles, also.

Preparing your own mix is a fine economy measure for the food budget. Mark this as an excellent recipe to use for camping trips where pancakes may be used for a hearty breakfast or a quick evening meal. —Evelyn

### DOROTHY'S LEMON ICE CREAM

6 eggs  
3 cups sugar  
1 3-oz. pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix  
7 cups milk  
1/4 cup lemon juice  
5 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
3/4 tsp. salt  
5 cups cream

Beat the eggs until fluffy. Add sugar gradually, continuing to beat until mixture is very stiff. Put in the pudding mix and two or three cups of the milk. Add the lemon juice, flavoring and salt. Pour into the freezer can and add the cream and the rest of the milk. You may need a little more milk to make the can 3/4th full. Freeze. This recipe is for a 6-quart freezer.

### ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE

4 cups chopped zucchini  
1 cup chopped onion  
1/4 cup water  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/8 tsp. pepper  
1 Tbls. grated horseradish  
1 egg, beaten  
1 cup cubed or grated Cheddar cheese  
3 Tbls. butter or margarine  
1 1/2 cups cracker crumbs

Combine zucchini, onion and water in saucepan. Cover and cook until tender (10 or 15 minutes). Drain well, mash, cool. Add salt, pepper, horseradish, egg and cheese. Melt the butter or margarine and add the cracker crumbs; mix. Add about 1/3 of the cracker crumbs and the cheese mixture to the other ingredients. Butter a casserole, put in the mixture and scatter the remainder of the cracker crumbs over top. Bake in 350- to 375-degree oven until bubbly and browned.

This can be fixed ahead, and then slipped into the oven an hour before serving time. —Margery

### PURPLE LADY SALAD

2 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin  
1 1/2 cups boiling water  
1 20-oz. can blueberry pie filling (1 1/2 cups)  
1 can crushed pineapple, juice and all (1 1/2 cups)  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring  
2 cups cream whipped (or whipped topping)

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. When gelatin begins to thicken, fold in remaining ingredients. Reserve a little of the whipped topping to be smoothed on top, or use a bit more to swirl on each serving. Excellent to mold and turn out on a pretty plate and garnish with whipped topping. Serves 15 to 18 nicely. —Evelyn

### HEATH CANDY BAR DESSERT

12 soda crackers  
12 graham crackers  
1 stick butter or margarine, melted  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
2 pkgs. instant vanilla pudding mix  
2 cups milk  
2 cups butter brickle ice cream  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
4 Heath candy bars  
Whipped topping or whipped cream (optional)

Crush crackers. Combine with butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Press into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Chill. Combine pudding mix and milk. Then stir in ice cream and remaining flavorings. Spoon over cracker crust. Crush candy bars. (They crush better if they are frozen first, then placed in a plastic bag and pounded.) Sprinkle over top. Refrigerate until time to serve.

The whipped topping or whipped cream is nice if you use this for a company dessert. It may be smoothed over the ice cream layer and the crushed candy bars sprinkled on top. Or just put a dollop of whipped cream on each square after cutting.

### AVOCADO AND TOMATO SALAD MOLD

1 envelope (1 Tbls.) unflavored gelatin  
1/4 cup cold water  
1 cup boiling water  
1 tsp. sugar  
2 Tbls. lemon juice  
1 cup mashed avocado (1 large)  
1/2 cup commercial sour cream  
1/2 cup mayonnaise  
1 tsp. salt  
Dash of pepper

Dash of cayenne pepper  
Soften gelatin in cold water, pour in boiling water, and stir until dissolved. Add sugar and 1 Tbls. of the lemon juice. Chill until slightly thickened. Immediately after mashing avocado, add the other tablespoon of lemon juice, sour cream, mayonnaise, salt, pepper and cayenne. Mix thoroughly with chilled gelatin. Pour into a 2-quart mold. Chill until set.

1 envelope unflavored gelatin  
1/4 cup cold water  
1 cup boiling water  
2 Tbls. sugar  
1 10-oz. can tomato soup  
1 Tbls. lemon juice  
1/4 tsp. salt

Soften gelatin in cold water, dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, soup, lemon juice and salt. Pour over firm avocado aspic. Chill until set. Unmold on greens. This will serve 8 to 10 people. —Mae Driftmier

**DOUBLE-MINT ICE CREAM**

6 Tbls. flour  
 2 1/4 cups sugar  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 5 cups milk  
 6 eggs, beaten  
 4 cups cream  
 4 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring  
 Red food coloring  
 1 1/2 cups crushed peppermint stick candy  
 2 cups mint-chocolate chips

Put flour, sugar, and salt in a heavy saucepan. GRADUALLY add milk, stirring with a wire whisk so lumps do not form. Cook over low heat till mixture thickens. Add part of this mixture to eggs, and then add this to the rest of the hot mixture in saucepan. Cook a few minutes longer until thickened. Put in refrigerator until chilled, and then add cream, vanilla and mint flavorings, and red food coloring. Freeze according to ice cream freezer instructions. When partially hardened, add crushed peppermint and chocolate bits, and continue freezing. Makes 4 quarts. —Alison

**SPECIAL PARTY CHICKEN**

8 slices Canadian bacon  
 4 chicken breasts, boned and flattened  
 4 slices bacon  
 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup  
 1 cup sour cream

Place Canadian bacon in a layer in bottom of 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Cut chicken breasts in half and place a piece on each slice of Canadian bacon. Place half a strip of bacon on each. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Combine soup and sour cream and spoon over all. Return to oven and continue baking for another 30 minutes.

—Margery

**CHEESE SPREAD WITH PIMENTOS**

1 4-oz. can pimientos  
 1 lb. longhorn cheese  
 4 egg yolks  
 4 Tbls. sugar  
 2 Tbls. butter  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 7 Tbls. vinegar  
 Cream or evaporated milk  
 2 Tbls. grated onion

Drain pimientos and grind together with cheese, using fine blade of grinder. Set aside. Mix egg yolks, sugar, butter, salt and vinegar together and cook until thick. Cool and thin down with cream or evaporated milk. Add grated onion, then add the cheese-pimiento mixture; mix thoroughly. This spread is very good for sandwiches or as a spread on your favorite cracker.

—Mae

**BUTTERMILK SALAD**

3 envelopes plain gelatin  
 1 cup cold water  
 4 cups buttermilk  
 2 cups half-and-half  
 1 2-oz. envelope whipped topping mix

3/4 cup sugar  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Candied fruits, nuts, dates, bananas, as desired

Dissolve gelatin in cold water. Heat 2 cups buttermilk. Stir in gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Cool. Add remaining buttermilk, and half-and-half. Beat whipped topping according to directions. Add sugar and flavoring and fold into mixture. Gently stir in fruit and nuts as desired. Pour into mold and refrigerate until firm. Unmold on lettuce leaves.

This makes a truly delightful and refreshing salad. It is versatile as well, for various flavorings and fruits may be used.

—Evelyn

**FREEZER DOUGH FOR BREAD**

10 to 11 cups unsifted flour  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 2 Tbls. salt  
 2/3 cup instant non-fat dry milk  
 4 pkgs. dry yeast  
 1/4 cup butter or margarine  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 4 cups very warm water (120 to 130 degrees)

In a large bowl combine 4 cups flour, sugar, salt, dry milk, undissolved dry yeast. Add butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Gradually add water, beating at medium speed of electric mixer. Continue beating for 2 minutes. Add 1 1/2 cups flour and beat 2 more minutes. Remove mixer beaters from batter and continue adding flour, beating by hand, until a stiff dough is formed. Turn out on floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic. Do not hurry this. 10 to 15 minutes is not too long. Cover with towel; let rest 15 more minutes.

Divide dough into 4 equal parts. Knead and smooth each part into a round ball, flatten to a mound about 6 inches in diameter. Place on ungreased cooky sheet. Cover with plastic wrap. Freeze. Transfer to plastic bags. Return to freezer. Can be kept frozen 4 to 5 weeks.

To thaw: remove from freezer and let stand at room temperature at least 4 hours. Knead and shape into loaves, buns, rolls, or whatever shape desired. Let rise in warm place, covered, until double in bulk. (About 1 1/2 hours.) Bake at 350 degrees until golden brown. Remove from pans and cool on wire racks. The baking time depends on the shape and size; about 20 minutes for small rolls, about 40 for loaves.

—Evelyn

**A QUICKIE SUMMER DESSERT**

2 pkgs. ladyfingers (about 1 1/2 dozen)  
 2 pkgs. chocolate Whip and Chill  
 1 large container Cool Whip  
 Line a 9- by 11-inch cake pan with halved ladyfingers. Cover the delicate cakes with a layer of Whip and Chill which has been prepared according to package directions. Over the chocolate confection put a topping of Cool Whip. This dessert easily serves a dozen eaters. If you desire a smaller recipe, use only one package of Whip and Chill and a smaller container of Cool Whip.

—Katharine Driftmier

**SWEET-SOUR SPARERIBS**

3 lbs. meaty spareribs  
 2 tsp. soy sauce  
 1 Tbls. vegetable oil  
 2 Tbls. cornstarch  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 1/3 cup mild vinegar  
 1 Tbls. soy sauce  
 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing  
 1/4 tsp. monosodium glutamate (optional)

1 green pepper, diced  
 1 20-oz. can chunk pineapple, juice and all

1/2 cup finely chopped onion

Cut ribs into serving pieces. Combine 2 tsp. soy sauce, and oil. Rub over ribs. Place meat in shallow pan. Broil until well browned on both sides. Drain off fat. Combine cornstarch, sugar, vinegar, 1 Tbls. soy sauce, monosodium glutamate and Country Style dressing. Boil until clear, stirring constantly. Stir in remaining ingredients with exception of onion. Continue cooking about 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add onion and pour over ribs. Bake in 250-degree oven about 40 minutes or until the meat is tender. Baste occasionally.

This recipe could be adapted to outdoor cooking on a grill. After the meat is nicely browned, place on aluminum foil, pour sauce over top and wrap carefully. Return to top of grill to continue cooking until meat is done.

**CHEESY CORN MUFFINS**

1 cup cornmeal  
 1 cup sifted flour  
 3 Tbls. sugar  
 4 tsp. baking powder  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1 egg  
 1 cup milk  
 1/4 cup vegetable oil  
 1 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese  
 Sift together the cornmeal, flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add the egg, milk and oil. Beat until just smooth. Fold in the cheese. Pour into 12 greased muffin cups. Bake approximately 20 minutes in a 425-degree oven. Cool five minutes and remove from pan.

**DUTCH OVEN TUNA**

1/2 cup chopped onion  
 1/2 cup chopped green pepper  
 2 Tbls. margarine  
 1 7-oz. can tuna, drained  
 6 ozs. medium egg noodles, uncooked  
 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken  
 soup, undiluted  
 1 tsp. salt  
 3 cups milk  
 1/3 cup diced pimiento  
 3 hard-cooked eggs  
 In a Dutch oven saute the onion and

**'TIS THE SEASON**

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**KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS**

green pepper in the margarine. Add the drained tuna in a layer. Sprinkle the noodles over the top. Combine the soup, salt and milk. Pour over the noodles, making sure all the noodles are moistened. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat, cover, and simmer gently until the noodles are just tender (10 to 15 minutes). Before serving, toss in the pimiento and arrange quartered hard-cooked eggs on top. —Dorothy

**PINEAPPLE BEETS**

1/2 cup crushed pineapple  
 2 Tbls. vinegar  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
 2 Tbls. sugar  
 2 tsp. cornstarch  
 2 cups diced beets, drained  
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine  
 Dash of salt and pepper  
 Combine crushed pineapple, vinegar and pineapple flavoring. Heat to boiling point. Combine sugar and cornstarch and add to the hot mixture and cook, stirring to thicken. Add drained beets and butter or margarine, salt and pepper. Let stand for an hour or two to give flavors a chance to blend; then reheat carefully to serve. —Margery

**STRAWBERRY FLUFF PIE**

1/2 cup butter or margarine  
 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar  
 2 well-beaten eggs  
 1 9-inch vanilla wafer crust  
 1 1/2 cups drained sweetened sliced strawberries  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring  
 2 cups heavy cream, whipped

Cream butter or margarine and powdered sugar; add eggs. Spoon into crust. Chill. Fold strawberries and flavoring into whipped cream and top. Refrigerate.

Very rich, but oh! so delicious! It would make a hit with company.

**HONEY CARROTS**

12 small carrots  
 1/2 cup hot water  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1/4 cup honey  
 1 Tbls. lemon juice

Wash, peel and cut carrots as desired. Cook in salted water until just barely tender. Combine remaining ingredients. Pour over drained carrots. Return to heat. Simmer 4 minutes longer, or until bubbly hot and flavorings are well blended. Serve hot. A bit of snipped parsley adds a colorful touch and makes this a company dish. —Evelyn

**FROSTED BANANA COOKIES**

1 1/2 cups sifted flour  
 1 tsp. baking powder  
 1/4 tsp. soda  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. cinnamon  
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg  
 1 cup sugar  
 1/2 cup margarine  
 2 eggs  
 1 cup mashed ripe banana  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 1/2 cups quick rolled oats  
 Sift together the flour, baking powder, soda, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, and sugar. Add the margarine (must be room temperature), eggs, banana, and flavorings. Beat until smooth. Stir in the rolled oats. Drop on lightly greased baking sheet and bake about 12 minutes in a 375-degree oven. When cool, frost with a butter-cream-powdered sugar frosting to which you have added a little Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring (about 1/4 tsp.). This will make about 4 dozen delicious and moist cookies.

—Dorothy

**MEATZA PIE**

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/2 cup catsup  
 1 tsp. oregano  
 4 to 6 slices Cheddar cheese, cut in strips

Mix salt into the ground beef; then pat mixture in sides and bottom of a large pie pan. Spread catsup on this meat shell. Sprinkle with the oregano. Arrange cheese over sides and bottom. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. Pour off juices and cut in wedges to serve. Serves 4.

Nothing could be simpler to prepare than this recipe! So if you're tired of plain hamburger, try it. —Margery

**RASPBERRY PARFAIT PIE**

1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin  
 1 cup hot water  
 1 pint vanilla ice cream  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring  
 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries (thawed)

1 graham cracker pie shell  
 1 cup whipping cream, whipped  
 Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add the ice cream, spooning it into the hot gelatin until melted. Stir in the flavoring and the thawed raspberries. Pour into the graham cracker pie shell and refrigerate until set. Garnish with whipped cream when ready to serve.

—Dorothy

## "FUNNY" PLANTS ARE FUN TO GROW

by

Erma Reynolds

"What is that odd-looking thing?" folks ask at the sight of a potted plant in my window that looks like a swollen green tomato bedecked with tangled seaweed-like clusters.

"That," I explain proudly, "is my Sea Onion Plant. It may not get a prize for floral beauty, but you must admit it's interesting."

If you are looking for a change from the usual run of house plants, why not start a collection of plants with strange quirks and appearance.

How about plants that have creature features? The long slender petals of the Spider Lily fan out into shapes resembling the legs of a preying spider. This bulbous plant requires sunshine and plenty of water in the summer. In wintertime place in a cool, light location and keep fairly dry.

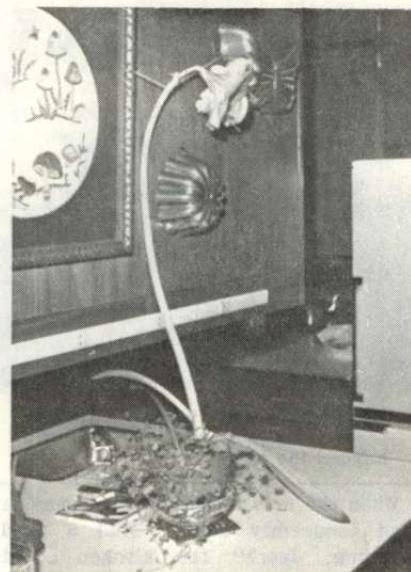
Got an imagination? Take a look at the Staghorn Fern. You should see reindeer antlers in its long, indented leaves. In its native country of Australia, this tropical fern clings to tree trunks so it should be grown under imitative conditions in your home. As a substitute for the tree trunk, tie the plant to a wooden or cork base, placed on a layer of osmunda fiber or sphagnum moss. Then locate the arrangement in a spot where the plant is protected from the sun. Avoid unnecessary moving. Water and spray moderately year round.

The Bird of Paradise plant has flowers containing red, yellow, and blue colors, blending into orange, green, and violet shades. Go fanciful, and you should imagine that these colorful flowers form the head of a tropical bird equipped with a large beak parted in the middle. This exotic plant needs cool air and full sunshine.

The Anthurium (*scherzerianum*) displays billowing red boat sails in its scarlet flowers. This being a tropical plant, it requires warmth and humidity. A good way to supply this humidity, is to let the plant's container stand on damp pebbles. Give it light, but protect from the hot sun.

Did you ever see a plant that looked as though it had been given a manicure? The Fingernail Plant (*neoregelia spectabilis*) has a red fingernail painted on the tip of each leaf. A natural vase-like formation in the center of this unique plant can hold water to be absorbed by the foliage.

The name of the Umbrella Plant describes its leaves, which are arranged like the ribs of an umbrella. Originally a swamp plant, water is important in



Lucile mentions this plant on page 2.

its care. Place the pot in a shallow dish and on alternate days fill this container with water to be absorbed by the plant. Locate in semi-shade.

Voodoo Plant (*arum coronatum*). Now here's a mysterious plant! The bulb requires neither soil, moisture, or pot, to grow and bloom. Just set it in a saucer, place in a sunny window, and then watch. Soon it will sprout and in a few weeks begin to flower. After it has bloomed and warm weather has arrived, the bulb can be planted outdoors. In late August, or early September, lift the bulb, dry off any moisture, and return to its saucer in the house, where it should give a return performance.

Plants that perform are fun to grow. One of these is the Prayer Plant, a colorful foliage plant. During the day its velvety leaves are held at right angles to the stalk, but come nighttime, they move slowly upward and curl together in the position of hands uplifted in prayer. Give this plant partial shade and keep out of drafts. It needs plenty of water in summer, but cut down the supply in winter to give the plant a rest from November to February.

The Sensitive Plant will cringe at your touch. Its leaves are made up of tiny leaflets arranged in sprays of four. The mere tap of the finger will cause these leaflets to fold together timorously. Fortunately, the plant does not stay bashful for long, and soon returns to its normal appearance. Keep in a warm, light spot and give plenty of water in the summer.

Another plant that acts up when touched is the Artillery Plant. If the plant is fingered when in flower, the anthers burst open, discharging little puffs of pollen that resemble smoke from a gun. This makes a good hanging plant. It prefers semi-shade and a warm, humid atmosphere. Keep moist in summer, with less water in wintertime.

## TREASURE MAP

My treasure map of gold will show you where

It may be freely found. So, look you well

To buttercup and rose and yellow bell, And wheat fields ripening in summer air.

Then find that spot the dandelions lay A golden blanket, blazing in the sun. While meadowlarks use liquid gold to run

Their cadences, the honey bees betray A quest for nectar deep in pollen dust. My treasure map reveals the minted leaf Of aspen tree, more precious for its brief

Display. Now all this wealth is held in trust

For seekers after gold, who know the worth

Of sentient glory lavished on the earth.

—Helen Mitchel

## \*\*\*\*\*

### I'M FINE

There is nothing whatever the matter with me.

I'm just as healthy as I can be.

I have arthritis in both my knees And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.

My pulse is weak and my blood is thin— But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

I think my liver is out of whack And a terrible pain is in my back. My hearing is poor, my sight is dim And everything seems out of trim, For every week there is something new. The way I stagger sure is a crime, I am likely to drop at any time.

I jump like mad at the drop of a pin — But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

My teeth will eventually have to come out

And my diet I have to think about.

I'm overweight and I can't get thin, My appetite's such that it's sure to win —

But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Arch supports I have for my feet

Or I wouldn't be able to go in the street.

Sleep is denied me night after night, And every morning I am a sight.

My memory's failing, my head's in a spin,

I'm practically living on aspirin —

But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The moral is, as the tale we unfold, That for you and for me, who are growing old,

It's better to say, "I am fine," with a grin

Than to let them know the shape we are in.

—Unknown

## THE TRUANCY SYNDROME

by

Mary Victor

Possibly, farmers in the U.S.A. are so efficient, so well-organized, that a natural phenomenon that is almost exclusive to farmers' wives, poses no problem. Here in South Australia, however, it orbits the rural areas with an unerring instinct for the right time and place to happen.

The moment everything around the homestead is quiet, the children at school, and the menfolk out of sight and ear-shot up in the top paddock; the cattle get out.

Every herd has an infallible "fencing" instinct, a sixth sense that tells them when the flow of precautions taken is at its lowest ebb. Expressions inscrutable, they watch and wait until all activity outside the house has ceased, then wriggle between two slack wires. With a taunting twist of humor, they will go out of their way to pass through the woman's line of vision, a window, an open door, then kicking up their heels, make a beeline for the road.

Dodging, turning, running in all directions, the herd takes an unholy delight in seeing the boss's wife getting madder by the minute as she tries to head them off.

A wide variety of descriptive phrases are apt to run through her mind at this time, none of them quite adequate to the occasion. Inevitably, both dogs have gone digging for rabbits along the creek and can't, or won't, hear the commotion, so, thoughts bent on instant mayhem, she continues the chase alone.

The neighbor's cattle (like interested spectators as a procession approaches) rush to the scene to enjoy this refreshing interlude in a humdrum day and it is not long before the two bulls are on the same side of the fence, regarding each other with haughty disfavor. They execute a brisk set and turn single, followed by a more ponderous adagio round a clump of bushes, while they size-up each other; then, abruptly abandoning all pretense of peaceful intentions, they charge, and the resultant dust-up can be heard for half a mile.

The shorthorn, with eager youth on his side, is nevertheless at a disadvantage, as his horns stick out sideways, like bicycle handlebars, while the Jersey, full of years and experience, wields a wicked pair of weapons that jut straight ahead like the prongs of a pitchfork.

Soon, the shorthorn, his hide and pride in the same pitiable, punctured condition, retires in sulky disorder, back into his own paddock, followed sympathetically by his now-subdued retinue.



What young calf wouldn't like to break free and explore the world beyond the fence!

When the man of the house comes in and innocently says, "Had a good morning, dear?" the kitchen could easily become a disaster area. However, as no words could really describe just what sort of morning it was, the wife merely nods her head and mildly suggests that it would be a good idea to put a new strainer-post by the gate.

It appears that this phenomenon, or truancy syndrome, applies equally well to sheep, pigs, and horses, and it is said that if goats are not going to mischievous, they are coming from it!

Nevertheless, it is the cattle who have a certain teasing sense of fun, a flair for gay perversity, a talent for flouting authority, allied with an unquenchable thirst for liberty, that makes them the elusive, irritating, charming leprechauns of the animal world.

## THE PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER

It happened again today.

The mailman delivered it, and as I picked it up and realized what it was I became a spirit possessed — transformed as surely as Dr. Jekyll. My greedy fingers tore hungrily and frenziedly at the brown wrapping paper, and my breath became short from exasperation at its resistance. For just a second I remembered all the times this had happened to me before and I knew without doubt it would happen over and over again. Would I never be able to conquer this weakness?

At last the paper fell away and I sought the most comfortable chair where I might gorge myself on all that I could devour. I became completely unaware of my surroundings; the never-ending demands of keeping a home running in high gear would just have to wait. Even my children recognized and respected my distraction.

I was carried off into another world and it was a long time that I remained in the magical trance brought about by the arrival of a new mail-order catalog.

—Carole Hefley Reese

## A BATH TIME SHOWER

FOR BABY

by

Mildred D. Cathcart

Have you thought of giving a bath time shower for a new arrival? Such a shower is always appropriate, but it is especially nice if you wish to extend such a courtesy to a friend who has other smaller children with plenty of good "hand-me-downs". Bath supplies are consumable, so a new supply is always welcome. Gifts may be very simple or as elaborate as you may choose.

Invitations may be in the form of a Bathinette and carry a little poetic message along with necessary information as to time and place.

"Bath time for baby can be fun, If careful planning has been done. We have the articles lined up just so,

Mary will be all ready to go!"

If the honored guest has no Bathinette, you may wish to buy one and fill it with inexpensive items. Or a plastic tub in pink or blue or a clothes hamper could hold articles. Gifts could include soap, powder, oil, pins, washcloths and towels, blankets, floating toys. After the bath, nighties or gowns, or even a fancy, "going out" outfit would be suitable.

Should you wish a game or two, you might have a "WHAT BABY NEEDS". In a diaper, tie up twelve articles pertinent to a baby's need. Include such items as safety pin, spoon, tranquilizer, nipple, rattle, teething ring, etc. Let each hold the bundle for a given number of seconds and the winner is the one who can write the most complete list.

For a "BATH TIME SHOWER" game, prepare papers for each guest with the letters BATH SHOWER written vertically, one letter on each line. Ask each player to name as many things pertaining to a baby as she can, beginning with each of the letters. For example, B could be bootees, Bathinette, bottle, brush. Allow one point for each item listed and add ten extra points for having at least one item under every letter.

If you plan to serve refreshments from a table, use a small plastic baby tub in appropriate color. Scotch tape colorful bows around the rim of the tub. You might fill the tub with gifts but, if you wish to be more realistic, put water in the tub and add plastic ducks and other floating toys that the baby will later enjoy during his bath.

Baby showers know no season, so this is an easy-to-do idea and one that you can do quickly. And such a shower will surely be welcomed by the new mother.





## Freedom -- A Gift and a Responsibility

AN INDEPENDENCE DAY SKIT

by Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** On a small table make a flag arrangement and beside it place a red candle in a white holder. Light the candle near the close of the program, as indicated. For the arrangement, use a footed compote (one of white milk glass is nice for this) and in it, anchored to a needlepoint flower holder, place two small United States flags in criss-cross fashion. Ruffle strips of red, white, and blue nylon net and swirl and tuck it around in the dish to conceal the holder. In the trimming section at a local fabric store I found some beautiful trim to use with my patriotic arrangements. It is about 1 1/2 inches wide, a white background with big blue stars embroidered on it and a red scroll design along each side. I bought a yard of it and use three graduated lengths of it to hang over the edge of the compote and swirl out onto the table. (Note: Look in the trimming section for other seasonal trims to use for decorations the year around. It's fun to find ways to use them.)

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

—Adlai Stevenson

**Song:** "America the Beautiful".

**Leader:** Freedom — how often we think of it when we begin to count our blessings because we live in our United States. One unknown poet has this to say about freedom:

Freedom is a breath of air,  
Pine-scented, or salty like the sea;  
Freedom is a field new plowed —  
Furrows of democracy!

Freedom is a forest,  
Trees tall and straight as men.  
Freedom is a printing press —  
The power of the pen!

Freedom is a country church,  
A cathedral's stately spire:  
Freedom is a spirit  
That can set the soul on fire!

Freedom is a man's birthright,  
A sacred, living rampart;  
The pulse beat of humanity —  
The throb of a nation's heart!

**First Speaker:** How we all love freedom! Most of us have never known the

loss of such important freedoms as those which we take for granted most of the time — freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom to decide what we will eat, what we will wear, what we will do each day. Most of us who watched the faces of the recent prisoners of war as they arrived back home once again saw what freedom meant to POW's. They knew the real value of freedom. They had bought it at a dear price. So, too, have these freedoms which we all enjoy been bought at high cost by our struggling forefathers, by heroes who fought to save our freedoms, by statesmen who have sought to guard our freedoms by law and order through the years. What a precious gift and heritage these brave people have given us!

You cannot say what freedom is in a single word, or even a single sentence. But how rich are we who have this gift of freedom! Because we have freedom we can come at eventide to home and family, sit a while after supper and visit with our neighbors on the front porch. We can watch television, listen to the radio, sit in church and never know apprehension at the sound of approaching footsteps, each step a beat of fear upon our hearts. We can vote as we please, give the government "a piece of our mind" if we will, or slap a

bank president on the back when our local football team makes a touchdown. A fine automobile, travel trailer, boat, television, radio, stereo — yes, they, too, are a part of our gift of freedom — no matter how much we gripe about the taxes! But truly isn't the price we pay small compared to the price at which these great freedoms have been bought for us?

I'm proud to live in this land of ours. With thinkers who see things through, A land where there's always the chance to dream,

Then work till those dreams come true. **Song:** "America".

**Second Speaker:** Freedom for us in America comes as a gift, but it also comes as a responsibility. Andrew Jackson said, "Providence has showered on this land blessings without number, and has chosen you as the guardians of Freedom, to preserve it for the benefit of the human race. May He enable you to guard and defend to the end of time the great charge He has committed to your keeping."

That pretty well "lays it on the line" for us, doesn't it? You and I are the ones to put into action and carry through on the rights set forth in the Declaration of Independence, beginning with "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men." Like the signers of that great document we must declare that "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge

(Continued on page 20)



Wait a minute!  
Did you forget  
something?

Before you run off on that long-awaited vacation, be sure to check on the date your subscription to the KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE expires. You won't want to miss out on a single issue.

And take some copies along with you, for in past issues there have been informative articles that will come in handy.

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**KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**

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## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Two favorite inspirational books of mine are *To Touch the Sky and Search Every Corner* (Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. So., Nashville, Tennessee 37202, \$2.95 each) by June Parker Goldman. These have been reviewed here previously, the second one just a year ago. What joy, what anticipation to note she was to be the speaker at an event in our city! Mrs. Goldman provided the audience with her special enthusiasm for living using the topic "The Half of My Orange". Mention was made of priorities; sometimes there are things more important than getting the floors mopped. In her work with drop-outs, the concept that they are half of someone's orange is important; then the whole orange is mellow and sweet. Also, what we do affects somebody else. Now my books are autographed by Mrs. Goldman and there's an appreciation for having seen a favorite writer. If this well-known author and lecturer is ever in your area, do hear her meaningful message.

*The Upstairs Room* (Thomas Crowell Co., \$4.50) by Johanna Reiss was a runner-up in the Caldecott award for children's literature. This is a moving account of the experiences of Annie de Leeuw, age 8, during the time of World War II when Winterswijk, Holland, was invaded.

Because she was Jewish and in danger of being captured, Annie and her sister Sini had to leave their parents and go into hiding in the upstairs room of a farmhouse. Her picture of the Oosterveld family where she lived is one of optimism, faith and humor. But can you imagine staying in one room, unable to be outside for fear of being seen? The author tried to write a simple, human book for her daughters. Every few years the family travels to Europe to spend several days with the unforgettable Oosterveld family.

*Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead*, Diaries and Letters 1929-32, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, \$7.95) is a continuation of those recorded from 1922-28 in *Bring Me a Unicorn*. The Hour of Gold is written as the happy days; the Hour of Lead is the sadness and agony endured as their son Charles Lindbergh, Jr. was kidnapped and killed.

She writes of her love for flying, "In those days it was beauty, adventure,



Carol Lea Kling, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Norman Kling of Shenandoah, graduated from high school this spring. We were interested in this event because her father (mostly referred to as "Norm") has turned up here for more than 15 years to help with the engineering details of our Kitchen-Klatter radio visit. Carol expects to enter the field of nursing.

discovery — the epitome of breaking into new worlds. From being earthbound and provincial, I was given limitless horizons. From the cloistered atmosphere of books, writing and introspection, I was freed to action. The practical work of learning to fly, of being a radio operator and navigator, of carrying my own parachute and my own 'weight' as a crew member on the flights, gave me a feeling of enormous self-confidence. For the first time, I had a sense of value in the 'real world' of life and action. Like the bird pushed out of the nest, I was astonished that — flapping hard — I could fly. All this was liberating."

A restriction the Lindberghs faced was being in the public eye; the freedom of privacy was denied them. But she learned after the tragedy of their life that there were other values more important than discretion or even privacy. She had to write honestly.

From her diary for Friday, August, 1932: "Every once in awhile I realize the miracle that boy was, the miracle we lost, not just a child, but the miracle of a child, a first child — the miracle of immortality, of life, of love. No other child can mean the same."

And after the birth of their second son " . . . was blissfully happy, relieved, saying and thinking over and over, 'The baby is all right, all right, he is here, he's all right,' until C. said, 'He has a wart on his left toe,' and began teasing me. But I could not get

over it. Out of last fall, out of this winter, a perfect baby. It was a miracle."

If you've read her previous book of diaries, you'll especially want to read Mrs. Lindbergh's *Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead*.

"There are some who can live without wild things, and some who cannot. These essays are the delights and dilemmas of one who cannot. The opportunity to see geese is more important than television, and the chance to find a pasqueflower is a right as inalienable as free speech." This is taken from the foreword to *A Sand County Almanac* by Aldo Leopold.

The classic statement of the joy and beauty found in a style of life that protects the environment, *Sand County Almanac*, first published in 1949, is now an established environmental classic. Beginning with a beautifully written description of the seasonal changes in nature and their effect on the delicate ecological balance, the book proceeds to examples of man's destructive interference and concludes with a plea for a wilderness esthetic which is even more urgent and timely today.

Mr. Leopold wrote how his family took refuge from too much modernity at "the shack". On a sand farm in Wisconsin, first worn out and then abandoned, they tried to rebuild, with shovel and axe, what was being lost elsewhere. Here they sought and found their meat from God. These shack sketches are arranged seasonally as *Sand County Almanac*.

Thanks to the friend who reviewed this book, I bought a copy and hope you, the reader, will want to do the same. The message is extremely important.

Bird lovers know the joy of early morning song, and Mr. Leopold wrote of his tenants on his farm as they proclaim their boundaries at daybreak. At 3:35, the field sparrow chants that he holds the jack pine copse. The robin in the big elm warbles his claim to the crotch where the ice storm tore off a limb. The oriole tells the world the milkweed stalks belong to him. Then the wren explodes into song and other birds follow. Can't you just hear them?

Mr. Leopold was born in Burlington, Iowa, in 1887. He founded the profession of game management and wrote the first important book on this subject. In 1933, the University of Wisconsin created a chair of game management for him. He died in 1948, while fighting a brush fire on a neighbor's farm.

(If you cannot find *A Sand County Almanac* at your bookstore or where paperbacks are sold, send 95¢ plus 10¢ for handling to Dept. CS, Ballantine Books, 36 West 20th St., New York, N.Y. 10003. Send check or money order.)

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

A reader wishes to learn the name of a potato-like plant that produces tubers which are starch free. She states that a friend in another state told her about this plant but did not know its name. She is anxious to grow the tubers for her diabetic husband.

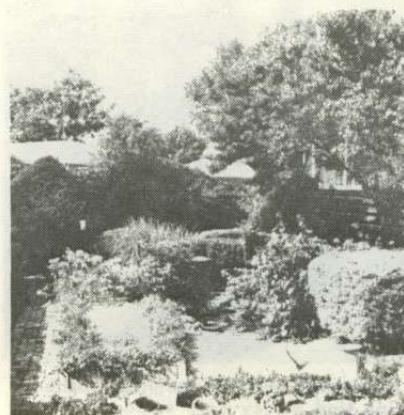
The plant is the Jerusalem Artichoke which is not a potato nor a true artichoke, but a member of the sunflower family with the botanical name of *Girassole*. It is a strong-growing perennial that reaches a height of twelve feet. The plant was cultivated by the North American Indians who used the roots for food. I could not find seeds offered in my catalogs but tubers were available in the catalog of Nichols Garden Nursery, 1190 North Pacific Hwy., Albany, Oregon 97321. The catalog is free.

Mildred F., Iowa, writes that many of her garden plants get a felty-white coating on the stems and foliage. She notices it first on her garden pea vines, then it appears on the perennial phlox, and last year it was on her zinnias. "What is the cause of the trouble and how can I control it?" She asks. "Please answer in your column because my neighbors have the same trouble."

The disease is powdery mildew which is more prevalent in late summer. Spray or dust the plants with copper and sulphur or any good fungicide that states on the package that it will control powdery mildew. Use according to directions.

Mary N., writes that for many years they had a lovely patch of hollyhocks that camouflaged an old shed on their farm. "But something is happening to the plants. Nearly all the lower leaves turn yellow, then brown and fall off or cling and look unsightly." She writes. "Can you tell me the cause and how to prevent it? We would hate to lose these plants because they come up each year and are much admired by all who see them."

You have Hollyhock Rust and good sanitation is the best measure of control. In the fall cut down and burn the old stalks and start a dusting program in early spring as soon as plants appear. Use sulphur and apply often, especially after a heavy rain. Remove any affected leaves as soon as you note rust postules — reddish-orange powdery spores on the underside of the leaves. Rake and burn all foliage and leaves that fall to the ground in late summer and fall. Use sulphur generously around the crowns of the plants when they are dormant.

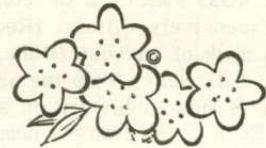


A corner of Lucile's garden.

### WEEDS OR FLOWERS

I strolled down a winding road  
Bordered by flowering weeds;  
Goldenrod, purple bergamot  
Cater to bees' needs.  
Spires of mullein, butter-and-egg,  
Chicory's misty blue  
Add to this floral treasure  
Their varied tint or hue.  
On this quiet summer day  
I lost all track of hours,  
As I drank in beauty and wondered  
Are they glamorous weeds or flowers?

—Inez Baker



### PATTERNS

There are patterns the heart is delighted to trace:  
The web of a spider, the spring-fashioned lace  
Of a blossoming plum, or a diagram drawn  
When a butterfly wavers from flower to lawn.  
There are patterns, moon-silvered, enhancing the night  
And the configuration of birds in their flight.  
Note the patterns in rivers, in mountains, in seas,  
And the wind-composed lyrics of answering trees.  
Mark the plans for the seasons, for quiet and storm,  
Even laughter and sorrow are given a form  
By the gracious designer of heaven and earth,  
Whose love has surrounded us ever since birth.

—Helen Mitchel

## Take a break!

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



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



**BETSY ROSS PARTY - Concluded**

14. Excessively official (Red tape)  
 15. A mark of success (Blue ribbon)

*V.I.P. Talk Back:* Write the names of persons famous in history on slips of paper. Each guest draws a name. Now divide the group into couples. The couples compare the names on their slips (secretly) and then carry on a conversation, each pretending she is the person whose name she drew. As they converse they try to give clues to their identity, while the rest try to guess the names they are representing. The game continues until all couples have had a chance to "stump the experts".

*Ring the Liberty Bell:* Have ready small squares of heavy paper, with a letter of the alphabet written on each square. Have duplicates of the more often-used letters. To play the game the leader places the heap of lettered papers on the table, along with a small handbell. The rest of the players are seated around the table. When the leader turns up a letter the first one to give a word of patriotic suggestion (flag, drum, red, etc.) gets the letter and the leader rings the bell. After all the letters have been claimed, count to



Jed Lowey and his daughter Katherine find an icy cold stream in the mountains near Albuquerque.

see who has the most to find the winner. The prize? The bell or a small flag. If the group is large, play the game by having the bell on a chair beside a blackboard, and appoint someone to count points won. Then when the leader writes a letter on the blackboard, players race up to see who can be first to ring the bell, at the same time giving a word. Allow no word to be used more than once.

*Closing Songfest:* Conclude the entertainment with a patriotic songfest, using "Yankee Doodle" as a beginner and going on to songs used in other periods of our history such as "Dixie", "There'll Be Bluebirds over the White Cliffs of Dover", and "God Bless America", to name a few.

**FREEDOM SKIT - Concluded**

our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor" that we will take the responsibility to see that every person in our country is assured of the freedoms promised him by our forefathers, according to the Declaration and the Constitution.

We must join Benjamin Neal, who wrote, in part, "In humility and with gratitude to Almighty God, I acknowledge my undying debt to the Founding Fathers who left me a priceless heritage, which is now my responsibility. With steadfast loyalty, I will uphold the Constitution of the United States. I will treasure my birthright of American ideals. I will place moral integrity above worldly possessions. Problems of interest to my country shall be of interest to me! I will count my right of voting a sacred trust . . . I will give my support to upright public servants, but those with unclean hands I will firmly oppose. Each obligation that comes to me as a true American, I will discharge with honor."

Above all, let us remember we are not better than our ancestors, we are men, not saints. We make mistakes, but we can work to rectify them. The troubles and humiliations of these last several years have taught us that to be Ameri-

can is not to be innocent, or always right. But our responsibility is to admit our guilt and then give of ourselves wholly to right the wrong. Then, again quoting Mr. Neal, we can say, "My heart is in America and America is in my heart! I AM AN AMERICAN!"

**Leader:** (Lights candle.) Now, as we stand and give the Pledge of Allegiance, let us think on all that it truly means when we say "I am an American", or "the freedom of America." (All give Pledge.)

**Closing Song:** (Standing) "God Bless America".

**AG HALL OF FAME - Concluded**

land ecology and nature study.

The project is funded by admission fees and contributions from farmers, ranchers, and agricultural and agribusiness industries. There are plans for the construction of additional exhibition halls and the completion of an "old town" when funds are available.

A large picnic area is nearby. A snack bar and souvenir shop are in the main building. Wheelchairs are available. Admission is \$1.00 for adults. Children under six are admitted free. It is open 7 days a week, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The center is located 1/4 mile north of the Bonner Springs exit of the Kansas Turnpike, on Highway 7, or 1/2 mile south of U.S. Highways 24 and 40, west of Kansas City, Kansas. Prominent signs in the area point the way.

**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

which gives him a sermon for each Sunday of the year, and all he does is give us what somebody else wrote. Sometimes he reads them to us, and other times he tries to memorize them. The people don't like it, and he knows we don't like it, but nothing changes!"

Unfortunately, it is tragic but true, that there are ministers and priests who do not preach out of their own religious experience. I would like to think that they are few in number. It is my firm conviction that every clergyman should speak from the heart after very careful and thorough preparation. When I see a man reading a sermon instead of preaching it, I find myself asking: "If he cannot remember what he wants to say, how can he expect the congregation to remember anything he says?"

When I was a young man, an old pastor said to me: "Never try to preach a great sermon! Just preach an honest one. Always speak as though you were talking to just one person; that person having a broken heart. Look people straight in the eye and give them something straight from the heart." What good advice!

Sincerely,  
Frederick

**FORGET IT**

Old-fashioned floor scrubbing makes about as much sense as cooking on a coal-burning range or heating your wash water out back in an iron kettle. There's no virtue in doing things the hard way, especially when that time could be better spent with your family.

**Kitchen-Klatter** takes the hard work out of cleaning because it does the work for you. It goes into solution immediately; then pries the dirt out, lifts it up, and carries it away. No heavy mess of suds and froth to make cleaning twice the work. Once-over does it, and does it right. Economical, handy and efficient. What more could you ask for?

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**KLEANER**

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### **IF YOU CAN'T LEAVE HOME TO WORK . . .**

...and never have  
ENOUGH MONEY!

LEARN  
INTERIOR  
DECORATING  
...  
DRAPERY  
MAKING



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TODAY!

If husband's pay check won't meet bills, turn your sewing machine into a money-making machine! We show you how, at home, spare time. Create luxurious draperies, bedspread ensembles. Do interior decorating! Earn as you learn while you meet enormous demand from new homes, apartments, decorators, friends, neighbors. Delightful hobby too! Save to \$300 on your own drapes alone, buy fabrics wholesale. No experience needed, no age limit, no investment.

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I recently completed a rather large job for a Beauty Shop. Everything went smoothly and without problems. Because of this I have had several other proposals. Your lessons are worth their weight in gold!

### **HAS DONE DRAPERY WORK BUT DID NOT HAVE PROFESSIONAL "KNOW-HOW"**

"I've done drapery work for some time but have not had the "know-how" that I have today on fabrics, workmanship and rods. I have found my work easier because of what I have learned and customers like the work. Austrian & Roman shades are no problem . . . we are making this a "family" affair.

Mrs. Joseph Zetti, Michigan

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I would like to learn about the money-making opportunities in Interior Decorating and Drapery Making. Please send me your Free Booklet. No obligation — no salesman will call.

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Send handy, introductory Money-Making Kit on approval with FREE \$2.00 box, FREE Cardinal Carry Kit and FREE Personal Album. Tell me about "Christmas Postcards" and Pop-Up Pens, too!

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Please send me the plastic clothes pins as checked below. My check or money order is enclosed.

- ( ) 12 pins...\$1.00 plus 40c postage/handling  
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417 W. Sheridan



## GOT TO USE MIND AND MUSCLE TO GET WHERE YOU'RE GOING

Want to row across a lake? You need a rowboat and two oars. Simple enough . . .

Name the boat after yourself and name the oars *mind* and *muscle*.

One oar, *mind*, gives you the intelligence to direct the boat. The other oar, *muscle*, gives you the strength.

If you use only the mind oar, your boat will go round and round and get you no place.

If you use only the muscle oar, the result is the same.

Only when you use both mind and muscle can you move that boat.

Only when you use those same oars can you move yourself.

One comment remains: Row as hard as you can.

**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**  
for at least twenty years until this welcome stranger arrived. I just hope it stays around all summer.

We are in the very final stages of winding up our Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook and it won't be long now until we can announce that it is ready. I suppose to you friends it seems as if we've been forever getting it done, but when you do your own printing you have a mighty big job on your hands. Just as soon as it is ready we'll let you know in this Kitchen-Klatter magazine, as well as on the radio.

So summer is here at last, at long last. It's hard to get down to letters when the weather is beautiful, but don't forget — if we didn't hear from you we'd be hard-pressed to carry on our Kitchen-Klatter radio program, so at least get a letter started before this week is out.

Faithfully yours . . .  
Lucile

**DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded**  
hope by the time you read this they will have found one they like in Livingston. Everyone I have talked to who has been in the town of Livingston says it is a beautiful place to live. I told Kristin the telephone lines had hardly had time to cool off, after she told me where they were moving, before I was finding out about trains and buses from here to there. We are hoping she and the boys will still be able to come to visit us at the farm before the summer is over.

I see that my space has been filled up. I had other things to tell you, but they can wait until next month. Right now I'm going to the kitchen to test a cooky recipe a friend gave me the other day, because our cooky jar is empty.

Until next month . . .

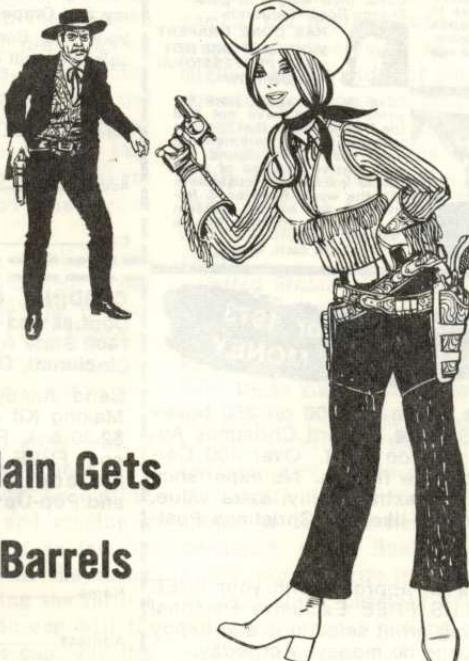
Sincerely,  
Dorothy

## COVER STORY

The magazine that you are holding right now went through the machine that is in the foreground of our cover this month.

It's a temperamental machine and has many ways to "act up" and cause us grief! When those fits occur, Dorothy and her co-workers begin tinkering, and 99 times out of 100 they get the thing to running smoothly again.

For many, many years Dorothy (who is operating the machine in this cover picture) has left her farm home once a month to come down and get out the magazine. These trips were once made by train, but today there isn't a train running that could bring her to Shenandoah, so she drives . . . and hopes with us during the winter months that there won't be snow and ice. —Lucile



## The Villain Gets Both Barrels

Your particular washday villain may be extradirty work clothes, or stains on play clothes, or grayness on all-white things. No matter; whatever the villain, Kitchen-Klatter's double-barrel laundry twins will gun him down.

**Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** gets down to the dirt and takes it out . . . right down the drain. You can even smell the clean. It's low-suds, and economical, too. Its partner, **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, makes sure all fabrics, colored, white or print, come out sparkling fresh and new-looking. And because it contains no harsh chlorines, it attacks the grayness and dullness and not the fabric itself.

Get these two grime-fighters on your side.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER**  
**BLUE DROPS**      **SAFETY BLEACH**

## "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.

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

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## The Little Donkey

by  
Don Beckman



Among the many little do-dads I have sitting on my desk is one of a little glass donkey standing in a position of grim determination. In fact, he seems to be "balking" from some chore that does not suit his fancy. If he could speak, as I sometimes imagine he can, I'm sure he would tell me that someone wants him to pull a cart somewhere, or carry a load of supplies to some mountain village, when he would rather be lounging in the cool grass, or feasting on a bunch of carrots.

This little donkey, however, is but one of my many little donkey friends whose acquaintances I have made in my continual search for them in song and poem and story.

Although I have discovered that books about donkeys are found primarily on children's shelves, I have also found them in a wide selection of adult novels and stories, and I turn to them time and again for interesting reading and inspiration.

My favorite story of donkeys is found in Numbers 22 of the Bible, in which a little donkey sees a vision of an angel and is given the gift of speech, whereupon he asks his master why he is so harsh with him, a question, I am sure, that many a donkey would ask if he could be so gifted. In order to see how this episode turns out between donkey and master, why not read it for yourself? It will be the beginning of a wonderful and exciting adventure.

Another of my favorite donkey stories is found in a superb book by Mary Ellen Chase *A Goodly Heritage* in which she tells of her early life on the Maine sea-coast. In this story Miss Chase tells of a donkey she once owned, named Richard Mansfield, who lived to be twenty-three years of age, his years being spent in a comfort known by but few animals. In fact, he was more like one of the family than a member of the stable, for he was given the same consideration on his birthday, Thanksgiving, and Christmas as were the children. On those days his bin would be filled to the brim with potatoes, apples, turnips, and his favorite of all — carrots! His dessert was in the form of huge luscious slices of pumpkin and squash.

What is more wonderful than the ac-

count of Richard's life on earth, however, is the eagerness with which the author awaits her reunion with Richard when she, too, is privileged to stroll among the "gardens and goodly walks" of the New Jerusalem, where she not only hopes to be reunited with Richard, but to see countless rows of carrots the Good Master has planted for him, as well.

I have met many other donkeys too, in the pages of *Don Quixote*, and *Platero and I*, whose adventures won for his writer the prestigious Nobel Prize. The story of the American southwest is also filled with them, for the miners, soldiers and early padres would have

been at a loss had they not been able to depend on their cross-marked companions to carry their heavy loads for them.

I think of each and every one of these little animals whenever I look at my glass figurine, for to me he is a symbol of loyalty, wisdom, and strength, which are certainly the qualities God found, and admired, in bestowing the most precious burden of all on the humble likes of him.

Whatever it is you want, you reach a long way toward it if you will combine your heart, your backbone, your faith, your common sense; and then stretch.

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