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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 MARGERY

Dear Friends:

It is a surprise, I know, to open this issue and find a letter from me instead of your usual one from Lucile. She has been undergoing extensive dental work and isn't feeling quite up to par yet, so I'm taking over her space this month. She'll be back with a good, long letter in the next issue.

The goal is to have all the visits to the dentist's office over before Juliana and the children arrive. Lucile has been anxiously watching the calendar for the big day when we strike out for the Omaha airport to meet the plane. The original plans called for making the trip by car since Juliana had invited a friend to accompany her. James and Katharine were looking forward to the overnight stay in a motel. At the last minute the friend had to change her plans, and it seemed more sensible under the circumstances to fly rather than drive.

The biggest news in the family is that Frederick and Betty have become grandparents. Mary Leanna's baby has arrived — an adorable baby girl named Isabella. She was born in Santa Fe at St. Vincent's Hospital and weighed six pounds and eleven ounces. Mary Lea had spent the week preceding the birth with a friend in Santa Fe so she would be near her doctor.

There will always be a funny story to remember about that day. When Mary Lea telephoned her husband that she was leaving for the hospital, she asked him to bring her knitting when he came. Tony remembered it, even in all the excitement of hopping in the car and driving from Las Vegas to Santa Fe, and carried it into the hospital. There he was in the waiting room with other prospective fathers with the knitting held tightly in his lap! Afterwards he wondered what the other men thought of that scene, but no doubt they were absorbed in their own concerns and didn't notice the knitting at all!

Betty's letter for this issue was already in the mail when the phone call came about the baby, but we received word in time for me to tell you the news. And Mary Lea promised to send pictures in time for the next issue. Perhaps she'll write a letter for you too.

It has been very wet and humid here in the Midwest (Juliana said it would be very welcome after the persistent dry winds of New Mexico.) We had a cloudburst one morning that even made the national news. As a matter of fact, several members of the family telephoned to see how we were. Well, we didn't wash away, but several cars did. It suddenly became as dark as night, then the clouds opened up and we had 3½ inches of rain in less than an hour. The water was pouring off the housetops, bypassing eaves and downspouts, and with such force that we couldn't see a few feet ahead of us. I never recall such a heavy rain! There was a little damage in our town, but nothing compared to the washing in the fields. How sad for the farmers to lose precious top soil, chemicals and newly planted seed!

I was hostess for my P.E.O. chapter recently when Mother received her 50-year membership certificate. This was a morning coffee and the assistant hostess baked delicious coffee cakes which we served from the dining room. I like to have the table against the wall when I serve this way. We keep a lamp on the table so I use a floral arrangement on each side of it. The bouquets that morning consisted of roses, mock orange and columbine. My! how fragrant those flowers were!

The roses have bloomed profusely this month. I can look out my kitchen window and see as many as eight or ten huge blooms on several of the bushes and Oliver picked a lot only yesterday. We thought at first that we had lost some of our roses, but they were only slow in leafing out for some reason. Next year we intend to plant more as it is our favorite flower.

One of the highlights this past month was attending commencement at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska. This is the excellent Liberal Arts college where Martin did his under-graduate work. We used to make frequent trips over there when our son was in school, but hadn't visited the campus in a couple of years. We took another couple with us on this occasion for a mutual friend was to receive an honorary degree.

It started out to be a beautiful day — a bit overcast, but pleasant — but when we arrived in Crete, the clouds looked ominous. At virtually the last hour it was decided to have the ceremonies in the fieldhouse instead of in the outdoor theatre, and it was a wise move. Just at the very moment the procession started, there was a downpour. We were glad to be inside.

After the graduation exercises we were guests at the president's luncheon for the recipients of the honorary degrees. Tables for six were beautifully decorated and nicely arranged for the 30-some guests. It was a lovely day, in spite of the rain, and we were happy to be a part of it.

Speaking a moment ago of our son Martin reminds me to tell you that he had a nice break from his chaplaincy work in a Des Moines hospital when he went back to the seminary for graduation. Several of his close friends were receiving their degrees and he wanted to be there for their special day. It was special for another reason, too, for one of his former roommates was married that weekend. After the reception Martin joined a couple of friends for a few days at one of Minnesota's lovely lakes.

If you have glanced through this issue to look at the pictures first, you have seen several taken on the night of what we refer to as "Mother's Big Surprise"! When Oliver and I were in New Mexico in April we got a phone call from a friend that Mother had been selected by the Lions Club as Shenandoah's Outstanding Citizen for 1974. The announcement is always kept secret until the evening of the banquet. I could notify members of the family, but *that was all!* Well, this was certainly exciting for all of us — especially for Mother, of course. Lucile, Frederick and Donald could not attend, but Dorothy drove from Lucas, Iowa, Wayne arrived from Denver, and Martin came down from Des Moines to join Howard, Mae, Oliver and me.

Oliver and I invited Mother to the banquet as our guest, but the others slipped in unnoticed so Mother wouldn't see them until just at the right time. She was so surprised and, of course, felt very honored to receive such an award. The family had a love-

ly get-together at her house following the banquet.

That same evening a fine young man received the award for being the Outstanding Lion for the year, and he was equally surprised to be so honored.

The following letters were read that evening, and I want to share them with you:

Mrs. Leanna Field Driftmier
Shenandoah,
Iowa

Dear Mrs. Driftmier:

Please accept my congratulations on being selected as Shenandoah's "Outstanding Citizen".

It seems only appropriate that your family and friends recognize you this evening for your many contributions to your community and the inspiration you have been to those whose lives you have touched.

You must hold a treasure of memories of interesting, happy and rewarding experiences that have taken place in your 88 years.

Again, please accept my warm congratulations on this great honor and best wishes for many more years of fulfillment.

Sincerely,

—(Signed) Robert D. Ray,
Governor of Iowa

Dear Lions Club Members and Guests:

On quite a few occasions during these last few years Mother and I have both been invited to participate in various events held at the Legion Club, but we agreed wholeheartedly that it was simply asking too much of the men of our family to trundle two wheelchairs up that long flight of steps. Thus I cannot be present tonight, much as I would like to be, and must settle for sending a few words.

It has long been well known that most people who have broad contacts in a community present two faces to the world. They are one person to the world at large, and another person entirely to members of their family. The man constantly busy with good works, a pillar of the community, is often a tyrant at home. A woman never-endingly devoted to good causes is often a nagging shrew at home.

Well, more than anyone whom I've ever known (and I've known many people) Mother is one person to the world at large and the same person to her own family. She has always been of unfailingly good spirits and unceasingly ready to buck up those close to her who find themselves lagging. Never for us have been the dark hours when we felt an urgent need to brace up her spirits. On the contrary, she is the one who has done the bracing up and bucking up. More than once her



Leanna Driftmier, our mother, was greatly surprised to be named Shenandoah's Outstanding Citizen for 1974 by the Lions Club. Presenting the award is a good friend, Edward Pulley. Carl Max, Master of Ceremonies, stands in the back.

boundless encouragement and enthusiasm simply for getting up in the morning has left all of us feeling a little foolish and guilty!

It gives us, as a family, tremendous gratitude to have her singular personality recognized in such a way tonight. Surely the old saying: "Flowers for the living" are unusually appropriate on this occasion. From the bottom of our hearts we wish to thank you.

—(Signed) Lucile Driftmier Verness

The President
Shenandoah Lions Club
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for the honors you have bestowed on my mother, Leanna Driftmier. How very much I regret my inability to be with you for the occasion. With part of my church staff in Europe, and with lecture engagements

COVER PICTURE

For a good many years we've banked on seeing Dorothy (Mrs. Frank Johnson) once a month because she arrives in Shenandoah to address our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine, and to broadcast our *Kitchen-Klatter* radio program. For a long time these trips were made by train, but that day is gone and now she must drive no matter what the weather conditions may be. She leaves the freezer well stocked for Frank's evening meal, and his sister, Bernie Stark of Lucas, is wonderfully good to go out every day and fix the main meal at noon.

here in New England that I cannot skip, I am bound to remain out here.

No matter where I am in the world, I always call my mother on Saturday evening. I am sure that she will tell me all about the honors you have paid her when I speak to her next Saturday. Already I know what her words will be. She will say: "I cannot imagine why they chose to honor me when there are so many others who have done so much more for Shenandoah." In my work and travels I have known many humble people, but never have I known one more humble than my mother.

The qualities that shadow in human beings the image of all a godly woman should be have often been defined; not often enough do we see them demonstrated. For those of us privileged to live and work and play at my mother's side — so secure in our faith in her soul's integrity, in the rightness of her judgment, in the purity of her every motive — these qualities have been demonstrated. Hers is a beautiful life — beautiful in spirit, and beautiful in deed. As her son, I say that I am grateful for the pattern of destiny, that happy combination of inheritance and environment that made her my mother, and made me her son.

My mother is a woman with an educated heart. She is an authority on kindness and thoughtfulness, always searching for some work which needs a little time, a little friendship, a little sympathy, a little sociability, and a little human toil.

On the night of your award to my mother I shall remember her and you in my prayers. I shall thank God that I am the son of Martin and Leanna Driftmier, and I shall thank Him, too, for those spiritual roots which tie my life deeply into the soil of Shenandoah, Iowa.

Sincerely yours,

—(Signed) Frederick Field Driftmier

Dearest Mother:

Congratulations! We who know you best know that this honor could not have gone to a more deserving person.

This morning in church Dr. Reem's sermon pointed out that if the institution of the home crumbles, so will civilization. What you have done to preserve this institution not only reflects your good citizenship, but no doubt has made better citizens of two generations of Midwesterners.

I'm sorry all of our family can't be there to congratulate you personally, but save five big hugs to be collected on our next visit.

With much love,

—(Signed) Don

And now, until next month,
Sincerely,
Margery



THIS IS MY COUNTRY

A PATRIOTIC SKIT

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Display a small replica of the Liberty Bell (lacking that, use a picture of it), the United States flag, and the Bible, or a sampler-type display of the motto "In God We Trust".

Leader: *This is my country.* It means so much to me. I long for words, for song, for truths, to make the whole world see. This land of mine has beauty, this land of mine has pride. This land of mine began in greatness as our forefathers knew, and we have a heritage left by those faithful few. Born of prayer and effort too priceless to define, this country came to be — this land of yours and mine.

Song: "America". (Ask that the last verse be sung softly as a prayer, following the regular singing of the first three verses.)

Leader: Today we want to speak to you for a few moments on what it means to be an American. To me it is all summed up in the word "patriotism", as our nation's founders used the word.

Dr. Max Rafferty, a California school administrator, said in a speech that the American patriot has become a "vanishing species" as more and more "spineless, luxury-loving, spiritless 'Americans' come out of our classrooms." That's a pretty strong statement and it hits hard at you and me, the citizens who have let it happen.

What has happened to the patriotism, founded on high ideals, integrity, honor, honesty, and hope, that was such a sparkling, glowing force on that first Independence Day, and for over a hundred years to follow? Why has our celebration of the Fourth of July dwindled to a yearly firecracker (and it is outlawed in many states) and a weak display of fireworks in a few scattered communities, a day commemorated for the most part simply as another long weekend by confused millions who've entirely lost sight of the original significance of the day?

Perhaps what we need most is to do some truly *thoughtful* thinking as we are already beginning to look toward our country's bicentennial, in the hope that as we celebrate the "grand and

glorious Fourth" this year we will have taken some steps toward gaining back that which we seem to have lost.

I love this land, my country,
Proud of the heritage we share,
The North, the South, the East, the West —

There is beauty everywhere . . .
I love this land, my country,
Where impossible dreams come true,
And the symbol of our liberty
Is a flag, red, white, and blue.

—Thanks to unknown author

First Speaker: Let us begin our *thoughtful thinking* with that word "patriotism". With stars and stripes being worn as patches on the backsides of blue jeans, or as a shirt or blouse, with flag burnings, and with the Pledge of Allegiance ruled as unconstitutional in some instances, and spoken to the accompaniment of boos and catcalls in others, it seems to me that American patriotism has reached an all-time low ebb.

"Somewhere, through the years, we've gotten the word patriotism confused with nationalism," says Eric Sloane in his new book *The Spirits of '76*. This author goes on to write that Carl Schurz's fine quote "Our country right or wrong — when right to be kept right and when wrong to be put right" put him to wondering if we have not been using the wrong word, or using the word patriotism incorrectly. When tracing the word back through older dictionaries, he found that we have indeed been using it incorrectly.

Patriotism was once defined as "The Spirit of acting like a Father to one's country: a Publick Spiritedness." A modern definition might read "one who guards his country's welfare, a defender of popular liberty." So much has been done in recent years in the name of patriotism instead of under its true name, nationalism, that it has led to much misunderstanding, in many cases to rebellion, to disrespect for our flag, our officials, our laws, and to the youth accusing us oldsters of "double-talk", "double standards", and unrealism.

We must not become so busy testing, guiding, and motivating our youngsters under the label of social studies that we're teaching that competition is bad and cooperation supremely good. They are persuaded that the world will become one big happy family overnight, that the main thing is "adjustment to the peer groups", that the ideals and ways of the past were unrealistic, outdated.

We must teach them, not just life adjustment, but survival as the world really is; that America is not always right, not universally liked; to love their country for what it is, what it might be, and to be proud to have a part in setting right that which is wrong. Youth needs heroes, but in recent years it has been the "thing" to debunk heroes. "The quest of the Golden Fleece has been crowded out of our textbooks by the visit of Tom and Susan to the zoo . . . The deeds of knightly Crusaders and the deeds of heroes before Troy are now passé as is the deathless ride of Paul Revere," said Dr. Rafferty. Let our children once more hear the magnificent words "I only regret I have but one life to lose for my country," dramatize with them the thrilling scenes of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, have pride and to stand tall, and sing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean". What's wrong with love and pride in country? Patriotism: "The Spirit of acting like a Father to one's country, a public spiritedness." Certainly a good father sees the mistakes the children make (and his own!), but he loves the children just the same. He loves them for what they are and what they can be.

As parents, let us be sure our children see and know by our speech and actions that we are proud of our national heritage, that we acknowledge gratitude to those who have been our nation's heroes and builders in the past, that even when we disagree, or know there is wrong in our government, we still respect its laws and the ideals and visions upon which it was founded, that we love our flag as a symbol of all that it has meant in the past, and for the hope and dreams we have for the future of our country.

Your flag and my flag — there it stands today — and long may she wave "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Second Speaker: (Reading) Patriotism isn't marching behind a band and puffing out one's chest. Patriotism isn't a flash of fireworks one day of the year, and then submerging one's emotions the rest of the year. Patriotism isn't found in the whooping of the crowd or maudlin flag-waving.

Patriotism is the sum of the three
(Continued on page 21)

BETTY DRIFTMIER WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Because Frederick had a freak accident to the middle finger of his right hand while gardening and will be unable to use the typewriter for a while, I am pinch-hitting this month.

Although we are getting into the vacation period of the year we seem to remain very busy. Last week we entertained twenty women from Chestnut Knoll (The Home for Aged Women) at high tea. Frederick acts as Chaplain for this group and I serve on the Board of Managers so we have a special fondness and interest in these wonderful women. They love to go to the homes of Board members for the change it offers to days that have a certain monotony of activity for them. They give us as much inspiration as we give to them. One woman had her ninety-eighth birthday two days after she was here and several were in their nineties. Two friends from South Church poured for me, another vivacious couple from our church helped Frederick, David and me entertain, and several other Board members were here to enjoy the happiness of the occasion.

Yesterday Frederick and I entertained the sewing groups from our church at a luncheon here. I usually do all of this alone, but yesterday I had two women help me, and it was more enjoyable for me. Perhaps this is my favorite Church group in some ways because they meet weekly all year to sew for the needy here and abroad. They have a wonderful time socially as they sew, and are so appreciative of this final party which ends the year's work. I served chicken divan over wild rice, French-style green beans, a salad of a peach half filled with cottage cheese topped by cranberry relish and nestled in Boston head lettuce, and finished with a dessert of angel food cake topped by whipped cream and caramel sauce.

When you read this letter Frederick, David, Clark Driftmier, Allen Appleton (a friend of David's) and I will be in Iceland or Scotland. We are quite excited about this trip for it offers a great variety of experiences. We will fly Icelandic Air from New York to Iceland where we hope to observe the volcanic phenomenon which has excited the world these past two years, and to see the natural thermal springs which supply nonpolluting power to much of the country. Friends in South Church have enthusiastically described to us the high degree of culture to be found in Iceland, so we look forward to this stop with keen anticipation.

Flying on to Glasgow and Edinburgh, we will take a five-day bus trip north through the lowlands and highlands of



Almost anytime you step into the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., you can find a group of the ladies working on a project.

Scotland to the Isle of Skye. I have personally longed to see this legendary and hauntingly beautiful land of shaggy horses and cattle.

The trip from Edinburgh to London will be aboard the famous train called the Flying Scott. It will give only impressions of the lovely English lake country, but perhaps we can return someday to visit more leisurely.

But the next and most anticipated part of our summer trip will be pursued at some leisure. We have rented a thirty-seven foot boat which will sleep the five of us and allow us to cruise one hundred and seventy-five miles up the Thames from London toward the source of the river. We plan to tie up each night in some interesting English town where we can have dinner ashore. The other meals will be aboard ship. Frederick will be the Captain of the "Cascading Water" with David, Clark and Allen as crew. My special responsibility will be the galley, but we will all tend the lines as we pass through the forty-odd locks that help us rise from sea level to the source of the Thames. We will have to make use of all we have learned from Captain and Mrs. Johnson while traveling with them aboard the ketch "Yankee". It promises to be a great adventure, and I am sure you will hear much more from Frederick about this particular part of our summer activities.

I was a great tomboy in my youth, and somewhat resentful of being born a woman, because my greatest desire was to go "down to the sea" as Skipper of a ship. How content I am to be in the bow of any ship, to be part of any crew, and to be seeing any beautiful country from the water. And how grateful I am to be married to a man

who loves the rivers and the oceans, and the boats and ships that pass upon them as much as I do. I guess you might say that we are a family who loves to travel and are on the alert for new adventures always.

How pleasant it has been to have Dave with us for several weeks. We have been a close knit family over the years, but with Mary Leanna in New Mexico, and David in British Columbia, we are having to learn new appreciation for the preciousness of those days and weeks we can be reunited. They are creating new families and new services and we are proud of the maturity they have demonstrated. We would not hold them back from any responsible endeavor. But how wonderful it is when they come home.

You can imagine how anxious we are to see our new grandchild, and this will happen soon after we return from England. To a certain extent I envy Grandmother Cuca (Tony's mother) who lives close enough to be there when the baby arrives, and will be able to see this new little family quite often. Lucile will probably see our grandchild more often than we do. But love is strong enough to make time and distance vibrant with its power, and this will have its good effect upon the newest member of our family. Recently I found this quotation which has great meaning for us at this time.

"The strength of the generations . . . depends on the process by which the youths of two sexes find their respective identities, fuse them in love . . . , revitalize their respective traditions, and together create and 'bring up' the next generation."

Sincerely,
Betty

I Love a Parade

by
Hallie M. Barrow



"I ---- love a parade". That's my theme song. Yes, I love a parade; I thrill to parade music; and I love being the flashy white stallion that leads the White Horse Patrol in parades all over the nation. I really strut my stuff at the head of that group of Shriners from Sioux City, Iowa, all mounted on their white horses.

What if I am twenty-six years old? What if I am stiff of mornings, if my lower lip droops and drools, my hips sag, and I doze in the sun with my head almost between my knees? As a star in the horse world, I know of no other stallion who has led a more strenuous life.

Fifty of us white horses are kept at a stable out at the stockyards in Sioux City. At seven o'clock every Tuesday and Thursday evening, from the first of April through November, the members of the Abu-Bekr Mounted Patrol come out, get on their horses, and practice precision drills hard for two hours. It's all business and hard riding. No one skips practice and no one is permitted to take part in an exhibition drill until he has trained two years. By that time, the horse knows the orders and routine so that he could do it without his rider. But those boys love that rigorous training, and so do we horses.

Of course when I say "the boys", I'm probably using those words rather loosely. A few of them will never write anything under sixty on any age questionnaire, and a few more of them will never see two hundred on their bathroom scales again. But, like me, when they are on dress parade in their bright satin uniforms, and the band plays lively, they strut their stuff, too. They tilt their hats at a rakish angle and spur their mounts just a wee bit. For a few hours they're in their prime again, just boys showing off their horses and their own fancy riding.

On Sunday mornings, they come out just for fun. Sometimes they stroll by my stall with the high bars, and I hear them say: "The old boy has about shot his bolt. It's a pity, too. He's been the classiest white stallion ever known to head a parade. Don't suppose we'll ever have another lead horse who has

quite the ear for music that Osage King has." Do I ever fool them!

The very next time I'm put in charge of my parade, when the brass band blares out my theme march, I sure do give the "boys" the good old horse laugh. At the first strain of that stirring chorus "I ---- love a parade", my neck arches, my head starts tossing, and I'm pulling and tugging at the reins. Something inside me just seems to snap. The ache in my old bones melts to quicksilver at the first beat of the rat-a-tat-tat. My blood fairly leaps. I feel my veins throb and swell. I quiver and prance and my muscles respond to every blare of the horn. Of course, over the years I've been kept in training I've been exercised every day and put through my routine — but I can't really limber up until I hear a band playing march rhythm. Then I pirouette on my toes; I wheel and cavort; I rear and paw the air; I sidestep; I take stiff, squatty little hops. My breath jerks and comes so fast I need to snort, gasp, and sob. I sweat and foam; my eyes bulge; my nostrils flare. The only thing I can feel besides that ecstasy of moving with the drum and horn are two strong, firm hands on my bridle reins to keep me from soaring right up into the sky. Then I hear folks along the curb on the parade route exclaim, "Look at that three-year-old. My he's got fire!" Shot my bolt? Heck, no!

But on the Q.T., I really wish that once I hadn't gone completely off the deep end when that band struck up. They said I was the only horse ever known to prance half a block on his hind legs. At the same time I was pawing the air with my front legs, and I heard excited children scream, "Look, he's beating time for the band with his front feet!" My trainer didn't use his quirt or spurs to bring me down out of the air. No. But later, when he was rubbing me down, he looked me straight in the eye and said quietly, "O.K., King. We'll just use that little stunt you pulled in today's parade in your ring show from now on. And don't blame me. You originated it yourself. After this, out there in the sawdust

ring when I crack my whip for you to rear, stay up. Prance around the ring on your hind feet as you did today, and beat the air with those wicked front hoofs as if keeping time. I'll see that the music is with you. It'll be a wonderful act." Yes, I heartily wish many a time that I had just stayed on the ground in that particular parade. Still, this act does bring thunderous applause from the audiences, and as any actor can tell you, you'll just out-do yourself to please an appreciative audience.

In addition to our regular drill work, our trainer picked out us individuals with the highest I.Q.'s, and we are featured in a series of acts in a sawdust ring. All of us white horses in the show troupe can pull back our upper lips and laugh when requested, and all of us bow low in response to applause. Usually the most popular act, next to mine, is Silver Lady and Patsy balancing themselves on a teeter-totter. By raising their right front legs alternately, after they are perfectly balanced, they go up and down.

Just about every business is represented in our Patrol — two doctors, a dentist, two veterinarians, several bankers, executives from a lumber concern, grocery chains, implement dealers, motor car salesmen, the Sioux City Fire Chief, farmers, owner of a hatchery, etc. Besides the pleasure they have, these Shriners are doing humanity a service. Motors have almost crowded us horses off the map. I've even heard the U.S. Army doesn't have any cavalry troops anymore. As long as Abu-Bekr White Horse Patrol keeps up, children can see a horse some place besides the park zoo.

It was love for horses that really started this White Horse Patrol. Livestock men at the Sioux City Stockyards took great pride in the horses they rode in the cattle pens when trading. It takes a smart horse to understand that system of gates, and to know the ways of cattle and cattlemen. Even after business hours, the cattlemen couldn't forget their horses and they started a small organization, with simple drills. Every type of horse was used, regardless of color or size, with no thought of what it took to make a beautiful color scheme. After a few years, the boys began to develop a pure white, pink-skinned animal. Some of their horses were of Arabian descent, although a true white Arabian has a black skin. Many of them are albinos with the white eyes. The boys trace down every clue of a white, pink-skinned horse for sale, but even should it meet the Abu-Bekr Patrol requirements, and passes the committee, the new horse must stay a month in our

(Continued on page 20)

High Finance

by

Flo Montgomery Tidgwell



"What's an allowance?" That is what farm kids in the foothills of the Ozarks a couple of generations ago would have said if the word had been mentioned to them.

And payment for chores? Unheard of! Children were a part of the family and as such were expected to enter into any and all family-related work within their capacity for achievement. Didn't they share in victuals, a roof over their heads, duds on their backs, and simple pleasures that the combined efforts of the family members produced, like homemade ice cream and popcorn of their own making?

And didn't the young ones get 30 or 40 cents to spend as they chose at the Fourth of July celebration? How carefully they shepherded their capital! Almost everything was 5 cents — 10 cents at the most. You could mount a "painted pony" and sail 'round and 'round on the steam swing in awesome joy to the mechanical but delicious strains of "Red Wing", buy a bag of peanuts or some cotton candy. There were serious choices to be made. You couldn't have everything. You might invest in a wife beater or a rubber return ball or a fabulous folding fan. The latter was a great delight to little girls who had little enough of pretty things. Mothers cooled themselves more effectively without cost with durable advertising palm leaf fans given away by the local merchants. Then there were rubber balloon whistles to be blown up into psychedelic globes and admired as you held your finger over the mouthpiece. Removing your finger, you treated your ears to the delightful squawk of the whistle as the air escaped through it and the balloon part became limp and raggy.

Eva, my sister nearest my age, and I often teased Mamma to let us send away for something to sell and get a premium as glowingly advertised in *Comfort* magazine (what ever became of good old *Comfort*?), but over the years Mamma steadfastly refused to let any of her children be involved in such neighbor-annoying door-to-door-peddling schemes. There was one offer of a wonderful life-sized doll that could be had for selling four boxes of headache

pills, of all things, at 25 cents a box. Either we approached Mamma at a weak moment or she thought she would give in and let us learn the hard way. Anyway, our order for the pills was sent and filled, and we sallied forth. Imagine our chagrin and desolation when we found the neighbors disinclined to buy any pills at 25 cents a box. Finally two old friends took pity on the two hapless merchant urchins and invested in some pills, and Mamma took the other two boxes.

Away went the dollar to the pill company. We could hardly wait to see our "big, beautiful" doll. At last the longed-for package arrived in the mail. We looked at it with a sinking feeling. It was barely five inches square. The fabulous doll turned out to be printed on cloth and had to be cut out, sewed together, and stuffed. It was a bitter disappointment, and our cure was complete. Never again did we tease to order merchandise to sell to obtain a premium. However, we did enjoy that doll. I can remember that we used sawdust for stuffing "Bedelia," which made her unwieldy, and her head wobbled. The name came from a popular song of the times that went something like this: "Bedelia, I'd like to steal ya."

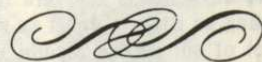
Another get-rich dream of ours was to trap wild rabbits and sell them. At seven cents apiece, there was a ready outlet at the nearest town for the lifeless, eviscerated carcasses during the winter months. They collected on the loading platforms at the back of the buyers' stores, eventually to be shipped to Eastern markets. They were not consumed locally. The ultimate consumer must have found the quality of the meat less than prime. We spent hours constructing a couple of wooden box traps that caught the rabbits alive, but I doubt that we ever sold more than three or four rabbits. We just couldn't bring ourselves to kill the poor things after we caught them.

Sometimes the hucksters that routinely came our way would buy scrap of different sorts, and the children were allowed to keep the pennies they could get for various pieces of iron, zinc, or whatever.

When we had become the big kids at the little country schoolhouse, a group of us launched a cooperative effort with a goal that actually paid off one year. We wanted to get a present for the teacher. None of us had any money, but we thought of a way to get some cash. The schoolhouse was set in the edge of a vast wooded area, so early in the fall the boys brought crosscut saws and axes and at recesses and noon hours we started felling trees and cutting them up into the right lengths to be accommodated by the big box schoolhouse stove, the source of our schoolroom heat. The teacher knew that we had bargained with the directors, three in number, who managed the affairs of the school, to buy our wood, but what he didn't know was what we planned to do with the money. Girls and boys alike manned the crosscut saws, and even the smallish young ones could pile wood and brush. Games went begging. The whole enrollment was caught up in our project, and the teacher gave us an assist in determining the dimensions of a cord of wood and related problems. Then, we didn't know that it was a learning situation but truly it was, and I know now that it was character building as well, but money was our sole aim at the time. Two of us were selected to scout available gifts, which we did upon one of the rare occasions when our parents took us along on a wagon trip to town. The thing we selected would have no earthly use today but was a welcome addition to a man's toiletries then. Every teacher was always well groomed, and a man teacher had to have a goodly supply of white shirts and separate well-starched collars. It was something of a problem to keep those starched collars fresh and uncrumpled in a bureau drawer along with other accessories. The solution was the luxury of a leather-bound collar box.

And that is what, with great pride, we bought and presented to our teacher.

I doubt that future, expansive earnings in an adult world ever quite brought that satisfying glow of fulfillment that we experienced during those early days of struggling initiation into the world of finance.



DEEP IN THE AFTERNOON

The old rooster doesn't crow and the kittens are curled in a heap. Sunshine tiptoes around the shadows and the world is asleep.

There is no sound but click of ice cubes and clank of spoon, the drone of a lazy fly and peace — in the quiet depths of afternoon.

—Marcia Schwartz

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

"Rain, rain go away. Come again another day." This little jingle is one we have been saying just about every day for weeks. Although our creek hasn't been out of its banks so far this spring, we keep on getting enough showers to keep the ground wet and muddy. As I write this, our corn is still in the sacks and we are glad of it. If it was in the ground we would either have had to replant or the weeds would have taken it by this time. Frank had the ground all ready to plant when the last couple weeks of showers started.

We have a new "part time" duck at the farm. I say "part time" because most of the time it stays on the bayou, deep in the timber. Early this spring we noticed this duck coming out into the pasture to feed in the late evening just before dark, so Frank started scattering shelled corn around the pasture. The duck was quite wild at first, but finally Frank could walk close enough to throw the corn within reach, each night getting a little bit closer. One night when Frank was late bringing the feed, the duck decided to come to the house, and has been doing so every day since. It is tame enough now to take corn from our hands. It doesn't pick fights with the cats or the dog, but will deliver a good pecking if they come too close. Every once in awhile something will frighten it, and when it takes off into the air, it can certainly fly high.

We also have our little wood ducks back and see them swimming around in the bayou often. It is fun to watch them after their eggs hatch and the babies start following them around. The little ones are so tiny.

Frank has been taking advantage of these wet days to go over his fences and mending as many of them as possible. A lot of our fences should be replaced, but with the scarcity of barbed wire, and the high cost of it when he finds some, he is trying to get by for a while by just mending it. Most people don't have the same problems with fences that we have had in the past few years. Most of our line fences are bordered on one side by native timber, with all the dead elms choosing to fall across the fences, and the best fence in the world can't stand up under their



Following the Lions Club banquet when Mother was named Shenandoah's Outstanding Citizen for 1974, a number of pictures were taken by a local photographer. Among them was this one of Mother with members of the family who were present. Standing behind her are Howard Driftmier, Martin Strom, Margery Driftmier Strom, Wayne Driftmier and Dorothy Driftmier Johnson. It was a happy evening for all of us.

weight. We are just fortunate we haven't lost any cows or calves that could easily be killed or injured from a falling tree. Sometimes on a quiet day we can hear a tree crashing down in the timber, and hope there wasn't a baby calf under it.

We have a ditch running down through one of our pastures that isn't very deep, but too deep to cross when you are pulling machinery. For years there was a plank bridge across it which served the purpose, even though it did have to be repaired at the beginning of each season. About eleven years ago one summer, when Martin was spending some time with us, Frank decided that while he had some help he would put in a big cement culvert and make a span of cement, something that would be permanent. It stood up well all these years, but last year, after all the heavy, heavy rains we had, it gave up the ghost and collapsed. The sides of the bank couldn't stand up under all those "gully-washers", and washed out around the cement. We have a good friend and neighbor who has a small caterpillar tractor. He came one Saturday and the two of them got a bridge fixed up so Frank could get across to work the piece of ground between the ditch and the creek.

There was a "surprise trip" to Shenandoah recently, when I drove there to be present for the honor the Lions Club bestowed on Mother. Margery will be sharing the details of that in her letter so I won't go into it here.

For the last meeting of the year, the Chariton Women's Club attended a salad buffet luncheon at Moravia, Iowa,

served by members of the Moravia Garden Club at the Salem United Methodist Church. The salads, all kinds, were delicious. I think one of the ladies told me there were 20 different kinds there. There were 75 of our club members present, and we were even invited to go back through the line if we wanted to try some other salads, so you see there was certainly ample food. We were passed hot rolls and coffee at the tables. Since our program for the afternoon was to be a tour of "Gramm's House of Dolls", owned by Mrs. Lois DuVall, a doll theme was carried out in the table decorations. One table was centered with Dutch boy and Dutch girl dolls; our table had a cute farmer doll and a doll dressed as a railroad brakeman. They had a drawing for a door prize, and Bernie was the lucky one.

Since there were too many of us to go through the Doll House at the same time, they divided us into three groups. Those who waited at the church for their turn were entertained with craft demonstrations by members of the Moravia Garden Club. We also enjoyed group singing.

Mrs. DuVall's museum of dolls contains over 1000 dolls, including many antique dolls and doll carriages. She also has dolls dressed in native costumes of other countries, and many replicas of our own First Ladies in their inaugural ball dresses, or in dresses of the period of their day. She has done a great deal of research on these costumes, and has made them as nearly like those displayed in the

(Continued on page 20)



by Mabel Nair Brown

How about making this a porch or patio party, decorating with red, white, and blue streamers or bunting, with the flag prominently displayed? Bunting can be draped around the tea table if you are using one. If you cannot locate bunting, then improvise with lengths of crepe paper which you pin or sew together. Large replicas of the United States shield can be used as wall decorations.

If the lawn becomes part of your party "room", then tie red, white, and blue balloons to float out from the lower tree branches and to porch posts.

An easy but effective favor for each tray is a small silk flag stuck into a big red gumdrop. Another idea for a favor is to wrap a piece of red and white striped stick candy to look like a firecracker. Another flag favor can be made by covering an empty thread spool with red or blue paper and tying it with a ribbon bow around the middle (white and blue or red ribbon). Stick the flag in the hole at the top.

Make pretty patriotic candles by using your round or star molds, and pouring in a layer of blue wax. Allow it to harden, then add the white layer, and last add the red layer. For the candle bases, cut circles of heavy posterboard and glue on red, white and blue crepe paper ruffles around the outer edge. Judge the size of the circles by the size of the candle base. One or more of these candles look lovely on a tea table. With them you might use a bouquet of garden flowers in the patriotic colors, or even just the red and white flowers, or the red flowers in a white container.

ENTERTAINMENT

Musical States: (Fill blanks of song titles with a state.)

1. (Maryland) My (Maryland)
2. (Iowa) Corn Song
3. My Old (Kentucky) Home
4. Beautiful (Ohio)
5. (Missouri) Waltz
6. Moonlight on the River (Colorado)
7. (Maine) Stein Song
8. (Pennsylvania) Polka
9. (Arkansas) Traveler
10. (Louisiana) Hayride
11. The Sidewalks of (New York)
12. (California) Here I Come
13. (Washington) Post March
14. Sweet (Georgia) Brown

15. (Carolina) in the Morning
16. On (Wisconsin)
17. Deep in the Heart of (Texas)
18. (Tennessee) Waltz

Around the U.S.A.: Form the group to make two circles, one circle inside the outer circle. Play a march on the record player or piano. Players march in circles. When the music stops, the marchers stop and face each other. The leader announces a topic of conversation, allows them a few moments to converse (in couples — the two facing each other), then as music starts up they march again and stop when music stops, and a new topic is assigned. Samples of the subjects the leader might give are: The Value of Our Moon Landings, High Prices and the Nation's Unrest, The Greatest Living American, The Fourth of July I Remember Best, The Most Interesting Thing I've Read Recently about Our Country.

Red, White, and Blue Memo: Divide the group into couples. Give each couple a sheet of paper which has three columns, labeled at the top red, white, and blue, and provide pencils. Each couple decides which partner will write down the list and which will dictate — no fair to overlap jobs here! Then at the leader's signal they see who can come up with the longest list of red, white, and blue articles before the leader calls "Time". Only things of an absolute color may be used.

Americana: This contest, too, might be done by couples. The object is to see who can compile the longest list of famous quotations by famous Americans, writing them down, of course. Or, you could play this by going around the circle, and if anyone fails to come up with a quote, he, or she, must drop out of the circle. Each quote should be identified as to who said it, as: "A penny saved is a penny earned — Ben Franklin", etc.

State Pride: For this game the hostess will need a copy of the outline of the home state for each guest. There are different ways this game can be played. The players can see who can write in the names of the most counties in a given length of time, or if counties are outlined, fill in the county seat name. The hostess might have rivers drawn on the map with a large dot locating important towns and cities. Then guests are asked to write the names of

rivers and towns in their proper location. Or you might allow so much time to see who could write within the state outline the most names of products grown or manufactured in the state within a given time. There are other possibilities — historical sites, etc. — to make this a learning as well as a fun game.

Sing America!: This might well be a whole afternoon or evening entertainment in itself, if yours is a group that enjoys music. Try to sing songs down through the years since Revolutionary days, beginning with "Yankee Doodle", choosing a variety to include sentimental songs, songs of war times, the Stephen Foster era, and popular songs of various years. The program chairman, or leader, can make this more interesting if she adds a bit of history about the songs used, or when first sung.



THOUGHTS OF LIBERTY

During the July 4th holiday celebration, a public official will rise and lead his audience in the Pledge of Allegiance. That Pledge will be repeated by Americans in every town and city throughout the nation.

Few will actually hear it, but the words of the Pledge remain, and they bear listening to; for each pledges allegiance to the *flag* and all it symbolizes: *the Republic* (or representative democracy) with its *liberty and justice for all*.

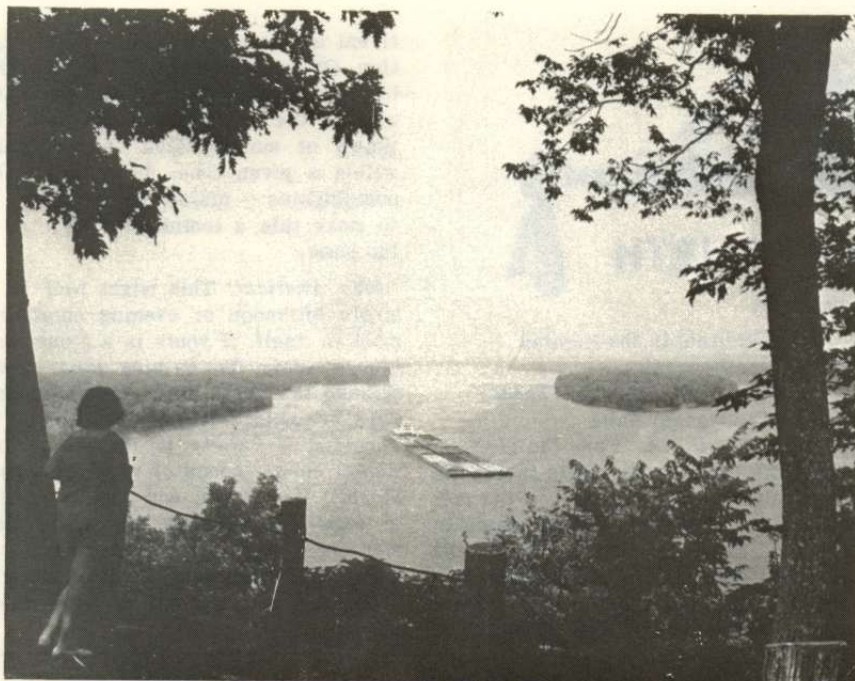
Where else in the world is such an ideal proposed, much less pledged?

Perhaps liberty and justice are not attained by all. Perhaps . . . Still, along with the *pursuit of happiness* and the *blessings of liberty*, these ideals are expressions of concepts Americans believe, strive for and defend if necessary.

The world continues to watch this land and its people. They watch to see if this nation *conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal* can indeed continue to prosper and endure. And some people in the world would enjoy seeing America and its concepts fail.

In almost two hundred years, America has not failed. . . The ideals for which it stands may be burdens, particularly in times of stress. But the burdens are shared; the ideals remain; the Pledge is renewed again.

Whether listening to the Pledge or tuning out and thinking of the picnic to come, Americans know that *liberty and justice* are more than patriotic words. They are the ideals for which we all live.



Summer Sundial . . .

by Mildred Grenier

The birds awake early, filling the leaves of all the trees with their scribbled notes. Morning streaks the heavens with pale watercolors, her glitter paint dripping and splashing the lawn. The petunias dry their faces with a dainty cobweb handkerchief sparkling with jeweled scrolls, dropped by an angel in the night. The sun, a warm golden pancake, slides slowly across the opalescent skillet of the sky. The warm breath of a breeze stirs the petals of the over-ripe roses, scatters pink and white confetti on the parade of ants through the grass. A woodpecker beats his drum of a tree trunk. A wandering wind surprises the wilted bedroom curtains, kisses awake the flush-cheeked, dream-drowsy children. They slowly, absently, eat cereal topped by dewy-plump blackberries from the back pasture. Later, their bare toes make lazy exclamation marks on the bare ground under the limp rope swing in the maple tree in the back yard, while they weigh the long day ahead, pregnant with promise . . .

Slanting sunbeams scrape the clapboards of the house, walk in the kitchen window, creep across the counter and into the doors of the cupboard smeared with peanut butter . . . Summer has set fire to the garden. Scarlet poppies blaze against the stone wall; fire cannas stretch toward the sky, shooting off sparks of black bees and orange and yellow butterflies. The smoldering red tomato patch is a-jump with insects, like popcorn popping from a pan. A haze of perfume smoke drifts

over the glowing scene . . .

Summer shimmers over the pond, and pauses. Dragonflies, suspended in mid-air, study their reflections in the pond's smooth mirror, suddenly cracked by the leap of a startled green frog. Pigs wallow in cool mudpacks; cows, switching their tails listlessly, take foot baths at the water's edge. Honey bees turn off their motors and glide to smooth landings in the clover field. A jet languidly makes its white chalk mark on the blue bulletin board of the sky . . . Only the corn in the field does not droop. Oblivious to the stifling heat, the proud young stalks march smartly down the rows, blades clicking snappily, golden tassels on their hats militarily erect.

The clock stops; the world holds its breath. Houseflies cling to the outside of the screen door; the old dog groans from his cool cave under the front porch. A black hand smothers the face of the sun. Then come the welcome sounds of thunder wagons rumbling over the wooden bridges of heaven. A sledge hammer drives a steely bar of lightning in, cracks open the cooled caverns of the sky, letting a refreshing blast of iced air out. The raindrops come hesitantly at first, falling with dull plops in the thick dust around the kitchen door. Then, with lightning swiftness, the jackpot is hit, and the raindrops splatter an avalanche of tinkling silver coins from a slot machine, falling into the world's waiting hands. Yelling, ducking, the children

(Continued on page 22)

GRANDMA'S ROSE BEADS

by Erma Reynolds

Are there roses in your garden coming into bloom? Or, has someone given you a big beautiful bouquet? Why not use the petals of these blossoms to create beads like Grandma used to make? Real rose beads that are very dark in color, almost black, and smell, oh so nice.

Here's how to make them. Use the flowers as fresh as possible, and clip the petals away from their centers, throwing away the latter. Grind petals to a pulp in a food grinder, using the finest blade. Place a dish under the grinder to catch any juice that might leak out and save this liquid.

Next step is to spread the pulp on an iron surface — a large iron skillet is good for this purpose. While the pulp seasons for about three days, turn the mixture frequently so that every part of it comes in contact with the iron surface. To keep the pulp moist, every now and then add a little water, including the retained rose juice.

Test a teaspoon or so of the mixture to see if it is ready to mold by rolling it between the fingers. If it does not separate, and feels elastic to touch, then you are ready to make beads. If it is too dry to hold together, add a little water and work and knead the petals until the mixture can be picked up and shaped into a ball. Should you happen to add too much water, making the pulp thin, spread the mixture out again on the iron surface, turning it from time to time, until some of the moisture evaporates.

To form the beads, take about a thimbleful of the pulp and roll it with the fingers, or palms of the hands, to form a round ball. Be sure to make the beads larger than you want them to be when finished for they shrink considerably while drying.

As soon as a bead is formed, stick a piece of wire, large needle or pin in its exact center to form a hole for stringing. Push the points of the needles or pins into a sheet of corrugated cardboard, or block of styrofoam, to hold the beads upright so they will not have a flat side. Set aside to dry. During this drying period move the beads frequently, up and down, on the pins or they will be difficult to remove without breakage.

Depending on weather conditions — humidity and temperature — the drying will take from a few days to several weeks.

When thoroughly dry, slip the beads from the pins and get ready to create a necklace. Using strong thread, or dental floss, string the beads, placing small gold, crystal, or pearl beads between each rose bead.

(Continued on page 22)

MARY BETH'S LETTER FROM WISCONSIN

Dear Friends:

The house is temporarily quiet for an hour or so. Katharine is at the bank, Don is at the real estate office, Paul is next door manicuring the lawn, Adrienne and Katharine Harris, our boarder, are in Oconomowoc, shopping for boutonnières for the Junior-Senior prom, which is this weekend. It becomes apparent at this point that this letter to you is written just before our schools dismiss. Unlike the colleges, our school calendar does not run from late summer to early spring, but rather from mid-September to mid-June. But about the flowers for the boys' lapels, lest it sound as though Adrienne is going to the prom, let me hasten to add that such is not the case, although she is looking on with obvious wishfulness, and Paul is observing with full knowledge that next year he *will be going!*

The ladies from our household who are going to prom are Katherine Harris and Katharine Driftmier. We all attended the banquet honoring seniors in our college preparatory school one day right after school was over for our Katharine, and before the evening was over one of the senior boys with whom she had been in class last year invited her to attend the prom with him. She was quite delighted because she had lost contact — as graduates do — with her former classmates. There were at this banquet many other former graduates, and they had a delightful evening of exchanging news about their year's experiences. Katharine was especially interested in talking to the young folks who were back from the universities in Texas. She has decided to accept the challenge of a larger school, and will be enrolled in Rice University at Houston, Texas, come August 1974.

Katharine received her acceptance as a transfer student after many months of waiting to hear from her application. The handling of transfer students is delayed until all the freshman places and returning student obligations are met, and then the letters are sent to those transfers who they decide are acceptable. This is going to be an enormous change for Katharine. Her entire wardrobe of clothes is centered around winter temperatures for the northern climes, and I'm sure the average temperature in Houston is going to be radically different from anything she is prepared for. So this summer will be a busy one for her in the sewing department.

We're all proud of the other Katherine in the house. She completed her final year of high school with enough credit points earned to win for herself the position of class valedictorian. This



Margery and Mother were giving their attention to the speaker at the banquet just prior to the announcement that Mother was named Shenandoah's Outstanding Citizen for 1974.

is quite an accomplishment, too, when one realizes that she has gained a grade average in two years at our school which exceeds the grade average of those students who were in attendance for the full four years. She did not come to our school until her sophomore year. At that time she boarded with another family, so we were barely acquainted with her. Her junior year she went to the Academy of the Rockies for a year of wilderness survival school, and this, her senior year, she again spent at the Brookfield Academy and has, as you know by now, been living with us. She is a true scholar in the finest sense, and I know she will be making a mark for herself next year at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington.

Adrienne captured for herself a red ribbon for second place in the Upper School's poetry contest. Each year the Upper School holds a day of competitions for all of the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. The parents are invited, a lovely luncheon is served, and it is quite a day, filled with excitement for

PLAY THERAPY

A child enters the room
Where there is room for him —
Where he can face his fear
And slay the dragons of the world.
For weapons — paint and puppets,
Modeling clay or trucks or blocks,
And always with him one who shares
Expression of himself.

A child enters the room
Where there is room for him —
Where he becomes important
To himself and one who cares;
Where he encounters faith
In his own strength for moving mountains,
Where he is master of his fate
And captain of his soul.

—Kristin Brase

the students. It climaxes weeks of practice on recitations of nonoriginal poetry selections and original compositions. Adrienne chose for her presentation this year a poem by Sam Walter Foss. Last year she did an entirely different piece by writing an original essay, entitled "What it is like to have parents as teachers", and she won first place with this bit of wit. This year she didn't walk away with first place, and, as I look on it now, I am happy she took second-place red ribbon. It gave her a good chance to exercise that wonderful spirit of being a good sport about being second. She had to admit that the little girl who won first had presented an outstanding reading. It is awfully easy when you are a winner to be gracious, but to win second and remain gracious and happy for the fellow who took first place is also a lesson which needs to be exercised once in a while. This is the last year she will be able to compete in these contests, because by next year she will be in College Prep, where the emphasis is not too great on memorization and recitations. By then, if they have come up through our school, they are masters at memorizing facts about anything.

My desk is heaped with a mixture of school papers and books which are waiting to be read. Each book that the children in our family complete in their literature classes which they find exceptional is brought to me. They insist that I, too, must read them this summer. It is an undeniable fact that they have read more and better books than I have by now, and I have lots of catching-up to do. But somehow during the school year I do not seem to budget time in such a manner as to read even as many books as the average American is said to read in a year's time. However, with any luck, I shall get to read this summer, and perhaps I'll even get my desk cleaned off.

The largest clean-off job I have to do is clean out my classroom at school. The children do, of course, clean out their own desks, but I have absolutely shelves and shelves of books to sort through, reams of paper to sort, and an entire filing cabinet of papers to reorganize for next September's new class. Each year I have my affairs in just a little bit better order than the year before, but I have a terrible tendency to keep everything. In order, but everything! This year I have promised myself that if I have worksheets made up which were not used in two years I will throw them away.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

PARMESAN POTATOES

- 6 large potatoes (about 3 lbs.)
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- Chopped parsley (optional)

Pare potatoes; cut into quarters. Combine flour, cheese, salt and pepper in a bag. Moisten potatoes with water and shake a few at a time in bag, coating potatoes well with cheese mixture. Melt butter or margarine in a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Place potatoes in a layer in pan. Bake at 375 degrees for about one hour, turning once during baking. When golden brown, sprinkle with parsley.

—Lucile

SPECIAL GOOSEBERRY PIE

- 2 cups gooseberries
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. fine tapioca
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Unbaked pie crust for 2-crust pie

2 Tbls. flour
1 Tbls. butter or margarine (optional)
Combine gooseberries, water and 1 cup sugar. Cook a few minutes until gooseberries burst. Remove from heat. Combine remaining 1/2 cup sugar with tapioca. Stir into hot mixture. Add butter flavoring. Prepare unbaked pie shell. Sprinkle 1 Tbls. flour in bottom of shell. Spoon filling into pie shell. Top with remaining 1 Tbls. flour. Dot with butter or margarine, if desired. Arrange top crust. Brush top with milk and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake at 375 degrees about 45 minutes or until top is nicely brown and filling is all bubbly.

Almond or orange flavoring may be used in this filling for a delightful variation. Frozen or fresh gooseberries are best but canned ones may be used by draining well and then measuring the 1/2 cup juice for the liquid. Continue as given.

—Evelyn

JULIANA'S BARBECUED BEEF FOR SANDWICHES

- 1 bottle hot catsup
- 1 4-oz. can taco sauce
- 1 heaping Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 onion, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic
- Pinch each of oregano, dry mustard, black pepper
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 or 3 lbs. stewing meat

Mix all ingredients together except meat. Pour mixture over meat. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 5 to 6 hours. Stir occasionally. Remove lid for a while if it seems too watery. Serve in warmed buns.

ITALIAN CASSEROLE

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

6 medium zucchini, thinly sliced

1 tsp. celery seed

1/2 tsp. salt

Dash of pepper

1/4 tsp. paprika

3 large tomatoes, sliced

1 cup Cheddar cheese, diced

Melt butter or margarine in skillet.

Add onion, green pepper, garlic and butter flavoring. When onion is transparent, add zucchini and seasonings. Turn gently and cook about 3 minutes or until zucchini is heated through. Spoon into casserole. Slice tomatoes over top. Sprinkle cheese on top of tomatoes. Bake in 350-degree oven 20 minutes or until mixture is cooked through and cheese is bubbly.

This may be cooked completely on top of stove by covering skillet and simmering about 10 minutes. In this case, add cheese just a minute or two before serving time. Makes 8 servings.

ELEGANT BAKED CHICKEN

- 1 or 2 frying chickens, cut up
- 2 10½-oz. cans cream of chicken soup

1 to 1 1/2 cups sour cream

1/2 cup milk

1 4-oz. pkg. chipped smoked beef

Place frying chicken in flat baking pan in one layer. Salt and pepper lightly. Combine remaining ingredients. Pour over chicken. Cover with foil. Bake in 325-degree oven for 2 to 2½ hours. Uncover last 15 minutes of baking time to brown lightly.

This is a great dish for Sunday dinner or anytime when dinner needs to cook for a long time. Baked potatoes are delicious with the sour cream sauce spooned over the top. This is a gourmet dish even though it is extremely simple.

—Evelyn

ICE CREAM DESSERT

- 2 1/2 cups Rice Chex cereal
- 1/2 cup fine soft flaky coconut
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 2/3 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 gallon vanilla ice cream

Crush cereal and combine it with the coconut, nuts and sugar. Crumble with the butter. Place half of mixture in bottom of 8- by 12-inch pan. Cut ice cream to fit or soften it enough to pour over crumbs. Place remaining crumbs on top and freeze. Serves 10 generously.

If you freeze first layer of crumbs before adding ice cream it works nicely.

—Margery

PEAR-AVOCADO SALAD

- 1 1-lb. can pears
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 medium avocado, pitted, peeled and diced

Drain and dice pears; reserve syrup. Add enough water to syrup to make 1 3/4 cups liquid. Heat syrup, vinegar and salt to boiling. Stir in gelatin and and stir until dissolved. Add 1/3 cup cup of the gelatin mixture to the cream cheese and beat until smooth. Pour cream cheese mixture into a 4-cup mold and chill until almost set. Chill rest of gelatin until partially set; then fold in pears and avocado. Pour over the cheese layer and chill until firm. Serves 6.

—Mae Driftmier

SUPREME LAKE TROUT

- 1 dressed lake trout (3½ to 4 lbs.)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped carrots
- 1/4 cup chopped water chestnuts
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup day-old ¼-inch bread cubes
- 2 Tbls. light cream
- 1 Tbls. snipped parsley
- 1/2 tsp. fine herbs (basil, sage — your choice)
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 cup butter

Rub cavity of fish with the 1/2 tsp. salt and the pepper. Cook and stir onion, celery, carrots, water chestnuts in 1/4 cup butter until tender. Stir in bread cubes, cream, parsley, herbs and 1/4 tsp. salt. Lightly spoon stuffing into fish (do not pack). Place in shallow baking dish. Bake until tender at 375 degrees, 35 to 40 minutes or until fish flakes easily with fork. Baste frequently with mixture of lemon juice and 1/4 cup butter. Serve on heated platter.

—Mary Beth

COLESLAW PARFAIT SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
 1/2 cup cold water
 1 Tbls. vinegar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 cups cabbage, shredded
 1/2 cup radishes, sliced
 1/2 cup celery, diced
 1 Tbls. onion, minced
 1 Tbls. cucumber, diced

Dissolve gelatin in the hot water. Stir in Country Style dressing, cold water, vinegar, lemon flavoring and salt. Stir until well blended. Chill until partially set. Beat with a mixer or a whisk until light and fluffy. Fold in vegetables. Spoon into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce leaves.

This is a delicious and crisp method of using familiar vegetables.

ZUCCHINI

Slice zucchini in thin slices and cook tender in a little water. Drain and cool.

To each 1 cup of the cooled and drained zucchini, add 1 beaten egg and 1/2 cup of pancake flour. Beat and adjust moisture to a pancake batter consistency.

Fry as pancakes on a griddle.

Eat with butter and syrup, or just plain.

—Lucile

SWEET AND SOUR MEATBALLS

1 lb. hamburger
 1/2 cup bread crumbs
 1/4 tsp. thyme
 1 egg
 1 tsp. garlic salt
 1 tsp. onion flakes
 1 Tbls. parsley flakes
 Salt and pepper to taste

Mix all ingredients together; shape into small balls. Saute on all sides until browned.

Sauce

1 9-oz. can pineapple chunks
 1 Tbls. soy sauce
 3 Tbls. vinegar
 6 Tbls. water
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1/2 cup sugar
 3 Tbls. cornstarch
 1 green pepper, cut in strips

Drain pineapple, reserving juice. Heat pineapple juice in saucepan; add soy sauce, vinegar, water and flavoring. Mix sugar and cornstarch together; add to juice mixture. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add balls, green pepper and pineapple. Simmer until heated. Pepper should remain crisp. Serves four.

—Margery

SPECIAL CORN PUDDING

2 Tbls. melted butter
 3 eggs, separated
 1 scant cup milk
 1 1-lb. can cream-style corn
 Cracker crumbs (Use your own judgment as to amount.)

Put 1 Tbls. of the melted butter in bottom of casserole. Mix all other ingredients together except egg whites. Beat egg whites and fold in. Pour into flat-type casserole and bake at 350 degrees until brown.

—Lucile

TWO-TONE STRAWBERRY MOLD

1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
 1 cup boiling water
 3/4 cup cold water
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
 3/4 cup fresh sliced strawberries

Dissolve gelatin in the 1 cup boiling water. Add the cold water and flavoring. Let partly congeal. Add fresh berries and pour into mold. Put in refrigerator till completely set and firm.

1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
 1 cup boiling water
 1 pkg. whipped topping mix, prepared according to package directions

Dissolve second package of gelatin in the 1 cup boiling water. Cool and let set till partly congealed. Fold in the whipped topping. Pour over first layer. Let set until firm.

This is very good and can be made with the wild strawberry gelatin equally well.

—Margery

OVERNIGHT ROLLS

1 pkg. yeast
 1/4 cup lukewarm water
 1 tsp. sugar
 2 beaten eggs
 1 cup sugar
 1 Tbls. salt
 3 cups lukewarm water
 11 cups flour (about)
 1/2 cup melted shortening

Combine yeast, 1/4 cup lukewarm water and 1 tsp. sugar. Let stand 5 minutes. Stir. Combine eggs, 1 cup sugar, salt, 3 cups water and beat well. Stir in yeast mixture. Beat until bubbly. Beat in 7 cups flour. Add shortening. When well blended, add enough remaining flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on floured breadboard. Knead lightly, using as little additional flour as possible. Place in greased bowl, turning to grease all sides of dough.

Start mixing the dough at 4:30 P.M. Punch dough down in bowl at 6, 7, 8 and 9 P.M. At 10:00 P.M. shape into rolls. Make them small for these triple in size. Place on greased cooky sheet about 3 inches apart. Cover with towel or waxed paper and let rise in a cool room (if possible) until morning. Bake at 375 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

ADRIENNE'S EASY BROWNIES

1 cup granulated sugar
 1/2 cup margarine
 4 eggs
 1/8 tsp. salt
 1 1-lb. can chocolate syrup
 1 cup, plus 1 Tbls. all-purpose flour

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Cream sugar and margarine. Add eggs and salt. Beat well. Blend in chocolate syrup and flour. Pour into greased and floured baking pan (10 1/2 by 15 1/2-inch). Bake for 22 minutes.

Icing

1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
 6 Tbls. margarine
 6 Tbls. milk
 1/2 cup semisweet chocolate chips

Boil together sugar, margarine and milk and stir for one minute. Add chocolate chips; beat until melted and of spreading consistency. Spread on warm, not hot, brownies.

SUNDAY POT ROAST

4-lb. beef roast
 1 10 1/2-oz. can onion soup
 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup

Lay a large sheet of foil in baking pan. Place meat in center of foil. Cover with soups which have been blended. Wrap foil up around meat. Roast for 4 hours at 350 degrees. Gravy from the liquid is delicious.

—Margery

ELEGANT RASPBERRY DESSERT

2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen black raspberries in syrup
 1 cup water
 1/2 cup sugar
 2 tsp. lemon juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
 4 Tbls. cornstarch
 1/4 cup cold water
 50 large marshmallows
 1 cup milk
 2 cups heavy cream (or 2 pkgs. whipped topping mix, prepared according to package directions)

1 1/4 cups graham cracker crumbs
 1/4 cup chopped pecans
 1/2 cup butter or margarine

Heat the raspberries with the one cup of water, sugar, lemon juice and flavoring. Dissolve the cornstarch in the cold water and stir it into the raspberries. Cook until thickened and clear. Set aside to cool. Melt the marshmallows in the milk over boiling water, then cool thoroughly. Whip the cream or topping mix and fold into the marshmallow mix. Combine the cracker crumbs, nuts and butter or margarine and press firmly into a 2- by 9- by 15-inch pan. Spread the marshmallow mixture over the crumbs and cover evenly with the raspberry mixture. Refrigerate until firm.

—Dorothy

UNUSUAL FROZEN CAKE

1 regular-sized box white cake mix
Mix up as per package directions using milk instead of water for liquid.
Add:

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 cup finely chopped nuts

Grease and flour a 9- by 13-inch pan. Pour in batter. *Do not bake.* Put foil over pan and put in freezer overnight. The next day prepare:

1 cup brown sugar

1/4 cup cocoa

1 3/4 cups boiling water

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Put all into bowl and stir well. Pre-heat oven to 350 degrees. Take frozen cake from freezer and remove foil. Pour cocoa mixture from bowl over frozen cake and immediately put in oven. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees till done. Cool — refrigerate if you like. Cut in squares. Remove squares with cake server and put upside down on plate. Top with whipped topping.

—Lucile

CLAUDIA'S MEAT LOAF

1 lb. ground beef

2 eggs

1 tube saltine crackers (about 40)

1/2 cup milk

Finely chopped onion

Salt and pepper as desired

1/3 cup catsup

Mix all together except catsup. Pat into an 8- or 9-inch square pan. Spread catsup over top. Bake at 350 degrees about 40 to 45 minutes.

—Margery

RED AND WHITE CHERRY FREEZE

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese

1 cup crushed pineapple, drained

1 cup white cherries, pitted and drained

1/3 cup maraschino cherries, chopped

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

2 cups miniature marshmallows

1 cup cream, whipped (or whipped topping)

Soften cream cheese. Mash with fork. Blend in pineapple, white cherries, maraschino cherries, flavoring and marshmallows. Fold in cream. Spoon into 8-inch square pan. Freeze until firm. Cut into squares to serve. May be topped with a bit of whipped cream and a red cherry for garnish. This will keep for several weeks if wrapped carefully once it is completely frozen. A fine make-ahead salad or dessert.

CORN CURRY

3 Tbls. butter or margarine

2 cups fresh or frozen corn

2 Tbls. chopped green pepper

2 Tbls. chopped onion

1/2 tsp. curry powder

1/2 cup dairy sour cream

Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter or margarine in a skillet. Add corn, green pepper, onion and curry powder. Cover and cook over low heat until vegetables are tender, about 10 minutes. Stir in sour cream, season to taste with salt and pepper and heat, stirring constantly until hot. Do not let boil after adding sour cream. Four servings.

—Mae Driftmier

ELEGANT CHICKEN SANDWICH FILLING

2 cups cooked chicken (white meat preferred)

1/2 cup English walnuts

3/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

1 tsp. lemon juice

Grind chicken and walnuts. Combine with dressing and lemon juice. If needed, 1 or 2 Tbls. mayonnaise may be added. Chill. Spread generously between two slices of fresh bread. Crusts may be trimmed off if desired. Great for open-face sandwiches. The blending of herbs and spices in the Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing make this a truly elegant-flavored sandwich filling.

—Evelyn

SUMMER VEGETABLE SOUP

2 cups sliced okra

1 cup celery, diced

1/2 green pepper, chopped

1 small onion, diced

2 Tbls. butter or margarine

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 large tomatoes (or 1 cup canned tomatoes)

1 tsp. brown sugar

4 cups meat stock

Saute okra, celery, green pepper and onion in melted butter or margarine. Stir in remaining ingredients. If no meat stock is available, use beef or chicken bouillon cubes and water to make up the four cups. Our favorite is broth from a ham bone simmered well. Simmer the soup at least an hour or until flavors are well blended. Rice may be added during the last 20 minutes of cooking time if desired. Cubes of cooked meat may also be added to make hearty mixture.

Soup made from fresh garden vegetables is delicious! Made in large quantities, this soup may be frozen or canned for winter eating, too.

—Evelyn

BRAISED STEAK WITH VEGETABLES

2 lbs. round steak (about 1 inch thick)

Salt and pepper to taste

Flour

1/4 cup butter or margarine

2 cups tomato juice

1 1-lb. can small whole onions, drained

1 1-lb. can whole kernel corn, drained

1 1-lb. can green beans, drained

Cut the meat into serving pieces. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dredge in flour. Brown the meat on both sides in a large skillet in the melted butter or margarine. Pour the tomato juice over the meat, cover and simmer for about an hour. Add the onions, corn and beans and continue to simmer about 30 minutes longer, or until the meat is good and tender.

—Dorothy

**A salad is more than wet lettuce.**

You carefully select a firm head of lettuce. You rinse it, drain it, bag it in plastic and put it in your refrigerator to crisp. You wait till the last minute, then tear it instead of cutting it. You don't salt till the very, very last minute. So far, so good.

Now don't spoil the whole effort with a "nothing" dressing. Be sure to reach for a **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressing**. Whether you prefer **French** or **Country Style** or **Italian**, you know you'll be adding quality, flavor and goodness to your salad. Smoothly blended to perfection, with just the right accents of herbs, vinegars and oils.

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THE FAMILY THAT PEDALS TOGETHER ---

by
Evelyn Birkby

Step carefully when you come inside the door, for it looks as if we had opened a bicycle shop! Lined up across the living room are the bicycles belonging to the five members of our family. The glamour of the model names is as exciting as the bright colors of the efficient, lightweight machines.

First in line is Robert's green Schwinn Varsity. A Christmas gift from the rest of the family, Robert rides it the mile to the ASCS office whenever he doesn't need to take the car for business out in the country. By the time he adds a round trip to the post office and a noon ride home for lunch, he has at least five miles a day of fine exercise.

Robert tells a story about a bicycle accident he had as a youngster. He was riding down the road with a can of kerosene hung on the handlebars. He can't remember if the spout was plugged with a corn cob or a potato, but in either case, his knee bumped the can and Robert lost his balance. He fell to the pavement and was knocked unconscious in the path of a car. "What happened, what happened?" cry his listeners.

"Oh, I was killed," Robert replies.

Beside Robert's bicycle is Craig's new ten-speed racer. He worked for a farmer friend on Saturdays and free evenings all spring to earn enough to buy his bike. "That thing is worth seventy-five hours of scooping pig manure," he proudly explains.

Polishing the white and black Raleigh Grand Prix, Craig talked about learning to ride the small red hand-me-down bicycle he had inherited from Jeff long ago. "The first time I rode it without training wheels was pretty frightening. We went out on the gravel road south of the house. Bob and Jeff ran along each side to hold me up, and we headed west toward the foot of a long, steep hill. We spent a good part of our childhoods trying to pedal all the way to the top of that hill without stopping. Then we would scare ourselves to death coasting wildly back down, and then turn around and try it again."

Jeff owns a maroon Schwinn Continental. Diligent saving from a summer's work two years ago made it possible for him to get it during his freshman year in college. It provides a good way to escape the pressures of studying and, as Jeff notes, it's not bad for chasing co-eds either.

When Jeff was thirteen, he worked on his bicycling merit badge. On one of



The Birkby family on their bicycles. Craig used his delayed-action shutter release so he could both take the picture and be in it. From left to right: Jeff, Bob, Craig, Evelyn, and Robert.

the twenty-five mile trips, he and a friend rode south of Sidney to Missouri. Fireworks are illegal in Iowa but not in Missouri, and several fireworks stands are located just over the state line. The temptation was too great for the lads. They bought a few ladyfingers and, with true Boy Scout ingenuity, smuggled them back to Iowa hidden under their hats. But crime never pays, even for such clever desperados, for when they stopped at a gas station for a drink of water, Jeff's friend unconsciously took off his hat to wipe his brow, and the contraband fell at the feet of the station attendant.

Bob's blue and white Raleigh Grand Sport leans against the fireplace because it has no kickstand. We asked him why that accessory was absent, and after mumbling something about the cosmic significance of bicycles, he explained that his wheel was built for lightness and speed, and a kickstand was an additional pound of unnecessary weight.

When Bob was eight, he bought a heavy old bicycle from neighbor Dorothy's son. We paid half of the \$5.00 cost, and Bob paid the rest in weekly installments out of his ten-cent a week allowance. Each ride required that he pump air into the back tire, crank the pedals by hand until the gear engaged itself, and run down the driveway to get up enough speed to climb aboard the high seat. They just don't make them like that anymore.

The Schwinn Varsity Bob rode to Florida was his pride and joy. He had used money won in a college piano contest to finance it, and it was christened "Thundergoose". After traveling some 4,000 miles hither and yon and back again, the Thundergoose is so worn it cringes at the thought of anything more strenuous than a gentle trip

to the grocery store, so Bob has retired it from active duty and put it out to pasture. His grandfather thinks he should have it bronzed.

As a girl, my own desire for a bicycle was as intense as that of any other child. My father was a minister, and money was scarce for frivolous expenditures. One day I discovered a girl's bike for sale for \$5.00, but since I was sure Dad would have no money for such an extravagant purchase, I didn't even tell him about it. Later, after the bike had been sold, Dad told me he would have gotten it for me if he had only known. The tears I shed were for my own stupidity, and I developed the philosophy to always ask. The answer may be *no*, but there is always a small chance it could be *yes*!

As I grew older, I begged, borrowed, and rode every bicycle anyone would loan to me. I particularly enjoyed riding my cousin's bicycle when we went to visit relatives. The flat Illinois countryside with its checkerboard of roads was perfect for a young biker.

During the war years I worked as Director of Religious Education at Grace Methodist Church in Waterloo, Iowa. Due to gasoline rationing, I did all of my church work — calling on new members, checking on absent children, and locating church school teachers — with the help of a lightweight green English bike. My only accident occurred late one afternoon when I ran into the side of an army car which was crossing in front of me. A WAC major apologized, had the bike repair bill paid, and encouraged me to join the WAC's if I ever wanted to change jobs.

The family has long encouraged me to get a bicycle so I could join them on their rides. I have a hunch they were also trying to help me with my battle

(Continued on page 19)

KITCHEN CHATTER

by
Mildred Grenier

SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: The words, and the letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can read the verse. (Answer at the end of this column.)

UOMHT EGT YM MODSIW FO ETG
SOWDR GUNNIDDENRATS RNEEHIT
HET TON TI EDNEICL TFEORG
OFMR

Sign seen at a church: Are you interested in going to Heaven? Visit us and get your flight training free.

For an extra-pretty baked ham treat, decorate the top and sides with flowers made by arranging almonds, petal fashion, around a small slice-of-carrot center. Use thin strips of green pepper for the stems and leaves. The glaze will hold the flowers in place.

You can also make attractive "radish accordians" for your relish tray in this way: cut radishes into thin crosswise slices, not quite all the way through. Place in ice water and chill thoroughly until they open up.

Here is one way you can make very economical and nutritious frozen treats for your children. Prepare the instant pudding mix according to directions on the box. Pour into an ice tray and insert a wooden spoon or stick into each



James Lowey had good luck helping his father blow up balloons, but his sister Katharine (decked out in Western jacket and Indian headband!) had problems.

cube; freeze. If you wish to save space in your freezer, after the cubes are frozen, you may remove them from the tray and place in plastic bags.

"Tie-dyed" clothing is all the rage today. You can help your kiddies get in the groove by making their own "tie-dyed" stationery! They may use their own white note paper and envelopes for this, or fold clean white sheets of typing paper and use the white envelopes that come in economy sizes at the dime store. They will use water-colors to paint the stationery, but they must use only the very pale pastel shades — pale yellow, pink, grey, blues, greens, etc. Using lots of water on the brush will help to keep the

shades very pale. They can begin by painting a small circle in the center of the paper, then painting larger and larger circles until the paper is covered. Immediately wipe over with a facial tissue to absorb any excess color: allow to dry. Turn the paper over and paint the other side in harmonizing or contrasting designs and colors. On other sheets of paper, they can experiment with other designs — diamonds, stripes, lines, checks, etc. They should "tie-dye" the envelopes to match the stationery. The important thing to remember is to keep the colors very pale, so when the children write on it, the words will be legible.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: Proverbs 4:5. Get wisdom, get understanding, forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth.

ICE CREAM WITH STRAWBERRIES

Ice cream with strawberries on a summer day,

Crimson and succulent in a tempting way.

Scarlet, jeweled juices slide down creamy snow,

Join their happy fellows in the dish below.

Special sweet companion, for goodness' sake:

A slice, moist and tender, of angel food cake. —Inez Baker

THE NATURE-TEACHER TABLECLOTH

A transparent plastic tablecloth helps my family have a greater appreciation of nature.

Under the clear plastic I slip a wild flower, or several different varieties of tree leaves, a chart of the planets, a few seeds, a typed nature poem, a bird feather, and maybe some nodules from a root.

This variety of materials stimulates pleasant conversation at meals and special interests in the world around us.

The children enjoy finding the flowers and trees and plants they learned to identify at our table.

My husband and I are always seeking more and different materials for our under-plastic tablecloth use. We use many reference books that tell about the materials we gather so that we can intelligently answer the children's questions.

We all delve into nature study this way and eagerly share our findings and thoughts and impressions.

But perhaps the best reward from the plastic tablecloth display is the endings the children sometimes put on the table grace . . . endings like: "Thank you, God, for helping us learn about Your wonderful world!" —Evelyn Witter

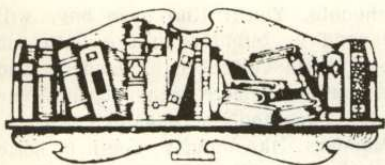
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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

"On the farm, spring's a time of coming alive. I talked to an old farmer once about spring tonics, and he said: 'You don't need a spring tonic. Spring is a tonic.'

"It's hard to explain the joy of walking a rough furrow behind a team of sweaty horses, or of worrying whether your rows of green seedling corn will show up evenly. But the joy was there, and the pride of accomplishing a tiring chore was real." So writes Grant Heilman, well-known photographer, in *Farm Town: A Memoir of the 1930's* (The Stephen Greene Press, Box 1000, Brattleboro, Vermont. \$12.95, clothbound; \$7.95 paperbound copy.)

Most of the photographs in *Farm Town* were taken by J. W. "Wes" McManigal in and around Horton, Kansas, between 1935 and 1940. Mr. McManigal was born in Horton in 1892. In 1934 he became known for his agricultural photographs. He roamed the countryside photographing his neighbors at work, at play, in the village and at the county fairs where they exhibited the year's produce.

After Mr. McManigal's retirement, Grant Heilman bought the entire file of 8,000 McManigal negatives. Said Mr. Heilman, "It was only after I saw them all together that I realized what a beautiful record of rural life they are." He went to Horton with the photos he had chosen for *Farm Town* and talked with some of the people in the pictures. The text for the book is drawn from the comments they made.

Since he knew that people would ask "Whatever happened to Horton?" Mr. Heilman took his camera along and did some "after" pictures to go with the McManigal "before" photographs. The result is *Farm Town: A Memoir of the 1930's*, an evocative portrait of a by-gone era in America's heartland.

This book has a special appeal to me because I grew up on my parents' farm near Humboldt, Iowa, and each page in *Farm Town* seems to bring back thoughts of another day, all mixed up with laughter, sadness, hard work, accomplishments, communing with nature, and the best place in the world to grow up.

The text in *Farm Town* is interesting. Regarding threshing, Mr. Heilman writes, "Nothing was quite so romantic



Cover illustration from *Farm Town* by Grant Heilman. Threshing machines were coal-fired. They thumped and roared as the grain was separated and the chaff and straw blown on huge piles. "Threshing day" brought about real neighborliness.

as grain harvesting — nor such hot work. It began with a binder which cut the grain in the field, tied it in bundles, and left the bundles lying on the ground. Then the shockers carried the bundles into groups, carefully arranged so the air could dry the grain heads. Next, the pitchforks forked the bundles from the shocks onto the rack wagons, which moved them to the threshing machines."

The machine separated the oats from the straw, the oats to be stored in the granary and the straw to be stacked in a pile. Yes, threshing was a time for co-operation and pulling together in the

neighborhood. Each housewife felt it her duty to serve delicious food to the threshers and what preparation went into that! American ingenuity ended it.

As Mr. Heilman writes, "The combine came on the market, meaning less capital investment, far less labor, more independence." The end of threshing meant less hard work and some good times lost.

Other contents are concerning haying, corn picking, the sale, the fair, politics, chores ("they seemed to go on endlessly"), leisure, and Horton today. The author found a continuity there, a peacefulness.

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WHEN CHILDREN GET RESTLESS

by
Virginia Thomas

"WHAT CAN I DO NOW, MOTHER?" Is that a familiar chant around your house when the children are on summer vacation?

If children have something to do and a place to do it, they are easily entertained. Why not plan that their vacation time also be a "growing time" — growing in grace, good manners, ingenuity, and family unity? This can all be a part of summer fun, if Mother will just do a bit of planning, and use plenty of imagination.

Never was there a little girl who wasn't intrigued by the array of bottles and jars of lotions, perfumes, and creams on Mother's dressing table. Summertime offers the perfect opportunity to introduce your daughter to some of the secrets of feminine loveliness, and at the same time strengthen the mother-daughter relationship.

The kindergartner who comes in from the sand pile with grubby hands can be introduced to a fragrant hand lotion after being scrubbed up, with a simple explanation of how it not only smells good and feels good, but it helps to prevent dryness and roughness.

Does your little second-grader bemoan her straight, wiry locks? Why not set up a play beauty shop and give her one of the home permanents designed especially for a child's hair? It will add to all the "play pretend" fun if you tie her into a large coverall bib apron made from one of your discarded plastic tablecloths, and provide her a hand mirror so that she can watch the proceedings. Even if a permanent isn't needed, mothers and daughters can



This dear little fellow with the bright eyes is Brian Berkeley Maxine, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maxine of Shenandoah. Since graduation from college, "Chuck" has worked beside his father, Ed Maxine, who is in charge of the production and distribution of Kitchen-Klatter products. Brian is the first grandchild for Ed and Norma Maxine as well as for Mr. and Mrs. Edward Greenwood of Emerson, Iowa.

have some lovely fun sessions each week as they try out new hair styles, shampoos, and discuss good hair grooming.

Summertime heat just naturally leads into a discussion of deodorants, and Mother can explain their purpose and help the daughter choose her very own special one. Along this same line, bubble bath, bath salts, or a fragrant bath oil, and scented bath powder will make even the most tub-resistant little miss more inclined to the daily bath

schedule. You'll find even boys will respond to bubbles in the bath and special masculine bath powders, and find bathing a more pleasant ritual due to the "scented" persuasions.

Manners, like charity, begin at home — and you can't start too early. Courtesies picked up by the small child are observed easily and with far less embarrassment and self-consciousness than when taken up at an older age.

As you have summer visitors, go on short trips or a longer vacation, make it a time for the children to learn good manners "doin' what comes natchurally". Let them practice greeting guests at the door (how they will love to act "real grown up" when company comes to the door), and they can pass refreshments at your club meeting. If they are invited to a party, have some fun playing party at home. They can take turns with you, and with other brothers and sisters, in being the guest, the hostess, in practicing accepting a gift, and in thanking the hostess for a lovely party.

Good manners when eating out can be fun to teach and fun to learn, if the practice session and lesson are followed up with dining out at some restaurant where the children can practice what they have learned — and what a lovely family sharing time it can be when the whole family joins in.

Teaching children to use their own ingenuity can be much fun for all as well as provide a valuable lesson. Too many of today's youngsters depend on "paid amusement". Summer is the time to teach them the fun in planning and carrying out projects, such as building a simple outdoor cookout spot of native stones, setting up their own badminton or tennis court, making a play tent from several feed bags. There can be impromptu picnics, with the children actually preparing most of the food. Learning to cook can be a whole summer's project.

Think about it a bit and I'm sure you can make this a lovely summer — a time of family fun and also a special kind of growing time for your child.



WELL, LOOKIE WHO'S HERE!

I dreamed Death came the other night
and Heaven's gates swung wide.
With kindly grace an angel quickly
ushered me inside.
And there, to my astonishment stood
folks I'd known on earth —
Some I'd judged and labeled as "unfit"
or "little worth".
Indignant words rose to my lips, but
never were set free —
For every face showed stunned surprise —
no one expected me!
—Author Unknown

The Happy Housewife's Song



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

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Sometime ago we stopped at a nursery and garden center to pick up some small terrarium plants and the owner invited us into his home to see his wife's African violet collection. The south wall of their large kitchen had a row of windows and it was in front of this good light that she kept her collection. "Contrary to what most people think, African violets do need good light," she said. "Not necessarily direct sunlight, but the plants will bloom much better if they get a lot of filtered sunlight." We had to believe that this was a factor in causing her plants to bloom so splendidly.

Her husband had built a long bench (14 feet) the full length of the wall and made galvanized trays an inch and one-half deep and two feet wide to cover the bench. These trays had been filled with colored pebbles such as aquarium owners use in their tanks. The plants were all potted uniformly in clay pots and spaced so that the foliage from neighboring plants did not touch, yet the plants covered the trays so well that the pebbled area was barely visible.

Mrs. K. stated that the most important single item in keeping African violets attractive and healthy was in the watering. She used tepid rain water (or melted snow in winter) and applied it with a special watering can that allowed her to get to the soil without spotting the leaves.

How often should one water African violets? She said she pokes her finger in the pots and if the soil is only slightly moist to the touch, she waters thoroughly. The plants are potted in a rich humus soil with plenty of gritty sand for good drainage. Excess water drains into the pebbles where evaporation provides the moist atmosphere needed by the plants. She uses a fish emulsion plant food at regular intervals but believes any good soluble plant food would give good results.

When asked how she coped with insects and disease, she smiled and said, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. All new plants are kept off the bench until I know they are in good health and have no insects. The soil and pots are sterilized and the plants are groomed daily, so I've had no problems. If I see a plant doesn't look exactly right, it is moved into isolation."

My thoughts were, as I left her lovely collection, that if I didn't have a greenhouse to operate, I'd become an African violet connoisseur and grow a fine collection in my home.



Margery uses a large plant to advantage in a corner of the living room of her home.

THE FAMILY THAT PEDALS TOGETHER - Concluded

against gradually accumulated weight, a battle I've been gradually losing. This spring I finally bought a bright yellow Schwinn Breeze, the last bicycle in the living room line up. It is a girl's three-speed with a large basket on the front, so there is no error in guessing which one is mine.

Just after school was out, all the boys were home. Each day they would encourage me to get on my wheel and ride with them. Several times all five of us rode off in exciting array.

Our sons are working this summer at Philmont National Scout Ranch in New Mexico, so their bicycles will be safely locked away. But when the boys re-

turn home, we'll get the bikes out and once again enjoy the pleasures of riding together. As Craig says, "The family that pedals together aches together."

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WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KTAV-FM	Knoxville, Ia., 92.1 mc. on your dial — 11.15 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

I LOVE A PARADE - Concluded

stable to see if its personality fits in our Patrol.

Originally, the Patrol was organized to participate in Shriner ceremonials, both local and national. It broadened out, developed a group of trick horses, and began to do commercial work for various organizations, the returns from which are used to pay the expenses of these trips, pay the trainer, the six barn men, and develop a better quality animal for the future.

We've delighted millions in our audiences from coast to coast, and even up into Canada. We've been invited to take part in some very ritzy shows, such as the Portland Rose Festival, the St. Paul Winter Carnival, the Ak-Sarben at Omaha, the St. Louis Horse Show, etc.

Besides two steel horse cars, it requires for our trips two baggage cars for the saddles, blankets, ring equipment, and the three changes of uniforms used by the Shriners on different occasions, and two Pullman cars for the men to live in during their travels. We really miss our beauty parlor on these trips. Back in Sioux City we have two horse shower baths where our coats are rubbed with soap flakes and we are given two showers a week in addition to a rub down and spot cleaning every day. (It takes a thousand dollars' worth of soap flakes a year to keep our white coats shining.) Our rubber shoes are made to order by a New York firm and our hoofs are kept manicured and often gilded with gold paint. Sawdust is used for our bedding, and we look just as stylish in our blankets as we do under a saddle, for our blankets are black and white plaid with a wide red border, and our name and our owner's name are appliqued on each blanket.

Yet we have our tragedies out there



Andy and Aaron are always excited when their mother, Kristin Brase, takes them to visit her friend, Mrs. Ray Hedrick, because they adore Clarissa, the Hedrick's two-year-old St. Bernard.

at the barn the same as anywhere. One of the sad things to me around our stables is the alumni, the members who come to practice so faithfully each Tuesday and Thursday kid and joke and have the time of their lives. The pitiful ones are the armchair members - those who have graduated from saddles to stationary seats on the club house porch. No more riding for them. But they still say that the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man. Although they'll never ride again, these men in their seventies, they just can't stay away from the stables. They like to scratch behind our ears and see us quiver with joy; they rub our flanks and say, "Finer than any satin"; they feed us loose sugar so they can feel our soft lips nuzzling their palms, and then they say, "Soft as velvet."

Sad, especially to me, since I, too, soon will be a White Horse alumnus. When I meet death, I hope it is in a parade. I've even heard some of our members prophesy, "Some day, when Osage King gives that first leap at the roll of a drum, he's going to burst a blood vessel and drop right at the head of that parade." Could you ask for a better way, when you've been a flashy white stallion that's lead parades for almost a quarter of a century?

The boys put \$5,000 into a Hammond organ, mounted it on a remodeled circus chariot, and it's pulled by two of our white veterans. They had to have music they could depend on. Our Patrol is always at the end of the parade, and the bands up in front are too far away to inspire us. Knowing what march music means to us, they did what they thought best, and bought the organ. It's sweet music, but for me the organ doesn't do what a military band with lots of brass does. So when I go, I hope it's not to the sweet music of the organ, but to the oom-pah-pah of a big brass band.

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., as it was humanly possible. She even went to Washington to study the gowns. They even have on the same number of petticoats. It takes a long time to dress just one doll, even after she has found all the research material she can about each First Lady. It has been difficult to find any information at all on some of them. She hopes eventually to have all 46 completed.

With so many women to take through her museum, Mrs. DuVall had to cut her lecture short for each group, which she regretted. One should really spend an hour or two here to see everything and hear her interesting talk about the dolls. I hope to go back again sometime when I can spend more time, and if you are ever in the vicinity of Moravia, it would be well worth your while to drop in and see Mrs. DuVall. It isn't far from Lake Rathbun, and if your husband wants to fish some weekend, this would be an interesting side trip for you and your daughters.

I hope to finish a dress I am making for myself today, so this must be all for this month.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

RELATE LESSONS TO LIFE

A most successful teacher with senior high-ers was a teacher who made sure that pupils understood that what they learned in Sunday school was not an abstract philosophy reserved for Sunday thinking, but Christian ideals were for living.

Her pupils often commented that they took away with them so much help for everyday living that Sunday school became a "must" in their lives.

The reason was, according to this fine teacher, that she related Biblical studies to present experiences. She said that all too often teachers assume that members of the class automatically relate Biblical teachings to their own lives when in reality they do not.

She made sure that her pupils did by asking questions that showed how the lesson related to each and everyone of them personally.

For example she might have asked: "The Bible tells us that we should honor our father and our mother. Can you think of any experience in your life where this verse might apply?"

Related lessons are successful lessons.

—Evelyn Witter

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KIT: Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 16" tall \$7.95 P.P. Assembled. Undressed: with patterns for clothes 16" \$14.95 P.P. Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style, 16" \$18.95 P.P. Catalogue 35¢

EVA MAE

Doll Co., Box 331K
San Pablo, Calif. 94806

THIS IS MY COUNTRY — Concluded

cardinal virtues — faith, hope, and charity — faith in the principles of our government, hope in the future of our country, charity toward all and malice toward none.

Patriotism is that spirit that makes us help our neighbors when they are in distress, and extend sympathy when they are stricken.

Patriotism is the tugging at our heart-strings and a sincere kinship with those who toil in field or shop or marketplace.

Patriotism is the emotion that makes a lump rise in the throat when some intrepid spirit strives to achieve something that no human being ever before achieved.

Patriotism is to be unashamed at the moisture that comes welling up into the eyes with the passing of some great noble soul who unselfishly devoted his life to the cause of mankind and thus served his country with honor.

Patriotism is loving one's country, respecting its traditions, and honoring its worthy people, high or low, rich or poor.

Patriotism is standing firm and unselfish for the right, for the common good, for the peace and well-being of all; sacrificing self, if need be, and standing tall and unafraid against all opposition.

—Author unknown

Patriotism is the spirit of hard work and pride in the accomplishment of honest toil, pride in remembering our heritage from the hard-working pioneers, belief in an "honest day's pay for an honest day's labor."

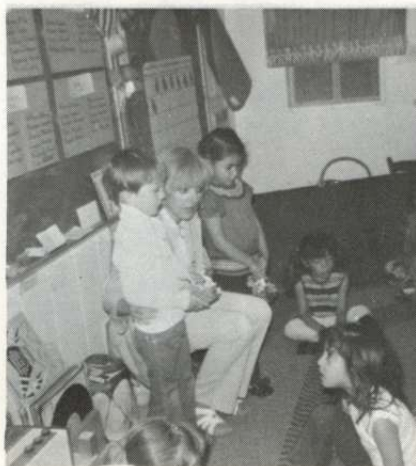
Patriotism is an awareness each day of all the blessings that are ours as citizens of this country and offering daily thanks to God that He has made it possible for us to enjoy them.

Leader: This is my country! Not just its majestic mountains, its fertile plains, its lakes and rivers, its shady beaches, its forests and its deserts, but its villages, its great cities, its super highways and country lanes are mine.

Its great universities, its village schools, its hospitals, its libraries, its government and institutions are a part of my wealth and my heritage.

Yes, indeed, I am an American; but with all this wealth I must accept responsibility and care for my country so that it may ever be "strong and beautiful within and without." I must work to right wrongs that our flag may ever wave proudly "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." This is my country. I am proud to be an American! I hold the torch of freedom high!

Solo: (or may be sung by all): "This Is My Country".



James Lowey, seen here with one of his teachers and a classmate, thoroughly enjoyed his kindergarten class in school.

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Summer laundries got you down? Too many kids home from school, too many tablecloths, too many towels? Time to reach for those great laundry partners: **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

Blue Drops is the new low-suds, high-potency laundry detergent that works wonders in all washers, in all water. Because it's super-concentrated, a little bit does a big job.

And **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** is just what the name says: a great, safe bleach for all washable fabrics. Colors, whites and prints (even new synthetics and permanent press) are perfectly safe, because **Kitchen-Klatter** bleaches bright without harsh chlorines.

So, next time you're at your grocery store, pick up the two helpers you need to get through summer washdays in a hurry:

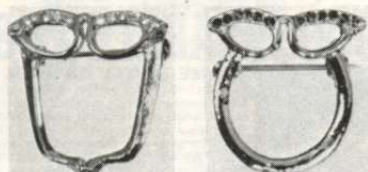
Kitchen-Klatter BLUE DROPS and SAFETY BLEACH

Buy some today!



SUMMER SUNDIAL - Concluded
dash from the yard and sit on the porch. They savor the drops bouncing off the porch rails, pelting their faces

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Our dear friend, Mildred Clovis, recently presented Mother with her 50-year P.E.O. membership pin.

and feet. They gulp in the raw, earthy smell of fresh rainwater gushing down the gutters to the jumping off place of the rain spout, sloshing over the rim of the rain barrel.

The dark feathers of dusk drift down slowly. Staff in hand, Evening leans over and, one by one, lights the candles of pink and white and yellow phlox along the garden's edge. A wayward breeze fingers through the spring love notes in the yellowed leaves of the old cottonwood by the barn. The

sky is raspberry and lime sherbet, slowly turning to vanilla. Moonbeams, like thin streams of buttermilk, pour from an old moon's white, chipped cup. Ragged clouds break, jagged edges pinned by heads of silver stars. The earth does a dizzy turnover. The street lights of heaven blink on; headlights glide silently, smoothly between the lanes. The moon falls into the lily pool; the cowslips glow like white meteors; the black night is shot with the celestial sparks of dozens of fireflies. Children play "Run, Sheep, Run" and "London Bridge" in someone else's yard. Their chants are punctuated by the slam of a screen door, mothers reluctantly calling their young in. Birds, two by two, dissolve into the eaves and hedges and sleepily twitter their prayers. A young maid's light gown, like the white wings of a moth, glides into the porch swing. It creaks contentedly. Whispering eucalyptus drips dreams through the silver-spangled lavender night. Cicadas wind their clocks; a cricket reads a bedtime story in a screechy voice, pausing occasionally while he turns over another page from the Book of Summer

ROSE BEADS - Concluded

To help the beads retain their delicate fragrance indefinitely, keep them in a container with a tight-fitting cover when not in use.

Rose-and-salt beads are also fun to make. Here's all you do. Finely chop, or grind, about three cups of rose petals. In a bowl place four tablespoons of salt and $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of flour. Add water, a little at a time, to make a very stiff smooth dough. Press the rose petals into the dough, distributing them evenly. Flour a breadboard and roll the dough about $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick. To make evenly sized beads, use a thimble to cut the dough.

Roll these little dabs of dough into beads. Have ready a length of florist's wire and string the beads on this, making certain that the wire is inserted in the exact center of each ball, and that the beads do not touch each other.

If you have artistic talents, the surface of these beads, while still damp, can be scratched to resemble rose petals.

Set aside to dry and harden. Move the beads occasionally to keep them from sticking to the wire. Allow them to dry for several days. Keep an eye on them and be sure to remove them before they become too hard and adhere to the wire.

String on strong thread or dental floss. If you would like a stronger fragrance, add 10 drops of fluid rose soluble (obtainable at most drugstores) to the dough, stirring the perfume evenly throughout the mixture.

Arthritis, Rheumatism Sufferers!!!

Please read this true story of how I almost made the mistake of my life!

When I took charge of the 50 year old J.W. Gibson Company, I reviewed its 275 pharmaceutical and household products and decided, in the name of economy, to eliminate nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ of them. Some of them dated back to the beginning of the company itself. Among these "old timers" was a product called Icy-Hot and I was soon to learn that sometimes the "old" ways are the best!

Even though this product had never been advertised, the letters literally poured in by the hundreds when customers found they couldn't buy Icy-Hot anymore. I was really impressed. I had just finished reading some of the letters and was looking at a jar of Icy-Hot when a friend stopped in. "What's that?", he asked.

"Icy-Hot", I answered.

"What's it do?"

"Temporarily relieves the pain of arthritis, rheumatism and muscular soreness." I said, reading the label aloud. My friend frowned. "I've heard that before".

He sounded skeptical so I handed him the jar. "Here, try



it and tell me what you think".

The next morning I no more than entered my office, when the phone rang. "I don't know what's in that stuff", my friend said, "but it's the only thing I've ever used that helped, and believe me, I've tried them all".

On the basis of the letters, and my friend's enthusiasm,

I ran a small ad. Today the letters of praise pour in and that phrase, "... the only thing I ever used that helped", is in practically every one of them. Icy-Hot has become our run-away best seller. In fact, our re-orders are so high, I make this unusual guarantee:

Please, try Icy-Hot. If it doesn't give you RIGHT NOW relief, keep the jar and drop me a note. I'll refund your money immediately! You can't buy Icy-Hot in drug stores, so just send \$2.00 for a big $3\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. jar of Icy-Hot, the medicated cream that really works! Send \$2.00 to:

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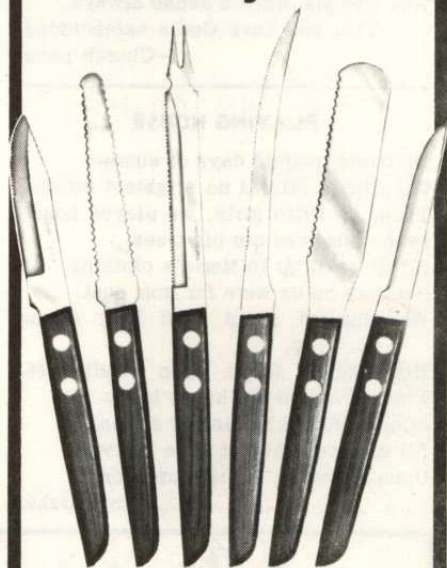
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so I'll sell you
these 6 knives
for only \$1⁰⁰**



My wife and I should be right out honest about this. We can't be any other way, anyhow.

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These 6 kitchen knives are just that. Every knife you'll ever need for cooking. Each of finest steel with riveted rosewood handles.

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Friend, may you keep your luggage light
And yours be all fair weather!
Your purse be full, your cares be slight,
Your shoes be sturdy leather.

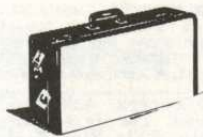
And may some places that you find
Be nowhere mapped or charted;
The country of the carefree mind,
The hills of the high hearted.

Happy surprises crowd your days
And nights, and bring sound sleep-
ing;
And may you have a sense always
That you have God's safekeeping.
—Church paper

PLAYING HOUSE

On those languid days of summer
When there stirred no slightest breeze,
Then, as little girls, we played house
In the shade of our big trees.
All dressed up in Mama's clothing . . .
Her hats on us were far from neat.
We clumped about with long gowns
dragging,
High-heeled shoes upon small feet.
Thus we spent our happy hours,
Hours, days that seemed so long;
All too soon they're gone forever,
Gone except in thought and song.

—Inez Baker



THE HAPPY HOUSE GUEST

by
Erma Reynolds

It's summer-visiting time, when many of us will be entertaining house guests. Think back to the times when you have been a house guest. Try to remember the visits you enjoyed the most. Can you explain why? It's almost certain it was when you felt really welcome, and were at ease during the stay.

There is no greater gift than hospitality, and it is an art that is simple to practice if you follow a few ground rules.

Of course, a considerate hostess makes certain that the guest room is as comfortable and attractive as possible. But, there's more than that to put a guest at ease.

When extending an invitation, to avoid a possible embarrassing misunderstanding, let it be tactfully known just how long you expect the visit to last. Mention also what tentative plans you have for entertainment, so your

guest can bring suitable clothing and equipment.

At your visitor's arrival time, you will be waiting with a cordial welcome. But, if for some unavoidable reason you have to be absent at this particular time, be sure that a member of the family, or a friendly neighbor, is present to "roll out the red carpet". To arrive and find no one on hand to greet her is certain to get any guest off to a jittery start.

Most house guests like to be treated "as one of the family", sharing in the usual household routine. So soon after her arrival, brief the visitor on the house rules. She may have very different customs in her own home, and would have no way of knowing yours unless they were explained to her.

If she must share the family bathroom, tell her when it is free for her bath time, and point out which area has been set aside for her towels and washcloths.

The thoughtful hostess knows that all people do not care for dogs or cats, and accordingly will try to keep the family pets out of the way.

To take care of mealtimes, find out if your guest has allergies or dislikes for certain foods. Some people like to snack before going to bed, so suggest that she feel free to make late raids on the refrigerator.

A guest will feel more at home, and that she isn't making extra work, if the hostess accepts her offer to help. It may be easier to do the chores yourself, but don't give a curt veto to the offer. There are always little tasks that need doing.

Even the best of guests can become bored if there's nothing planned for her to do, so before her arrival have in mind some projects for fun — rides, walks, picnics, sight-seeing, museums, shopping, auctions, for examples. Among all these there's certain to be some activity she'll enjoy doing.

If you know her hobbies, arrange for her to meet your friends who have similar interests. If you are giving a party in her honor, find out if she has any friends in the vicinity she would like to invite. And let her share in the party plans and the preparations.

There's no need to provide for every minute of the visit, or to keep your guest on the constant move from one entertainment to another. Everyone likes to be alone once in a while, so try to see that your visitor has a little time to herself.

Having done your part as a considerate gracious hostess, you're sure to receive a prompt "bread and butter" letter from your house guest, who secretly hopes she'll be lucky enough to be invited again for another happy visit in your home.



All set for a SOME-FUN SUMMER

Summer means picnics and camping and quick snacks. It means cool meals on the porch or patio. And it means a search for taste-tempting dishes to help perk up lagging appetites.

Just think how many places **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** can help! In ice cream. In cold drinks. In pies and cakes — yes, even in salads and soups. Look at this list of flavors and let your imagination go!

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