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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

It seems to me like the proverbial coon's age since I last wrote to you, and thus it is a relief to get back to the typewriter for this letter.

As Margery explained to you in her letter last month, I had extensive dental work done and consequently sort of took it easy for a little spell — two weeks, to be exact! It just so happened that those two weeks coincided with the time when I would ordinarily be writing to you, so I snatched at her offer to put her own letter in the space I usually occupy.

Well, at least this phase (extensive dental work) is an ailment I can mention without feeling tremendously self-conscious and for a very good reason: there are millions of people in the same boat. In fact, I've concluded that more people of my age are in that boat instead of out of it!

I'd known for a long, long time that I should be taking action on my tooth situation, and I put it off and put it off. AND PUT IT OFF. Finally the day of total reckoning arrived and I launched into action. My one great fear had been that I wouldn't be able to speak clearly, and since my daily radio visit is my very life itself, I just could not conceive of what I'd ever do if I couldn't carry on.

I wish I hadn't spent such endless hours, day and night, torturing myself with this nightmare. It turned out that I was able to forge right ahead with an absolute minimum of difficulty, and now, six weeks later, I can enjoy sitting down to a meal for the first time in more than two years. Food is something to anticipate rather than something to look at with a mournful eye. And if you are within range of our daily radio visit you know that I can talk all right!

I guess the big reason I had such nightmares about all of this is because of what we well know in our family as the Driftmier teeth. We could never just

go to the dentist casually and get work done. No one wanted to tackle us! It seemed that we always ended in the hands of an oral surgeon here or there for experiences that were truly awful.

(Once Marge went to an oral surgeon who took one look at the x-rays she'd brought with her and said: "Are you a Driftmier from Shenandoah?" That tells you the story.)

Well, at any rate, tremendous changes have been made in dentistry since my last round up and things are far, far different today. I felt complete confidence in the young dentist who "tackled my case" and this confidence was not misplaced. He is wonderfully competent and efficient. I just wish I had had sense enough to get to this office at least two years ago.

I've gone into all of this because there have been quite a few letters from people in these last six weeks who are facing the prospect of full dentures and keep putting it off. They want me to write and tell them how it really is! I can't answer all of these letters individually, so this particular letter is a blanket reply: Go to a good dentist in whom you can place your complete confidence and faith and get that work done — and SOON! Don't fool around endlessly with nightmares the way I did. No need for that at all.

One final comment and then I'm through with the subject of teeth. I just treated myself to two weeks that I thought of as a vacation. I don't travel, you know, except to go back and forth to Albuquerque, so I decided that I'd sort of play hooky and just have a vacation at home. And that's exactly what I did.

Juliana, James and Katharine were here for two weeks and MY! what a happy two weeks we had together.

Although I'd seen the children in March I was amazed, all over again, at how much they had grown up and changed in that brief period of time. I'm sure if you see your grandchildren frequently, as so many of you are fortunate to do, you're not aware of this

growing up process, but if they live at a distance it's a different story.

Katharine turned four on June 7th and she strikes me as the funniest little girl imaginable. Her comments leave me hard pressed to keep a straight face.

For instance, every morning I had breakfast alone with both children since I'm an exceedingly early riser — and they are too. We greeted each other cheerfully about 5:30 every morning and I fixed breakfast for them with the idea of putting on things I knew that they much enjoyed. One of these things is mixed frozen fruit they simply adore.

I said one morning: "Do you have this fruit at home for breakfast?" And Katharine said immediately: "Oh, no. It's too 'spensive. We don't have it." Then she was thoughtful and added: "You know, everything is so 'spensive we just can't go to the store and buy food at all."

After a moment I said: "Well, what does your mother say about all of this?" She thought it over and then replied with great emphasis: "My mother says 'DARN IT!'"

It seemed to me that Katharine summed up this whole awful problem of inflation in a very simple nutshell.

On another morning something came up when we were eating breakfast and she said abruptly: "Mouseknuckles!"

"Mouseknuckles?" I said, "Now that's a word I never heard before. Where did you learn that word?"

"Oh," she replied instantly, "that's a word my mother used when she was a little girl."

"Well, my goodness," I replied. "Your mother was my little girl, you know, just the way you are her little girl, and I never heard her use that word."

Katharine was silent for a couple of moments and then replied: "Oh, that was a long, long, long, long time ago — about thirteen hundred years ago."

I gulped on my coffee at that one!

You can see why I find Katharine endlessly entertaining. She is so small for her age that her speech throws me off completely, and I guess other people who cross her path react the same way.

James is now a very dependable and reasonable little boy who takes responsibilities seriously and does what he is expected to do without arguing or kicking up a fuss. I certainly have great respect for Juliana's role as a parent. She doesn't nag at her children or cajole or plead with them to do this or that. In short, she doesn't do any of the things that I did when she was "my little girl thirteen hundred years ago!"

The only time I heard her raise her voice was one evening when the chil-

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MARGERY AND OLIVER ENTERTAIN SUMMER VISITORS

Dear Friends:

This has been an especially happy month for us. How glad Oliver and I are that we decided to take a spring vacation and remain at home during the summer for we've been here to welcome visitors. In past years it never failed that we'd be out of town when people we longed to see dropped in for visits.

It had been twenty-one years since our cousin Jean Field Johnson and her husband had come to Iowa. Although their visit was a short one, a lot was crammed into those few days, as you'll read in her personal account on page 10. Oliver and I have never traveled in northern California, but we've promised to visit Jean and Harvey in the future — not this year, but hopefully before very many more years pass by.

A dear old friend of ours, E. L. (Bud) Nelson, from Washington, D.C., was another visitor this past month. Oliver had seen him at the convention of the International Association of Personnel in Employment Security held in Albuquerque recently. Bud was going to be traveling with some foreign representatives after the convention and expected to be in our area a few days before returning to Washington to conduct a seminar. He telephoned when he arrived and we spent some delightful hours together. Bud has been in government service with both the Labor Department and State Department for over 40 years, including many visits in foreign countries, so he has a fascinating background. We enjoyed hearing about his varied experiences.

I might mention here that Oliver had not planned to attend the convention in Albuquerque for we had vacationed there so recently, but there was a seat left on the chartered bus going from Iowa and he was talked into filling it. I was one of those who urged him to make the trip. Juliana was another. She and the children were here at that time and Juli knew that her husband Jed would welcome some company during those lonesome evenings. Oliver had a busy schedule during the daytime hours, but when evening rolled around he would give Jed a call to pick him up at the motel near the convention headquarters and they'd spend the evening together.

Next year's convention will be held in Boston and we're hopeful that we can both attend that one. It would give us a chance to visit Frederick and Betty in nearby Springfield, and an opportunity to see some historical sites in New England. Since many of the activities will be centered on the Bicentennial, it would be the perfect time for a trip East. We hope we'll be able



Another happy occasion was attending the dedication service of a memorial plaque for Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, "The Mother of 4-H", in Clarinda, Iowa. Mother and Margery are on the right. The others are Aunt Jessie's daughter Ruth and her husband and three of the Watkins' children, Jed, Seth and Heather.

—Photo by Clarinda Herald-Journal

to work something out so we can go.

Other visitors this past month were Oliver's niece Kathy Landin and her husband and little daughter. Kathy and Curt bought a home after several years of apartment living and have been devoting all their spare time looking for fine antique furniture. They refinish much of it themselves. They had just returned from a trip to Pennsylvania with a few choice pieces. It was interesting to hear the stories that went along with the searching — some really fascinating! They have completely furnished the living room and dining room and are now going to start on the bedrooms. This will be more difficult, they say.

We also had a recent visit from our son Martin when he came to preach at the local Presbyterian church. The minister was on vacation and Martin was asked to conduct the service one Sunday. It was a very special day for us because his grandmother heard him preach for the first time.

Mother gave us quite a chuckle. We have many friends in that church and during the coffee hour following worship, they came up to greet us. One of them said, "Leanna, aren't you proud

of your grandson?" Mother hesitated a moment and then said, "Well, maybe a little bit, but I shouldn't be proud. I'll just say that I'm satisfied." After that all Oliver and I could say was that we were very satisfied!

We're hoping Martin can come home for another weekend soon, but right now he has a very sick car. It might be some time before it is well again. The garage wasn't promising a quick repair at last report.

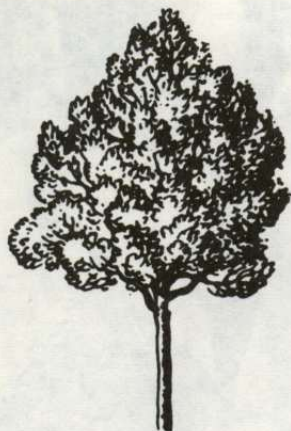
Next week we are expecting our dear friends Eltora Alexander and her daughter Mary Ellen Deir from Tucson, Arizona. Mary Ellen's 25th class reunion is coming up, so this is the occasion that brings her to Shenandoah. We're so glad her mother decided to come along with her. The Alexanders were Driftmier neighbors for 43 years, and how we missed them when they moved to Arizona. You longtime readers will remember the frequent references to Eltora and Howard and their two daughters, Mona and Mary Ellen. When both girls made their homes in Tucson, Howard and Eltora spent many winters there, finally deciding to retire there in later years. It was sad for all of us when Mr. Alexander passed away this spring. We're glad that Mrs. Alexander can fly back with Mary Ellen and spend some weeks with us.

Aside from Oliver's trip to Albuquerque to the convention, the only traveling for our family has been to attend the state Lions Convention in Clear Lake, Iowa. Several couples went from Shenandoah and our nearby towns and we all agreed that it was a wonderful

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COVER PICTURE

We love this picture of Katharine Lowey that was snapped when she and James and her mother had such a wonderfully happy visit (along with Marge) at Dorothy's and Frank's farm. But we all said the same thing when we first saw the pictures: It makes Katharine look so much bigger than she looks to us the rest of the time!



"As Lovely as a Tree"

FOR WORSHIP OUT-OF-DOORS

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Choose a spot for this worship service where there is at least one beautiful tree in full view of the audience. Perhaps at the foot of this tree you might place a short log for an altar and upon it place the open Bible. A portable record player or a tape recorder comes in handy for such a service to provide a prelude to set the mood for quiet and meditation, and perhaps to provide music throughout the service. A flute, guitar, or ukulele provides a lovely accompaniment for solos or group singing in an outdoor setting, but don't be afraid to sing without an accompaniment, trying to have someone primed in advance to lead the group in song.

Call to Worship: *It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O most High.*

To shew forth Thy loving kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with solemn sound.

For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work: I will triumph in works of Thy hands.

O Lord, how great are Thy works! And Thy thoughts are very deep...

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth. (Parts of Psalms 92 and 96.)

Scripture: *And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.*

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. (Gen. 2:9 and Psalms 1:3.)

Hymn: "O How Glorious Full of Wonder" or "This Is My Father's World".

Prayer: O God, our Creator, Who hast made all things beautiful, we thank Thee for the beauty and wonder of it all — for green grass, for the birds and the wonder of their swift flight, the joy

of their sweet songs, for rivers and rocks and fields and flowers, and for trees. We know that their growth, their usefulness, their beauty, are all a part of Your plan for the world, just as You have a plan for us. Help us to use our eyes and our ears to discover more about Thy creation and Thy will for us. In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

Leader: While we are surrounded with many beauties of nature, today, for a few moments, we are going to think especially about TREES.

BECAUSE OF TREES

Today I've grown much taller by just looking at a tree,
That stands in humble attitude and quiet dignity,
Its roots deep down in mother earth. It makes me kind to see
The cooling shade it gladly gives with gentle courtesy!

Today my courage rises when I note the marching fir
Ascend up to the timberline or scale the mountain peak.
Today my soul is reverent where hushing whispers stir
Within the aisled cathedrals where none but trees do speak!

Where none but trees may stand in prayer, their arms uplifted high,
With yearnings that do wing my soul away from dirt and sod,
Or grimly stark where savage winds do twist their boles awry,
Disclosing fortitude and hope that show a faith in God!

I love the music that their harps do make with wooing wind,
Or dauntlessness with which they face the deadly storms that blow!
Yes, all my pride and pettiness and sham are left behind;
I've come to learn what God is like and how a man may grow!
(Our thanks to J.W. Bare — taken from a church paper.)

First Meditation: Have you ever strolled down a tree-lined street with trees on either side spreading their

arching branches to form a canopy of green, their huge trunks the pillars in this natural cathedral?

Often, at regular intervals among the trees, one sees a weather-beaten, drab, gray telephone pole. It stands as erect as the trees along the street, but it sends out no branches, shoots out no green leaves. What is the difference? The answer is simple. The trees have roots, the telephone poles have none. The tree roots tap an unseen source below the ground from which they draw their nourishment. The telephone pole is but a piece of lifeless wood buried in the soil.

So it is with the man who sinks his roots deep into the promises of good, in his faith, and thus finds a power which transforms and strengthens his life, into GROWING, vital days.

Just as our verse of Scripture said that a man with his roots deep in the trust of God is "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

As you take this walk along the tree-lined street, perhaps you will come to a place where the cement of the sidewalk is humped up and broken by the roots of a nearby tree. We think of cement as something very strong, but there is a power even stronger in the center of the tree. Slowly, steadily, as the roots grow they press against anything in their way, and usually manage to make room for themselves to go on growing. It is because these trees have such strong roots that they can resist strong winds and storms, and often offer shelter to animals and people in times of storm. People are like trees in that they, too, need to anchor their spiritual roots deep, so that they can weather the storms of life, the discouragements, the tragedies, the ups-and-downs of daily living.

Thus we see that the lesson we may learn from the tree is that we need deep, strong, spiritual roots to keep us growing as persons, as Christians; and for strength to hold fast as we meet the difficult experiences of life. Prayer and trust will help to strengthen these spiritual roots.

Second Meditation: We have spoken of the beautiful trees with great spreading branches and lovely green leaves. There is another tree which has a lesson for us. Someone once said, "The timberline tree is not beautiful if you look for beauty in symmetry, in lush foilage, and graceful lines. At times the battle has gone against it, and the marks of many a defeat are plain to be seen. High up there where all other trees have abandoned the unequal fight, the timberline tree holds the farthest

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SOMETIMES WATER CAN TURN ME ON!

by
Leta Fulmer

Ah, Saturday morning. I stretched luxuriously under the sheet, turning to catch a peek at the dreary day that crouched outside my bedroom window. But the clock insisted that it was time to face up to the mountain of wash that is the weekend reward of the working-outside-the-home farm wife. Always groggy upon arising, I quickly came to grips with reality when the faucet yielded only a gurgling hiss and three straggling drops of rusty water. Hastily melting ice cubes to concoct the caffeine brew needed to pry me awake, I pondered with disgust on my never-ending battle with water.

As a bride, I moved to the Missouri River bottoms during depression days. Being a city girl, I had accepted water as casually as sunshine. How quickly I learned. The stream I coaxed from that jerking pump handle was icy cold. But in the water bucket, it magically built up a stucco lining as hard as cement. And the clothes! My shivaree linens took on a hue of dingy tan that neither bleach nor lye could budge. The addition of soap formed floating curds that could actually be squashed between my fingers like saffron clay. I often wondered just what it did to stomach linings. But the worst was on its way. This was before the advent of levees and chugging pile drivers. And the surging river periodically crept across our rows of corn and finally eased its way under the doorstep of my kitchen. Again and again, in the black of night, we rattled into town in the swaying wagon, old Bill and Dan staring wild-eyed at the water that lapped at their heels. Again and again we returned to shovel out mud and sand, hang musty bedding on sagging fences, air out mouldy rooms. Shortly after we beat a sad and final retreat, the corps of engineers moved in to curb the treacherous river. Even so, water has never truly threatened my life or limb. It usually winks a sardonic eye, grins spitefully and plagues me with matters that completely frazzle my plans and send my temper mounting.

We moved into a house on my in-law's farm — and immediately all the wells went dry. The drouth continued and worsened. When my husband headed for the fields to stir the crumbling soil, I shared a new chore with my aging father-in-law. With grunts and heaves, we loaded the wagon with empty barrels and headed for a nearby lake. Dip and fill. Dip and fill, till muscles ached, fingers blistered and bones began to creak. Then the trip home, with water sloshing out of each



Flooding is rare in Shenandoah, Iowa, but did occur in low areas after a cloudburst this spring. Margery ran for her camera and took this picture.

barrel in turn while I fought to keep them upright, conserving the precious liquid. Then — dip and pour. Dip and pour, till the bucket clanked against the bottom of each empty barrel. I scolded in angry irritation as the bulky sows slurped their fill, then flopped into the trough to defile the water we'd worked so hard to haul. And how carefully I budgeted my own use of it. Washing dishes repeatedly in the same thickening goop, taking turns in the bath, saving each drop to add to the barrel of hog slop fermenting by the gate.

Several years and two children later, we were busily remodeling an aging bungalow in the city. The double sink was indeed a luxury item, needing only a bit of repair — a mere nothing, I thought. But each time the gleaming new faucet was turned on, the entire fixture blew sky high, banging against the ceiling and showering anyone within reach. By the time it was brought under control, a new wallpapering job was a necessity. When the last strip of ceiling was angled into place, the roof began to leak right through the new fluorescent light fixture. Replacing the shingles was an expensive waste of time. Hot tar mopping had no effect. With a sigh of defeat, I delegated special pans to catch the flow each time it rained. Occasionally we'd give it just one more try. But no matter what, we could expect a Niagara Falls in our kitchen with every blowing rainstorm. When we sold the house to return to the farm, I apologetically told the buyers of the "slight" leak. When I met them by chance several years later, they told me the roof had never leaked since they'd lived there. How about that?

My husband installed our own water

system in the old home place. At last I was the farm wife I wanted to be — and with the luxury of inside plumbing. Only one thing was amiss. I also had running water in the cellar, where the constantly chugging pump sent our light meter to whirling up a disastrous bill. And the mould that coated my canned food made each jar a mystery to be solved only when wiped clean enough to see the contents. Salamanders, frogs and slugs moved in, in entire communities, to revel in their newfound Paradise. Finally with a sense of relief, we donated a spot on our hill for the town's first water tank. Now I was positive that my running feud with water would be reconciled. With the tank on our own land, how could I lose? I soon found out!

I have no real comprehension of the whys and wherefores of underground pipes and tubes. It is even less clear to me about filters and back-up stations. But let me make one thing crystal clear — sorrowful facts face me as I sit here pounding the typewriter and sipping lukewarm coffee. For some reason we're the first to run out of water when the pressure's low or the faulty pipes have sprung a leak. And when the filters clog, we're top on the list to run water so rusty that I automatically buy everything new in that vile red-brown shade. Every fixture must be periodically replaced because of the corrosion of lime and rust. And my tea kettles? I merely use them till they're too heavy to lift, then throw them away! There is only one time we receive more than our share of water. When the tank overflows, it drowns our pond, chews out the levees and carves winding trenches through our barnyard.

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I'm happy to report that we finally got a full week of hot, dry weather and were able to get the seed corn off the back porch and into the ground. There has been so much severe weather in parts of Iowa this year that we feel fortunate to have escaped with just one flood and no wind damage. Weatherwise, this has been a turbulent year for many parts of the United States, and our hearts go out to all those who lost their homes and loved ones in the violent storms.

Juliana and the children and Margery spent a weekend with us while Juliana was back in Iowa visiting her mother. Our beautiful drying weather started when she arrived, so she said she had brought it with her from New Mexico. Their weather has been so terribly hot and dry that they are about to blow away. At any rate, we were happy we had good weather for her visit so she could get out with James and Katharine and have a good time at the farm.

When Kristin comes home she always has a list made out of all the things she wants to be sure to do, and the things she wants to be certain Andy and Aaron get to see. Juliana had done the same thing, and I think there was only one thing on her list she didn't get accomplished, and that was to fish. We didn't have any fishing poles fixed up yet since no one had had any time to fish, but she said that could wait for another time.

We have two shallow ditches that run from the timber down through our pastures where Kristin and Juliana used to love to play when they were children. They called the one closest to the house the "little ditch" and the other one was the "big ditch". These were favorite places to play because they could be free as little birds there without adult supervision. The first thing Juliana did after saying her "hellos" was to take the children to the little ditch, remove shoes and socks, and wade with them as far as the fence line to mark off the boundary lines for them. James built a dam of sand and mud so he could back up enough water to float the kayak. By the time we had eaten lunch, enough water had accumulated, so Juliana and I carried the boat down for him. Katharine was a little frightened of the boat



Dorothy Johnson, Katharine and James Lowey, pause during their hike in the timber to have their picture taken.

at first because it rocked some, but when she realized the water wasn't deep she wanted back in. Andy and Aaron had so much fun with the boat last summer when they were here, and built a dam in exactly the same place. James came to the house with the tiniest little frog he had caught and put it in a jar so he could show it to Uncle Frank when he came in. It was about as big as my little finger nail. James had recently tasted frog legs when they had eaten out somewhere, but he said these frog legs wouldn't be big enough to eat, so he thought he had better turn him loose and let him grow some more.

Later in the afternoon Marge and I went along on the hike up the big ditch. We call these "ditches", but actually a more correct name would be "brook", because there are no banks on either side, and they are practically level with the rest of the ground. The water is clear and cool and runs over sand and fine gravel as it winds along through the timber pasture. Every once in awhile the children would come to a little pool where the water would be above their knees. Marge and I stayed on the cow path while Juliana waded with the children. We tired before the younger ones did, so when we came to a nice sandy beach in the sun we sat and visited while they went to the end of the line. They went as far as the pool fed by a spring, and Juliana reported there were lots of little striped fish in it that were not minnows or sun fish, and she asked her Uncle Frank what they could be. He said they were probably baby bass that had swum up stream when the creek was backed up, making the water in the ditch deeper. The children and Juliana all came home with their pockets full of pretty rocks to show us.

James was interested in all the Indian artifacts we have found on our farm, and Frank has several news articles in his collection that Juliana hadn't seen. He is tickled over his newest piece which was found on a piece of our ground that has been plowed hundreds of times through the years, but was never turned up until this year when one of our neighbor boys was plowing it. He got off the tractor and was going to throw it out of his way, but he noticed it was different, so he brought it to the house to Frank. It was a large flat rock, about 12 by 15 inches and about four inches thick, which had been hollowed out in the center and was as smooth as glass. It was the type of bowl used for grinding corn into meal, and several years ago Frank had found the matching piece, which was the tool they used to grind with. There is a name for it, but we don't know what it is. Margery and Juliana both took pictures of it, and if Marge has the space for it sometime she might put it in the magazine.

After seeing all the arrowheads and other things, James was anxious to go look for something for himself. Juliana said she would take both children with her over to the old garden where she found her arrowhead many years ago. James didn't come back empty handed. He found a piece of flint rock with one side a well-shaped start of an arrowhead, but apparently the person making it had goofed and didn't finish it and had thrown it away. He was happy with his find and took it home with him to keep as a treasure.

Juliana and I sat up late on the front porch and reminisced. We both love to sit out there in the summer and listen to all the night sounds. She said it had been years since she had heard the whippoorwills and all the different owls. The bull frogs and the peeper frogs were in fine voice too.

Late in the afternoon we drove in to Chariton to see Aunt Delia, and to show her the children. It had been so long since she had seen Juliana, at least eleven years, that she hardly recognized her. Bernie came out for a while in the evening, so she got to see all the members of the family who live around here.

The next morning the children got to take rides on Little Buck. They were both a little frightened at first, but Katharine enjoyed it more than James did. Frank also took them for a tractor ride out to the field. He was going to rake hay, and they wanted to hike back and walk up by the pond. It would have been so much fun if Kristin and her boys could have been here at the same time this summer, because two years ago their trips home just happened to

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FREDERICK IS A BALLOONATIC!

Dear Friends:

Because of an injured finger that has made it impossible for me to typewrite for the past several weeks, I am dictating this letter to my secretary just a few hours before leaving for Europe. The doctor told me that I must not take my finger out of my steel splint for several more weeks, and that means I must write a letter to you now if you are to receive it in the August issue of this magazine. I had planned to write you a very exciting letter from the deck of the boat that I am leasing on the Thames River in England, but since I am not going to be able to do any writing on the boat, I shall tell you something else exciting.

When you get this letter, I may be about two thousand feet in the air over Dublin, Ireland, floating around in a hot air balloon. At least I have reservations to go ballooning with the Dublin Club. Because ballooning depends so much upon the weather, it could happen that after going all the way to Ireland for this balloon experience, I still would not be able to do it. Prior to ballooning in Ireland, I shall be ballooning with the Balloon Club of Windsor, England. Until now, all of my balloon experience has been right here in Massachusetts, and I shall be very interested to compare the balloons and the ballooning techniques of both the English and the Irish.

I think that I am the first balloonatic in the Driftmier family. Many times I have been told that hot air ballooning is an ideal sport for a preacher! Unfortunately, the hot air that goes into a balloon is quite different from that which goes out from the pulpit. I assume that the English balloonists and those in Ireland will use the same kind of propane gas that we use for heating balloons here in Massachusetts and in most of the rest of the United States.

My balloon instructor is Dr. Clayton Thomas, a local industrialist four days of the week, and a professor in the Harvard Medical School one day a week. Dr. Thomas has been aptly called: "The Daredevil Doctor of Dingly Dell".

He has two beautiful balloons, and the one that he uses for teaching me is a gorgeous red, green and yellow hot air bag seventy feet high. The little aluminum and fiberglass gondola which is fastened beneath the balloon can carry three passengers and two one-hundred pound tanks of propane gas. Two weeks ago when my son, David, and I went up with Dr. Thomas, we were a little crowded in the gondola, and a little bit heavy.

It is much easier for a seventy foot balloon to take three people up for a



This picture of Frederick was taken during a recent appearance over a local television station.

ride in December than it is in July. There always must be a hundred degrees difference in temperature between the inside of the balloon and the outside air, and in the winter time this is much easier to do than it is in the summer time.

I suppose that the most thrilling thing about ballooning is not the altitude and the spectacular views of the countryside that one gets while lazily floating through the air beneath the balloon, but rather it is the sense of adventure that one has. You see, there is no way to guide a balloon. Once we leave the ground we have no idea where we will go and where we will land. It is possible to control the vertical movement of the balloon by giving it more heat when we want to go up, and by pulling a little cord that opens a hole in the balloon so that the hot air will go out and the balloon will drop, when we want to go down. There is absolutely no way to control the horizontal movement.

Ballooning is usually done just at sunrise or again just before sunset, and that is because of the quietness of the winds at those two times of the day. Before I go ballooning on any particular day, I call Dr. Thomas at his beautiful country home in Dingly Dell and inquire about the winds. If the wind at ground level is more than ten miles an hour we do not take off, because then we would find ourselves going sideways faster than we go up and that would surely lead to some kind of an unfortunate incident.

Here in New England we try to avoid unpleasant contact with church steeples, high-tension power lines, TV station antennas and mountain tops. Many times I have told my friends that

when one is ballooning in New England, it appears that the New England countryside is nothing but forests, lakes, and high-tension wires, all three of which we try to avoid. The one thing that we want least to do on any balloon trip is to find ourselves in contact with electric wires.

Hot air ballooning is not as quiet as most people would think. The burners of the propane gas make a roar like blow torches when they are heating the balloon, and they must be used to heat the balloon every few seconds. All the while the balloon is in flight the huge surface of the air bag is radiating heat and reducing temperature. To maintain a desired altitude, the burners must be turned on about every five or ten seconds. The day David went with me, we used a burning pattern of five seconds on and five seconds off. We had to do that because of the extra weight of the third person in the gondola, and because it was an unusually warm summer day. Strange though it may seem, the warmer the day the more hot air the balloon requires.

When people talk to me about ballooning, the first question they always ask is: "Once you land, how do you get back to where you first started?" The answer to that is a very simple one: we have somebody following us in a station wagon or a car with a trailer behind it.

It is quite a game for the persons who are following the balloon, for frequently the balloon goes out of sight up into the clouds, or behind a small mountain. The country roads and lanes of New England wind all over the place, and seldom does one find a road that goes in a straight line between any two points. This means that while the people following the balloon may see it in the distance, they sometimes are frustrated almost to the point of hysteria while trying to drive their transportation to the spot where the balloon may land.

David and I were very lucky on our last trip, for the man driving the follow-up car was an airplane pilot who had flown over the forests of Massachusetts and Connecticut so often, that he had a good idea of where the roads went. That was good luck for us, for he was so skillful in his following the balloon, that he was actually at the spot where we landed in time to handle our ground lines, helping to secure us so that we were not dragged any distance by the balloon. How pleased we were to see him and his two children waiting for us as we approached a pasture where we were confident we could land.

What an exciting landing that was! Just as we were approaching a pasture

(Continued on page 23)

A Good Time Was Had by All

by
Mabel Nair Brown



WESTERN MOVIE WITH THE GUN-SMOKE KIDS: (Stage: Divide your audience into seven evenly divided small groups. Designate the different groups as follows, and assign the action they are to do as their name is mentioned.)

1. Cowboys — who yell “Yippy-yi-yeah!”

2. Indians — use hands on lips to give war whoop “Whoo-whoo-whoo.”

3. Horses — stamp feet up and down on the floor.

4. Stagecoach — stand and run around your chair (or in a circle).

5. Women — scream loudly.

6. Rifles — aim and go “Bang, bang, bang!”

7. Bows and arrows — draw back bows and let them go, saying “Zip.”

The leader tells the following story, with each group doing their actions as their particular name is mentioned.

It was back in the days of *cowboys* and *Indians*. As the *stagecoach* pulled into Rainbow Flat, there were three rough-and-ready *cowboys* aboard — Buffalo Dick, Dopy Joe, and Alkali Ike. In Rainbow Flat two *women* boarded the *stagecoach*. How the *cowboys* stared at those *women*! The next part of the journey was the most dangerous, for they had to go through Deadman's Gulch, where it was feared there were *Indians* riding their *horses* and shooting their *bows and arrows*.

As the *stagecoach* neared Deadman's Gulch, the *horses* on the *stagecoach* got fidgety, and the *cowboys* loaded their *rifles*, and the *women* looked fearful.

Into Deadman's Gulch they went, high mountains on either side of the road, the *horses* racing along. Suddenly came a bloodcurdling cry as the *Indians* came around some rocks riding their *horses* and shooting their *bows and arrows*. The *cowboys* fired their *rifles*. The *women* fainted. Suddenly the *Indian* chief got shot and the *Indians*, leaving many *bows and arrows* behind, turned their *horses* and fled. The *cowboys* put

down their *rifles*, stopped the *horses* of the *stagecoach*, and got off the *stagecoach* to make sure the *Indians* were really gone. Then Buffalo Dick got on the *stagecoach*. Dopy Joe got on the *stagecoach*, and Alkali Ike got on the *stagecoach*. They revived the *women*, the driver whipped up the *horses*, and the *stagecoach* went rapidly out of sight. Only a few *bows and arrows* remained on the ground as a reminder of another episode in the Old West.

SUMMER GAMES

I AM GOING ON VACATION: To play this game the clue is the last name, so be sure everyone knows the last name of all present. The leader goes to each one present and says: “I am going on vacation. I should like you to go also. What will you take?” Only those can go who answer correctly. To go you must always take something with you that begins with the initial letter of your last name. See how long it takes players to catch on.

A NEIGHBORHOOD OR BLOCK PARTY: How often have you wished you might know your neighbors better? Why not have a cookout some summer evening, inviting all of the families in your neighborhood, or limit it to your block, if you prefer, suggesting that they bring their own meat for grilling, and asking some for extra grills. Each family might be asked to bring a covered dish (designating such as salad, dessert, etc.) to serve a certain number of people. Use paper plates and cups and plastic forks and spoons to make it less work.

After the meal you might prefer just to let the older folks visit while the youngsters play games. (It would be nice to arrange in advance for someone to direct these games.) The whole group might enjoy concluding the evening with a sing-along.

ARMCHAIR TRAVEL QUIZ OF THE UNITED STATES:

1. What is the only active volcano

in the United States? Mt. Lassen (Cal.)

2. Where is the Garden of the Gods? Colorado Springs, Colo.

3. Where is the world-famous Natural Bridge? Virginia

4. Where does the Mississippi River have its start? Northern Minnesota

5. What is the oldest city in the United States? St. Augustine, Fla.

6. In what state are to be found the highest and the lowest spots in our country? California (Death Valley, lowest and Mt. Whitney, highest)

7. Where in the United States do you see no automobiles? Mackinac Island

8. Where do you find Herbert Hoover's birthplace? West Branch, Iowa

9. Abraham Lincoln's former home at New Salem is where? Illinois

10. Where would you go to the Mardi Gras? New Orleans, La.

11. Where is the famous Betsy Ross house? Philadelphia, Pa.

12. Why would you go to Monticello? Virginia home of Thomas Jefferson

GARDENER'S QUIZ

1. What vegetable has a name like a city in Japan? (Tokyo Bell Peppers)

2. What fruit has the same name as a famous falls? (Niagara Grapes)

3. What fruit tree has the same name as a famous popular singer? (Bing Cherries)

4. What fruit tree has the same name as a TV star? (Jonathan — Winter Apples)

5. What fruit tree is like well-to-do people? (Wealthy Apples)

6. What peach has a girl's name? (Alberta)

7. What variety of tomato is like a landslide? (Avalanche)

8. What variety of tomato is named like a famous TV ranch? (Ponderosa)

9. What variety of tomato is like a boisterous girl? (Tomboy)

10. What raspberry has an Indian name? (Black Hawk)

11. What variety of blueberries is named like a town in California? (Berkley)

12. What variety of strawberries is like a member of the government? (Senator Dunlap)

13. What variety of sweet potato has the name of an island in the West Indies? (Porto Rico)

14. What vegetable has the same name as a town in Michigan? (Grand Rapids Lettuce)

15. Name a cabbage that reminds you of Denmark. (Copenhagen)

16. What vegetable reminds you of a city famous for automobiles? (Detroit Dark Red Beets)

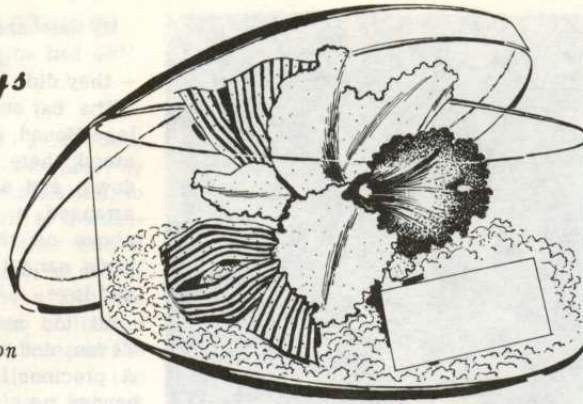
17. What sweet corn is like a well-mannered farmer? (Country Gentleman)

—Mrs. Howard Dean

Orchid Days

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson



As we go through life we find that there are small valleys and hills and deeper chasms and high mountains. There are days filled with sunshine and days that are so dark with clouds that we cannot see ahead.

But there are many days that are neither bright with sunshine, nor dark with clouds — days that fill our hearts with gladness and which have nothing to do with the weather outside.

I had not recognized such days until last summer. I was standing on the terrace of a very luxurious hotel, not the kind I had ever been accustomed to visit, and I was looking at the lake that spread out at the foot of the garden. It was dotted with white sails of boats which moved gracefully over the water. Beyond the lake there was a ridge of mountains circling the horizon, a blue beckoning ridge silhouetted against the sky, and close by the lake shore I could hear the happy laughter of vacationers.

One of the members of the tour group, with which I was traveling, joined me and stood looking out at the beauty of the scene before us.

"These are orchid days," she said. "I always like to think of them like that. The whole trip has been a series of orchid days to me."

"Yes," I answered. "I had never thought of it before, but this is truly an orchid day."

When the sun had gone and I was back in my own room, I lay there thinking. *I can't believe I am here enjoying this luxury.* It was something I had never had, would probably never have again, and my friend had been right. This tour had been filled with orchid days.

Lying there I let my thoughts go back into the days that were gone, and slowly I turned the pages of my book of life.

Seeking.

Orchid days!

I had not thought of them particularly at the time of their passing, nor since, because many of them seemed to be small, inconsequential, monotonous days. But in thinking about them I

knew now that they were really orchid days.

When we think of orchids we think of corsages on beautiful gowns on special occasions, but orchid days do not require orchid corsages, nor beautiful gowns.

As I turned the pages of my book of life, looking at my orchid days, I remembered my first love. We were very young and life was wonderful. It would last forever. The world was ours for the taking. We had no responsibility, no worries, no sorrow, just happiness in our hearts. I could not remember whether the sun shone or whether it rained, but I was with HIM and that was all that mattered.

Then there was the first bouquet of roses sent by an admirer. It was at Christmas time. There was snow on the ground and it was cold, but the weather outside did not matter to me, as I held those roses close and inhaled their fragrance. Now, looking back I know that that was an orchid day in my life, even if the bouquet was red roses.

I found other orchid days that had seemed to be ordinary at the time, but really weren't, like the unexpected gift from a friend, who remembered that I wanted a special something and she had found it for me.

And that other orchid day when a stranger whom I had just met said to me, "I wish I could know you better." And her words developed into a friendship that has endured for many years.

It was an orchid day when I stood before the Lincoln Memorial in Washington and looked at that magnificent figure with the kindly face with the tragedy of a nation written on it. He sat there looking toward the Capitol of the nation he had held together as if he might be remembering. It gave me butterflies and with it all, a feeling of confidence, of courage, of belief in my country, for in time of need, men like him had always come to the forefront, and with their great ability and great vision had held the Ship of State on an even keel.

There was that time when sorrow and

tragedy enveloped me and I could see no light, no future, nothing but darkness and misery, and out of it all a woman came to me. I had a bare speaking acquaintance with her, but she came in my hour of sorrow and held my hands in a warm friendly clasp, saying, "I have thought of you so much and I wish I could give you help. But I do want you to know that I have been thinking of you." I did not know that she had ever remembered our casual acquaintanceship. Looking back now, I realize that such a day cannot be an orchid moment, no matter how great the sorrow.

In turning the pages it filled my heart with gladness to remember the friends who had come to help me in time of need and to wish me well and rejoice in my times of happiness. They did not know that those many small things had meant so much in my book of life.

There were many things I had taken for granted during my marriage, but now they had taken on a special meaning along with those that had always been extra special. I was remembering the joyousness of the days with friends and relatives, the pleasure that my dogs and cats had given me, the wonder of sunsets relived, a sunrise over the hill, and the song of a lark in the meadow, a walk in the apple orchard in bloom in the springtime, and the sound of cracking snow beneath my feet as I trudged through open fields.

Orchid days!

Lying there in that luxurious hotel room on this trip which had been the dream of a lifetime and which had been filled with one orchid day after another, I wanted to tell my friend what her words had really meant to me; how they showed me the way to open my book of life and look through the pages of the calendar of days and see the many, many orchid days with which it was filled.

People go along with the prosaic business of living, thinking in terms of light and shadow, valleys and mountains, sunshine and rain, and do not realize that they can find within themselves the outlook which will make them aware that life isn't always like that. If they will only look back and remember they will find that it is filled to overflowing with those luxurious, richly rewarding orchid days.

Turn the pages of your book of life. You will be amazed at how many orchid days you have recorded.

God, when you patterned a bird song,
Flung on a silver string,
How did you know the ecstasy
The crystal call would bring?

—Angelia Morgan

MEMORIES REVISITED

by
Jean Field Johnson

There is in the lives of everyone the wonder of memory which ties us in remembrance to places in the past which have been dear to us. Many times these localities go back to the original root stock of families — old homes or communities where grandparents shaped a time and place.

My husband Harvey and I live in northern California, far from many of our loved ones. For some time we have been longing to "go back home" to visit. To my husband this is Texas, and to me, it is Iowa, to be in Shenandoah once more, and see Aunt Leanna.

This had been a matter of much discussion for some months as to how we could combine two parts of the nation and still not be gone too long from jobs and commitments at home. Harvey longed to go back to try to capture the taste, song, and life of places he had known as a boy. Suddenly there was an unexpected call that we were needed in Texas, so we found ourselves packing, making reservations, and giving instructions, all of which are very familiar to parents.

"Don't forget to water the plants"; "don't water the tomatoes too much"; "take good care of the little calf." Within twenty-four hours we were in Sacramento, Calif., lifting into the air, and heading down-state to connect in Los Angeles with a non-stop flight to Dallas.

As we flew we could not help but contemplate the wonder of looking down from 34,000 feet upon a nation, neatly laid out, below us. Little towns and great cities were edged with ribboned roads, so that when all of it was quilted together it looked much like a child's panorama of toys.

How incredible it seemed that in less than three hours we were landing in Dallas. We could not help but think of the past when we had driven this distance in endless hours. How precious that moment was when we were "down Texas way" near Greenville, and loved ones were streaming toward us with arms outstretched! So many of them — parents, children, and children's children.

We held some back to look into their faces, and laughing, said: "Let's see; you are James' daughter!" Or to another, "You must be Albert's grandchild." Once more we were there with them in the places dear to us and our loved ones. To my husband these were little communities called Friendship, Evening Star, Hiram, Wills Point, Cash near Greenville, and Terrel, Texas.

What joy to travel back in time and place and hear the familiar voices say-



One of the highlights of our summer was a visit from Jean and Harvey Johnson, pictured here with Mother and Dorothy. Jean (standing behind Mother) is the daughter of Mother's brother Sol.

ing: "There, Harvey, that was the place where you were born. There was a house on that hill over there; house is gone now. It was old Doc Alexander's place." Farther on: "There is the old home where we lived when we were children." We found ourselves remembering a home where twelve boys and girls lived with their father and mother, and we listened as they said over and over: "Remember the time . . . remember the time . . ." and heard the stories of love and joy and warmth of warm summer days when a small boy walked down the dusty roads and lanes, carrying a bamboo pole, smiling back at the black-eyed sunflowers — and don't forget the pail with the crawfish swinging along with the summer hours.

MAKE NO MISTAKE

It is never a mistake —
to tell a white lie if it will help someone.
to be ambitious and, too, considerate of others.
to show kindness to those weaker, less intelligent than you.
to confess you made an error.
to end a quarrel even though you are right.
to listen politely even if the speaker prattles like a child.
to be kind always.
to begin over again with new determination.
to take the time and trouble to visit those who are ill or old.
to say, "I'm sorry."
to praise the efforts of another.

—Unknown

My husband turned to me and said, "We had so much!" and I had to agree — they did.

The car stopped and we were at College Mound, an old family cemetery. We stood there, with the sun streaming down, and said the tender things, rearranged a flower, and in the oaks above us the mockingbirds and red-birds sang in a melody of tenderness and love.

All too soon it was time to leave Texas, and we were saying goodbyes. A precious relative leaned over and handed me a yellow rose, and I thought — the yellow rose of Texas. We lifted into the air again to go up through the heart of America's rich midland country. Below, again, such beauty flowed by — plowed fields in muted browns and yellows and ambers. There were green fields of corn yearning for harvest; reservoirs and lakes spotted the earth below us. We saw the Missouri River threading among the greens and blues like a weaver's shuttle in a tapestry flung across the states. Just a moment, it seemed, and we were touching down in Omaha, and Margery was waving to us as we stepped off the plane.

We followed a beautiful drive along the bluffs out of Omaha. Margery told us that only one other place in the world has soil similar to the bluffs, and that is in China. How could two such remote places share such a factor in common?

When we reached the outskirts of Shenandoah, memory tugged at our hearts, and we found our minds projected to that moment when we would be looking into Aunt Leanna's face once more. Then we were there and through the front door, delighted to be reunited. Dorothy was home, and there were so many to see — Ruth Watkins, Lucile, Juliana, Margery. Happy conversations filled our flying hours, and eagerly we reached out for each word and moment. We took Aunt Leanna for a ride to Clarinda, and along the way I thought about the history in this locality, and deep within my heart I held a precious thought.

In this part of the country my grandparents put down deep and durable roots — faithful and sure-holding. I thought back to the man and woman who worked side by side, raising a family, helping to shape a state. I thought of the love that is carried down even to the children's children, so that they call them blessed.

All too soon we were again lifting into the air, and the nation flowed along below us as we flew westward — completing a circle of travel as we set down in Sacramento once more.

We felt inwardly strengthened by a circle of love.

TAKE TIME

by
Evelyn Birkby

It is a sticky, hot evening but I would rather have the doors and windows flung open wide than to be shut up tight with the air conditioner. A few locusts are serenading anyone who will listen as the dusk slowly pushes what is left of daylight into a narrow lavender rim above the western bluffs.

This is a perfect time for an old-fashioned porch complete with a rocking chair or two and a swing hung from the ceiling by two heavy chains. Perhaps what our old world needs more than we realize are more porches where nervous, harrassed, pressured people can sit and swing while the locusts sing their serenade to the close of day.

Unfortunately, late July and early August do not give one much time to sit and rock. It is a time for fairs and for sidewalk sales. It is a time for sewing school clothes and a time for freezing corn, canning tomatoes and making pickles. It is a time for relatives and friends to come and visit and a time to take a trip to go see relatives and friends.

This is a part of the year best suited to catching insects and going swimming, although the thought haunts one that by the end of the month these adventures will be over and school will cause the closing of the pool and soon cold weather will send the insects under cover. There is still time to go hiking through the hills. In Sidney the calendar tells the women of our church to get busy and complete the task of cooking the chickens which will be used for our church rodeo stand. The farmers water down the hogs to be sure they do not suffer from the heat. The bucking broncos move restlessly inside the confining fences as they wait for the first performance of the Sidney, Iowa, Championship Rodeo of 1974.

Come to think of it, with all the excitement of late summer, who really wants to sit still for very long?

To save time, effort and heat in the kitchen, we are using our outdoor gas grill for many of our evening meals. Since Robert is at least nine-tenths pioneer, he frowns on the more civilized breeds of outdoor cooking. Give him a piece of ground and he'll build a fine campfire. Second choice is a stove or brick fireplace which gives equal opportunity to test his fire-building talents. It is his firm opinion that anyone can build a fire with plenty of charcoal and quantities of lighter fluid — plus a few matches. To show one's ability as a woodsman takes experience and knowledge to start from scratch and create a truly fine fire.

Robert patiently eats the meals pre-



Jeff and Bob Birkby congratulate their brother, Craig, the night of his Eagle Court of Honor. All three of the Birkby sons have now achieved this highest rank in Scouting.

pared on the grill. This summer with all three boys gone he has even become more helpful with the outdoor cooking chores. Put him in complete charge, however, and he will gallop off to some wooded spot, hatchet in hand, to create his own cooking situation complete with excellent food and satisfactory results. Obviously, he was born one hundred years too late!

It would seem that most every yard, no matter how small, holds some type of grill these summer days. One learns much of their use by observation of others and from personal experience. When we used our charcoal grill, for example, I learned to start the fire at least one hour before the cooking actually began. Our gas grill now heats the ceramic squares hot enough for cooking in about thirty minutes.

After cleaning off sticking and burned particles for some time, I discovered that greasing the racks with cooking oil or a piece of fat helps prevent sticking. If you prefer using the spray products which keep food from sticking, be sure and do it on a cold grill and let dry before starting the fire. Those spray cans are *dangerous* around an open flame!

Charcoal briquets are ready to use for cooking when they are covered with a gray ash. Spacing the briquets a little apart saves that high flame-up which can ruin good food. It also conserves on the amount of charcoal used.

When you are through toasting the final marshmallow and are ready to clean up, sprinkle the remaining pieces of charcoal with water to put out the fire, spread them out where they will dry and store until time to use for the next cookout.

Cooking outdoors reminds me of the many, many camping trips we have taken through the years. Recently we had an opportunity to look at a number of old pictures from some of those days.

The occasion was Craig's Eagle Court of Honor. Craig had completed his requirements over a year ago, sent in all his papers and had the proper certification back in due time. Then began the hassle to find time for the presentation. The basic problem was getting Craig's two brothers home at the same time a Court of Honor could be held. One would think that some time during Christmas, interim break or spring vacation we could have managed, but we didn't.

Finally we got all three home for a period of time before they left for their summer jobs. Quickly we got word around to a few friends and relatives as to the time of presentation. Bob spent two days going through slides of events in Craig's life pertaining to camping and hiking: shots of Craig at the age of nine months taking a bath in a dishpan in Clear Creek Canyon, Colorado, walking on a fence rail at Waubonsie State Park when he was two, wading and fishing on the shores of Lake Superior at the age of five, trips to Scout camp, to Idaho for the National Scout Jamboree, to Japan for the World Scout Jamboree, and a series of pictures Craig had taken during the past two years he has worked as a Ranger at the Philmont National Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico. There were beautiful views of mountains and streams, special shots of Craig rafting down the Rio Grande

(Continued on page 19)

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

FILLED PEANUT BUTTER CUPCAKES

- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups flour (unsifted)
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup semisweet chocolate bits

Blend together the peanut butter and margarine until creamy. Gradually beat in the sugar. Stir in the eggs and flavorings and beat well. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Grease muffin cups or line with paper liners. Spoon a heaping tablespoon of batter into each cup. Make a slight well in the batter and put 8 to 10 chocolate bits in each one. Cover with another spoonful of batter. Bake in a 350-degree oven approximately 20 to 25 minutes. This will make about 18 cupcakes. Frost as desired.

—Dorothy

WHIPPED RASPBERRY DELIGHT

- 1 9-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 cup drained pineapple juice
- 1 3-oz. pkg. red raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 2-oz. pkg. whipped topping mix
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Drain the pineapple, reserving the juice. Add enough cold water to the juice to make the 1 cup, if necessary. Dissolve the gelatin in boiling water. Stir in the 1 cup juice and flavoring. Chill until thick and syrupy. Whip the topping mix with the milk until soft peaks form. Whip the gelatin until fluffy; then beat in the topping mix. Fold in the pineapple and nuts. Turn into a slightly oiled mold and chill until set.

—Dorothy

OLD-FASHIONED DILL PICKLES

- 1 tsp. dill seed
- 1 clove garlic
- 2 cups vinegar
- 2 quarts water
- 2/3 cup pickling salt
- Dill-sized cucumbers
- 2 grape leaves per jar
- 1 sprig dill per jar

Combine dill seed, garlic, vinegar, water and salt. Bring to boil. While this is heating, wash cucumbers. Pack into hot sterilized jars. Put 2 washed grape leaves and 1 sprig dill into each quart jar. Fill to within half inch of top with boiling mixture. Seal.

The size cucumbers I like best for this recipe are about 3 inches long. They pack into the jars nicely. "Dill-sized" cucumbers can be seen in the commercially canned dill pickles. This recipe will make about 8 to 10 quarts of pickles depending on the size and how tightly packed they are in the jars.

—Evelyn

CHEESE MUFF

- 8 slices buttered white bread
- 1/4 lb. American cheese
- Salt and pepper
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1 quart milk

Place 4 slices bread in bottom of casserole, cutting to fit neatly. Cover bread with thin slices of cheese. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover with remaining buttered bread, cutting to fit as before. Add second layer of cheese. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Stir eggs into milk and pour over bread and cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes or until top browns and is bubbly hot. Serves 6.

—Lucile

GOURMET MEAT SAUCE

- 1 12-oz. bottle chili sauce
- 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. honey
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup onion, chopped
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper

Combine all ingredients in saucepan. Simmer, stirring occasionally, for 10 minutes. If possible, run in blender until smooth and thickened slightly. If no blender is available, chop onions very fine before cooking, mash with fork or potato masher after cooking to combine with other ingredients.

This is an elegant-tasting sauce. It may be brushed on hamburgers, steaks, chops, etc., before grilling or roasting. It may be passed at the table as a topping. It is great as a dip for fondue meats. Refrigerate any leftover sauce to use another day in another way.

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup semisweet chocolate bits
- 1 baked and cooled 9-inch pastry shell

Combine sugar, flour and salt in saucepan. Gradually stir in 1 cup milk. Stir until smooth. Bring to boil, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. This will be quite thick. Beat eggs and second cup of milk together with a fork. Gradually stir into hot mixture. Bring to a boil, stirring, and continue cooking until mixture thickens to about gravy consistency. Remove from heat. Stir in butter or margarine, flavorings and chocolate chips. Stir until chocolate is melted. Spoon into baked shell. Chill until firm — several hours or overnight.

If you want to dress up the pie, sprinkle a few chocolate bits over the top before chilling. Or top with whipped topping or whipped cream and shaved chocolate when ready to serve.

—Evelyn

CHERRY SALAD SUPREME

- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 can cherry pie filling
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/3 cup salad dressing
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple (undrained)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup whipping cream
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1/4 cup chopped pecans

Dissolve the raspberry gelatin in one cup of hot water. Stir in the raspberry flavoring and pie filling. Pour into a 7-by 11-inch glass baking dish and chill until almost set. Dissolve the lemon gelatin in 1 cup of hot water and add the lemon flavoring. Beat together the cream cheese and salad dressing until smooth. Gradually add the lemon gelatin. Stir in the undrained pineapple and pineapple flavoring. Whip the cream and fold into the lemon mixture along with the marshmallows. Spread over the top of the cherry layer and sprinkle with the chopped nuts. Chill until firm.

—Dorothy

SIMPLE BANANA PIE

Sliced bananas
1 prepared graham cracker pie shell
1 cup commercial sour cream
1 cup milk
1 pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring

Slice enough bananas to cover bottom of pie shell. Mix together remaining ingredients. Pour over bananas and chill.

RASPBERRY RING

2 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin
2 cups hot liquid
1 pint raspberry sherbet
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry
flavoring

Fruit, sherbet balls and coconut

Dissolve gelatin in hot water or hot fruit juice as desired. Add sherbet and flavoring. When well blended, spoon into ring mold. Chill until firm. Turn out on plate. Fill center with fresh mixed fruit, well-drained frozen fruit, small sherbet balls and sprinkles of coconut.

—Evelyn

CREOLE BEANS

10 slices bacon
2 1-lb. cans green beans, drained
1 Tbls. (rounding) dried onion soup
mix
1 1-lb. can stewed tomatoes
1 tsp. sugar

Fry the bacon until crisp. Drain on paper towel. Pour off all but 3 Tbls. of the bacon drippings. Empty the beans into the skillet, add the soup mix and heat thoroughly. Crumble the bacon into small pieces and add to the beans along with the tomatoes and sugar. Heat thoroughly and serve.

—Dorothy

GOLDEN EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

2 1/2 cups cubed peeled eggplant
1 cup milk
1 to 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
18 saltine crackers, crumbled
1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
1/2 cup chopped celery
2 Tbls. chopped pimiento or green
pepper
1/2 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper

Cook eggplant in boiling salted water about 10 minutes or until tender. Drain. Have ready the milk which you have heated in small pan with the margarine or butter, cracker crumbs, cheese, celery, pimiento or green pepper and seasonings. When eggplant is drained, combine with rest of ingredients. Turn into greased 1-qt. casserole and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

Original recipe called for canned milk or light cream but we like it better with plain milk and an extra bit of margarine — not so rich!

—Lucile

FREEZER PEACHES

1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice
2 cups sugar
Peaches

In a large bowl dilute orange juice according to directions on the can. Add the 2 cups sugar and stir until dissolved. (Amount of sugar needed depends upon the natural sweetness of the peaches and your family's sweet tooth.) Slice peaches into bowl of syrup. This prevents discoloration of fruit as you work and the fruit will undergo the natural shrinking process which eliminates the excessive amount of juice formed when fruit is sliced into container.

Ladle fruit into container using crumpled waxed paper to hold fruit under syrup. Freeze.

With the bowl method more syrup or more fruit can be added until the job is finished. These peaches have a very good flavor — especially good for pies.

—Lucile

DELICIOUS ESCALOPED POTATOES

8 medium potatoes, thinly sliced
1 10½-oz. can potato soup
1 10½-oz. can celery soup
1/4 cup chopped onion
2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
1 8-oz. carton sour cream with
chives

Combine all the ingredients in a large buttered casserole and bake in a 300-degree oven for at least 1½ hours, or until the potatoes are done.

ONE QUART OF PICKLES

1 1/2 cups sugar
1 cup vinegar
1 Tbls. salt
1/2 tsp. mixed pickling spices, if
desired
1 onion, sliced
1 green or red pepper, sliced
Cucumbers

Combine sugar, vinegar, salt and spices. Bring to a boil. While this is heating, slice washed cucumbers into a quart jar until it is *half full*. Slice the onion and the green pepper into the jar. This should make for a loosely packed jar, not firm. When syrup is boiling, pour over contents of jar to within 1/2 inch of top. Seal. Wait at least 3 days before using.

This is a real quickly made pickle, but one which will keep well if made as directed. The cucumbers have a fresh flavor which is delightful. The spices are optional; the red pepper (the garden variety) adds color, but the green is just as nice as to flavor.

If you prefer this can be put into 2 pint jars rather than into the quart. A fine recipe for those who grow only a few cucumbers and want a small recipe with which to work.

—Evelyn

LIVER & RICE CASSEROLE

2 Tbls. chopped celery
2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
2 onions, sliced
2 Tbls. butter or margarine
1 lb. liver, chopped
2 cups tomato sauce
1 1/2 cups rice, cooked
1 1/2 tsp. salt
Pepper
4 slices bacon

Saute celery, green pepper and onions in the butter or margarine. Add chopped liver and cook until it changes color. Mix in tomato sauce, rice, salt and pepper. Put in greased casserole and place bacon slices on top. Cover and bake at 300 degrees for one hour.

—Margery

LOW-CALORIE GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

1 large grapefruit (or 1 can grapefruit sections)
1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin (sugar-free if desired)
1 cup liquid (grapefruit juice and water)
1 cup boiling water
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
flavoring

Peel and section fresh grapefruit, saving any juice, or drain canned grapefruit, reserving juice. Dice grapefruit. Measure juice and add enough water, if needed, to make 1 cup liquid. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water and then add juice-water liquid and flavoring. Chill until gelatin makes soft lumps when stirred. Beat in mixer or blender until light and fluffy. Stir in grapefruit chunks. Spoon into lightly greased molds. Chill until firm. Turn out on lettuce leaves.

—Evelyn

GINGERED CARROTS

4 cups sliced carrots, 1/2 inch slices
Boiling salted water
1 Tbls. salad oil
1 Tbls. finely chopped candied ginger

1 or 2 cloves garlic, minced
1 Tbls. water
1 tsp. sugar
1/2 tsp. salt

Chopped parsley for garnish

Drop carrots into boiling water and precook until just barely tender, about five minutes. Drain, cool quickly in cold water, and drain again. Measure and prepare all remaining ingredients and have within easy reach.

Heat oil in a 10-inch or larger frying pan over high heat. Put in ginger and garlic, stir with a spatula until it starts to brown. It browns very quickly. Put in carrots, water, sugar and salt. Keep turning with the spatula until heated through. Turn into a warm serving dish and garnish the top with the chopped parsley. Serves four.

—Mae Driftmier

REFRIGERATOR CHERRY PIE

18 graham crackers, crushed
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/3 cup melted butter or margarine
 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
 2 cups miniature marshmallows
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

1 can cherry pie filling

Combine graham cracker crumbs, sugar and melted butter or margarine. Press into a 9-inch pie pan and chill. Combine the whipped cream and marshmallows. Spread half of the mixture in the bottom of the pie crust. Stir the flavoring into the pie filling. Pour over the first mixture in the pie crust. Top with the remaining whipped cream mixture and chill overnight. When ready to serve, top each piece with a maraschino cherry.

—Dorothy

DRIED BEEF CASSEROLE

1 cup uncooked macaroni
 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
 1 cup milk
 1 pkg. dried beef, cut fine
 1/4 lb. grated Cheddar cheese
 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced

Put the uncooked macaroni into a casserole. Blend the soup and milk until smooth and pour over macaroni, mixing well. Stir in remaining ingredients. (4 or 5 ounces of dried beef or the smoked beef will do nicely. If you

wish to use more that is fine.) Bake at 325 degrees for 1½ hours.

This may be put together early in the day or the evening before, covered and refrigerated until time to place in the oven. This makes it an excellent dish to use for a busy day or for a Sunday dinner.

—Evelyn

PINEAPPLE CHIFFON CAKE

2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 3 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup cooking oil
 5 egg yolks
 3/4 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 cup egg whites
 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar

Sift cake flour and measure. Add sugar, baking powder and salt into bowl. Make well in center and add cooking oil, egg yolks, pineapple juice and flavoring. Beat until smooth. In another bowl, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until stiff peaks form. Pour first mixture in thin stream over egg whites and fold in very, very gently. When combined, turn into ungreased 10-inch tube pan. Bake in 350-degree oven for 60 minutes. Invert over pop bottle to cool. Proceed to ice as desired.

—Lucile

MOCK SALMON LOAF

1 1-lb. can mackerel
 1/2 cup bread crumbs
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 cup milk
 2 eggs, slightly beaten
 1 tsp. lemon juice
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. sage
 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
 2 tsp. onion, chopped
 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Drain mackerel and remove bones and skin if desired. Combine bread crumbs, butter or margarine, flavoring and milk. When bread is soft, combine with remaining ingredients, including mackerel. Pack firmly into buttered loaf pan. Bake in 350-degree oven 30 to 40 minutes.

For a company dish (or a covered-dish dinner), turn out onto platter and garnish with hard-cooked eggs and pickles.

A tartar sauce made of salad dressing or mayonnaise and Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing (equal parts) is excellent with this salmon loaf. It is difficult to distinguish between this loaf and a true pink salmon loaf in flavor.

—Evelyn

HOMEMADE GRANOLA

4 cups uncooked rolled oats
 1/2 cup wheat germ
 1/2 cup coconut
 1/2 cup sesame seeds
 3/4 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 cup honey (or brown sugar)
 1/3 cup vegetable oil
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 cup dates, chopped (or raisins)
 1 cup nuts, chopped

Combine all ingredients with exception of last two. Place on cookie sheet or shallow, flat pan. Bake in a slow oven, 200 degrees, for 2½ hours, stirring several times. OR, bake in a 350-degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Mixture will turn a golden brown. Do remember to stir several times during baking. Remove from oven and add dates (or raisins) and nuts. Cool. Break apart and store in tightly covered container in refrigerator.

This is a fine, nutritious combination of ingredients. It can be eaten as a cereal, added to other cereals to increase flavor and texture, used as an ice cream topping and just eaten as is for a snack.

This is a flexible recipe. A little more or less of any of the ingredients may be used.

—Evelyn



When we asked your advice on flavorings, you weren't bashful: you told us what you wanted in no uncertain terms. You wanted flavorings that tasted fruit-fresh and delicious. You wanted flavorings that didn't bake out or steam out. You wanted just the right fragrance . . . a delicious whiff, not an overpowering aroma. And you wanted variety, so you could reach in your cupboard day after day without duplicating yesterday's recipe.

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THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS KEEP BUSY

Dear Friends:

This has been a quiet, productive, but very long day. Donald was able, by considerable grit and determination, to find employment for himself at a manufacturing firm way on the other side of Milwaukee. This is indeed, a dreadfully difficult time to find a job! His realtor's license has been of limited use this year. The interest rates at the banks and other conditions of the economy have not made this a summer for much trading in real estate sales. So in order to have his time gainfully employed, Donald went job hunting. This isn't the easiest task, either, for a fellow with a head full of grey hair. In spite of his years of business experience with General Motors there is simply little market for older men out in the job world. It is surprising to me that school teachers cannot pick up summer work, but I suspect this is an aspect of the teaching field that isn't generally known about until one is in the position of being a teacher.

Katharine came home to her job at the bank, but here she found that they were not planning to have her work at the bank the five-and-a-half days she worked last summer. This came as quite a monetary blow to her, so with the self-confidence that the Driftmier's exude, she immediately began looking for a second job. Her hours at the bank were such that this second job had to be *part time* employment, as she owed allegiance to the bank because they had given her work whenever she was home during her college year's vacation times.

This second job is as waitress at a brand-new hotel-motel-resort complex in Oconomowoc, and her hours are awful. She and her father pass as two ships in the night, and hardly see one another except on Sunday mornings in church. (That was why I mentioned at the start of this letter that it has been a long day.) Donald gets up and has eaten and left the house by six o'clock in the morning. Katharine is up and away for her bank job by 8:30 in the morning. She gets home at 3:30 in the afternoon, takes a shower, always washes her hair, as all nineteen-year-old girls seem to do. (She may even wash her hair twice a day! I'll have to watch some day and see if she ever does.) Then she quickly changes into her uniform for her night job, and leaves the house by 5 o'clock. Donald returns by 5:30 the same afternoon and is in bed and sound asleep by the time Katharine returns at 2 o'clock in the morning. She has few complaints except that her feet hurt after being on them for so long at night, and occa-



Little Katharine Lowey liked Margery's dog Wendy best when it was confined to its outdoor pen. Wendy doesn't see many children and isn't quite sure just what they are!

sionally she wonders how many days of consecutive jobs she can remain alert.

So far there have not been too many occasions when she has rolled into bed after 2 a.m. and had to be up at 7 a.m. to get to work on time for her bank job. But between the two she has the equivalent income of the one job, and this was what she needed. As a strictly fun job before the waitress job materialized, Katharine undertook to teach one of the neighbor girls beginning French three days a week. This has really been more fun than work, and it serves to keep her French polished before school begins again in mid-August.

While I am on the subject of jobs, let me tell you about our funny Adrienne. She has cut the grass and shoveled the snow for the nice lady who has the realty office, where Donald is associated, for two summers and winters now, and has been quite loyal to her in the most extremes of weather. So this year when this woman and her husband were preparing to go to the north woods for a vacation, she asked if Adrienne would like to get a work permit from the Waukesha County Court House, and come down to the office for three weeks — as soon as she had graduated — and keep the office open for her while they were away. Adrienne was terribly flattered with the degree of responsibility she was being given. However, we ran into difficulties when the people at the courthouse informed the woman that Adrienne was too young to get a work permit. It was at this point that Adrienne's future employer realized that Adrienne's graduation was

from eighth grade and not from high school. This child of ours has stretched out into a tall, 5-foot 8-inch, 130-pound slender reed of a girl, and it's quite true . . . she doesn't look as though she just celebrated her 14th birthday. Well, she got the job by mutual agreement and her hours are quite short and the remuneration is going to be a little cash and a savings bond which she will certainly be happy to see reach maturity when she reaches the ripe old age of 24 years.

You should see us when we go out as a family! I am the shortest one of the group, and I am 5-feet 9-inches tall. However, I always wear flat-heeled shoes, and because she has what might indelicately be described as "ample" feet, Adrienne now wears heels, so there I am surrounded by giants. And it is with not a small amount of wonder that I am watching Paul as he seems to be heading up another peak of growth. I cannot keep him full of food. He eats enormous amounts at meal time, and between meals he has snacks which are the equivalent to what he has formerly eaten for a meal. I wonder what this will mean in his pants' department come September.

He has not had quite the fair amount of success with jobs this summer. He still has his paper route, and he does some of the yard work for the lady next door, but he applied for several dishwashers' positions at the local restaurants, and of the three he applied for, none returned his call. (Perhaps they take a look at a boy his size and figure he would eat more on his break than they could afford, and hire a boy who is through growing.) However, suffice it to say that I have managed to find ample heavy jobs for him around the house.

Want to hear a funny third chapter to the saga of the contact lenses? Adrienne is still having troubles, and that is a story unto itself, but Paul was continuing to give it a half-hearted effort. However, when the wind was strong or the sun too bright or some other trivial discomfort arose, he would put them away and wear his badly-bent but in-one-piece wire rim glasses. During an evening of wild games in the neighbor's yard he placed the glasses safely on the top of the neighbor's outside fireplace while he wrestled, but one of the boys in the group, in order to launch himself onto another's back, scrambled up on the same outside fireplace and scrunched the glasses into two badly scratched lenses surrounded by a limp network of gold wire frames. Now he wears the contacts all the time!

Have a good summer,
Mary Beth

AUGUST SOLILOQUY

by
Grace V. Schillinger

The small flower bed near the kitchen stoop just went through a severe pruning. All through July different colors of rose moss (*Portulaca*) bloomed there, but after a month the stems looked bare and very few tiny roses greeted us each morning.

Besides, other plants — periwinkle, Southern Stars, dwarf marigolds, and marigolds, and bright blue lobelia — wanted their turn to cheer us. At first the bed looked a little bare but I quickly stuck in some cuttings of Joseph's coat, sultana, and the green-and-white Wandering Jew. In a few days the bed will never remember that rose moss flowers lived there.

If you want to keep your flower beds looking well-groomed, keep a jar of cuttings in water. They'll grow roots so you can plant them in where new plants are needed. Coleus cuttings root fast and they're fine for planting in where you've pulled out annuals that have outlived their time. Pretty rocks that you find on your travels are nice to tuck into bare spots, too.

Already the purple martins are talking of leaving for the South. We see them lining up their families on the wires, gabbing and making a lot of noise as they talk over their coming trip.

And fog mists gather in the hollows now that it's nearly mid-August. Nights



Katharine and James, returning across the field from a search for Indian arrowheads, found the wonders of the farm one of the highlights of their trip to Iowa.

are delightfully cool and it's fun to walk around barefooted when the moon is bright. It lights the Rock River, close to our house, so it looks like a silver dance floor. As I look out at the water I imagine it's where the fairies dance at midnight!

Fairies become quite real when you have a five-year-old grandchild to talk to. My sister, Betty, has a red and white house about 2½ feet high and 1½ feet wide, sitting at the top of the railroad tie steps leading from one garden level to another. Recently we had a picnic there with our grandson. He *knew* that fairies lived in this little house.

THE PATH

The pathway lies across the waiting field,
And who can tell what footstep first was there?

Or yet how many followed to prepare
A smoother course whose vistas are revealed

In this tomorrow, where my feet may run

Toward a setting or a rising sun.

Oh beckoning tomorrow — who shall find

In some fruition, distant as a star,
Another vision challenging the far
And limitless horizons of the mind?
And then discover, in some quiet way,
That all tomorrows are at last, today.

—Helen Mitchel

We saw him open the tiny door and look inside. He looked all around outside, too.

"I didn't see any fairies, Gram," he told me later as we sat in the lawn swing under a big oak. "I looked all over."

"It's too hot now," I said.

"Did you ever see one?" he asked me.

"Well," I hesitated. "I don't believe I've ever actually seen one . . . but I've seen their tracks."

This was a fib. I've never seen their tracks, but I've pretended I did, and I think that's what kids like, especially five-year-olds.

He asked Betty if she'd ever seen one.

"No," she told him, "but I've heard them scurrying through the leaves." Danny's eyes lit up.

"Where?" This boy is persistent.

"Well . . . in the timber . . . sometimes," she said. "And, Danny, the best time to listen for them is when you go to bed at night."

"Why?"

"Because you're quiet. Just before you go to sleep, open your window and then lie there very still —"

"What do they sound like?" Danny's eyes were all squinched up tight, as if he saw a few flying around in the air beneath the oak trees.

"Maybe like . . . like a cricket," Betty said. "Just listen when you go to bed. And don't fight with Mike (his older brother) and don't talk. Just listen. Maybe you'll hear some."

Five is such a wonderful age. A boy can believe almost anything when he has relatives who fill him full of tales. There'll be plenty of time to disbelieve when he's older.

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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

"It is best to be honest and truthful, to make the most of what we have, to be happy with simple pleasures and to be cheerful and have courage when things go wrong." That meaningful statement was made many years ago by Laura Ingalls Wilder, author of the "Little House" books, and is on a bookmark I have as a keepsake of our visit to the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum at Mansfield, Missouri.

While visiting relatives at Bella Vista, Arkansas, and on our way to see other relatives at Chariton, Iowa, we decided to go by way of Mansfield, Missouri. The natural beauty of the states was thoroughly enjoyed.

For sixty-three years Rocky Ridge Farm, a mile east of Mansfield (on Business Route 60), was Mrs. Wilder's home and here she wrote the beloved "Little House" books.

We met the dedicated and friendly curators, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Lichty, and their grandson, who conducted a tour of the home where Laura and Almanzo lived. The Wilder's dream, this ten-room house, was realized gradually, and was built largely by Almanzo and wholly of materials from the farm.

There was a feeling of reverence as we admired the desk where she wrote the books, the wooden chair with wide armrests that her husband made, and the kitchen just as she was using it in 1957.

At the museum it was such fun to see the various articles about which we had read. Laura's sewing cabinet, made of cigar boxes by Almanzo, was brought from DeSmet, South Dakota, in a covered wagon to Mansfield. Other displays included Mary's nine-patch quilt, Pa's fiddle and his Bible, Laura's beautiful handwork, their watches, and the original manuscripts of four of her books in her own handwriting. They are written on orange tablets from "Springfield Grocer Co., Springfield, Missouri," and the handwriting made me think of my Grandma Jacobsen's style of writing. There are many booklets and souvenirs available at the museum, as well as the "Little House" books. The Home and Museum are open to visitors from May 1 to October 15 from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., closed Sundays. Profits from the sales are used for upkeep of the Home and Museum. Mrs. Lichty said there had been a



Little Buck cooperated by munching some juicy weeds and "staying put" while James and Katharine took turns getting acquainted with him before taking their rides.

bus load of students and teachers from Coon Rapids, Iowa, visiting Rocky Ridge Farm, and while we were there, Cub Scouts were signing the guest book. Families were browsing about, and I heard one mother say, after buying a book for her daughter, "I'll read it, too!"

When we returned home, an article in the newspaper told of the Laura Ingalls Wilder Pageant performances at DeSmet, South Dakota, during late June and July. The play is presented under the stars at the original site of the Ingalls' shanty homestead. It recaptures Mrs. Wilder's early life with her Ma and Pa and her courtship with Almanzo. We read that DeSmet's pride is beaming more than ever with the announcement that the "Little House" series will be on NBC television this fall.

It was like frosting on the cake to receive letters from Melissa Sue Anderson, who plays Mary on the series, and Karen Grassle, who has the part of Caroline, Laura's Ma. Melissa Gilbert stars as Laura and Michael Landon portrays Pa Ingalls. Karen Grassle feels fortunate to have the role of Caroline, because the material is interesting and the people have a fine attitude toward their work. I agree with her that no doubt the program will help us to examine our values and that the Ingalls family understood so much that modern life has removed from our grasp. Yes, the quality of life is what we make it.

STILL NO CHANGE TO CHANGE

One thing is sure: Things are bound to change.

Changes take place constantly all over the world, and they come in all kinds of packages ranging from political and economic to the social, educational, and even individual.

Change is constant.

And sometimes changes hurt when they occur on the job.

But growth demands change. Why, then, resist changes in our duties and changes in processes and methods? These are things we must accept.

So learn to live with changes and work to grow with them.

CANDLEWOOD

Our old north road
Was a sylvan wood;
Shade cooled its
Summer winds
Through sycamores,
The far blue sky
And always scarlet wings.

Throughout the years
Old Candlewood
Still flaunts its
Ageless flame
While alders, petal white
The trails and
Partridge run the lanes.

—Ann Parish Slankard



You betcha baked tomatoes! And so easy, too! Simply cut a thin slice from the top of six medium tomatoes and hollow them out slightly. Combine 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French Dressing with 1 1/2 tsp. instant minced onion, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. dry mustard and 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Spoon this mixture into center of each tomato and top with a mixture of 1/2 cup crushed crackers and 1 Tbls. melted butter or margarine. Bake in shallow baking dish at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes.

But be sure that's **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressing** you use. It's the quality kind, blended with love and care of the very finest ingredients. Whether for salads, marinades or weirdos like baked tomatoes, you just can't beat **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**. You'll love all three: **French, Italian and Country Style**.

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MAKING CUT FLOWERS LAST LONGER

by
Anita Miller

During the warm summer months it is well to know as many ways as possible to keep cut flowers looking fresh.

Flowers should be cut in the late afternoon and put into cold water to be arranged the next morning. This assures them that long cool drink so necessary for longer life. It is a mistaken idea that early morning is just as well because of the dew, but there are nights when there is no dew and besides dew has a tendency to rot the blooms.

For some flowers this is all that is necessary, but the ones with hollow stems of woody natures, water will not penetrate so readily, so a different treatment is necessary. Flowers such as dahlias, should have their stems dipped in boiling water one minute before putting into cold water. Also, magnolias and peonies take the same treatment. It is helpful to scrape off the outside bark and slit the stems for about one inch before the arrangement is made.

Carnations should be snapped at the joints. They will stay fresh twice as long if treated in this manner instead of cutting in the middle of the joint sections.



Mother recently received a large arrangement of Bird of Paradise, an unusual and interesting flower. It lasted a long time and brought ohs and ahs from all who saw it.

Stock and lilacs last longer by scraping the bark from the lower stems and crushing before being put into cold water. Stock will keep fresh and clean smelling longer if a teaspoonful of household bleach is added to the water after arranging.

The stems of roses should be denuded of all thorns and the bark scraped from the lower stems and cut on a slant. They should be placed in cold water before wilting begins.

Besides bleach, there are other household supplies which are used to extend the life of cut flowers. Alcohol

(Continued on page 19)

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Just as tulips and daffodils say spring, chrysanthemums spell fall. Their short name is "mums" and they come in about every color imaginable except blue. The flower forms are just as varied and are described as spoon, button, spider, pompon and football mums.

For a long time mums had little appeal for us because one had to wait all summer and into early fall to get flowers from them. Nurserymen discovered that garden mums could be brought into bloom in time for Easter and for Mothers Day, two important holidays for their trade. They found a ready sale for small pots of blooming garden mums and that customers were doubly pleased with the plants. After the first initial bloom, the mums could be set in the garden or border and they would flower again in the fall. We have learned to intersperse annual flowers among the chrysanthemums to give color while the mums are preparing themselves for their big extravaganza later on. Organic gardeners tell me they plant the pungent French marigolds between their mums to discourage aphids and other insect pests.

Mum culture is easy if you know their requirements — a sunny location, good drainage and rich soil. Work the planting site to a fine tilth and incorporate generous amounts of compost or other organic material. Set the plants 20 inches or more apart, depending on the growth habit of the variety you are setting out. Cushion mums spread into low, wide mounds 18 inches or more each way.

When you select mums for your garden, do check their blooming dates. Many of them will not flower until hard frost arrives and then you will never know what the flowers would be. Sometimes we dig up whole clumps that are budded and bring them indoors where they bloom nicely and then the plants are discarded. The variety simply blooms too late for our region.

Because mum plants have such shallow root systems, they are easily heaved out of the ground by alternate thawing and freezing in early spring and usually this is fatal. You can guard against it by mounding soil over the crowns and then mulching with a non-matting material. Some gardeners move their choice varieties to a cold frame for the winter.

Anybody can follow the crowd and be a nobody.

Only a somebody, thinking for himself, can influence the crowd.

"Hurry up — they're playing the theme song for KITCHEN-KLATTER!"

Yes, Mother, your little "reminder" did his job well! Now put that sack of groceries away, settle down with a cup of coffee, and enjoy our morning visit.

We can be heard over the following stations each weekday:



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KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

MAKING CUT FLOWERS LAST LONGER

-Concluded

is good for tubular varieties such as gladioluses, freesias, begonias, hyacinths, and tulips. These stems should remain in wood alcohol for two minutes and then removed and put in cold water. Acacia and wisteria are also given this treatment with success, but should remain in alcohol for five minutes.

Sugar and salt play a colorful part in the preservation of cut flowers too.

Sugar is helpful to all kinds of lilies, such as Easter, calla and tiger. A teaspoonful should be added to the water when the arrangement is made.

Salt will do wonders for camellias. Let the stems remain in a mild saline solution for an hour before arranging and then add one teaspoonful to the arranging bowl.

In using flowers for corsages, it is very important to give them a cold drink for at least an hour before making them up. A small piece of cotton saturated with cold water and wrapped tightly about the calix before the stemming tape is applied will be a great aid in the longer life of the corsage flowers. This treatment is especially good for vanda and cymbidium orchids.

Also a drop of water from a medicine dropper put into the throat of a cymbidium orchid will prolong the life of these rare beauties and may be applied after the corsage has been made up.

Corsage flowers, orchids, roses, etc., should be worn as nature grows them—in an upward position. It is surprising how much longer they will last and how much crisper and more sparkling they remain then the ones that are worn hanging down with the ribbon bow only as chief point of interest.

TAKE TIME -Concluded


River and climbing the peaks in the Pecos Wilderness. One of the final shots seemed most appropriate—it showed an eagle soaring over the Sangre de Cristo range of mountains, part of which is in the Philmont area.

With Jeff's help, Bob wrote a script appropriate to the pictures. It was funny! They did a fine job presenting, "This Is Your Life, Eagle Scout Birkby".

To complete the evening, Robert, Scoutmaster of the Sidney troop, read a letter of recommendation for Craig which had been sent to the Eagle Board of Review. Jeff read the Eagle Charge. I had the honor of pinning on his bright Eagle pin. Craig, in turn, gave me a miniature Eagle pin which was fastened to an orchid corsage.

It was not easy to get this all put together in a few days, but the evening was a memorable one. I'm glad we took the time to see that it was finally accomplished.

* * *




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 and use those talents.

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 to gain him.

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 decipher, and read the verse.

WAL HET WOE DEFFLLLIU ON ANM
REANHTO GANNTYHI HEOLVT TUB
NOE OT OVEL ROF EH TTHA HHTA
HOENATR

Advertisement for women's dresses:
Makes women look nice and men look twice.

Have you learned to make the popular "bread jewelry" yet? It couldn't be simpler! Remove the crusts from two slices of white bread and break into small pieces. Combine with two table-spoons of good white glue (I use Elmer's). Knead until the mixture has a smooth texture, and no longer sticks to your fingers. The longer you knead it, the smoother it will be and the oil from your palms will give a shiny texture to the clay. Tint with a few drops of vegetable coloring, if you wish. You may make the clay into beads, make a hole



This beautiful (and delicious!) cake was made by Lois Hensel of Lake City, Iowa, and delivered to Mother by a Shenandoahan, Mary Perry, who teaches in Lake City.

through the bead with a needle, and let dry. Or you may make a ring for your small daughter. Or you may make the clay into small flowers; or make the petals separately, and press together to make flowers. Tint some clay green for the leaves. These may be used to decorate the tops of jewelry boxes, curler caddies, tissue holders, and so forth.

A friend of mine also uses the dough clay to make the heads, hands and feet of storybook character dolls which she sells by mail order all over the country. The body, arms and legs of the dolls are made of cloth, and the head, hands and feet secured with needle and thread.

People who are too long around are usually not around too long.

A good "freezer" hint: For speedy defrosting of your refrigerator or freezer, place a portable hair dryer, turned on high heat, in front of the open door. It will defrost within minutes.

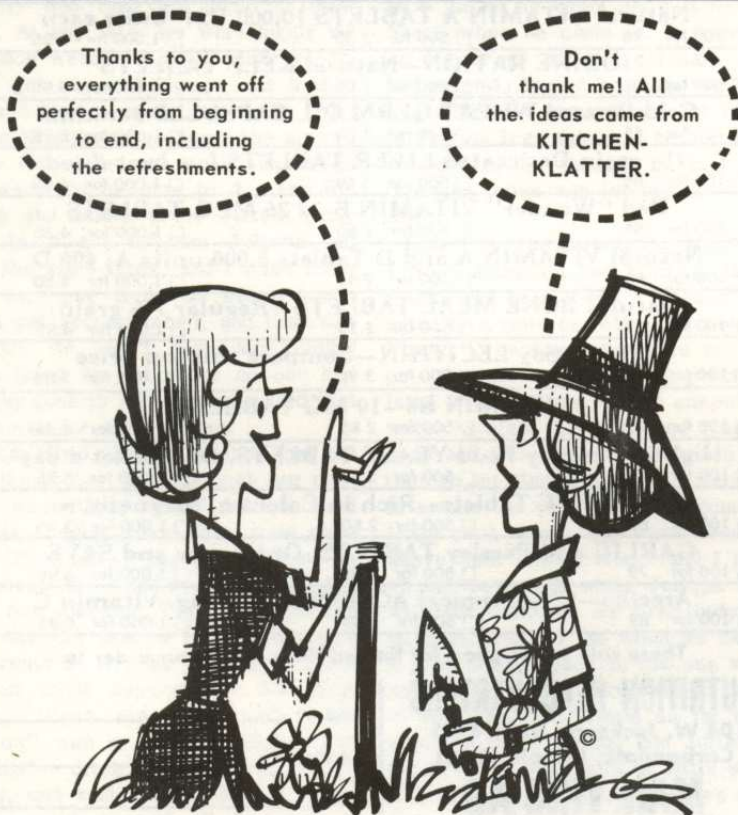
Still another "cool" idea: I always keep exactly one cup of water frozen in my freezer at all times. When I want to make a spur-of-the-minute gelatin dessert, I use the cup of ice and the gelatin sets in a jiffy.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: Romans 13:18. Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another, hath fulfilled the law.

SOMETIMES WATER CAN TURN ME ON!! —Concluded

Oh well, I've either found, or contrived, a few bonuses from this perpetual bout with water. Without the sting of a nagging conscience I can jam the clothes hamper even tighter and stalk off into the hills in search of arrowheads or antique bottles. Or I can merely perch on my "thinking rock" and gaze out over the bottom land where I spent those first years of marriage. Occasionally though (like now!) the wash must take precedence. And so I slide into jeans, push on canvas sneakers and plop heavy baskets into the trunk of the car. Laundromat, here I come!

As I step on the starter, I frown angrily at the grey block building atop our hill. I'll swear it stares back in defiant victory. But my ill humor quickly dissolves in a laugh at the ridiculous sight of the big white sow writhing in delight in a stream of rusty water that winds toward the barn. My head is bowed in defeat. Once more I've lost the battle with water. But deep inside, I feel the beginnings of a merry little chuckle. And the rear-view mirror catches the impish twinkle in my eye. Oh yes, I'll visit the laundromat — but there's a garage sale nearby. And just over the hill twin grandsons wait for me with outstretched arms and welcoming shouts. Yes, indeed, another Saturday routine shot to blazes — thank goodness!!



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AUGUST DEVOTIONS - Concluded

outpost of life. The timberline tree is not good for fruit, nor is it of much material use to the children of men. But its spirit is that of the adventurer who goes far beyond any chances of gain or glory, and shows what sheer fearlessness and grit can do. I think of the One who bowed His head against bitterer winds than have beat on the sons of men, but Who stood His ground until the day when He could say, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world!'"

High on a lonely mountain pass,
Facing alone all Nature's wrath,
Twisted and torn by eternal storm,
Brave with your bark and your branches
worn,

Crippled and bent by eternal blasts,
Winning life's battle by holding fast
To your place in the world, as it was
ordained,

Timberline tree, I am so ashamed
Of the fight I've made in the world of
men;

I go back to the valley to fight again!
(—Sunshine Magazine)

Leader: So we see the tree can teach us many lessons, how to GROW in beauty, in strength, in determination and courage, to give, as the tree does, comfort to those who pass our way, protection when needed, but above all to be EVER-GROWING, VITAL, WITH OUR ROOTS ALWAYS ANCHORED DEEP IN OUR FAITH IN GOD.

Let me stand upon the hilltop

Like a tree against the sky.

Let me mark the way for travelers —
Rooted deep, and pointing high.

Here surveyors chart their courses,
Climbers lost, regain the trail,
Kneel, with new and clearer vision
Of the long-sought Holy Grail.

Keep me pure, O breath of God,
Worthy of this crest so high!

Help me stand upon the hilltop

Like a tree against the sky!

(—Thanks to an unknown author.)

Leader: As (name) sings for us the words of Joyce Kilmer's lovely poem "Trees", let us be in meditation and and prayer and remain so until after the benediction.

Solo: "Trees".

Benediction: O God, let us in times of quietness and prayer put our spiritual roots down deep as the trees do, and, likewise, as they lift their branches skyward, may our hearts and thoughts be ever lifted toward Thee. Amen.

There is no substitute for performance. Not even for those with the "right connections".

On the job, each must pull his own weight . . . and a little bit more.



James Lowey spent many happy hours at the farm building a dam across a small stream of water.

TECHNIQUES OF TODAY

Until I had a daughter-in-law, I had never realized how badly some women hate the task of dishwashing. It seems since she was old enough to stand in a chair, she had been doing dirty dishes. So, with much ado, my son saw to it she had a dishwasher. It is a dandy, does all but reach out and snatch the dishes off the table!

Me? Being a farm wife and used to being drafted into all sorts of jobs, I have felt washing dishes was an easy chore. That is ever since electricity came to the farm front and water was at arm's reach. There was a time when I was stingy with the amount of water I used. Our old hand pump on the back porch was a back breaker and in cold weather, the coldest place to be found! However, my grandma made me feel ashamed to complain. She remembered catching rain water in barrels underneath the eaves of the house. This system worked fine when the rain was plentiful, but in dry times . . . no water! She either fetched it, by hand, from a nearby spring or shamed some of her menfolk into carrying a pail of water. Who ended up at this job went down hill empty and climbed back with a full bucket. It seemed these hardship tales of Grandma's never lightened my burden of pumping water!

Thus, each generation comes up with better methods of doing things. Today the housewife often joins health clubs to get her needed amount of exercises! I used to get some good leg work taking my kitchen scraps out to the "garbage disposal". Sure, housewives in the 30's had several garbage disposals . . . and they all said "oink." In fact, I often saved the soapy dish water to take to the pig pen . . . it was supposed to rid the hogs of worms! At least, there was no worry over what to do with the peelings and such like.

Antique buffs clamor for the old iron

hand pumps. They make unique yard decorations. Somehow, I don't really want one for they bring back too many distasteful memories. As a child, sticking my tongue to the icy pump handle some zero morning often left some behind. Things like that made me less of a daredevil! And recalling how much water it took for Saturday's night baths, and washday, makes the pump of little attraction to me! Others can display them in prominent places. ME? . . . out of sight . . . out of mind!

—Annabelle Whobrey

**Some Vacation!**

Vacations should mean fun, with picnics, weekends in the country, loafing in the mountains and less work for Mom. Unfortunately, not all Moms know about **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** . . . that it's just as important on a camping trip as it is the rest of the year at home.

She should remember how it goes into solution immediately, even in hardest water. She better remember, too, how it goes after grime and dirt . . . even ground-in, greasy dirt (like the bottom of the camp skillet, maybe?). Surely she knows from experience that it really saves her time, because it doesn't make foam or scum to rinse away. And, because a little bit goes a long way, it's economical, too! Mom, when you're packing the skillet and bathing suit, don't forget old reliable:

**Kitchen-Klatter
Kleaner**

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

dren were bickering and fussing about something. After just a certain amount of this she said with RINGING AUTHORITY: "James Edward, Katharine Elizabeth. I don't want one more second of this nonsense. Shape up immediately." And believe me, they did! It's

the only time I heard her address the children by their full names and it certainly worked.

Every time I am with James and Katharine I am freshly impressed by their vast store of information and knowledge. And from your letters about your own grandchildren I realize that this is typical of children today. It's incredible how much they absorb from the world in which they live.

One more thing about the children since their recent visit is still so fresh in my mind.

Betty and I drove them up to the airport in Omaha when they were departing and I heard Juliana say: "Now James, you can sit next to the window between Omaha and Denver, and then Katharine will sit next to the window between Denver and Albuquerque." I thought: Oh my! imagine how this would sound to the pioneers who struggled endlessly to get any place at all back in those times.

And when we pulled up to the entrance at the airport (tremendously crowded and busy on that Sunday morning) Juliana said: "All right, kids, take care of your responsibilities", and this meant that what they were lugging with them had to be gotten right out of the car. Fortunately, there was actually a sky cap at hand with a cart for luggage since Juliana travels with the most horrible-looking old junk I've ever seen: beat-up suitcases of every description and each piece lashed together with rope!

When I made a mild comment about her awful-looking stuff she said sensibly: "It's awfully easy to spot it when we get our things because nothing else looks like it."

I'm dead certain this is true!

I love these summer days even though we need rain so badly in our area. Relatives are coming and going and somehow there is an entirely different feeling about the course of the day. Probably in other letters from our family there will be more reports on what has gone on, and what we are expecting.

I hope to go up and spend a weekend soon with Dorothy and Frank at the farm, but other than this I have no plans except just to stay right here at home and look after the million and one things that must be looked after to keep things going. Everyone in business who is trying to keep afloat these days (and I think of farming as business) knows what I'm talking about, so there's no point in going off on all that.

Next month I'll get on to something other than teeth and grandchildren, but I'm downright honest, as you well know, and these two things have been uppermost in my mind . . . so I just wrote about them this month!

Faithfully always . . . Lucile

ASK NOT . . .

Said one of the very great:

"Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country."

Said another of the very great:

"Ask not what government will do for me, but what I can do for myself."

Said the greatest in various ways:

"Ask not what you can do for yourself,

Ask not what you can do for your government.

Ask simply what you can do for others.

And do it."

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

convention. One of the highlights was a tour of Handicap Village, one of the most worthwhile projects I've ever seen. Someday I'd like to write in more detail about it, but there won't be space this month.

Oliver has just come in from running to the store to buy sacks of chipped ice. Later this afternoon we're going to make some good old-fashioned homemade ice cream. Friends are back from vacation so we've asked them to drop in and help us eat it. This is a pleasant way to spend a hot summer evening, and it will be a hot one, for the thermometer on the kitchen window is well above 90 already. This time of year it doesn't drop down much even after the sun goes down. Good corn-growing weather, as we say here in Iowa!

Now I must close. An electrician just arrived to do some wiring and he'll probably want to check the fuse boxes in the basement. Until next month,

Margery

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

coincide and the girls enjoyed so much being together once again at the farm. We hope they are going to get to come back later this summer.

We are real proud of our Andy and his good record in bowling this year. At the end of the season they had a party for the youngsters who had been in leagues this year, and passed out merit badges, trophies, and certificates. Andy got a trophy for having the most improved average for the year in his league, and I know this made him happy. He has a substitute paper route this year, which will give him something to do once in awhile and also enable him to make a little money.

Frank has some errands for me to do in town, so I must stop and get ready to go. I can mail this at the same time. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

down near the Connecticut-Rhode Island border, the balloon was hit by a sudden down draft that pushed it right into the tops of the trees. Actually, the balloon stayed above the trees, but the gondola in which the three of us were riding crashed through the branches and finally got caught when one large branch pierced through the side of the gondola and held it like a vice.

In no time at all a large crowd of people gathered beneath the trees where we were hanging so perilously, and they began to shout encouragement. Some of them wanted to send for a fire truck to come with a tall ladder to get us out of the treetops, but we dissuaded them from such action. What we did was to break away the branches that were holding us, and then put more hot air into the balloon so that it would lift up over the tops of the trees and pull us out.

I took several very good pictures of this trip, and I would love to have you see them some day. You would laugh to see the expressions of happiness and relief on the faces of the three of us when we stepped out of that balloon gondola onto the good old Mother Earth! That is one of the nicest things about ballooning—the thrill of landing safely.

Out in the Middlewest where you have so much open country, ballooning should be a very popular sport. Very few people do it here in New England because of the scarcity of fields in which to land. On one recent trip we had to stay up in the air at least a full hour longer than we had intended because we simply could find no place in which to land. When we finally came down on the edge of a small town, our supply of propane gas was almost gone.

In case you are one of those who thinks that ballooning must surely be dangerous, I remind you that there are dangerous ways to do safe things (I once broke two ribs while seated at my desk), and there are safe ways to do dangerous things. Incidentally, do you know of anyone that ever was killed in a hot air balloon accident? I know of only two persons who met accidental death while ballooning, and they were killed only a short distance from Springfield when their balloon was hit by a sudden gust of wind just as it was taking off, and the balloonists came in contact with electric wires and were instantly electrocuted.

That will never happen to me!

I do hope that you are having a very good summer. I know that when we return from the British Isles and Iceland I shall have some interesting things to tell you. Until next month, I remain,

Sincerely,

Frederick



Wonders at the County Fair

by
Grace V. Schillinger

When you were a child, what do you remember most about the county fair you attended? Was it the merry-go-round with its fabulous horses? Was it a monkey in a cage? Or was it something you bought to eat that you got only during that special time of the year?

The first county fair I remember going to was the Lafayette Fair in Stark County, Illinois, back in the year 1919. I was six then and we lived on a farm. We talked for weeks ahead about going to the fair until the importance and

wonder of it all far exceeded the actuality in us kids' minds. Planning and looking forward to things is half the fun anyway, don't you agree?

Dad did the farm chores extra early on the morning of the Fair. After all, it took a long time to drive twelve miles with a horse and buggy. Mom packed a picnic dinner — fried chicken, deviled eggs, potato salad, her own homemade dill pickles — oh, just lots of good things. Dad fastened the wide board down in front of the folks' buggy seat

for my sister Julia and me to sit on. Jack, our white driving horse, pulled the buggy and we could almost touch his long tail, we sat so close to him.

When another buggy passed us, dust settled over our clothes and we held our breath as long as we could so we didn't choke. Each farmhouse we drove by was something to talk about. Sometimes dogs barked at Jack and he laid his ears back so we knew he was mad.

Arriving at the Fair — a dreamland for Julia and me — the music dazzled us . . . and the flags flying on high poles, the wonderful merry-go-round, and the crowds of people all over excited us so we could hardly stand it. It was always hot at Fair time and I wonder now how we stood it with our long cotton stockings on, and even a stiffly starched underslip beneath our dresses.

I believe what appealed to Julia and me most were the cunning cotton parasols — white background and studded with stars of flowers, and with those curved handles like on men's canes. When Dad bought us each one, we thought we had absolutely everything. Just think, they'd go up and down like real big umbrellas, but we had to be real careful or they'd turn inside out and be ruined.

I remember the big steel tanks of drinking water with huge cakes of ice in them for everybody to dip their pitchers into at mealtime for their picnic dinners. How wonderful it was when Dad whacked off pieces of ice for us to suck.

Times have changed. What kid now would be thrilled with a piece of ice to suck? It takes a lot more now to please children. I wouldn't want to go back to those days . . . but remembering, I know we did have fun.

When you go to the Fair this year, county or state fair, and are enjoying all the wonders there, take a moment or two to look back and remember the first fair you ever went to and compare them.



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—Gladys Niece Templeton