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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom.

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This morning when Eula and I went out on the back porch to have our coffee we both said, almost at the same moment, that the first feeling of autumn was definitely in the air.

For a few minutes this put me into a state of mild panic since it seems to me that I've turned around only a couple of times from the morning we went out to have our coffee and smelled unmistakable scents of spring. Never has a summer passed as swiftly for me as this one so soon coming to its close.

Those of you who have passed by my house in recent days may have noticed the colorful display of caladiums in several window boxes near the front entrance. They got off to such a faltering start that I wasn't a bit sure they would amount to anything this year, but now they are so big and luxuriant that they almost obliterate our view of the street.

Directly in front of the large kitchen window that faces the street is a sizable Hopa crab that has us perplexed and worried. In early July this tree began to shed its leaves and now, in mid-August, it looks as if we were well into October. Another Hopa crab in our neighborhood is acting the same way. I've made inquiries about it but no one seems to know what is the matter. I surely hope very much that it doesn't go the way of our white birch that I still lament. Incidentally, two of my neighbors across the street lost their white birch trees this summer and I'd thought all along that their trees were immune to whatever it was that killed my tree.

These days Juliana is busy getting James and Katharine ready for school. She still doesn't know if James will be able to enter the special class in public school that I mentioned in one of my letters, so just to be on the safe side she enrolled him in the pre-school that he attended last year. This is the school that Katharine will attend and I doubt very, very much if any child ever

anticipated school more eagerly. When I called her to wish her a happy birthday back in June she said the moment she heard my voice: "I'm three years old today, Granny Wheels, and now I can go to school!"

I remember telling you once that she was in a phase of wanting to wear dresses every day and would climb up on anything to reach those dresses on a high rod in her closet. Well, that phase didn't last long and for almost a year now she has wanted to wear only James' outgrown shirts and pants. I didn't realize what an issue this was until I told Juliana that I'd seen some darling little dresses advertised and wanted to order her a couple to celebrate starting to school. She (Juliana) sighed and said forget it — she'd never, never wear them. This was something of a disappointment to me since I've always had a weakness for charming little dresses. Well . . .

I told Juliana and Jed when we left Albuquerque in early January that Eula and I would be back in June, but here it is mid-August and I've only been out of town one weekend when we visited Frank and Dorothy at the farm. There's simply never been a time when I felt I could leave business problems long enough to go to New Mexico.

I told a friend the other day that trying to cope with a business in these times reminded me of a prairie fire: stamp it out in one place and it blazed up in another. I can't imagine anyone in business (and this certainly includes farmers) who isn't facing some kind of a problem every time he turns around.

Just to give you an example . . . this magazine that you're reading right now has been printed on the same kind of paper for years. We've always ordered it by the freight carload and although the price has increased a number of times it never occurred to me in my wildest flights that we'd never see the day when we couldn't get it at all.

Recently I got the sorry news that this particular paper will not be manu-

factured in the future and we're going to be compelled to order something else at a tremendous increase in price. I was really dashed to hear this, although I was halfway prepared to hear it everything considered. Paper products have gotten increasingly hard to buy, and we've had to pass up some attractive premiums because we couldn't order a shipping carton, and if we COULD order a carton it was so expensive we couldn't afford it.

And speaking of paper . . . it was a terrible disappointment to us not to be able to advertise our new cookbook in this issue. That cookbook is all done, but we're held up now waiting for paper so that we'll have enough copies on hand to fill orders when we begin offering it. If it would do any good to shed tears of frustration I guess that Marge and I would be chronic weepers these days. It's been an enormous job to put that cookbook together (after all, it's big and thick) and it never occurred to us at an earlier date that we'd run into this dreadful paper problem. The minute we can begin filling orders you can be mighty certain that you'll hear about it!

We've had company off and on this summer but the remainder of August will bring family and friends from near and far. Kristin, and Andy and Aaron have arrived at the farm and will be coming to Shenandoah soon. It will be good to see them even though their visit must necessarily be far too brief. I'm sure that Dorothy will tell you about their three weeks' visit when she writes to you next month, so I won't go into any of that.

Betty and Frederick, plus their son David and one of his friends from Victoria, British Columbia, will be here for several days near the end of the month. They'll be on their return to Springfield from a two-weeks vacation in New Mexico, an area of this country wholly unknown to them although they are widely traveled and have even been around the world. As a matter of fact, they are the only members of the family who never made it to the place that I used to own north of Santa Fe. I was always hopeful they'd make it before I decided to sell it, but those hopes never came to pass. Now they're making it to New Mexico and at least can visit Juliana and Jed in their home.

I expect old, old friends from New York sometime between now and the middle of September, and I'm just keeping my fingers crossed that I can put some decent meals on the table what with all of these shortages. Well, if I can't I can't and we'll just have to take our chances along with everyone else. Sometimes when I read my papers (I subscribe to five of them) and many

(Continued on page 22)

MORE WEEKEND TRIPS FOR MARGERY & OLIVER

Dear Friends:

The last load of laundry is done, so, now that household duties are taken care of, I'll spend some time with you friends.

I mentioned last month that Oliver and I have been taking weekend trips since a vacation will not come until much later in the year. We've had a fine time seeing things within a relatively easy driving distance from Shenandoah — places we've talked about seeing for several years.

Newspapers have carried articles — and also your letters have mentioned — about the beauty of Iowa's new lakes, particularly Rathbun, near Centerville, and Red Rock, near Knoxville. Since they are so close together we could see them on the same trip. Both lakes are near Frank and Dorothy — one south and one north — so we could see them too. How convenient it is that they have the "Andybear", the farmhouse on Johnson land that can be used for sleeping extra guests, and only a skip and a jump from their home. We slept there, but ate meals with Frank and Dorothy when we were around at mealtime.

The first day we stayed around the farm, but the second day we drove to Lake Rathbun. There were lots of boats on the lake, some for fishing and some for sailing. Obviously it is very popular with area residents, for there were many boats of all kinds at the yacht club. When we left Rathbun, we drove on to Albia to see the restoration of the buildings around the square. I was very impressed with the beauty of them and took many pictures.

The next day we drove to Red Rock Dam and Lake Red Rock. It, too, is a beautiful lake. The picnic grounds are well developed and attractive. Dorothy went with us on this day's excursion. We drove down to the base of the dam and that was quite exciting as all the water outlets were open and water was *really pouring* through them. There had been so much rain and the reservoir was so full that more water than usual was being let out. There were a number of fishermen along the side of the concrete stilling basin, as well as elsewhere around the lake.

The dam is near Pella, where I taught school back in the early 40's. My mouth began to water for some of those wonderful Dutch spice cookies I used to buy, so we decided to drive on over to Pella for lunch and stop at the bakery for some good Dutch sweets. It had been almost thirty years since those teaching days so it was a great surprise to recognize some old friends, and to be remembered by them. I guess



This bright-eyed lad is Aaron, the younger of the Johnson's two grandsons, who will be five in November.

we don't change too much after all!

We knew Martin was working at the hospital and couldn't give us much time, but we did stop in Des Moines for a brief visit with him. He said it was time for a coffee break anyway. This was the first time we had ever been in the Iowa Methodist Hospital so we looked around a bit before heading back to the farm.

The next weekend jaunt was to Iowa City to visit cousin Gretchen Harshbarger and her husband Clay. The reason for going at that particular time was to see the antique quilts on tour from the Smithsonian Institution. It was the collection of G. van der Hoof and J. Holstein. Did any of you readers go to see them? I'd be interested to know. Gretchen went with us to see the display and we enjoyed them very much. I believe the oldest ones dated back to the 1850's. Some of the patterns were familiar to me, but many I'd never seen before. The names were about as interesting as the quilts themselves: Log Cabin, Crazy, Wild Goose Chase, Tree Everlasting, Baby Blocks, Bow Tie, Schoolhouse, Steeplechase, Streak of Lightning, Star of Bethlehem, Tree of Life, Old Maid's Ramble, Grandma's Dream, Ocean Waves, Furrow, and a most fascinating name, Rocky Road to Kansas. Now, I wonder who thought up that one! Do you suppose it was a woman making the trek west in a covered wagon?

Iowa City is in the midst of an urban renewal program, so Gretchen showed us around to see what had been done and what the future would bring. Project Green has been involved with some "instant landscaping". The plantings are in movable containers so an "instant park" can go up in the empty places after buildings come down. Merchants are set up for business in portable buildings in a mall arrangement as necessity requires it.

We also drove out to North Liberty to

visit the Wood 'n' Wheel farm where a wood carver and a potter have beautiful things to sell. They are made right there so we saw items in various stages towards completion.

Oliver and I love to find interesting places to eat. This is one of the things we enjoy most about trips for it gives us an opportunity to eat where we've never eaten before. Several of you friends have mentioned the Hoover House in West Branch, Iowa, and how delicious the food is. We had made a mental note to stop there sometime when we were in that section of Iowa. Gretchen and Clay mentioned it the moment we started discussing where we might all go to eat dinner that night, so we had the perfect opportunity right then and there.

The building which houses the dining room and gift shop is over a hundred years old. It has had several names in the past, but most recently has been called The Hoover House. They have an excellent menu and the food is delicious!

Although I had visited Hoover's birthplace, the wonderful Hoover Library and the final resting place for President Hoover and his wife, Oliver hadn't, so after dinner we walked around to see these places.

The Amana Colonies are just northwest of Iowa City — a very short jog off the interstate, so we drove to see them. There are seven little villages, and one can easily see all of them on the same swing around the area as they are very close together. The drive around each little community is well worth the time as the houses are interesting and there are special things to see in each, whether it be a museum, gift shop, bakery, furniture factory or woolen mill — just to name a few outstanding places one would want to include in the agenda. Dorothy and her Birthday Club friends hope to make a trip there this fall, and since she'll be spending more time looking around than we were able to do, she'll have more details in a future letter.

On our way home, we got off the interstate at Newton and drove south to Lucas so we could have a few hours' visit with Frank and Dorothy. Kristin and the boys had just arrived from Montana. My! how those children have grown since we saw them last! Next month Dorothy will tell you all about their visit so I won't "steal her thunder", as the old saying goes.

Now I must run this down to the office so the printers can keep those presses running.

Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Margery



Setting: This skit calls for a narrator with helpers who carry various props on stage, as indicated in the script. It will add humor to the skit if these helpers dress in costumes such as worn by a golfer, football player, baseball player, etc. If helpers aren't available, the narrator might have all the props at hand, holding them up as mentioned.

Narrator: September brings the beginning of a new club (or women's society) year. It is also the time of year when we are hearing a great deal about the great baseball leagues, climaxing in the World Series, and about football from junior high to the college and pro levels. As I thought of all this, it occurred to me that we might apply many of the familiar terms of the various kinds of ball games to our club year, and if we carry through on it we might really "get on the ball" for the most successful club year we have ever had.

(Enter golfer with a golf bag in which are several clubs which the golfer takes out, looks over, perhaps tries a few practice swings as Narrator continues.)

Narrator: Take the game of golf for our first example. Many people find great enjoyment in chasing that little white ball over the ground. Non-golfers might agree with this bit of verse: Golf's a mighty funny game; I never get it right.

You buy a ball for ninety cents, And knock it out of sight. You hunt around in weeds and thorns And find it in its den; Then take a club and try to Knock it out of sight again.

Seriously, we note that in the golf bag the golfer carries a variety of clubs — woods and irons, as they are called — the driver, the putter, or No. 1, 2, 3 iron or wood. Each club is designed to do the specific job needed to get that ball to go where the golfer wants it to go. Just so, in our club we need members with many different talents and ideas if we are to carry on our year's program effectively. Somewhere in our work there will be a special place or job just for you, be you a putter, a driver, a No. 3 or No. 4 iron! Just as the rough, the stream, the woods and the hazards offer challenges to the golfer, so the different personalities of our members spice up and add

PLAY BALL!

SKIT FOR OPENING NEW CLUB YEAR

by
Mabel Nair Brown

life to our meetings. Let's all get in there and "do our thing" this year!

(Enter tennis player, carrying a tennis racket.)

Narrator: Tennis is another popular ball game. The good player wants a *well-balanced* racket, and it's interesting to know that the score counting begins at "love", or zero. Our program committee has planned a well-balanced program for us this year. Even though some particular program or project does not appeal to you, please remember that well-balanced tennis racket — we need all types of programs to meet the likes of the different members. Sharing in a variety of activities also broadens the viewpoint of each of us. We become "better-balanced" persons.

Like the tennis player, we can start off our club year on "love". In this case "love" might be the consideration we show fellow club members, certainly a fine starting place for good fellowship and friendships of long standing.

(Basketball player with basketball.)

Narrator: Next, let us think about basketball. Like some of us, the basketball, we note, is "well rounded and fully packed"! Yes, the good basketball is always kept well inflated. It reminds me of the importance of enthusiasm in our club work. If you find yourself getting slack on your club duties, becoming indifferent to club activities, lukewarm on certain projects, just imagine trying to play a game of basketball with a flabby old deflated ball! (Player deflates ball.) Not a pleasant prospect is it?

There are four "I's" that make up the ingredients for an enthusiastic member — initiative, ingenuity, interest and information. These four "I's" are the invaluable "air" that "sparks" us and in turn "sparks" our club onward to its best possibilities. Let's resolve to keep ourselves *well blown up* with enthusiasm; or, as Grandmother used to say, "Go at it with gumption!"

(Woman in bathing suit with beach ball.)

Narrator: Beach balls — that's what we're thinking about, girls, not the bathing beauty. But the beach ball reminds us of the need to have a generous sprinkling of fun throughout the year.

A good laugh loosens up the tensions, Tickles the funny bone,

Gives you something gay within your heart

To carry to your home.

Laughter smooths away the furrows
On many a troubled frown.

There's no better time to initiate those
laugh muscles, gals,
Than now, now, NOW!

Here the bathing-suited woman might rush forward and do an imitation of a cheer leader in a yell:
Your smile, your smile!
You got it, now keep it,
Doggone it, don't lose it,
Your smile! Your smile!

Narrator continues: The beach ball tells us something else that is important as we work together as a group. That beach ball can take a beating without going under! How about you and me when the going gets rough, when things don't go our way? Can we take it without going under?

(Baseball player with ball, bat, and glove.)

Narrator: Then we come to that great old American pastime — baseball. (Here baseball player steps forward to interrupt and says, "Aw, let's set the stage first. Everybody join in now to sing 'Take Me Out to the Ball Game'." She leads the audience in singing; then steps back.)

Narrator: Take a look at that baseball. Note it is well made of strong leather — *it isn't thin skinned!* Can you say the same for yourself?

Consider the baseball bat. Hard hitting demands that it be made of pretty stout stuff, for hard hitting often is the decisive factor in who wins the game. It isn't always easy to do. Just so, there are going to be occasions this year when we need some hard hitting — perhaps to put a point across, to get some community activity going, to right some wrong we think needs righting. Can we be hard-hitting even in the face of stiff opposition, if need be?

We often hear the familiar baseball phrase, "with the bases loaded, now for a home run!" But the secret is that everything's clicking! Every player must do exactly the right thing, then **WHOOPEE!** Everybody scores! I see our club with all the officers ready to go — the bases loaded. But if we are to get the scores, it takes more than the officers; it takes the rest of us each doing her part. Then when we score, what a grand feeling of victory and fellowship!

(Football player, with football, enters, and bending over with ball in position as the center would, the player calls some signals, such as "Hup, 2, 5, 8, 22, hike!")

Narrator: Football, even for those of us who find ourselves playing "second fiddle" to the T.V. football game for (Continued on page 21)

FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

In a few days we shall be boarding a plane for our first visit to that southwestern state where sooner or later every member of our family clan seems to gravitate. We are on our way to New Mexico, and what a happy trip this is certain to be.

You will recall that Mary Lea, who now lives in New Mexico, has lived abroad for the past six summers, some of those summers in Spain, and last summer in Mexico. She speaks Spanish fluently and is strongly oriented toward a Spanish culture. David, on the other hand, has been spending most of his summers in Canada and is strongly oriented toward a British culture. For the past year he has been an exchange student at the University of Victoria in British Columbia where he has been preparing to teach English Literature. Betty has a special interest in South American culture since she did her graduate studies at Leland Stanford University in the area of South American diplomatic history. I used to teach English in a missionary college in Egypt, and so I am strongly oriented toward an Arabic culture. You can see that our family life is an interesting one and sometimes an exciting one.

Both Betty and I have had a very busy summer. We are just back from our yacht trip up the Hudson River and down the St. Lawrence River. There were twenty-five of us from South Church making the trip, and you can guess that it was one long party from beginning to end. What fun we had! How interesting it was! If you ever have an opportunity to take such a trip, take it, for you never, never will regret it.

All summer long we have been using our air-conditioned church mini-bus to take church members on one-day expeditions to various spots of New England beauty and history. One day we took a party of fourteen down to the famous Mystic Marine Museum at Mystic, Connecticut. After a tour of some of the old ships tied up at the museum piers, we had a delightful luncheon in the large museum restaurant where we could look out and see colorful sail-boats skimming across the water, and then following lunch, we drove along the shore to Betty's parental home in Rhode Island. Her mother and father sat out on the terrace with our church party for an hour of conversation, and then after a tour of the Crandall gardens, we drove along the back roads of the Connecticut countryside, getting home early in the evening.

One Sunday morning we took a party of twelve church members up into the lovely Berkshire Mountains to the little village of Worthington, Massachusetts,



Donald and his children, Paul, Adrienne and Katharine, having a few last words with Frederick before leaving Springfield, Mass.

where we attended the morning church service. We had visited that particular church because its minister is one of our own South Church boys who studied for the ministry at Yale University. Two years ago we ordained him in our church, but this was the first opportunity that any of us had had to visit his church. For more than an hour we drove along a rushing mountain stream going up and up until we were deep in the cool woodlands far above the hot tobacco country of the Connecticut River valley. After a fine church service which made us very proud of the young minister, we had the minister and his wife join us for lunch at a popular mountain resort restaurant called The Whale Inn. We drove home down a long, winding road which took us along another beautiful mountain stream until we reached the valley at the city of Northampton, Massachusetts, where we visited one of its fine parks. It was a good day for all of us, but particularly for some of the party who, being without cars of their own, would not otherwise have had opportunity for such a trip.

Last Sunday Betty and I again drove up into the Berkshires to attend church in another village. We had expected to hear a sermon by a friend of the family, but instead we heard a guest preacher who was ninety-two years old. Believe it or not, that old clergyman gave us a short, to-the-point, theologically sound, and dramatically interesting sermon. He began his sermon by saying: "As you all know and observe, I am an old man. Therefore I hope you will excuse me if I read what I have to say to you. I am going to read so that I will not ramble, and so that when I have said what I want to say I won't go on talking. When I reach the end of page two of my manuscript I shall just shut up and sit down." And that is exactly what he did!

When you come to New England, you will want to visit some of the historic,

colonial, village churches. As you drive through the countryside, you will see beautiful, white, church spires rising up above every village and town. Some of the churches have been perfectly maintained in the very condition in which they first served as places of worship. The one we were in last Sunday was simply exquisite in its pristine, colonial plainness. A few doors from the church was a gracious, white house surrounded by a picket fence, and it was explained to us that the house had been left to the church to be kept as a historical museum. For the price of fifty cents visitors are shown through the house where every piece of furniture is a rare antique, and the church is partially supported by the museum fees so collected. Many of our New England churches have such arrangements for both preserving lovely, colonial homes, and supporting their church budgets.

The parsonage we lived in for several years in Rhode Island before coming to Springfield was a very historic house that had been partially burned by the British in the Revolutionary War, but since it was our home, we did not open it for tourist visits. We were visiting our old Rhode Island church one day this summer, and I found the visit a most nostalgic one. The occasion was the wedding of a young lady that I had received into church membership while I was the pastor of the church, and of course there were hundreds of our friends present for the happy affair. I wish that you could see the movies I made of the wedding reception. It was held on the front lawn of the bride's parents' home, a lawn that stretched right down to the blue, blue waters of Mount Hope Bay. A few feet out from the shore was anchored a sleek sailboat with all pennants flying, the boat on which the bridal couple was to spend its honeymoon. The two young people had met as a result of their common interest in sailing, and so the sailing honeymoon was most appropriate.

One of the highlights of the summer for Betty and me was the unexpected visit from my brother Donald and his family and Mary Beth's mother, Mrs. Paul Schneider. They called the church while I was out and left word with my secretary that they were in the area and could make a brief stop to see us. After a visit with Betty at the parsonage, they came down to the church. We tried to convince them that they should stay several days in Springfield, but they were on a tight schedule and, having made reservations ahead for several nights, had to be on their way.

Now that they have had this brief introduction to the New England States,

(Continued on page 20)



Little Schoolhouse -- White or Red



by
Harverna Woodling

Can you remember when country schools and country teachers were doing their part in helping to educate young America?

Any mention of rural schools gives me a severe attack of nostalgia for I attended a rural school for seven years. In those days teachers allowed children to "take two years in one" if they thought it was merited, so I was promoted to the fourth grade at the end of my second year of school. I also taught in rural schools for eight years, so I truly knew and loved them.

All the schoolhouses in our area of Missouri were white with one exception. On Highway 5, north of Laclede, in Linn County, Missouri, the Sunny Point School House stands — a neat RED, RED building. The first Sunny Point School House was built in 1863, and burned in 1875. Later it was rebuilt. School has not been in session there for some 30 years but the building, periodically repainted, stands sturdy and strong and is used as a community center. Its history was once written by Mrs. T. T. Lamme of Laclede and published in a county newspaper.

The only other red schoolhouse I have seen was close to Lineville, Iowa, where our family once passed and admired it while we were on a trip.

In June, 1970, I wrote to the Chamber of Commerce of Lineville to inquire about their "Little Red School House" and received a wonderful, detailed answer from a former teacher there, Mrs. Ruby B. Cravens. All my information about it came from her.

The Pleasant Hill School, as it originally was named, was built in 1881, and the present building some time from 1900 to 1904. Nellie Dunbar, one of the school's teachers, helped persuade the Grand River Township School Board to deed the schoolhouse and adjacent ground to the Wayne County Historical Society so that they might preserve and protect it as a historical site. Red paint for the building was given by Mr. Gerald Molleston, a former Lineville banker and merchant, until his death. The Earl May Seed Co. gave trees for planting, and the R.E.C. donated lighting power and facilities. To help make this present roadside park even nicer, the Lions Club of Lineville donated playground equipment.

We passed this "Little Red School House" with its picnic tables and benches on a hot August day, saw it shady and cool, and wished for time to stop, which we did not have.

Mrs. Cravens also sent us a list of the school's teachers from 1900 to 1949, and we thought it very interesting that in some school years two teachers were employed, one for the spring term and another for the winter term.

Mrs. Cravens — her maiden name was Ruby Bryan — taught a total of 15 years in various schools, and has attended the golden wedding anniversaries of several of her former pupils. Nellie Dunbar, who was graduated from the 8th grade with Mrs. Cravens as her teacher, later taught more terms in the Pleasant Hill School than any other teacher.

Country schools had nice names — Willow Vale; Oak Grove; Green Valley; and Woodview, our own school that my brother Don and I attended, and where I did my first teaching. It also was the same school (though I believe not the same schoolhouse) where my father and his friends had attended.

Often the land for a rural school was presented to the district by some civic-minded man, perhaps one interested in the immediate education of his own family. Sometimes the land was an outright gift. Usually there was the provision that should the school cease to exist, the land should revert to the donor or his heirs.

From the time I started to school until I was 19 and began teaching, rural schools changed in many ways but in others remained essentially the same.

Books and equipment improved, but I am not sure that teachers did, though of course methods changed. I do not believe there ever was a better teacher anywhere than my first — Mrs. George (Atha) Taylor, now of Laclede, Mo.

No aroma in the world is nicer than the one we sniffed on the first day of school — a combination of freshly scrubbed woodwork, books, blackboards, new chalk, floor oil, and the recently mown school yard.

School yards invariably were large and shady, with plenty of room for ball games, Sheep-My-Pen, Board-Down, Going to New Orleans, and when there

was snow, Fox and Geese. We took sleds to school, too, and were allowed at the noon hour to go to a nearby pond for skating and sliding. The teacher was never just an interested spectator and impartial referee. She, or he, was an active participant. Fast running and a good throwing arm did a lot to help maintain respect for authority, and was fun, too.

Many yards boasted a protective shed for horses. Some pupils and some teachers rode horses to school. The envy of my childhood school was a family of four youngsters — two boys and two girls — who drove to school in a covered, two-seated carriage.

A "dinner bucket" or a lunch pail was not just a necessity. It was a treasured possession! We soon learned to sneer at plain round containers and demanded colorful rectangular metal boxes. One that I loved and still remember was a bright pink. I don't remember too much about the lunches except that they were GOOD. One time my parents bought some peanut butter formed into a loaf and solid enough to be carefully sliced. Don and I loved that! Who needed to eat bread or crackers? The roadside rabbits and field mice enjoyed bread for several days until our all-seeing parents detected our misdemeanors. The peanut butter must have been an experimental product; I never have seen any since.

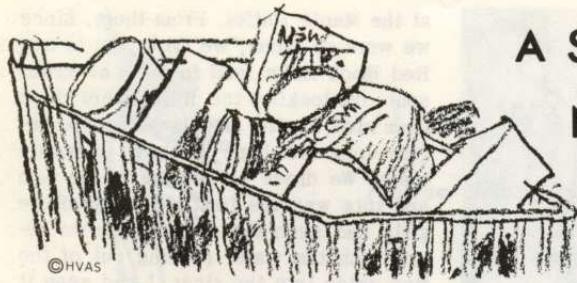
Sometimes in the winter, the teacher fixed, on top of the heating stove, soup or some other hot dish to accompany our lunches. In one school where I taught we baked potatoes on top of the "circulating heater" and they were delicious.

The nicest period of a school week was "after last recess" on Friday afternoon. The teacher and pupils all helped straighten the schoolhouse. Washing the chalkboard and dusting erasers were popular tasks. Straightening library books and dusting were not. House cleaning done, we were ready for ciphering, spelling contests, or a geography match. Sometimes the teacher read aloud from a book, always being careful to leave the fictional characters in a precarious position, each time she stopped reading.

As a teacher, I was always "scared to pieces" the first day of school, but I don't think my pupils suspected it. Things always leveled out pleasantly anyway.

Examinations were periodically nerve-wracking events. These were sent out by the State Department of Education. I am sure the boys and girls didn't know it, but Teacher dreaded those printed exams sent by high authority, just as badly as the students did. It was a great feeling when answers were checked.

(Continued on page 20)



A Shower for a New Cook

by
Mildred D. Cathcart

Most new brides panic at the thought of preparing the first dinner for guests. Why not come to her aid with a "Help the Cook Shower"?

Make the invitations from colored construction paper to resemble a recipe cabinet. The "lid" forms the flap of the envelope and the invitation enclosed may be written on a recipe card. Suggest that each person bring some type of "mix" or other form of an easy-to-prepare food and include the utensil necessary for preparing the dish. This might include cooky sheets, Bundt or cake pans, salad mold, casserole, skillet, and so on. Or perhaps you might prefer to each contribute and buy an electric skillet, crock pot, or other more expensive item. Another suggestion for a gift would be a fondue set. This could include the chocolate fondue mix and an angel food cake mix for dessert or there are various types of cheese fondue mixes to be served.

Instead of the proverbial shower wrapping paper, the gifts might be tied in dishcloths or towels or have some gadgets such as measuring spoons or cups, pastry brushes, scoops, or scrapers tied in the bows.

Carry out the cooking theme when you decorate your house by putting bouquets in teapots, mixing bowls, or other kitchen containers. When you serve refreshments, why not have something made from a mix. Perhaps your gift to the bride could be the mix and the necessities for preparing this for her first company.

You may not need any form of entertainment but if you should, these games would be most appropriate:

A Cook Must Have a Steady Hand: Before shower time cut out pairs of cooking utensils such as two kettles, two skillets, two forks, and have enough for all guests. Each person draws and those that have matching items will be partners. Give each pair a pop bottle, a small plastic spoon, and cup with twenty-four beans. One partner must hold the bottle and the beans. The other holds the spoon in her left hand (unless she is left-handed, then reverse), picks up the beans, and puts them into the bottle. The couple with most beans in the bottle when time is called is winner.

The ABC of Cooking: The idea of the

game is to name something found in the kitchen beginning with each letter of the alphabet such as A-Apron, B-Broom, C-Can opener. This may be played as a paper-and-pencil game or players may be seated in a circle and anyone who fails to name an item must drop out. If necessary, repeat the alphabet until only one person is left to be declared winner.

The gifts could be loaded into a grocery cart and wheeled in at the proper time for opening. You might want to decorate the cart.

When all the gifts are opened, bring out a gay-colored dishpan for the bride to tote the packages safely to her own kitchen.



GUIDE TO A LONG LIFE

Play to 20, labor to 50 and rest to the end of your life. Eat when hungry, drink when thirsty, rest when tired out. Have a clean conscience, be meditative in the morning, industrious at noon and social in the evening.

Maintain an affectionate disposition, keep genius lively and cultivate numerous friends. Keep the laws of your country, the golden rule of your calling. Thereby your body will be healthy, mind easy, soul pure, life long — and the end will come naturally and without discord.

—Written in 1394

FEELING

Home is not a word of a place
Home is my world of honest, friendly
hearts and simple treasures.
Come . . . come home with me; enter
the little world that lets you
stretch your soul.
Feel home's tender touch spread its
softness of lazy warmth.
Delicious kitchen smells blend with
favorite flowers and, too, a hint of
scent. Hers!
Tiny, huge for his name, nuzzles close
for comfort to wag his welcome
here.
At last, the "hello" kiss: "Hope you
had a pleasant day." Her smile
soothes every care away.
Good, it is, to open doors of home.
Good to be home at end of day.

LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS

by
Mary E. Javens

Every so often I find myself asking the same question: When did life become so complicated? I do not have big issues in mind, but just little everyday things, as for instance, the matter of keeping the kitchen clock in working order. It's necessary to make an appointment for the clock repair as though it were a child having its tonsils out!

I remember how Father kept all the clocks in the house in apple-pie order when I was a child, and he has been constantly in my thoughts from day to day as the kitchen clock alternately runs and then refuses to budge just when it is most needed.

Such an operation was always carried on on a rainy day when it was too wet to work outside. Then Father tinkered with clocks or oiled up the old cream separator. And because things of that sort fascinated me, and because I was at Father's heel every minute of the time he was around the house, I missed very little of what went on. When he cleaned the big clock that always sat in the "parlor" on the shelf on the wall, it was a big day in my life.

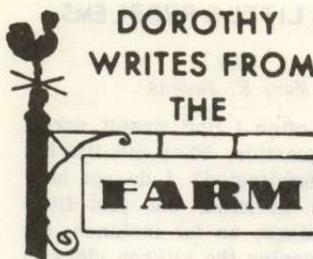
He carefully carried the Seth Thomas clock out to the kitchen table. Next, he filled a small clean tin can with kerosene. From somewhere he produced a chicken feather. This he stripped to the very end where he left a tuft.

He turned the clock around so he could reach the little door in the back. Tiny screws came out and a metal section followed suit. Soon the big operation would begin. But first, slowly and methodically he filled his pipe with Union Leader. When it was drawing well and the air was blue around him, the time was just right. I sat on a kitchen chair at a respectable distance, spellbound.

Slowly the feather was dipped into the kerosene, rubbed over small cogs and wheels, dipped and rubbed, dipped and rubbed, over and over. The pipe went out and had to be relighted several times. What a mercy we didn't all go up in a blaze of glory!

I remember once when there was a near disaster. Father was screwing and fussing around in the clock with a pair of fine pliers when all of a sudden there was a terrible whining, screaming whistle and a horrible twisting object shot from the clock, whizzed past my head, and landed on the kitchen floor, where it writhed and squirmed like a live thing. Father let out a roar like an angry lion and my brothers dropped what they were doing and stamped for the house, ready to do battle with

(Continued on page 20)



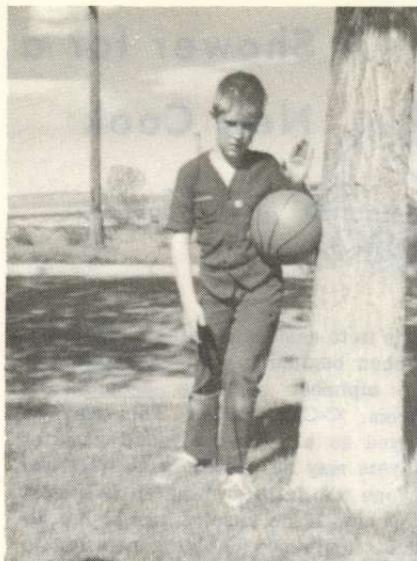
Dear Friends:

Whenever I drive to Shenandoah Frank always wants me to bring him a crop report on the way things look beyond the boundaries of Lucas County, and this year there is certainly a big difference in the corn and beans in our area compared to the southwest corner of Iowa. Around Shenandoah, where moisture was far below normal, the crops look simply wonderful. In our section most of the cornfields look like patchwork quilts done in all shades of green. And the corn is very uneven. Our ground stayed so wet Frank was afraid he wasn't going to get it all cultivated, although he finally did.

There is one good thing to be said for a wet year — there is plenty of hay. I have noticed when driving through the country that many farmers are putting up the large bales this year. Last year I saw a lot of hay put up in small haystacks, but on the road that I travel I haven't seen any of these this year.

We have had several heavy rainstorms this summer that have done much damage to the roads and fences. The road we live on is a little narrow country lane, and the gravel goes just as far as our house because we are the only people who live on this road. Beyond our house the road is very narrow and winding, with steep hills, and railroad tracks to cross twice. At one place there is a ditch that carried the water from the hills down into the creek. This had a bridge across it which one of our heavy rains washed completely away. The next cloudburst washed part of the road away into the creek, including two huge trees. The county road men came out and put a "bridge out" sign up at the end of the lane before the road caved off. I don't know if people can't read or what, for they paid no attention to the sign and continued to drive down the road. Frank saw the cave-off within a day or so after it happened, and there wasn't room for a car on what was left of the road, with a bank on one side and a thirty-foot drop into the creek on the other. Since most of the traffic on the road was at night, we reported it to the county engineer at once before there could be a terrible accident. They actually had to put a fence clear across the road to keep people from driving down there.

Frank says it seems as if all he gets done is fix the water gaps.



If Andrew Brase, pictured in the front yard of their new home, continues to grow at the rate he has his first nine years, he'll no doubt be playing center on a basketball team in the future.

It hasn't rained all the time though, and we have had some beautiful days. Members of both of our families have taken advantage of these to spend a little time with us at the farm. Marge and Oliver spent a couple of days with us, and we enjoyed their visit ever so much. I think Oliver got the biggest kick out of Frank's pet rooster, named Reggie. This is a very big old red rooster Frank protects from the geese and from a young white rooster that chases him and torments him. Reggie's hiding place is under the spreading evergreens in front of the front porch. He knows he is safe there, especially if Frank is on the porch.

We also enjoyed a visit of several days from Frank's sister Ruth McDermott, whose home is in Kansas City. Although Ruth works only part time away from home now, their son was a senior in high school this year, with many activities, and Ruth just couldn't find several days at one time when she could come up to visit Bernie and us. She stayed with Bernie nights, but both of the girls spent their days at the farm, and we ate our meals together and had a good visit.

The Birthday Club has had a couple of get-togethers this past month. One of our members, Mary Allen, had a son and daughter-in-law visiting her from New Jersey, so we had a party for Lillian. It wasn't at my house, but I wanted to fix the refreshments so I could test a couple of raspberry desserts. We played bingo for entertainment, and the package I ended up with turned out to be a beautiful apron, so I put it right on to serve the lunch.

The last time we were together we went to Knoxville to eat dinner at noon

at the Maple Buffet. From there, since we were so close, we drove out to see Red Rock Lake, and found a beautiful spot overlooking the lake where there is a nice shelter house. Sometime before long we hope to have a picnic there. We drove on around to the dam and this was the first time any of the girls had seen the dam from down below with the water pouring out of the five gates into the river. I had seen it twice before, and they were glad I suggested going to see this.

We drove back to Knoxville and went to the park where the county museum is located. There is also a country church or chapel, a little red schoolhouse, and a log cabin. We found that all these buildings are open to the public on Saturdays and Sundays, but since we were there on a Tuesday we had to be content just to look through the windows. Sometime perhaps we can go on a weekend and go through them.

We are not what you would call avid bird watchers, but we do enjoy the many birds we see every day around the farm. About midway down the lane between our house and the bridge we have some indigo buntings, and this is the only area where we ever see them. The male, about the size of an English sparrow or smaller, is a brilliant blue, but it requires sunlight to bring out the full intensity of color. The female is a dull, brownish, nondescript, sparrow-like color. They seem to sing a great deal, but are spooky and hard to approach.

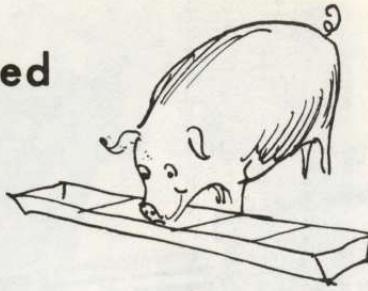
Another beautiful bird that comes each year to nest high in our maple tree is the Baltimore oriole. Last year's nest blew down during the winter, so we had a good chance to examine it carefully. It is truly a work of art, and seems to hang from the limb by a thread. We had been watching the nest closely this year and had watched the parents feeding the baby birds. Then we had a terrific windstorm when half of another maple tree was blown down, and I was sure the nest with the baby birds would be blown away. Not so. That little nest, hanging by its twisted horses' hair rope, was still there. This seems incredible to me.

In just a few days now we are expecting Kristin, Andy and Aaron. You will never guess what I have been doing since we heard they are coming. I have been rounding up bicycles so we can all enjoy riding together down our country roads. I bought a used boy's bike for Andy and borrowed a girl's bike from a friend for Kristin. I don't think Aaron can even ride one yet, but he is going to have a good chance to learn, because Howard's and Mae's granddaughter Natalie was through with her small sidewalk bike

(Continued on page 20)

The Day We Fished for a Hog

by
Leta Fulmer



Evening shadows lay across the troughs as the pigs shouldered each other aside with protesting shrieks. As I upended the last bucket of sloppy goop, my father-in-law completed his counting out loud.

"One hog is missing," he proclaimed. "One didn't come up. Hoo-eeee, hoo-eee." His voice quavered in the rau-
cous cry that usually brought the hog population on the run. But no success this time.

The four of us — my husband and I, and my in-laws — took off to search for the stray. He shouldn't be too hard to find, a 200-pound hog. And in a pasture that was singularly free from ditches, hollows or underbrush. I wandered along a fencerow, peering for broken wire or uprooted posts, any indication that a squirming body had pushed through. No luck. My husband was running another fenceline with the same results. Suddenly from the very center of the field my father-in-law's voice rang out.

"Here he is. Hurry up. We'll have to try to get him out."

Running toward him, I racked my brain over the mystery of those words. Get him out? Get him out of what? The ground lay as flat as the palm of my hand on the close-cropped hayfield. What a surprise in store! I stared down into a gaping round hole about a yard across, circled by rotting hunks of railroad ties. From somewhere below came the complaining grunt of the missing pig. The splash of water only added to the sense of confusion. And as I listened in amazement to the explanation, I wondered how many other hidden pitfalls dotted our Missouri countryside.

Long, long ago a house had stood on this field. When it was torn down, the cistern was supposedly filled in, then covered with railroad ties. Evidently it had not been filled in at all, merely camouflaged. In cultivating the land, subsequent generations had plowed around the embedded ties. It had taken this rooting pig to dislodge them and bring to light the gaping hole — into which he immediately plunged headlong.

Supposedly being the fleetest of foot, I was dispatched to the house for the flashlight. Puffing back up the slope, I

saw the others belly-whopped down, peering into the darkness below. As I joined them, the beam of light picked up the ripple of water far below. And believe it or not, the lucky pig was striding around the knee-deep water, grunting in irritation. The bell-shaped cistern was at least twenty feet deep. How in the world could we rescue that stupid animal? The small dome was brick, the flaring sides of plaster in unbelievably good condition.

Jimmie took out for the orchard, untangling the tallest ladder from the clinging branches of the apple tree. My father-in-law returned from the barn with a hay rope. Only the narrow end of the ladder would fit through the small opening. With concerted pushings and pryings, we managed to wedge it solidly in place. At least partway safe, it hung suspended a couple of feet above the stagnant water.

I held my breath as Jimmie tested his weight upon the rungs. Down he went, step by careful step, the heavy rope around his shoulders, flashlight in hand. What if the age-old bricks crumbled? What if the plastered sides suddenly caved in? But nothing happened. He gave a shout as his feet splashed into the water and I breathed a sigh of relief. In the circle of light, the hog stared at him belligerently, seeming not to mind the frogs and salamanders who had hitched a ride upon his back. Fighting against darkness, dirty water and a cantankerous hog, Jimmie managed to secure the rope around the chest of the animal, tighten it under the front legs. We watched with bated breath as he worked his way up the swaying ladder, clutching the end of the rope in his hand. The four of us together managed to wriggle the ladder loose, and pull it out. Then the real tug of war began! The weight was unbelievable. And the squealing was ear-splitting as the big pig swung back and forth at the end of the rope.

It was another tussle trying to pry him through the opening, dodging slashing teeth while manipulating angled legs and kicking feet. Finally we landed him, like a fighting marlin at the end of a long fight. As the rope loosened about his belly, he shook himself free and lumbered down the hill, woof-woof-woofing with every step. He

seemed in much better shape than any of us — with our rope blistered hands, aching muscles and sweating brows. Gathering up our rescue equipment, we trudged slowly to the barnyard where the hogs were finishing their meal. The victim of the gory episode was identifiable only by his dripping hair and gluttonous appetite.

As the days and weeks passed, we discovered that the pig had sustained an injury to his back. His spine took on an odd curvature that earned him the name "Humpy". Always ready to make a pet of any unfortunate, I plied him with sympathetic words and affectionate ear-scratchings, only to be rejected with over-the-shoulder looks of distaste and gutteral profanities. Humpy was not about to be a pet! Rather, he somehow seemed to have decided that his unique experience gave him an authority and *savoir-faire* that made him vastly superior to his barnyard counterparts. He lorded it over all of them with all the dignity that a Hamp hog could muster!

Needless to say, that old cistern was really filled in this time. Many years have passed since then. And the soil over that area has grown alfalfa, wheat, soybeans and tall Missouri corn. Sometimes I wander that field in the evening breeze and I can only approximate the position of the old cistern. Was it here? Or was it over there? It's been so long ago. But as I turn toward the barn, in my fancy I can see Humpy loping down the slope toward home.

His years are five.

His play is rough,
He goes to school,
He thinks he's tough.
But there's one secret
Which we share —
Asleep, he hugs
His teddy bear.

—Anonymous

PLEASE GRANT ME

Dear God, please grant that I may have
A heart that's most sincere
To show these children daily
That I'm truly glad they're here.

Grant me the patience to endure
The many things they do,
And may my mind remember
I once was "up to mischief", too!

Please give me instant wisdom,
The intuition of a mother.
Help me to never once forget
No child is like another.

Within my hand may I possess
A love that has no end,
To show each child that I may teach
I want to be his friend.

—Adapted from poem by an
unknown author

OPERATION FACE LIFT

by

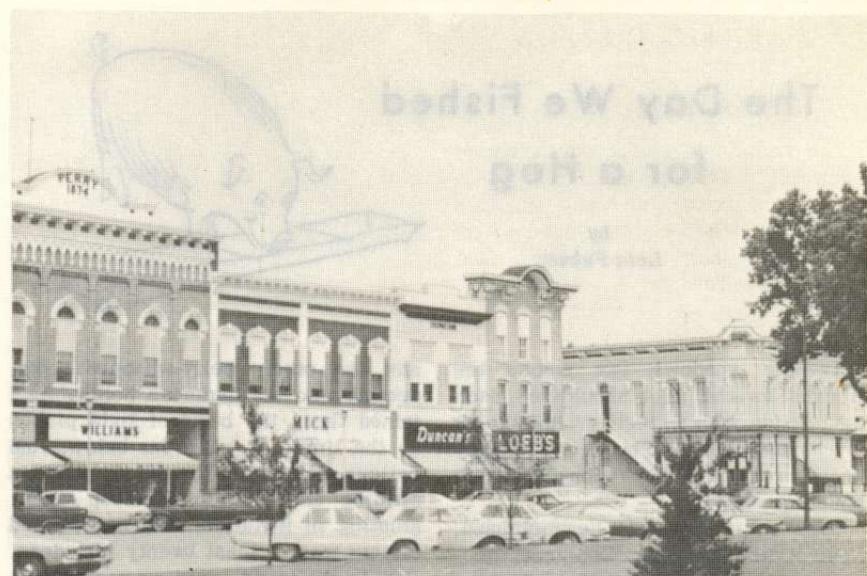
Mildred C. Cathcart

With our country's bicentennial only a few years distant, many cities in the East are beginning a gigantic restoration program. Tourists find that numerous places of historical interest are now closed to the public as this work proceeds. But likewise, many of our Midwestern towns are beginning to realize that they, too, have a heritage worth preserving.

If any of you have recently driven through Albia in southern Iowa, a county seat with a population of approximately 4500, you will be struck with the attractiveness of the Town Square. In fact, Margery Strom, who is quite a traveler, was so impressed that she tarried to take the pictures you will find in this issue. Other towns that have "let go" for too long may be interested in hearing the story of Albia which begins, "Once upon a town."

Business men near the Lake Rathbun region are encouraged by the influx of tourists this attraction has brought to the area. People in Albia began to take a good hard look at their city and determine how the restoration of the old-fashioned Town Square could save the best of the past heritage and still be attractive enough to be economically beneficial. Their project, entitled "Operation Face Lift", is a most interesting story and should be an inspiration for other citizens who would like to bring new life to their town.

With most projects, just getting started seems often to present the biggest problem, and a Chamber of Commerce is usually the first thought. However, in Albia, planners looked beyond this since they wanted to encourage and enlist businesses and individuals who might not be members of this organization. Consequently, a corporation known as the Albia Area Improvement Association was formed and given the use of the Chamber offices and facilities. Unlike most corporations, this one had no capital stock and was financed by the sale of \$25 memberships to any firm or individual. More than one membership could be purchased but each firm or individual had only one vote. The Iowa Southern Utilities Company made an initial planning grant. However, expenses have been minimal to date. In three years the cost of maintaining the records has been \$45.59, payment on loans \$49.34, plus payment to an architectural firm. According to reports, the planning has cost \$3544.63 in the first three years and that covers two-thirds of the complete project. The local banks provided financing for their customers for restoration work so that the whole project



We wish we had room for more pictures of the beautifully restored buildings in Albia, Iowa. This is just one of the many Margery took from the courtyard square when she and Oliver stopped to see them.

was financed locally with no government aid.

Once the machinery for operation had been set up, just how should one start the actual restoration? Rather than one central theme or one pattern throughout, the planners decided upon an individual approach. Albia was fortunate to have a competent interior decorator who had returned home and was willing to assist. An architectural firm was employed and together they planned the colors and accents that would be most attractive. One company furnished all paints and stains and a single contractor did the restoration so the end results would be harmonious. There are approximately 83 property owners around or within one block of the square. Each had to be contacted and sometimes a compromise had to be reached before work on a building could begin. The Association acted as the sales agent with no commission but the actual contract was between the owner and the contractor. Payment for each job was made by the individual directly to the contractor.

Processes such as sandblasting, silicone treatment and other types of work that gives a building a new look means very little to most of us. However, it is easy to appreciate the beauty achieved by the addition of new awnings, wrought iron lamps, new signs and sidewalks, a hitching post, and shutters.

From personal experiences, one is aware of the high cost of most repair jobs, but I think you will be pleasantly surprised at some of these figures. Individual restorations ranged from as little as \$200 to nearly \$7000 for a complex of buildings covering a fourth of a block. When the project was begun in 1970, it was estimated that \$150,000

would be spent. You might investigate the possibility that much of the work coming under the heading maintenance and repair could be deducted for tax purposes in the year it was made.

As at home, one improvement seems to lead to another and in this public project interest was so great that it became a bit of a problem to keep waiting customers from becoming impatient. This project ballooned in other ways, too. Buildings off the square received attention as one church, for example, spent over \$5000 in renovation their building.

This restoration project begun some three years ago is nearly completed now. It would be well worth your time to drive to this Monroe County seat and see for yourself what can be done when a group of far-sighted determined citizens are willing to cooperate and put their ideas into action. This should be an excellent example to encourage citizens of other towns who have been hesitant lest such an undertaking be too tremendous or too expensive.

I should like to make one suggestion. If your town decides to begin an "Operation Face Lift", take the advice of these Albia planners and take plenty of black and white as well as colored pictures BEFORE you begin restoration. Then compare them with the AFTER pictures. When someone says we Midwesterners lack initiative, just show them the pictures.

Like all good fairy tales, Albia's story began with "Once upon a town" and ends with an enchanted place where the residents may live "happily ever after".

"It is a fine thing to have ability, but the ability to discover ability in others is the true test." —Elbert Hubbard

FALL NOSTALGIA

by
Evelyn Birkby

The nostalgic feeling which comes each fall is with me now. Just as an old circus horse pricks up his ears each time he hears a band play, so my years of teaching sweep back in memory when the first day of school arrives each fall.

Among my most vivid memories of the first year of teaching are the nature walks taken with my third grade class. Walking along a country road near the edge of town, we would return to the schoolroom with arms filled with milkweed pods, bittersweet, weed stalks, cattails and goldenrod. (This was before I developed hay fever!)

As an inexperienced teacher it did not take long to discover that if things got really difficult in the classroom one of the best techniques to break the tension was to go for a nature walk. That first year the members of my class and I were undoubtedly the healthiest people in school!

A second technique soon discovered for encouraging attention and participation was literature. We had great times reading and dramatizing stories, old, new and original. Poetry became almost an obsession. If sessions grew dull we could always find some reason to dig into poetry books to enliven the discussions.

Started to fill obvious needs on the part of a very young teacher to develop a few "gimmicks" to help with discipline and build interest, nature and poetry proved to be fascinating areas for all the years I taught. Even when they were no longer needed as techniques to control classes, the children and I loved the walks and the poems as much as ever.

When my mind returns to the schools where I taught, the most frequent recollection is of the children in my classes, and a number of very special children in particular.

One of the boys in my third grade was an older, retarded child. The superintendent told me Gary could not learn. "We have no other place for him; just keep him happy," were his directions to me. It was my first year of teaching after two years of college — in those days one could earn a teaching certificate with two years preparation! Nothing in my college training or nineteen years of life had prepared me for a student like Gary. Perhaps if he could have been in a special class where he would have received guidance according to his ability he could have learned. Not knowing how to help, I followed the superintendent's directions. Gary's needs still haunt me.

Mary was a small, poorly dressed,



Jeff Birkby is pretending to carve the face of an outlaw on the boulder which stands in front of the Seton Library, located at the Philmont Scout Ranch, Cimarron, New Mexico. The face was really carved over 70 years ago and is the likeness of a western outlaw who was a member of Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch. The library was a favorite to spend free time from the work Jeff and his two brothers enjoyed during this past summer at the Scout Ranch. It holds the Seton collection of thousands of bird and mammal skins, drawings, paintings, Indian artifacts and over 30,000 volumes.

—Photo by Craig Birkby

undernourished looking child when she first entered third grade. She had frequent colds, difficulty breathing and indications of problem tonsils and adenoids. After much urging, Mary's mother agreed to allow me to take Mary to a doctor for evaluation. During vacation, a surgeon removed her greatly enlarged glands without cost. The change in Mary seemed miraculous; it was so rapid. She began to breathe through her nose, put on weight and she could hear! No wonder she had done so poorly in school!

At the time it never entered my mind what a great risk was involved! Now as I look back I realize how much responsibility I took in urging such action. Thank goodness Mary came through it all in fine shape.

Another girl I remember with sadness. Martha lived with relatives who truly resented her presence. Martha's own mother had never claimed her even though she had married and could have given her daughter whatever she needed. Why Martha had not been put out for adoption was a question never answered, for it was obvious no one in the family really cared for her.

Frequently this little girl would stay after school and help around the room. Her need for love and attention was so great as to be truly pathetic. I did what I could as a teacher to show her affection. At the end of the year I wept in the coat room after Martha shut the door behind her, the last of the class to reluctantly collect her books and other belongings and slowly kiss me goodbye. My tears were shed for all the

Marthas, small children who face the hard years of life virtually unloved and alone.

One rambunctious troublemaker in my class was named Homer. (His name was undoubtedly part of the difficulty!) I did not feel any rapport with this unruly youngster until I discovered that drawing was his major interest. In a desperate moment I suggested he draw a mural on the side blackboard using colored chalk. Soon Homer had horses of all shapes and colors galloping along the wall.

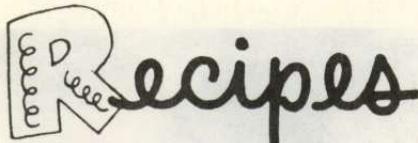
Homer never did become a good student academically, but he stopped becoming a discipline problem after he discovered he had an ability the entire class appreciated.

Henry was a red-headed boy full of spunk and energy and not one spark of interest in school. He surely was the boy who originated the statement that his favorite subject in school was recess. We had many confrontations through the year and I never did feel we achieved the same wave length. When Henry reached the upper grades he found his place in school as an athlete where his spunk and energy were released on the football field.

Raising three sons has helped me understand boys much better than in those early days of teaching. I wish I had another chance with Henry; surely I could do better now.

Where are all these youngsters — the whole procession of bright-eyed, intelligent boys and girls who were such a joy with which to work and the problem

(Continued on page 23)



**Tested
by the
Kitchen - Klatter
Family**

HONEY-PECAN LOAF

1 cup milk
1 cup honey
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 egg yolks
2 1/4 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 cup chopped pecans

Put the milk, honey, sugar, butter or margarine and flavoring into a saucepan and heat over low heat until well blended, stirring frequently. Set aside to cool. Grease a 5- by 10-inch loaf pan; line with waxed paper and grease the paper. In a large bowl beat the egg yolks slightly; then stir in the cooled honey mixture. Gradually stir in the sifted dry ingredients and the pecans just until mixed. Pour into the loaf pan and let stand 15 minutes before placing in a 350-degree oven. Bake about one hour and 20 minutes. Cool in the pan for 10 minutes; then remove from the pan, peel off the waxed paper and cool completely on a rack.

—Dorothy

DELICIOUS SALMON PIE

1 1-lb. can red salmon
1 slice wheat bread, crumbed
1 egg
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
1/4 cup milk
1 2-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
5 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

Flake the fish and combine with the bread crumbs and egg. Press into the bottom and on sides of an oiled 8-inch pie pan. Bake the salmon crust in a 350-degree oven for 15 minutes. Combine the soup, milk, mushrooms and Worcestershire sauce and heat. Add the sliced hard-cooked eggs to the mushroom sauce. Remove the pie from the oven and pour the hot sauce into it. Serve.

—Dorothy

NANKING CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 cup cooked chicken, cut up in cubes
2 cups Chinese noodles
1/2 cup green pepper, chopped
1/2 cup pimiento, chopped
1 cup chopped celery
1 small can mushrooms
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup
1 small can evaporated milk
Hard-cooked eggs
Slivered almonds

Combine first six ingredients. Blend soups and milk and add to first mixture. Place in greased baking dish. Set dish in pan of hot water. Bake 1 1/2 hours at 275 degrees; then increase heat to 325 and bake 30 minutes longer. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs (strips of white and mashed yolks) and slivered almonds. Almonds may be put on toward end of baking time, if desired.

The topping is different and adds to it. Serves 6.

—Margery

RUBY'S BARBECUED SPARERIBS

3 lbs. pork ribs
1 large onion, chopped
1 cup tomato juice
1/2 cup commercial barbecue sauce
1/4 cup brown sugar
2 Tbs. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. paprika
2 tsp. salt

Brown ribs in skillet. Remove and place in roaster. Brown onion in skillet; then add remaining ingredients. Let heat thru. Pour over meat. Bake for two hours at 350 degrees.

GREEN VEGETABLE SCRAMBLE

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen green beans
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas or lima beans
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen Brussels sprouts
2 10 1/2-oz. cans cream of celery soup (undiluted)
1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
1/2 cup grated cheese
Buttered bread crumbs

Cook vegetables according to package directions. Drain well. Combine soup, Country Style dressing and cheese. Toss lightly with cooked vegetables. Spoon into greased baking dish. Top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. The last 5 minutes, sprinkle a bit of additional cheese over top and let melt and bubble.

This is a large recipe. More or less of the vegetables may be used. Other vegetables may be added, also. A fine dish for a buffet or covered-dish meal.

—Evelyn

FRESH PEACH KUCHEN

1/2 cup butter or margarine
2 cups flour
1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/8 tsp. salt
2 Tbs. sugar
6 or 7 ripe fresh peaches
1 cup sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 cup commercial sour cream
2 egg yolks
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Make crust by cutting butter or margarine into sifted flour, baking powder, salt and 2 Tbs. sugar. Pat into oblong 7 1/2- by 11 1/2-inch pan, shaping sides up slightly. Slice peaches into crust and cover with 1 cup sugar and cinnamon. Bake 15 minutes at 400 degrees. Remove from oven and cover with mixture of sour cream, egg yolks and flavorings. Bake 30 minutes more or until lightly browned on top. Serve warm.

—Margery

DATE SQUARES

2 eggs
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 cup chopped dates
1 cup chopped walnuts or pecans
Beat eggs until fluffy; gradually add sugar. Beat until light and fluffy. Stir in flour sifted with baking powder. Next stir in dates and nuts and pour this into a buttered and floured 9-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Allow to cool completely before removing from pan.

—Mary Beth

BRUNSWICK STEW

1 3-lb. chicken, cut up
4 cups water
1 medium onion, sliced
1 #303 can whole kernel corn (in liquid)
1 #303 can tomatoes
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen lima beans
1/4 tsp. instant minced garlic
1 chicken bouillon cube
2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/8 tsp. cayenne pepper
1/4 cup softened margarine
3 Tbs. flour

Cover the chicken pieces with the water in a Dutch oven. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat to low, cover and cook until tender. Cool and bone the chicken and put the meat back in the broth. Stir in all the remaining ingredients except the margarine and flour. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat, cover and cook 30 minutes. Blend together the margarine and flour and add to the stew. Cook until it is slightly thickened.

—Dorothy

RAINBOW DESSERT

22 (1 pkg.) coconut cream cookies, crumbled in big pieces
 1 large container prepared topping (like Cool Whip)
 1 cup pecans, chopped
 1/2 gallon rainbow sherbet
 Mix together the crumbled cookies, prepared topping and nuts. Spread half of mixture in a 9- by 13-inch pan. Spoon sherbet by Tbls. (to get color effect use first one color then other) over the layer in pan. Spread rest of cookie, topping and nut mixture over the top. Freeze. Cut in squares to serve.

So beautiful and so good for club or party refreshment! Can be made with any ice cream or sherbet. —Margery

BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

1 pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
 1 egg, beaten
 1 Tbls. minced onion
 1/4 cup Cheddar cheese
 1/2 of 10 1/2 oz. can condensed mushroom soup
 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 1/2 cup cheese cracker crumbs
 Cook broccoli for 5 minutes. Drain. Mix egg, onion, cheese, soup and mayonnaise. Add broccoli and put in greased casserole. Sprinkle cracker crumbs over top. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes.

Fresh broccoli, cooked and chopped, may be used instead of the frozen.

—Margery

PINEAPPLE DREAM PIE

1 1/3 cups flaked coconut
 2 Tbls. margarine, melted
 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 3 1/4-oz. pkg. vanilla tapioca pudding mix
 1 1/4 cups milk
 1/3 cup pineapple juice
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 pkg. dessert topping mix (Dream Whip)
 3/4 cup crushed pineapple

Combine coconut and margarine; press on bottom and sides of 9-inch pie plate. Bake in slow oven (325 degrees) for 15 minutes until coconut is golden. Cool.

In medium saucepan combine gelatin and pudding mix, stir in milk. Cook and stir until mixture boils; remove from heat. Stir in pineapple juice and flavorings. Chill until partially set. Prepare dessert topping mix according to package directions. Fold into pudding mixture; add crushed pineapple. Turn into crust. Chill 5 to 6 hours. Wonderfully delicious!

You may omit the first two ingredients and turn into sherbet dishes.

—Margery

HAM AND ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

1 cup hot milk
 1/4 cup mild yellow cheese, grated
 2 Tbls. onion, chopped
 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
 2 Tbls. parsley, chopped
 3 eggs, beaten
 1 cup buttered bread crumbs
 4 cups cooked asparagus, drained
 3 cups cooked ham, diced
 3/4 cup dry bread crumbs
 1/4 cup margarine, melted
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine hot milk and cheese. Blend onion, dressing, parsley, and eggs. Add buttered bread crumbs and stir into hot milk mixture. Fold in cooked asparagus and diced ham. Pour into greased casserole. Top with dry bread crumbs which have been combined with margarine and butter flavoring. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 50 minutes.

To prepare for freezer, stop just before placing in oven. Wrap casserole in foil. Freeze until time to remove from freezer and thaw before placing in oven as directed. —Evelyn

MAKE-AHEAD SALAD

1 20-oz. pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
 1 cup vinegar
 1 cup sugar
 1/2 cup salad oil
 1 cup chopped celery
 1 cup chopped onion
 1 cup red and green peppers or pimientos

Cook vegetables as directed on package. Drain well. Combine vinegar, sugar and salad oil; boil 5 minutes. While vegetables and dressing are still hot, pour over drained vegetables. Let cool; then add remaining ingredients. Cover and refrigerate. Must be made several days before serving. —Margery

CRACKY BARS

1/2 box club crackers
 1 cup margarine
 1 cup brown sugar
 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
 1/3 cup milk
 1 cup coconut
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Your favorite chocolate frosting
 Line bottom of 9- by 13-inch pan with crackers. Put margarine and brown sugar in saucepan and melt. When melted add graham cracker crumbs, milk, coconut and flavorings. Cook, stirring, 5 minutes or until thickened. Pour over crackers, top with more crackers. When cool, frost with your favorite chocolate frosting. —Margery

ESPECIALLY GOOD RAW APPLE CAKE

2 cups sugar
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 2 eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 cups sifted flour
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1 Tbls. baking powder
 4 cups peeled, chopped, cooking apples

1/2 cup raisins
 1/2 cup chopped dates
 1/2 cup chopped pecans
 Cream together the sugar and butter or margarine. Add eggs and vanilla flavoring and beat well. Add the sifted ingredients and blend well. Stir in the apples, raisins, dates and nuts. Bake in a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan for 45 to 50 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

COMPANY CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 5-oz. can boned chicken
 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup
 1 10 1/2-oz. can chicken noodle soup
 1 small can chow mein noodles
 1 small can (5 1/3 oz.) evaporated milk
 4 slices bread, cubed
 1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine first 5 ingredients in 8-inch square baking pan or casserole. Toss bread cubes in melted butter or margarine. Add butter flavoring. Sprinkle over top of ingredients in casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. 1 1/2 cups of cooked, diced chicken may be substituted for the can of boned chicken if desired.

It is amazing how far a small amount of chicken can be stretched with this recipe! For a gourmet touch, a can of mushrooms or fresh mushrooms sauteed in butter may be added to the first combination of ingredients. With a tossed salad, hot rolls and a fruit dessert this makes a fine meal. —Evelyn

POTATOES AU GRATIN

1/4 lb. Cheddar cheese, grated
 2 cups sliced boiled peeled potatoes
 Salt and pepper
 2 eggs, slightly beaten
 1 cup milk
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Butter or margarine
 Butter a casserole and sprinkle half of the cheese in dish. Cover with potatoes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix eggs, milk and 1/2 tsp. salt and pour over potatoes. Sprinkle with remaining cheese. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake about 40-45 minutes at 350 degrees. Serves 4. —Margery

PRIZE-WINNING WATERMELON PICKLES

Peel from 1 watermelon (about 5 lbs. of peel)

8 tsp. powdered alum

1 quart vinegar

8 cups white sugar

1 Tbls. whole cloves

2 sticks cinnamon

Food coloring if desired

Select firm, thick watermelon rind.

Peel off green rind and the pink inside. Cut into bite-sized pieces. Cover with water in large kettle. Simmer until just barely tender — can be pierced by a

fork. This takes 15 to 20 minutes. Do not overcook or the pickles will be soft. Add alum to hot water. Remove from heat. Let stand overnight. The next day drain off the alum water. Rinse watermelon rind through at least 2 waters. Drain well. Return to kettle. Add remaining ingredients. (Tie spices in a bag before adding.) Stir until sugar is dissolved as mixture comes to a boil. When mixture comes to a good boil, remove from heat. Let stand 24 hours. Heat to boiling point again. Remove from heat and let stand 5 days. Can cold, removing spice bag. Add a few drops of color desired to each jar. This will permeate the pickles as jars stand. (If you prefer sealing pickles, heat to boiling, ladle into jars, screw on canning lids. However, I have always canned these cold, put on tight lids and stored. They have kept perfectly.)

This is a watermelon pickle which has won a number of county and state fair prizes. —Evelyn

BUTTER BRICKLE & PEACH DESSERT

1 29-oz. can of sliced peaches

1 regular-sized box butter brickle cake mix

1/2 cup melted butter or margarine

Put peaches, juice and all, in 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle dry cake mix over all of peaches. Dribble melted butter or margarine over cake mix. Bake at 350 degrees until cake is done. Serve warm or cold. Easy and delicious. —Margery

BUMPY COOKIES

3/4 cup vegetable shortening

3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed

1 egg

1/2 cup orange juice

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 cup flour

1 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. soda

2 cups quick rolled oats

1 cup chocolate chips

1 cup grated raw carrots

1/2 cup raisins

1 1/2 cups Rice Krispies

Cream the shortening and brown sugar together. Add the egg, juice, and flavorings and beat until smooth. Sift the flour, salt and soda together and add to the shortening and sugar mixture. Mix well. Add the rolled oats, chocolate chips, carrots, raisins and Rice Krispies. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and flatten with the spoon. Bake about 15 minutes in a 375-degree oven. These are good frosted or plain.

—Dorothy



A Good Place to Start

In these days of rising prices, budget-stretching is a popular pastime. And the food bill is a good place to start. How easy it is to add goodness, glamour and aroma . . . and surprises, too . . . when you use economical Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings. Because they're made to cook into — not out of — whatever you make or bake, a little goes a long way. Have you tried all 16 flavors?

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STUFFED CHICKEN BREASTS WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

1/4 cup flour

1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. paprika

Dash of pepper

4 chicken breasts, boned and flattened

Mix flour, salt, paprika and pepper in bag. Shake chicken to coat.

Stuffing

2 cups dry bread cubes

1 Tbls. chopped onion

1/4 tsp. poultry seasoning

Dash pepper

2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine

1/4 cup hot water

1/2 cup margarine, melted

Combine bread cubes, onion, seasonings, 2 Tbls. butter or margarine and water. Toss gently to moisten. Fill chicken breasts with stuffing. Hold together with toothpicks or skewers. Dip chicken in the 1/2 cup melted margarine. Place in baking dish. Drizzle with additional margarine. Bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes. Turn over and bake 45 minutes more, or until tender.

Serve with Mushroom Sauce.

Mushroom Sauce

1 3-oz. can mushrooms, stems and pieces, entire contents of can

1/4 cup minced onion

2 Tbls. margarine

2 Tbls. flour

1/2 cup sour cream

1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. pepper

Simmer mushrooms and onions in margarine for about 10 minutes. Remove the mushrooms and onions and stir flour into the margarine. Add sour cream and seasonings. Heat, stirring constantly just to boiling point, then add mushrooms and onions and serve over the chicken. May have to dilute if cream is too thick. I had to add a little water to mine so it would be more sauce-like.

—Margery

SAUSAGE SURPRISE PIE

4 medium-sized sweet potatoes

1/2 cup orange juice

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 egg

1/2 tsp. salt

1 lb. sausage meat

Cook sweet potatoes in boiling salted water till tender. Peel and mash. Add remaining ingredients except sausage meat. Blend thoroughly. Sauté sausage over medium heat, stirring frequently until browned. Drain off fat. Place sausage in bottom of 8-inch pan. Top with sweet potato mixture. Brush with drippings and bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes. Invert on platter and serve.

—Margery

ANOTHER SCHOOL YEAR STARTS FOR THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

This day has begun with me already behind in the jobs which didn't get accomplished yesterday. By the time you read this letter Katharine will be off to Hillsdale, Michigan, to begin her first semester at Hillsdale College. But right as of today we are still racing to the shopping centers to buy those necessities that she must have before she goes away. I didn't remember that such a vast amount of things had to be collected when I went away to school, but I don't suppose things are much different now than they were then. I didn't have to take bedding, but Katharine is obliged to bring sheets, blanket, pillow, bedspread and a small area rug. Now we have discovered that she needs a foot locker or some kind of small trunk in which to store many of her belongings.

Hillsdale is in the south central part of Michigan, right in line of the heavy snowstorms that whip across Iowa, immobilize Chicago, and then gather up moisture over the southern end of Lake Michigan to dump it over the southern tip of Michigan. Because of the distance we'll not be seeing her very soon, so this necessitates sending along her warmer winter clothes during this hot part of the year. AND this necessitates that yearly chore which haunts me, but must be done, else Katharine will have no warm coat — and that is to clean out the "mile-long", walk-in closet, where the central idea is to store out-of-season clothes, but which is, in truth, the place to put things which have no immediate home and which must be cleared off the kitchen cabinet.

Don and I will drive Katharine to school a week and a half before our schedule begins at the Academy, so we'll have a least a chance to see her settled into her room. We're still debating whether we should take her bicycle, and that will really finish off the packing job in the station wagon.

We'll need to take Paul along to help with the heavy loading. (Thank goodness his muscles are catching up with his long, gangling, six-foot bones!) I cannot believe that this boy of ours is so tall. He has begun shattering the supporting members of the house with the thud and crunch of bar bells or weights. He usually confines himself to the outside with this exercise, because when done inside he hits the ceiling with his overhead exercises. What will develop this winter when he cannot go outside remains to be seen. The basement does not have a ceiling high enough to permit such strenuous exercises. Aah, these modern houses!



Katharine Driftmier leaves for Hillsdale College this month.

We're all kicking ourselves because we talked about spading up a section of the yard where there was full sunshine for several hours of the day, but we never got beyond the planning stage. Now we find ourselves caught in that all too familiar bind of high produce prices and no garden of our own to ease the problem. So Donald has taken to spading up and enriching the soil in a large section of the yard so that next year we will be ready. Really, I doubt that the soil would have produced anything with much value in the area of nutrients. The quality of our grass is quite poor, so I think any great crop from this same soil is questionable. Next year, however, if we start in winter with little seedlings inside the house and don't put them into the earth until the last frost, which in our undependable climate will be late June, we might have enough to fill our table needs with enough to put up for the winter freezer.

Just before the President announced his Phase IV program a neighbor and I drove to Watertown, which is 20 miles west of Delafield, to order a steer for our freezers. We had agreed that we would split the meat between us, but now I discover that the news media consider this as hoarding meat. I am sometimes confused to discover which kind of person I am, depending upon which network we listen to. I do know that our neighbors are looking at our rectangle of turned-over earth with grass clippings occasionally worked into it and wondering if we are planning to bury our dog and cats. I feel like putting a sign near it with the explanation that this is a Victory Garden for 1974!

Speaking of pets reminds me that I

have not told you about our gerbil cages for the summer. When I closed up my classroom in June, I had a 30-gallon leaker tank which Katharine had been running for me, with a dense forest of greenery in it and a few little animals existing on the grubs which lived therein, and two medium-sized tanks with two and three gerbils respectively. Paul eagerly tied into the tanks at home and set up a two-story house for three of the youngest gerbils. He went to an enormous amount of work, and the little ones were fascinated with their new arrangements. However, it came about that I was able to get a new female from a friend, and I thought it would be fun for the September class to have a new little family to watch. This past year the mother gerbil was inclined to go berserk and eat her babies when she delivered them, and it grew a little grim to have to explain to these little children in my class that this was natural when an animal mother was frightened. However, all my plans have been thwarted! I gave away all but one of the gerbils; kept one good-looking boy; made a nice, fragrant wood-chip nest for the new lady, and suddenly one day she died. Now we are down to one lone gerbil, playing alone in his two-story apartment. I am going to have to get busy before school starts or I won't have anything for my classroom, and the children really found this a great source of enjoyment. These gerbils require very little attention and are unusually clean. They require the simplest kinds of food, and they are daytime players as opposed to those small animals which come out only at night.

This afternoon Adrienne and I are planning to make butter. Ever since we were in Plymouth, Massachusetts, Adrienne has been struck with the desire to make her own butter. We have quite a supply of cream which builds up in our refrigerator, and we can either make ice cream with the excess which we get from a farm friend or we can make butter. Last week when we made chocolate ice cream, it suddenly dawned upon me that it would be easy to make butter in our ice cream maker. The paddles on this turn at what appears to be just the right speed. Adrienne watched the Pilgrim ladies at Plymouth Plantation making their butter in old-fashioned churning, but these were not available at the store they ran. We did not have time to buy a butter churn nor even to stop at the numerous antique shops that are so readily available in the New England states. So now we are back in the Midwest and the price of a real old-fashioned butter churn is more than I care to invest. We tried once making it in the blender,

(Continued on page 22)

MUSIC AND OUR PRESIDENTS

by

Virginia Thomas

More songs have been written about George Washington and Abraham Lincoln than any other two men in history. Are you as surprised as I to learn this?

The most well-known music connected with Washington is that called "President's March" which later became the popular "Hail Columbia". Its composer was Philip Phyle, and it is thought he wrote this for Washington's inauguration. The words of "Hail Columbia" were set to melody some five years later by Joseph Hopkinson, son of Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a great friend of Washington.

Many other songs honored the first president and after he died many funeral dirges were composed and dedicated to his name.

It seems strange that over 500 published songs were written about Lincoln, and yet most of them are now forgotten. There is record of one Lincoln ditty sung to a Negro spiritual which finally became "The Old Grey Mare". Another Lincoln song was "We Are Coming, Father Abraham", written after his call for 300,000 volunteers. One of Lincoln's own favorite musical numbers was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic".

Many of our presidents have been good musicians themselves, and it says something for these men that nearly every president has shown appreciation of music. I like the story of the exception, President Grant, who said, "I know only two tunes. One is 'Yankee Doodle' and the other isn't."

Jefferson was a talented musician and owned a rare Maggini violin. He once studied the violin in Paris and while he was there Ben Franklin used to drop in for an evening of music, accompanying Jefferson on the guitar. A violin and other musical instruments are on display in Jefferson's home at Monticello.

Did you know that Woodrow Wilson had a splendid tenor voice and once sang with the famous Princeton University Glee Club? He also helped to organize and sang in the Johns Hopkins U. Glee Club.

Warren G. Harding dearly loved music and one of his dreams was to make Washington, D.C., the music and art center of the nation. He is said to have played every instrument except the slide trombone and the E-flat clarinet in the brass band of his home town in Ohio.

President McKinley also enjoyed singing and began a custom of having Sunday night hymn sings at the White House during the time he was living there.



Making their way to the front of Frederick's church in Springfield, Mass., to look at the beautiful new organ are Donald and Mary Beth, their children Paul, Adrienne and Katharine, and Mrs. Paul Schneider, Mary Beth's mother, who made the trip east with them.

Calvin Coolidge liked to sing, accompanied at the piano by his wife, Grace.

Many of us recall President Harry Truman playing the piano, especially his favorite "Missouri Waltz", while he was in the White House. His daughter Margaret was also a musician and studied voice and sang in concerts.

Today President Nixon has been known to spend a relaxing hour playing the White House piano.

Presidents, like the rest of us, would probably agree with President Harding who said, "We cannot have too much music; we need it; the world needs it."

GET-ACQUAINTED GAMES FOR A PARENT-TEACHER PARTY

Post Office: Place two boxes near the entrance door, along with slips of paper and pencils. As each guest arrives he writes his name on one slip of paper and his address on another. He then drops them into the boxes which have been labeled "Names" and "Addresses". When all have arrived, have each guest draw a slip from each box and pin them to his shoulder. The guests are then instructed to move around the room, seeking to locate the owner of the names and addresses they wear. They ask each person they contact, "Is this your name or address?" If the answer is yes, they exchange the name or address (or both, if correct). They keep on trading until eventually each one should have his own name and address pinned to his shoulder.

Lucky Spot: As the party begins, after a great deal of "fanfare", announce that a fine prize will be given to the one sitting nearest a secret lucky spot when the signal is given sometime during the evening. This should keep the guests moving about and thus getting better acquainted. Wait until toward the close of the eve-

ning to announce the lucky spot (a certain chair, window, lamp, paper, or picture) and to award the prize.

Goofy Relay: Divide the players into two teams of equal number and have each side number off consecutively. Designate a special way of racing for each number, such as No. 1 Hop on left foot; No. 2 Skip sideways; No. 3 Hop backwards, etc. Be sure each number understands what he is to do. Then at a signal the first on each side races to goal line and back in the prescribed manner, then the second, etc. The first team to finish wins.

Astronaut Bingo: Have balloons of uniform size and shape. Give one to each player. Players blow up balloons as large as possible and hold the air in them until they "launch" them. Have a spot designated as the "launch pad". Players take turns stepping onto the pad to let their balloon rockets "blast off". Each player then goes to stand on his deflated balloon, wherever it falls. The astronaut whose balloon lands the farthest out from the launching pad wins the prize.

—Virginia Thomas

Dear Teacher:

Kindergarten starts today,
And my small son of five
Goes confidently on his way
With bold and manly drive
To meet the challenge of the world
Of paste and scissors, paint and chalk,
Of crayons, paper, clay and mold —
To learn to march and softly walk
On tiptoe 'round the ring of chairs,
And skip the classroom's length.
I've scrubbed him, tamed unruly hairs —
It's taken all my strength.
Inoculated with a kiss
And fortified with hug,
I send my Joe, all joy and bliss,
Complete with resting rug! —His mother

—Thanks to a church paper



Lest We Forget

Program Helps for Gold Star Month

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Use a low bowl arrangement of the Veteran's Day memorial poppies, and beside it place a large white candle or a tall white taper in a holder. The candle is lighted just before the program begins.

The purple heart, a folded flag,
A blue star turned to gold;
Tangible objects unyielding,
Are hers to have and hold.
She gazes on a photograph,
Feeling so alone this day,
Then clasps her hands, and God hears
A Gold Star Mother pray,
"I thank Thee for the son you loaned
A little while to me.
May peace now be a memorial, Lord,
For the son I gave back to Thee."

—Adapted

Scripture: *God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*

Therefore we will not fear though the earth should change, though the mountains shake in the heart of the sea; though the waters of the earth foam, though the mountains tremble with its tumult . . .

The nations rage, the kingdoms totter; He utters His voice and the earth melts.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, how He has wrought desolations in the earth.

He makes wars cease to the end of the earth; He breaks the bow, and shatters the spear, He burns the chariots with fire!

Be still, and know that I am God. I am exalted among the nations, I am exalted in the earth!

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

—Excerpts from Psalm 46

Hymn: "God of Our Fathers".

Prayer: Dear God, Father of all mankind, we seek Thy guidance and Thy strength as we strive to heal this broken world, so pulled apart and torn by strife, mistrust, greed, and hatred. Show us, O God, how to be a strong force for good, so that those who died for our country and for us did not die in vain. Show us to the path of love and understanding as we work together as persons, that we may work together as friends and brothers so that all mankind may know freedom and love

through us. Amen.

Leader: (Holds up an American flag.) Old Glory! What do you see when you look at our flag? Freedom? A good life? A great land from "sea to shining sea"? A banner borne in bloody battle? A symbol draped over the remains of a fallen soldier?

The flag stands for so much! It seems fitting that it have its place here as we observe Gold Star month today. Our gold stars represent loved ones who gave their lives for that banner.

There are those who would desecrate this emblem today. We can only pity them because they do not understand.

"The things that flag stands for were created by the experiences of a great people. Everything that it stands for was written by their lives. The flag is the embodiment, not of sentiment, but of history." (Woodrow Wilson) It does not stand for the irreproachable, nor say that we have made no mistakes. But, rather, it symbolizes the ideals, the visions, the faith in our country, for which true, honest Americans are always striving, and for which many have given their lives in sacrifice. The flag says to us, "Remember those who have gone before. Be strong! Right the wrongs! Carry on!" (Places flag beside poppy arrangement in low holder.)

THE VOICE OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

"Let me speak," said the unknown soldier.

"I died to set men free.
Was I Protestant, Jew, or Catholic?
Of high or low degree?

Did my ancestors come on the Mayflower,
Or in the steerage cheap?

Was my blood dark blue or crimson
As it flowed through my death wounds
deep?

Let him who knows the answer
Be the first to raise the call,
And tell what race, or class or creed,
Or cult is best of all.

The answer comes from the Great Beyond,

From the Master's heavenly hall.
'In my sight you are all alike.

I am the Father of all.'

—Author unknown

Song: "My Country 'Tis of Thee"

"JES OBSERVIN'"

If you show people you're a live wire, they won't step on you.

If looking at the higher-ups makes you discontented, try looking down occasionally at those less fortunate than yourself.

A diet is the penalty for exceeding the feed limit.

Don't itch for something you are not willing to scratch for.

Most children nowadays think a well-balanced meal is a hamburger in each hand.

It's amazing how fast your whole conscience begins to unravel the minute a stitch is dropped.

The trouble with many people in trying times is that they stop trying.

Those who say you can't take it with you never saw a car packed for a vacation trip.

Remember at every time you give someone a "piece of your mind", you add to your own vacuum.

You're an old-timer if you remember when meals were thought out, not thawed out.

How can a rumor get around so fast when it doesn't have a leg to stand on?

It wouldn't be so bad to let your mind go blank if someone would just turn the sound off.

Our days are identical suitcases — all the same size — but some people can pack more into them than others.

All of us are more or less foolish, but it wouldn't be so bad if we didn't try to prove it now and then.

When the young complain to you about the old, and the old complain to you about the young — you are *middle-aged!*

Time was when a wayward child was straightened out by being bent over.

When money is found growing on trees, there's usually some grafting going on.

The most disappointed people in the world are those who get what is coming to them.

Many of us are so busy doing things for tomorrow that we are too tired to do our work today.

The family tree is worth bragging about if it has consistently produced good timber, not just nuts.

Perseverance means the ability to stick to something you ain't stuck on but got stuck with.

Be careful when you criticize the poor; remember the mind comes in second when the stomach is empty.

A well-regulated husband is one who cannot pass a mailbox without feeling in his pockets.

A model home isn't worth a darn without a model family inside.

When in hot water up to your neck, take a tip from the teakettle — sing!





COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

COOK WITH HONEY! — a delightfully illustrated honeypot — combines a variety of recipes featuring nature's own sweetener and a wealth of useful information. For, along with a sampling of her favorite honey recipes, Beverly Kees, who tests each recipe in her own now very likely sticky kitchen, offers her readers many helpful hints on the properties and use of honey.

Andy Burrows of Vermont sent along this recipe for honey drops — equally effective for a sweet tooth or a scratchy throat. In a large saucepan combine 1 1/4 cups honey, 1/4 cup light corn syrup, 2 1/2 cups water and 1 tablespoon butter; cook rapidly until 278 degrees (light crack stage) is reached. Stir vigorously and spread in a large shallow pan. While the candy is still warm, shape into drops and wrap with waxed paper.

In using honey, remember that it keeps baked goods such as cakes and breads softer longer. It is as sweet as sugar and can replace it cup for cup, but the liquid in the recipe should then be reduced by 1/4 cup for each 1 cup honey used. One tablespoon honey equals 65 calories and it is mostly carbohydrate.

Included in **COOK WITH HONEY!** are tempting recipes such as: Honeyed



Mother, Leanna Driftmier playing with one of the dogs on the Johnson farm while visiting a week with Frank and Dorothy.

Ham, Honey Baked Beans, Honey Nut Coffee Cake, Honey Fudge Fondue (a good topping for ice cream), Honey Chip Bars, Peach Treat, and Hot Honey Cider.

Remember that honey, nature's natural sweetener, can be kind to both the budget and the palate.

Beverly Kees is special sections Editor of the *Minneapolis Star*, in charge of the weekly Taste and daily Variety sections. The Harvest Home Cookbook, **COOK WITH HONEY!** by Miss Kees is published by the Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, \$1.25.

When I read that the latest book written by Janice Holt Giles is called *The Kinta Years*, the title intrigued me. When Janice Holt was four years old her family moved to Kinta, Oklahoma, where her father was to be principal of the new school. She remembers clearly the day of their move and her first

meeting with Corinne Moore, who was her best friend during the six years the Holts spent in Kinta.

The Moores lived in the house next door. Like many of the townspeople, they were part Choctaw, for Oklahoma had been admitted to the Union only recently and Kinta was situated in what had been Indian Territory a few years before.

In *The Kinta Years* (Houghton Mifflin, Publishers, \$7.95), Janice Holt Giles shows us a vanished world, where life was simpler and in some ways more harsh. There were still wolves on the prairies and children sickened, and sometimes died, of diseases that are no longer considered a threat. But it also was a world in which values were clearly defined. The story of Janice Holt — which has been compared to the *Little House* books — is a small segment of the story of America, a nostalgic glimpse into our recent past.

LAFEMME PACK RAT

Ye old barber shop of years back had a cabinet in it, divided into small partitions which held their customers' shaving mugs. These mugs are now being sought after by many people who enjoy collecting them. These mugs, in addition to carrying the owner's name, usually in gold letters, had some painted symbol of his occupation on it.

The mugs to be decorated were usually imported from various parts of Germany. They were heavy white porcelain, similar to our coffee cups in shape and size.

Shaving mugs are not marked and you may find the same design used many times; however, names and initials make mugs individual and one of a kind.

Many collectors prefer to collect mugs in one field rather than a variety. There are mugs which show boats of various types — steamboats, tugboats or sailboats. There are mugs depicting sports, railways, flags, fire engines — the list is endless. Perhaps this hobby is to your liking, if not, maybe next month's hobby will interest you.

—Mrs. Eugene Kiso



IDEAS FOR FAVORS

For old wooden spools, paint if plain, cover top and bottom with felt. Insert in top hole, a bouquet of flowers of fresh, straw or artificial. We added a miniature animal beside flowers. Nice for shut-ins or trays to sick people.

Another tray decoration — save colored tops from spray cans. Fill with clay, styrofoam, etc., and insert artificial flowers. We used them as place cards at a banquet.

—A listener

Happiness 12 Times a Year!

Yes, that's exactly what happens when you send a gift subscription of **Kitchen-Klatter Magazine** to the people you love.

It's the one perfect way to say "thank you" for the kindness that money can never repay.

It's the one perfect way to bring home folks to your friends and relatives who've left the Midwest for distant places.

It's the one perfect way to encourage young women who are starting out in their own homes.

And it's the one perfect way to help ease the heavy loneliness that so many people feel today.

We send cards to the people who will be receiving **Kitchen-Klatter** from you (written by hand, of course).

\$2.00 per year, 12 issues

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(Iowa residents, please add Sales Tax.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

We had a serious debate around the dinner table recently as to whether the row of old lilacs, that extends along the west side of our driveway, should be removed. For about ten days in late May, the lilacs are a thing of beauty and they perfume the whole yard. After that their reason for being there is debatable. The florets from the bloom heads litter the driveway and nearby flower beds and suckers come out from the base of the main trunks and threaten to spread into the road unless pruned back. In winter the lilac hedge catches snow which banks up and plugs the driveway.

But from early spring on, the lilacs are a haven for birds. Robins perch in the branches and make forays into the vegetable garden and berry patch. Catbirds make their plaintive calls and the little wrens flit in and out of the bushes. On the west side of the lilac row, just under the overhang, we planted many clumps of daffodils that come up each spring and bloom before the lilacs leaf out. Maybe these are some of the reasons why that old row of lilacs is still intact after all these years!

There are so many fine French lilacs and innumerable hybrids that one ought to grow because of their rich coloring and immense clusters of bloom. Here is a partial list of fine specimen lilacs that you may wish to try this fall.

Congo is an immense wine-red single that forms a dense, well-rounded bush. Amy Schott is a striking blue double. Madame Antoine Buchner is a fine double pink and De Miribel is a choice dark bluish-violet single. Charles Joly is a double purplish-red and one of the finest in this color class.

Lilacs will grow in almost any well-drained soil and if fertilized frequently, you will get vigorous, strong bushes. Old cattle manure is recommended rather than chemical fertilizers.

If you want exhibition blooms, do prune off the old flower heads as soon as they have faded. You can prune out all weak wood that does not have flower heads. You can tell in late winter which branches will produce flowers by the bud swellings on the tips. Own root lilacs may be more costly than the grafted sorts, but are well worth the extra money invested in them.

* * *



Juliana and Jed Lowey have found there is a great deal that little youngsters can do to help with the gardening. A favorite chore for Katharine and James is watering, and there is a considerable amount of that to do in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where the family lives.

KITCHEN CHATTER

by
Mildred Grenier

SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: The words, and letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can decipher, and read the verse. The answer will be at the end of this column.
MA EY CEEEERRVN I SAHLL DORL
DAN CYAURTANS EHT PEEK SHAT-
BABS YM YM.

Railroad's crossing's greatest need — Twice the caution, half the speed.

Car sickness refers to that feeling Mom gets when she puts the first dent in the fender.

This hint comes to us from the Consumer Service Department of Best Foods in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. Make colorful jumping ropes for the children by dunking ordinary clothesline, cut the proper length, in a solution of Rit dye. Finish the ends by tying on empty thread spools that have been tinted matching or contrasting colors.

Did you know, too, that you can tint your costume jewelry to almost any hue you may wish to match your wardrobe? Make a solution of 1/2 package Rit dye or 2 tablespoons Rit liquid dye in 1 pint of hot water. Add simulated pearls, plastic jewelry or buttons. Lift and turn with kitchen spoon until desired color is reached.

Frozen Food Advertisement: The Best Food You Ever Thaw.

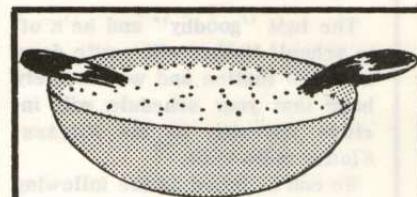
A traffic cop is the thing that keeps many people from going places fast.

Here is an idea for gala party decora-

tions for a teen-ager's party. Soak brightly colored yarn in paste and wrap around and around criss-cross fashion on large, blown-up balloons. Scatter on glitter or sequins and allow to dry thoroughly. Pop the balloons and pull away. Hang decorations with string or ribbon tied through the top. Or you may wish to leave the balloons intact, and hang.

You can also make party hats for children by using the blown-up balloons. Dip torn pieces or strips of rice paper or newspaper into paste and mold over the blown-up balloon for basic hat shape. Decorate the hat any way you wish — by cutting the child's name of paper and pasting on the hat; or dip crushed pieces of tissue paper into paste and cluster over the hat to give a flowered appearance; or by pressing small artificial flowers or other trinkets into the hat and allowing to dry. When dry, slowly let the air out of the balloon and gently pull away from the hat. If you are careful and do not break the balloon, it may be blown up again and hung for party decorations.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: Leviticus 26:2. Ye shall keep my sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary; I am the Lord.



A Big Bowl of Nuthin'

As one of our teenagers might put it, most salads are a "big bowl of nuthin'" until the dressing goes on. And what a difference that dressing does make!

Some prefer the tangy sweetness of French Dressing. Others like the rich, spicy flavor of Country Style. And more and more people are being drawn to new Italian Dressing. Whatever your preference, you'll never find better than Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings. Flavor, aroma and texture which tell of finest ingredients, carefully blended. A taste treat as salad dressing or marinade . . . and at a price you can live with.

At your grocer's, now.

**Kitchen-Klatter
Salad Dressings**

FIRST LOVE

On Junior, formerly
Unabashed and unwashed,
Gallons of water
Tonight has sloshed,
For his heart has been lost
To a dream of a girl
And now he is off
To give her a whirl,
Groomed as befits
Such a breathless occasion —
Galahad scrubbed
To the point of abrasion!

—Christian Home church paper



The last "goodby" and he's off to school! Mother will settle down to a new routine and we sincerely hope that your schedule will include listening to the *Kitchen-Klatter* radio visit.

We can be heard on the following radio stations:

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



A favorite pastime of James and Katharine when they visit their Grandmother Lowey in Mass. is feeding the ducks at Falmouth, a short drive from Woods Hole.

LITTLE SCHOOLHOUSE — Concluded

ed and all was well.

Did you ever go into a one-room school on a cold winter morning? Fear and trembling went right along until you found out whether that big black coal-eating monster had "kept fire" the night before. If it had, oh happy day! Open the damper, throw in the coal brought in the evening before, and luxuriate in the waves of heat. If it hadn't, those schoolhouse corners were COLD! Teacher had to use plenty of kindling, a judicious amount of kerosene, lots of "know-how" and patience, and a hope that her students wouldn't arrive until the room "warmed up". And there were two more necessities — heavy gloves and oceans of hand lotion.

Sometimes one of the larger boys of the district was hired to build fires and carry out ashes. This made any teacher's life a whole lot brighter.

We have had young people ask, "How could you have all the grades in one room? Why didn't everyone watch everyone else?" Perhaps things come full circle, even if somewhat altered. At least one new elementary school in our county has "open classrooms", with dividers instead of solid walls, wherein different groups work on varied projects. Our daughter Dale did student teaching and substitute teaching in a junior high school in Ottumwa, Iowa, the past school year which had open classrooms, and was highly enthusiastic about the learning situation.

Anything viewed in retrospect may seem more pleasant than it actually was. Certainly our by-gone country schools could not be considered practical today, but never let it be said those rural boys and girls were underprivileged. Far from it! They learned a lot — from books and from life. And Teacher did, too!

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

we hope they'll return soon for a longer visit.

I hope all of you have been having a delightful summer. It has been a good summer for us. There is something about our New England hills that brings out the best in people, and as we have driven through the countryside we have been refreshed and inspired by recalling some of the famous men who produced some of their greatest works in this part of New England. Melville wrote *Moby Dick* here in the Berkshires. Hawthorne completed *The House of Seven Gables* not too far from where I am writing right now. It was in the Berkshires that William Stanley developed the transformer and Zenas Crane perfected his secret formula for U.S. currency — which the company he founded still manufactures. Some of America's great industrialists — Carnegie, Westinghouse, Procter, and others — have found the Berkshires a source of inspiration and renewed energy. And many of the country's great educators, theologians, intellectuals, and artists have grown up in our rural, New England schools. Once again Betty and I have been reminded that there is a certain quality of life here in New England that challenges us to protect our moral and intellectual standards.

Sincerely,

Fredrick

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

and is now riding a bigger one, so she let me borrow her small one for Aaron. He is certainly going to be surprised when he sees it. We don't know how long they will get to stay, but however long we will enjoy every minute of their visit. I'll be telling you all about it in my next letter and I hope we can get some good pictures to share with you.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS — Concl.

whatever presented itself. On the floor lay the spring to the clock, by now many times larger than it had been originally. It took the combined efforts of all of them and several hours of hard work to wind the spring into a compact circle again. For a long time no one dared say "clock spring" around Father!

Now, I have this kitchen clock that needs cleaning and it's not worth the cost of professional help. I think one can still buy kerosene; and somewhere there must be a hen with an extra wing feather.

I wonder

PLAY BALL! - Concluded

weeks on end, has some reminders for us, too. For every game there are the goal lines and goal posts, but my, have you ever noticed how often that pesky ball goes everywhere but over the goal line? There are "fumbles", "penalties", "incomplete passes", "blocking" - so many things to keep that ball from being carried across the goal line. But the game goes right on and the players keep trying, keep on trying to "hold that line"! We, too, will have plenty of fumbles, many mistakes and, of course, have to pay the penalties, but we must always push onward to hold that line, to get the job done.

I came across a clipping recently entitled "Rules of the Game" by an unknown author. I'd like to quote it for you. The author begins by saying, "It is the Chaplain's advice to my son on graduation day." Here it is:

"I am giving you the ball, Son, and naming you quarterback for your team in the game of life. I am your coach, so I'll give it to you straight.

"There is only one schedule to play. It lasts all your life, but consists of only one game. It is long, with no time out and no substitutions. You play the whole game - all your life.

"You'll have a great backfield. You are calling the signals, but the other three fellows in your backfield with you have great reputations. They are named Faith, Hope, and Charity.

"You'll work behind a truly powerful line. End to end, it consists of Honesty, Loyalty, Devotion to Duty, Self Respect, Sturdy Cleanliness, Good Behavior, and Courage.

"The Goal Posts are the Gates of Heaven.

"God is the referee and sole official. He makes the rules, and there is no appeal from them.

"There are ten rules. You know them as the Ten Commandments, and you play them strictly in accordance with your own religion.

"There is also an important ground rule. It is *As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise*.

"Here is the ball. Hold onto it. Now, Son, get in there and let's see what you can do with it."

(Someone appears on stage with all of the different balls that have been used as props or all helpers might parade across the stage.)

Narrator: I'll close our mini-lesson on the ball games with my version of the Chaplain's challenge. Here is the ball - our new club (church) year for 1973-1974. Now, let's get in there and see what we can do with it. **PLAY BALL!**

"Character is the result of two things: mental attitude and the way we spend our time." —Elbert Hubbard



James and Katharine, "garden checkers" for their mother, Julianne Lowey, examine the cabbage.

September

by
Virginia Thomas

SEPTEMBER is one of the most significant months of the year, the "crossroads" of the year in many ways, for it is a time of looking backward and of looking forward, a time for both realizations and expectations. Comes September and we remember (perhaps regret a bit their passing) the happy, carefree times of the recent past, even as we are anticipating new goals, new experiences, new friendships, and the harvest time ahead. It is an ending and a beginning.

September means that summer is over, and with it the grand family gatherings, the lazy days in the sun, the spur-of-the-moment picnics and barbecues, the class reunions, the delightful hours spent with gardens and flowers, the vacation trips, the camping weekends. The time has come to return to the routine of office, the regulated hours of school, the accommodating of the household to various schedules and pressures of time, the harvesting of the crops.

For many of us it may be the beginning of a new way of life - in college or in business. It often means the beginning of new friendships, new ideas, new dreams and visions of future accomplishments.

September is also the month of realization. As the first frosts come and the evening breezes turn crisp and chill, we tingle with an awareness of the approach of fall. We are quick to note the brilliant burst of color of the sumac, the last concerts of the summer birds before they depart for the Southlands, the pure blue of the September skies. We fairly "drink in" the rich aroma of ripening grapes, the beauty of the scarlet and gold and brown of the turning leaves, the yellow ears of corn hanging thickly in the fields, the bright orange

of pumpkins piled near the cellar door of the storage cave, the warm red of the apple-laden trees in the orchard. We breathe a silent "Thank you, God", for the beauty and the promise of the good earth. It is the time to read again these lines from Keats:

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosomed friend of maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and
bless thatch eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the
core.

September is a time for a gathering of friends around a campfire, for wiener roasts, for a hayrack ride.

September is a time to think back and count our blessings, to look ahead and be thankful for the good things of life which are ours to enjoy and to share.



NOT ONE DROP

We've been asked why we market Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner as a dry powder, rather than as a liquid cleaner. There are lots of reasons. Here are a few:

Why should you pay us for water? You can add it far more cheaply, right out of your faucet.

We'd have to package it in a bottle or jug. Far more expensive than a box, you'd have to pay the difference.

It would weigh more, thus cost more to ship. You'd pay the difference, once again.

We believe we've come up with one of the fastest, most effective and economical household cleaners it's possible to produce. So we're not going to change it, especially if it means you're going to have to pay more. And our letters from you tell us you like it just the way it is.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
KLEANER

You're Never Too Old To Hear Better

Chicago, Ill.—A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A non-operating model of the smallest Beltone aid ever made will be given absolutely free to anyone requesting it. Thousands have already been mailed, so write for yours today.

Try this non-operating model in the privacy of your own home to see how tiny hearing help can be. It's yours to keep, free. It weighs less than a third of an ounce, and it's all at ear level, in one unit. No wires lead from body to head.

These models are free, so write for yours now. Write Dept. 4625, Beltone Electronics, 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.



This sweet picture of Katharine was taken in her Grandmother Lowey's garden in Massachusetts.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded
which proved impossible. The big mixer I have for cakes threw cream all over our clothes and the kitchen so this again didn't work out too successfully. I have great hopes for the ice cream maker.

Next week Adrienne and I are driving again into Brookfield, where our school is located, to have an orthodontist look at her mouth. She is going through an enormous period of growth in the tooth department, and all of a sudden she has developed a distinct overbite to such an extent that she is beginning to get back the lisp that we had conquered so well. If the doctor indicates that braces are in order, then at least all during the school year we will be close to his office.

It is time to think about supper in addition to making butter, so I'll close until next month.

Mary Beth

COVER PICTURE

How pleased we are to have this good picture of Donald's and Mary Beth's three children, Adrienne, Katharine and Paul, for now that Katharine is leaving for college, it won't be so easy to get pictures of the three together.

Katharine will be entering Hillsdale College in Hillsdale, Michigan, this month. It is unlikely that she will be coming home before Thanksgiving — or even before Christmas — for studies and campus activities will keep her pretty close to the college.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

magazines, to say nothing of listening to the radio and watching TV, it certainly takes me back to World War II days when we lived in San Francisco and actually had to scrounge for the makings of a meal. Only people who lived in a big seaport city can really remember what those days were like.

Even Abie-Boy, my Chihuahua, has had company this summer! Eula's sister, Hazel Woods of Kansas City, is visiting us with her two little Chihuahuas and never have I seen better behaved dogs. Henry is twelve years old and Bobby is seven, and the two of them put together don't weigh as much as Abie-Boy. It's been entertaining to watch these three Chihuahuas and they've really gotten along amazingly well. The only source of contention has been Abie-Boy's bed — he simply won't tolerate Henry or Bobby getting into it.

Hazel is crocheting an afghan and Mother has one underway too, so they frequently work together and visit. When Mother finished her beautiful wall hanging she didn't intend to start another project until autumn, but sitting with idle hands is something she cannot abide and thus she had Ruby buy her some yarn and get her started on this afghan. With her usual enthusiasm she says that she is going to make three more as gifts for her granddaughters.

Those of you who subscribe to *Kitchen-Klatter* will recall that in a recent issue we printed a picture of Gertrude May (Mrs. Earl May) and told you what a genuine pioneer she had been in the early days of radio. It came as a great shock to everyone in Shenandoah, as well as to hundreds of people all over Iowa, to learn that she had died in a fire that destroyed her summer home in Wisconsin. Her tragic death represented a great loss to Shenandoah for she had contributed years of faithful service to civic organizations in this town. She will be deeply missed for a long, long time to come.

I had intended to tell you about the extremely interesting and stimulating woman from Australia whom we had the good fortune to spend several hours with recently, but I see that I've run out of space so that will have to wait until my letter next month.

Once the children are back in school and things aren't quite as hectic as they were during the summer I hope you'll get off a letter to us. Mother and I both say that your letters are our most important contact with the world that we cannot move about in freely. They are a genuine life-line to us.

Always faithfully . . .

R. W. H.

He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows that plan, carries a thread that will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light which darts itself through all his occupations.

—Victor Hugo

"Little Ads"

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

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

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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Six metal decorating tubes, pastry bag,
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Jam, pickling, canning, etc. \$1.00. Large
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Other special diet cookbooks. Price list
10¢. Cook Book Shopping Center, Box
296, Almena, Kans. 67622.

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

FOR SALE: Pattern Raggedy Ann and Andy
wall pictures - \$1.50. Barretts, 703 East
Sixth, Hastings, Nebr. 68901.

CHURCH WOMEN: Will print 150-page
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Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

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ing envelopes. Typewriter-longhand. \$500
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FALL NOSTALGIA - Concluded

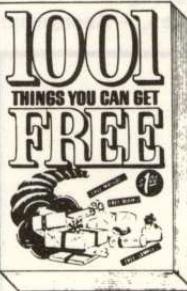
children who were so challenging? Why
is it the ones with the greatest needs
are those who seem to return most
frequently to my memory? One such
was a frail, gentle lad who attended my
third grade class for four months. He
became ill and died just after Christ-
mas. Somehow, he is the one I remem-
ber best of all.

(Note: I used assumed names so these
could not be identified.)

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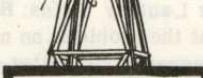


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Poems

THE JOYS OF LIFE

Life is made sweet, because of friends we have made,
And the things which in common we share;
We want to live on, not because of ourselves, but
Because of the people who care.

It's in giving and doing for somebody else — on that,
All life's splendor depends . . . The joys of this life,
When you've summed it all up, are found in the
Mixing of friends. —Author Unknown

WHAT THE MINUTES SAY

We are but minutes — little things!
Each one furnished with sixty wings —
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes; use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell.

Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose. —From McGuffey's Third Eclectic Reader

MOST IMPORTANT WORDS

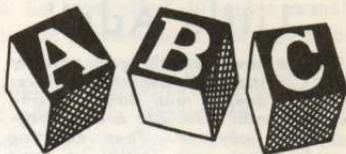
The six most important words:
"I admit I made a mistake."
The five most important words:
"You did a good job."
The four most important words:
"What is your opinion?"
The three most important words:
"If you please."
The two most important words:
"Thank you."
The one most important word: "We."
The least important word: "I."

TWO-TIMING TIMER

My oven is a marvel
For it has a little dial
That you twist and turn and wiggle
And in just a little while
That oven turns itself on
And it regulates the heat
When I come home from Ladies' Aid
My dinner's all complete.

So I turned the little gadget
Went merrily on my way
But the dinner was not cooking
When I came home that day.
Yes, the oven turned itself on
But I'm the housewife sloven
The dinner wasn't cooking
For it wasn't in the oven. —Anonymous

AS SIMPLE AS



by
Mildred D. Cathcart

At some time or another, most organizations are faced with the task of raising money. Recently I attended a club fund-raising event called an ABC Fair. This, I concluded, could be as simple or as elaborate as you wish to make it, depending probably on the size of your group.

This particular group had set up tables around the gym. Suspended cardboard blocks carried the letter that table would represent. For example, the "A" table might contain antiques, aprons, apples, or other articles beginning with the letter A. To give you an idea of the wide variety of articles that had been contributed here are some of the things: B — baby things, bulbs, books, and balloons. C — candy, cakes, children's wear. D — dolls. E — eats. F — flowers. G — glassware, games. H — handmade items. I — ice cream, icy drinks. J — JUNK! K — knitted items, kitchen ware. L — laundry supplies (handmade laundry bags and clothespin bags). M — miscellaneous. N — nothin' much. O — odds and ends. P — purses, pies, pictures. Q — quarts (canned and frozen goods). R — recipes, rags. (These were large and small pieces of materials left over from sewing.) S — seeds, shared from gardens. T — toys. U — useful, usable, and useless items. V — vines, vases. The next four letters were grouped together and the letters and captions were put together. W & X — What Is It? (Wrapped surprise packages sold for ten or twenty-five cents. Y — You name it; we may have it. Z — zany things.

As you can see, it was fun to "snoop" through the articles because one could never be sure just what would be included.

At this sale, various young people dressed to represent storybook characters helped serve the customers. Mary Had a Little Lamb worked at the toy table. Little Jack Horner and Simple Simon sold pies. Mary, Mary Quite Contrary helped with the flower sales. Of course, Jack Be Nimble sold candles at the "C" tables. And one of the attractive girls worked at the "B" table and did a thriving business with the children. She sold balloons and painted smiling faces on them and added the child's name.

As you can see, an ABC fund-raising event may be simple as ABC and include everything from A to Z.



School days may mean a few more free hours for Mom . . . but they mean bushels of dirty clothes, too. Jeans with ground-in dirt around knees and pockets. Frothy little-girl dresses stained and mussed by little tomboys. Synthetics. Cottons. Wools. Permanent press. Wash-and-wear.

School time means time for the Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Twins: **Blue Drops Detergent** and **Safety Bleach**. No matter what the problem, no matter what the fabric: if it's washable it'll come cleaner, look better and smell fresher when you use these two great washday products. They contain no chlorine: you have no worry about bleach rot or weakened or yellowed fabrics. Look for them both at your grocers:

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