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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This morning I've beaten the birds up by quite a margin because there is more to be done today than I can shake a stick at, to fall back on a homely old phrase that I've heard all of my life, so it's imperative to get an early start. Someday I'll try to figure out what "shaking a stick at" really means, but there's no time for that now.

Have you ever lost track momentarily of what day of the week it is — or even what month? This happens when things pile up at a terrific clip. Brother Howard told me the other day that he'd dated a check 1973, and I laughed and said: "Why Howard, don't you know that it's 1980?" That just about sums up the kind of a summer we've had.

In this past month we've lost our dear Aunt Erna Driftmier, and with her passing we've faced the reality that of our father's original family of seven children there are now left only his two youngest sisters, Aunt Clara Otte and Aunt Adelyn Rope.

Aunt Erna was an invalid for many, many years and so far removed from the mainstream of daily life that her death could be termed only a release, not a tragedy. But we were grateful that a number of people remembered her from the days when she was a vital, keenly alert and vigorous teacher . . . and came to pay their respects. I always felt deep respect and love for her, as did the other members of the family, and her death has given us a profound sense of loss.

I am writing this letter at a time of such a critical national crisis that it is mighty difficult to feel light hearted about anything. I don't know what in the world lies ahead for our great country but I do know one thing for sure: we're all going to have to lean upon each other in these days that stretch ahead. That's the way our pioneer ancestors survived and we're going to have to do the same thing.

The letters that come to us these

days give us a painfully vivid picture of what can only be called a great drought, a genuine disaster. Its full impact still lies ahead.

Here in southwestern Iowa we are so tinder dry that you feel a match thrown carelessly from the car could set the whole town ablaze. We shudder every time the fire siren blows. But even good soaking rains, if we were ever lucky enough to get them, can't save the crops around here and in numberless other sections too.

I really had to laugh a couple of weeks ago when we actually had a long rumble of thunder and Betty came bolting to the door of my room (it was still dark but I had my light on and was reading) and said in alarm: "What was that?"

"Thunder," I said. "Just thunder."

"Oh," she said with relief. "I thought it was a big jet going over very low."

Turned out that thunder didn't mean a thing, of course, but anyway we heard it. Juliana says that Katharine thinks thunder is electricity and is going to get us all!

In view of far more serious things it seems silly to talk about air conditioning, but wouldn't you know it? When temperatures were soaring our air conditioning took that time to break down and we had to wait for repairs from the factory. This house is virtually sealed because it was built for complete air conditioning, and believe me, when it goes out on us we simply swelter. At least in the old days we could throw up windows and get a breath of air no matter how hot it might be outside. Well, I can think of worse things to put up with than a sealed house when the air conditioning conks out.

The other morning very early when I sat on our small back porch I looked out at something that I knew would give Eula (who lived with me four-and-a-half years) something of a laugh when she reads about it in this letter.

Out in the back garden we have an old peach tree that Eula and I tried

desperately to get cut down because two sections are completely dead and looked to us pretty crummy. We called and called but could never get action taken on it. Well, I'm glad now that the tree wasn't cut down because it is sandwiched between two big magnolias with extremely heavy foliage, and the old dead peach tree gives us just about our only chance to see the many birds that have been with us this summer. They perch on those naked branches and seem to enjoy them.

Incidentally, those magnolias that were strictly worthless and of no account at the time of their normal blooming season have been amazingly filled with blossoms this summer. I guess that the prolonged rains we had in early spring must have perked them up into action.

I've said many a time that one thing I love about living in a small town is what I call a sense of continuity, and our cover picture this month is an example of what I mean.

These two little youngsters starting out to kindergarten belong to families that we've known for years and years. Jill Irvin is the great-granddaughter of Dr. and Mrs. LeRoy Lewis, and they were friends of the folks for as long as any of us can remember. Their three children, in turn, were good friends of the Driftmier kids, and to this day we know where everyone lives, what they are doing, etc.

Paul Teget who is facing kindergarten with a mighty purposeful and determined stance is the son of the little boy who grew up across the street from the folks — John Teget. We've known the Tegets for years and years.

So . . . here are both of these little children starting to school in Shenandoah just as we started so long, long ago . . . and this is what I mean about loving a little town for the sense of continuity. Both Jill's father and Paul's father are attorneys, so no doubt they'll be around a long, long time too!

When I wrote in my last letter about taking Juliana, James and Katharine to the airport in Omaha I forgot to tell you something that strikes me as funny.

I hadn't been to the airport for about four years and in that length of time there have been such tremendous changes in the highways that I simply couldn't believe it. Marge drew a map for us and with Juliana's help we made it all right, but when Betty and I returned on our own I gave her directions that put us right on Broadway in Council Bluffs where we certainly didn't want to be since we were in a hurry to get back home.

The upshot of the whole thing was

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MARGERY REPORTS ON AN INTERESTING WEEKEND TRIP

Dear Friends:

In my letter last month I mentioned that we were expecting house guests from Arizona. It had been three years since Mrs. Alexander, our former neighbor, had visited us, and about eleven years since her daughter, Mary Ellen Deir, had traveled this way. Mary Ellen came for her class reunion and stayed for the week following, but her mother Eltora, has been with us for a month. This gave her time to see all her old friends and have good visits with relatives in this vicinity.

When Eltora was out of town to spend a few days with her brother and his wife near Yetter, Iowa, Oliver and I made a little trip to Kansas which I would like to tell about.

Last spring a letter came from one of our radio friends telling about a Czech festival to be held in Wilson, Kansas. Lucile suggested that this might make an interesting little trip for Oliver and me. As the date drew nearer, it looked as if we could make it so we put some plans in motion.

The little town of Wilson, where the festival was held, is about 50 miles west of Salina. Hearing that hotels and motels in the immediate area were already sold out, we made reservations for lodging in Salina. This worked out nicely for we wanted to see some other places of interest in that neighborhood anyway.

Our hostess for the celebration was Mrs. Ed Shiroky. I called her when we reached Salina that Thursday evening, and assured her that we would arrive on schedule the following afternoon to be guests at a meeting of their state organization and at the Czech dinner in the evening. That gave us most of Friday to see the other places we had in mind.

We got up early and headed south to Lindsborg. We have many good *Kitchen-Klatter* friends there and through the years we've received many interesting letters about the town and community activities. This is a town well known for its Swedish culture. It is also the location of Bethany College. Upon arriving, we drove around the college campus, and then parked on the main street in the business section. Each little red horse flower planter on lamp posts bade us "welcome" — an attractive way to greet visitors, we thought — and when we stopped for coffee and Swedish rolls, everyone wore a smile. We stopped in several shops to admire the woodcarvings, ceramics, linens and metalcraft and purchased a few gifts.

There is a National Historic Landmark in Lindsborg — an old mill — which we found to be interesting.



This is one of the floats which appeared in the parade in Wilson, Kansas.

From Lindsborg we drove northwest to Kanopolis State Park. My! what a beautiful lake and recreational area this is! There were a lot of campers, many fishermen on the lake, and it looked very inviting. If we had been camping, I'm certain we would have enjoyed a few days there, or perhaps north of Wilson where we saw another lovely lake later.

Our next stop was in the little town of Brookville. We've had hundreds of letters from friends telling us what delicious meals are served at the old hotel. Unfortunately, luncheons are not served — only evening dinners — except on Sundays, so we couldn't eat there, but I had phoned ahead to the owner, Mrs. Margaret Martin, and made arrangements to meet her, hear all about this interesting family business, and take a tour of the hotel. They have beautiful dining rooms, a fine kitchen, and upstairs bedrooms furnished in lovely antiques. They no longer take overnight guests, but people are welcome to view the rooms.

The original hotel was built in 1870 by the Kansas Pacific Railroad. Since then five additional rooms have been added for public and private dining, the hotel having taken over adjoining buildings. About 200 diners can be accommodated at a time, but being open longer hours on Sunday, they often have as many as 900 reservations on that day. Only old-fashioned chicken dinners are served, and last year over 90,000 people enjoyed this fine meal. I hope we can arrange our travel schedule next time so we can eat there.

Oliver and I arrived at the Midland Hotel in Wilson right on time and were met by Mrs. Shiroky. We were pleased to meet other *Kitchen-Klatter* friends at the meeting Mrs. Shiroky was presiding over and felt welcomed indeed.

This festival was the centennial celebration of the settling of Czechs in Wilson. People were gathering from all over the state, as well as from the neighboring state of Nebraska, which was having a similar event the following week. Oliver and I enjoyed our first taste of Czech food at the dinner which followed the meeting. We found it very similar to German food.

After dinner we adjourned to the city park for a band concert, an ice cream social and an exhibition of traditional dances by youngsters in bright costumes. It was a lovely way to end the day and gave us a great deal to talk about on the drive back to our motel in Salina.

Saturday morning we got up early to drive back to Wilson for breakfast and to see the parade. About 12,000 people were expected in this town of around 900, so parking space would be at a premium. We were fortunate to find a spot near the hotel. Oliver surmised that someone must have just left that space and we were plain lucky to come along when we did!

We were invited to watch the parade from the reviewing stand with the judges of the many beautiful floats, so we had a perfect location for taking pictures. The honored guests of the day were the descendants of the first Czech settler.

The purpose of the state Czech organization is for perpetuating the Czech heritage and all the culture was in evidence in the parade as well as in displays throughout the community. We were pleased to be invited to attend the centennial and will long remember the warmth of friendship that was extended to us.

We arrived back in Shenandoah to find our son Martin at the kitchen table put-

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KEEP THE FLAGS FLYING!

PROGRAM TO OPEN THE NEW
CHURCH OR CLUB YEAR

by

Mabel Nair Brown

(Note: This is written with wording directed to a church organization, but it is easily adapted to a club year opening by a little changing of words or phrasing, perhaps using all patriotic music.)

Setting: Drape a small table with an autumn-brown cloth. Place an open Bible in the center front of the table. Place the United States flag and the Christian flag, on standards, on either side of the table; or smaller flags might be placed on the table, slightly to the back of the Bible.

Leader: I believe in God. My faith is deep and sure.

I believe in the miracle of America — the vision and ideals of its founders, the determination of its people.

I believe in the world — in the brotherhood of mankind — that new dreams and a new glory shall shine in the lives of people everywhere.

I believe that my part is to confirm daily, in thought and word and deed, these beliefs — to keep the banners flying.

Pledge of Allegiance to the United States Flag: (By all.)

Pledge of Allegiance to the Christian Flag: (This might not be as familiar as our national pledge, so copies might be made for the audience.) "I pledge allegiance to the Christian flag and to the Savior for whose kingdom it stands, one brotherhood uniting all mankind in service and love."

Scripture: Psalms 121.

Song: "America".

Prayer: "Give us, O Lord, a steadfast heart, which no unworthy affection may drag down; give us an unconquerable heart, which no tribulation can wear out; give us an upright heart, which no unworthy purpose may tempt aside. Bestow upon us also, O Lord our God, understanding to know Thee, diligence to seek Thee, wisdom to find Thee, and faithfulness that may finally embrace Thee. Amen"

—Thomas Aquinas

Leader: Before us lies a new year "untouched and unmarred, unblemished and flawless, unscratched and unscarred". As we stand here at the threshold, let us take these moments to pause to evaluate our goals, and to pledge ourselves to their accomplishments.

Today "nostalgia" has become what we might almost call our most popular fad. Dozens of books have come out, written about the good old days, our young people have dug into the trunks in attics and are wearing the old fashions found there as *the thing*, "antiquing" has gone from a hobby to an all-consuming interest for many people. Why so suddenly all this looking back, the retracing of time? I think perhaps it is because out of the many dismaying disturbances and upheavals, and the rapid changes in our world today, which have reached from the home to the national government and to the whole world, we are seeking something which we seem to have lost. In seeking a way out, we go hunting for a way back. The trouble with this nostalgia binge is that we begin to get too involved in regret for what is past, forgetting that the world of yesteryear had its problems, too. We forget to take our place in TODAY.

Nostalgia is great when it causes us to evaluate the past to determine what is worthy to be the heritage we carry into the future. Someone wrote that "Yesterday's tomorrow is here today... Don't regret what is past or fear what's ahead. Now's the time, no matter what others may say, to decide what is worth keeping of yesterday, to use the best that you can — today."

Around the turn of the century our great-grandparents were lustily singing the hymn which repeated the refrain "Hold the fort for I am coming." The words of the hymn expressed the idea of holding fast to one's belief in God, keeping one's eye on the flag of faith, having courage, knowing that good would triumph over evil in the end. The chorus goes "Hold the fort for I am coming, Jesus signals still; wave the answer back to heaven, by Thy grace we will." In other words, KEEP YOUR FLAGS FLYING!

"Hold the fort for I am coming." Eventually just the three words "hold the fort" became a phrase to these forefathers that meant what our young people might express today as "hang in there!" It meant holding fast to what they believed in, and they did everything possible to instill those ideals and convictions in their children, to be passed on to the next gen-

eration.

They believed in their country — right or wrong she was their country — symbolized by Old Glory. Just because mistakes were made didn't mean they rejected their country and were ready to chuck their government in the trash heap anymore than they would throw away a beloved child because he had disobeyed a family rule or betrayed a trust. Government or child, if there were mistakes made, a wrong done, they knew what to do. They kept the flags flying and held the fort, digging their heels in, determined to right those mistakes in government, and to set that child back on the right track as best they could. They practiced love and understanding backed up by good, old-fashioned GUMPTION.

Now, today, I think the thing we must try to understand is that this is *our* world, *our* community, *our* home. What they are is *our* responsibility, a responsibility given to us by God who gave us life and families, and by our founding fathers who left us our country. It is not a time for "wishy-washy" stand-by-ers. It is a time for flinging our banners high as we do what needs to be done, with pride, with love, and with understanding.

I have asked some of our members to give us their ideas on keeping the flags flying, and the first one I call on is (name).

First Speaker: The two flags we see before us today remind me of the invisible colors, or standards, we should hold high in our lives. Our organization is only as strong as each of its members. We *are* the church (or name your group).

To make ours a truly worthwhile organization, I'll even say a LIVING organization, our primary aim must be to work today that our homes, our community, and our world will be better tomorrow than they are today. Not just the officers or the executive board, but each individual member, is important in this business of keeping the flags flying.

What are they woven of, these invisible banners we must hold high? I think they are woven of courage and faith, of love and principle, of justice and brotherhood, of strong family ties, and of laughter and friendship. The flags of the various countries of the world are different in design, but each symbolizes the highest ideal of its country. A country may fall short of meeting its highest goals, but we all march better with a flag to follow.

Flags are made to be flung out and ripple in the breeze, to be raised high to show their true colors. Let us, too, show our colors! Cynical talk drags them to the dust; laziness lets them

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Parents' Partner

by
Velma E. Zimmerman

If you were investing your capital in a partnership, you would want to know your partner. You would want to have confidence and trust in that partner. You would want to know that your investment would bring the highest possible returns, wouldn't you?

Your child should be your most prized investment. He is prepared for living through the partnership of parents and teacher. Neither in this partnership should fail his responsibility. Too often there exists a spirit of mistrust, resentment, and unfriendliness between the teacher who deals with the child in school, and parents who deal with him at home.

Parents need to co-operate with their child's teacher on many points, but let us consider the most important matters of health, character education, and understanding the child.

Let's look briefly at this matter of health. Did you know that, according to a survey made by the White House Conference on children, these facts were presented: Nearly 91,000 children in the United States die each year from diseases which are preventable or curable by modern science. About 500,000 young people under 21 remain crippled or handicapped by disease who might be helped or cured by treatment. Several million school children have defective vision which glasses would correct. A million and a half children have impaired hearing, and two thirds of them have decayed teeth!

These children are sent to public schools and are subjected to the learning process. Many parents outwardly blame the teacher when their children fail to make progress. Health is a vital factor which many parents too often ignore!

Any experienced teacher can relate stories enough to fill a book on this subject in which he failed to have co-operation with the parents. Some simple health rules followed in the home make the school environment much more desirable. A bath more than once a week, clean clothes suitable to the weather, regular toilet habits, clean hands, teeth brushed, well-kept hair,

the use of a handkerchief, regular, well-balanced meals, plenty of sleep and rest, all tend to make schoolwork more pleasant not only for the teacher, but for the pupils as well.

As to character education, parents have the child the first five years, before his school life begins. These are the most impressionable years. The development of right character traits and habits should begin at this time. The school teacher must begin with the environment and heredity of the child in the program of education.

Parents should trust the teacher's judgment regarding the discipline of their child. The child should be made to realize that when he is at school he is under his teacher's care, and he should be taught to respect a teacher's authority. If a child has any character trait or defect which his teacher should know about in order to better understand that child, such knowledge should be given in the absence of the child.

Parents should have confidence that their school superintendent and school board select competent teachers. A good teacher will strive to develop correct character traits in children. A teacher must not only discover, but improve, faults of pupils.

There are habits and right attitudes too numerous to mention in this short article, but parents should realize that there are no general attitudes. For instance, a child may be honest in one situation and dishonest in another. He may be a poor housekeeper with his desk and papers, yet neat in dress. He may be truthful as a rule, yet lie to avoid a certain punishment or duty. Character education is a part of every day's school work, but it should supplement, rather than take the place of, that received at home.

Some of these character traits most common to school situations may be classified as self-control, self-reliance, and reliability.

Self-control of tongue, regarding mean, vulgar, or profane words, and tone of voice should be stressed in rearing a child. Self-control of temper is needed at school especially, where

a child makes more contacts with people and situations which displease him. This involves the matter of courtesy, being courteous to family, teacher, and classmates, and avoiding saying or doing that which would grieve another.

Considering the matter of self-reliance, a child should be taught to listen to the advice of older and wiser persons, and of those who care for him. He must come to realize that he must learn to choose and act for himself, rather than have someone make all decisions for him. A lesson in self-reliance is often defeated when a parent does a child's homework for him.

Reliability consists in being honest, not cheating, not stealing, keeping a promise, not injuring property of others, not thinking a thing is right simply because one may get by with it, doing one's best at all times, playing fair, and showing good sportsmanship in both work and play, being orderly and thrifty. Perhaps reliability in a child is often judged by his obeying promptly the laws and rules of home and school.

Parents need to co-operate with their teacher-partner in understanding the child. Realize his limitations as well as his possibilities. Don't expect him to be superior on all points. If he is working to the best of his ability, that is all that is desired.

This brings to mind the question of report cards. The marks found there represent the teacher's opinion of the standard of work done. Grades do not in any degree lessen or increase the knowledge or ability which a child may possess. Signing a report card simply signifies that the parent has seen the report — not that he endorses or approves of the grades recorded there. If parents do not like these grades, it is quite possible that the other member of the partnership, the teacher, does not like them either. Nothing succeeds like success, and the teacher, as well as the child, is much happier when she succeeds in arriving at her goal. It would be well for parents to realize, as teachers do, that self-preservation is one of the prime factors of life. It is natural for a child to excuse himself and to make allowances for his actions. However, a parent should realize that, in doing this, the teacher is often an innocent victim of criticism. Before believing that the teacher is an unjust person, a parent should make sure that a true report has been given. A parent should consider that his child is only one in a schoolroom of varied individuals. Rules are necessary for any group working together.

Some solution for these and kindred problems will be made when the mem-

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Last month when I wrote my letter to you I remember how happy I was to report that we had at last enjoyed a week of hot, dry weather so we could get the corn planted. Now we have had so many weeks of hot, dry weather that we would like to see a little shower or two. I guess we are never really satisfied, are we, but then if we didn't have anything to wish for, what a boring world it would be!

We haven't had any overnight guests at the farm since my last letter, and this is unusual for us in the summertime. It has been so hot that no one in the family has wanted to travel that far, but we are hoping Lucile and Betty will get to come up for a few days before Kristin and her family arrive at the tail end of summer before school starts.

It was my turn to entertain the Birthday Club in May, and since the weather was so wet and rainy at that time I decided to put it off until a later date, and have a picnic. We don't have any meetings scheduled for the summer months anyway, so it didn't really matter when I had it. I had planned to have a noon meal and serve it on the front porch, but some of the women thought it would be nice to go to Red Haw State Park and Lake, since we meet in the homes all winter, and we all love to "go places and do things".

When I started calling everyone to tell them the plans, without exception they wanted to know what they could bring to help me. I said they were just to bring themselves -- no food, no dishes, nothing. They didn't approve, but I reassured them it was all going to be very simple. Frank was going to help me load the car and they could help me unload everything when we got to the shelter house at the park. I felt I had things pretty well organized, and as it turned out I guess I did, because I got to the park without forgetting one single thing.

Red Haw State Park is crowded and busy on weekends during the summer because of the boating, swimming, and camping facilities, but on this perfectly beautiful day in late June, it was very quiet. In fact, we had the shelter house all to ourselves.

Not long after this the girls decided they wanted to do something nice for me to show their appreciation for all the good food I had fixed for them the



The Johnsons' daughter, Kristin Brase, enjoying an outing in Yellowstone Nat'l Park, which is only a short drive from their home.

past year. (This definitely was not necessary, since I considered they were doing me a favor to be willing to eat the food I was testing.) They called to tell me that they were having a dinner party at the Derby Restaurant as a surprise for Margaret Peterson, who had a birthday that week. They told Margaret the party was a surprise for me. Consequently, Margaret was properly overwhelmed when they brought in a decorated birthday cake for her, and sang "Happy Birthday". I was equally surprised when they presented me with a gift, and sang "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow". Following the delicious fried chicken dinner topped off with the birthday cake and ice cream, we all went back to Lucas and spent the rest of the evening at the home of Lettie Allen.

I have mentioned our neighbors and good friends, Roy and Louise Querrey, several times. Their daughter Lois and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dunlap, and their four children, have been visiting them and Sam's parents in Corydon for the past month from Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, and it has been my privilege to have had a couple of interesting visits with them. Sam works for TWA, and a year ago, when he had the opportunity to transfer to the airport at Jeddah, they decided to go, because they thought it would be a marvelous experience for themselves and the children.

Housing, food, and schools were of particular interest to me, so most of my questions pertained to these things. Lois says their house is very large, is one of 15 houses in an American compound, and there are several of these compounds in Jeddah, a city of 300,000 population right on the Red Sea. There is a high wall around the compound, with guards at the gates. I asked her if the houses were furnished, since I knew they had stored all of their furniture before they left, and Lois said

that TWA has a large warehouse full of furniture for the use of their employees. When they arrived and had found a place to live, they went to the warehouse and picked out the furniture they would need for their house. She said her living room is so large she really needed two davenports for it, but she was able to get only one until just before they left, when one family was moving back to the states and they were able to get their davenport.

All fruit except oranges, grapefruit, and bananas, which have thick skins to be peeled off, have to be soaked in a kind of chlorine solution before they are cooked or used in any way. She says it tastes funny but you get used to it. All the water they drink or use for cooking has to be boiled first. They have large supermarkets similar to ours, and although practically all foods come from other countries, prices there seem to be much the same as ours here. There are no pork products of any kind; no fresh milk or dairy products. All of their milk is whole powdered milk and most of it comes from Europe. Lois says the macaroni and spaghetti products look strange to her because they are real yellow, whereas the cheese is almost white. She says the cheeses come from just about everywhere, but they are particularly fond of the Danish cheese and also Danish butter.

Lois said that one of the hardest things for her to get used to was the fact that it is unlawful for a woman to work or drive a car. She has to take a taxi everywhere she goes. Because of this her husband usually does all the grocery shopping.

They feel that the school their children attend is excellent. It is in a beautiful new building built by TWA, and has grades from kindergarten through ninth grade. The children ride a school bus to get there, where they attend classes with 550 other English-speaking children from 27 countries. The teachers are young American university graduates, very enthusiastic about their work. The Dunlaps feel that having their children "rub shoulders" with the children from all these other countries is an enlightening and enriching experience for them. After a child has completed ninth grade, he is sent to a boarding school in a European country, or England, to complete high school.

I wish I had more space to tell you more of the things Lois said, but I don't. I'll tell you what I'm going to do this afternoon -- drive the tractor for Frank while he picks up hay bales. Right now I must see what I can find to fix for dinner in a hurry.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

FREDERICK WRITES FROM ENGLAND

Dear Friends:

This letter is being written at the close of one of the most beautiful days of my life. It began with a lovely sunrise over the city of Oxford, England. Betty and I, along with our son, David, and my brother Wayne's son, Clark, and David's friend, Allen Appleton of Springfield, are on a boat cruising the Thames River in England. We leased this lovely boat with its three large cabins and two bathrooms, plus a center observation and steering deck and a small stern deck that we call "our back porch" from a boat dealer just outside London.

For two weeks we are taking the boat up the Thames River deep into the English countryside, and then back to London. We are having a wonderful time in spite of some very wet weather. Today was gorgeous, but on the first three days of the trip we had steady cold rain.

The three boys are my crew, and they do most of the steering of the boat. I love to handle a boat, but remembering what a thrill I got when I first handled a boat when I was young, I am just giving an occasional word of advice on this trip.

The boys have become expert at taking the boat through the many locks we have to negotiate as we work our way up the river. Believe me, taking a forty-foot boat into a crowded lock is not an easy thing to do well.

Yesterday we took a walking tour through Oxford University, the most renowned university in the world. It is hard to distinguish Oxford University from the town of Oxford, for the two are actually one in spirit and purpose. Both were born at about the same time, sometime around 1160 A.D.

We went to a church service in one of the college chapels and found ourselves admiring stained glass windows that were made way back in the twelfth century. Just think of it — windows 800 years old! I have seen many beautiful university chapels, but never one to equal the beauty of the Cathedral Church of Christ College at Oxford. It has two claims to fame — it is the smallest of all English cathedrals, and it is also a college chapel. I wish you could see what an architectural gem it is.

Oxford is such a historic town, that we found much pleasure in walking along its narrow streets with their hundreds of row houses and shops all dating back to the Middle Ages. It is hard to believe that houses can still be in use after so many centuries, and it is harder still to believe that they can be comfortable, but they are. We



Since the pictures haven't arrived from London, we'll share this one. Except for vacations, Frederick leaves the parsonage for his church office every morning right on schedule. As Betty says, "You could set your watch by his departure."

have visited in several, and except for the lack of central heating, they are much like our own homes built in more recent years. Even though it is summer here (August), the centuries-old fireplaces are in use in many rooms after the sun goes down.

We left Oxford this noon, and took our lovely boat up miles of Thames River Valley country. On both sides of the river there are lush meadows and thousands of handsome cattle and horses. This is some of the most fertile farm land in all England, and the farmers are prosperous. They should be with the prices people have to pay for their produce. Here in England there are fewer middle men processing the food, and the farmers do more direct selling to the consumers of their products.

The five of us eat breakfast and lunch aboard the boat in a very nicely decorated cabin, and then at sundown

AND THERE WAS LIGHT

On September 4, 1882, the company bearing Thomas Alva Edison's name turned on the current in its central lighting station on Pearl Street in New York City.

The world gaped at the wonders of "The Wizard of Menlo Park".

Thus began the first regular distribution of electric light. The company had only 57 customers — all promised free current for three months. But, on a paying basis, only a month after the bonus period, the Edison Company was lighting 5,000 lamps in 225 homes, including the mansion of financier J. Pierpont Morgan.

Electric power transmission had arrived. That was Edison's great gift to the electrical industry — the contribution which entitled him to be honored as its "father".

we tie up at some old English country inn for our evening meal. Most people eat dinner around eight or eight-thirty in the evening, but we eat a bit earlier.

To give you an idea of prices in this country where inflation is rampant, last night I had to pay seventy dollars for dinner for the five of us!! Our money is going so fast that we may have to end our trip one week sooner than originally planned. We had hoped to be over here for five weeks, but we may settle for four and be glad to get back to America's more reasonable costs!! The American dollar isn't worth as much over here as it is at home.

This part of my letter is being written in the morning. Oh, I wish you could be with us to hear the birds singing. It is another beautiful day, so beautiful that I am sure it more than makes up for the rainy days we had earlier in the trip.

The boys are getting a workout this morning, for the river has so many sharp bends through here. Every minute the boat has to make a sharp bend, and the further up river we go, the narrower the channel becomes. Just now a mother swan and her six babies got right in front of the boat. What excitement there was when the babies became separated from their mother! Adult swans almost never make a sound, but the babies do, and these little ones peeped in fright.

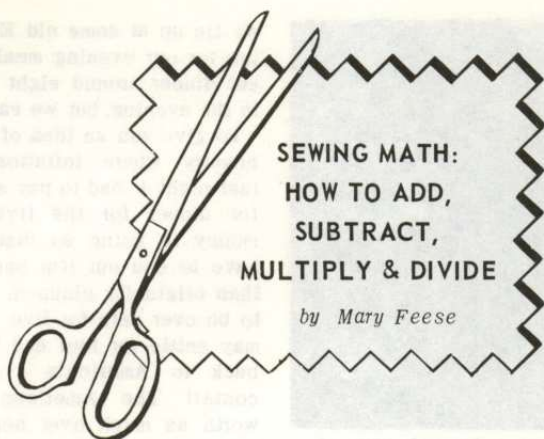
On the Thames River all the swans belong to the Queen. They are royal birds, and they seem to know it. This river should be called the Swan River, for there are literally thousands of them. Every time we stop, they come begging for food!! We have to laugh at the regal way they do their begging.

This morning we have seen several big blue herons. They stand about five feet tall, and their wingspread is spectacular. The ducks, geese, and coots are everywhere. As our boat approaches, the coots dive down under the water and stay there until we have passed. We don't have coots in New England, but we do have loons, a bird somewhat larger than a coot, and one that has "cootish habits".

This morning we have seen so many voles, and that probably is the reason we have seen so many herons. The vole is similar to a rat, but much nicer. It has a shorter tail and a smaller head than a water rat, and it is fun to see them swimming along the river banks. They dive into their holes when they spot us or when they spot the herons.

We're stopping the boat now to mail this to you.

Sincerely,
Frederick



You look at that title and wonder, "What on earth does that mean?" Well, simply this: you can add, subtract, multiply, and divide with items of clothing your family already owns. Recycle, alter, remake, restyle, hand down, freshen up — and come out with attractive, well-fitting clothes at a fraction of the cost of buying new ones. In these days of inflated prices, recycling makes "cents" — even dollars!

You might, of course, have to buy a few notions or a small amount of fabric to do some conversions. Much of the time, though, you'll get good results on change-about's using mainly the things you have on hand.

First I'd like to mention a handy but little-known alteration. For armholes that bind on work dresses, set in a diamond-shaped gusset under each arm. Rip the seam lengthwise, and cut the gusset about twice as long as it is wide. With a bit of practice, you'll find inserting them doesn't take long at all. It adds additional room without binding. Use fabric from wherever you can spare it — one friend cuts off the sleeve cuffs and hems the sleeves, then uses that goods for the gusset. Another says, if the dress is a bit snug all over, split it down the front (saving a strip of the width needed for gussets from the center front skirt) and then add new contrasting button front panel all the way down. With the panel and the gussets, a formerly too-snug dress will now be totally comfortable.

Do you have a growing girl, who's suddenly shot up without growing any wider? Add length by inserting a waistband of the new ribbed knit tubing. You can stretch a dress up to about four inches in length this way. It's best to add a touch of the ribbed knit elsewhere on the dress to "tie in" so it will look planned instead of happenstance. I have done this contrast insert band using woven fabric, but this requires more careful fitting than does the use of knit.

For growing girls in that transition period, when they begin to develop

figures, the problems are somewhat different. Anything that fits this month may not do so next month! Let's say she has a good dress, whose fabric is well worth redoing — but there's just no room in the bustline. The "tank top" idea can solve this one. Cut a new top from stretchy knit (use a knit top that someone's outgrown or grown tired of, if you have one in a suitable color, or purchase enough new knit to do the bodice). Use a dress pattern for knits, in her current size, or the size you expect her to be in "immediately if not sooner". If she's also grown taller, you can cut the bodice two or three inches longer than the existing one, thus dropping both waistline and hemline that amount. Scoop out front and back neckline on the knit, being sure to leave seam allowance. Use collar and some of bodice of the present dress, cutting it to fit the curve on the knit portion front and back, again being sure to leave seam allowance. Seam sides of knit bodice, turn inside out, also turn fabric collar and "yoke" section inside out. Match shoulder seams and centers front and back, pinning in place. Then pin at intervals, so there'll be no puckers. You can baste if you're more comfortable doing so, but it's not really necessary. Sew around it on the machine, remove pins, and turn right side out. Turn seam toward knit portion, and baste about 1/2" out from seam to hold the knit in place so it won't creep or pucker, then topstitch.

I like to use the edge of the presser foot as a guide for the topstitching; it's accurate, and mine seems a very good depth for such stitching. Next, remove the sleeves from the original dress. Now, turn the new bodice inside out again, and set the sleeves in. Then, from the outside, topstitch as before, around the armholes with the seam turned toward the knit bodice. This looks very much like a knit tank top over a fabric dress, when the job is completed.

The next step depends a great deal upon the style of the original dress. If

it's gathered and full, the best procedure is to sew the skirt to the bottom of the bodice and add an attractive purchased belt. If it's fairly straight or A-line, you can do that, or you can set it on flat and neat to the knit bodice, turn the seam upward (again toward the knit) and topstitch. It's entirely possible, if your girl needs even more length, to cut the knit bodice long enough for a dropped waistline; then the "new" dress can be worn with or without a belt, as its wearer prefers.

As you re-use fabrics, you'll find buttons, zippers, and some trim that you don't need for the project in hand, yet that are too good to throw away. Save them! Small buttons store well in pill bottles; larger ones can be put into plastic sandwich bags to keep them together, yet easily visible. To re-use zippers and various trims, take the time to spray-starch and press them before beginning your sewing. It adds crispness and body, and the zipper will be as easy to handle as a new one, helping you to sew it in more expertly and easily.

Large-size men's shirts convert well to ladies' cobbler-type aprons. Cut the backs from the front of the shirt, after carefully removing any pockets. If you wish to do so, you can even use existing buttons and buttonholes. Then use the back of the shirt for your new apron front. The bottom edge can be straight or shirt-tailed with the curved slit on each side, as you prefer. You should be able to manage fabric for pockets in front from the shirt sleeves. If not, why not add contrasting fabric pockets? Bind neck, armholes, and lower edges with bright bias tape, and enjoy your "new" apron for only your time and the cost of bias tape and thread.

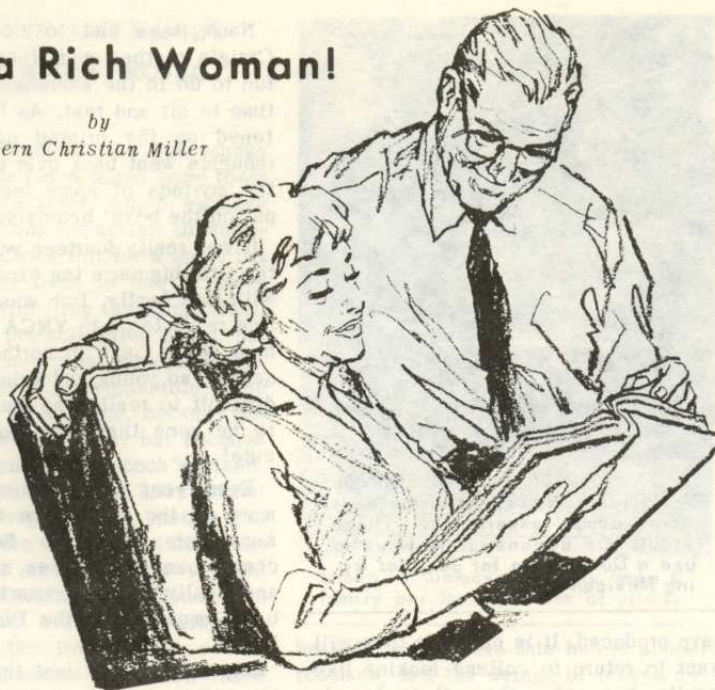
Or, for an even easier make-over, convert a sleeveless shift dress into a butcher apron. (Some women even buy such dresses at garage sales at pin-money prices, simply for the fabric in them.) Remove the back zipper, and cut the dress off at the apron length you want. Hem the raw back edges, and the lower edge. The cut-off part supplies plenty of material to make big pockets for the front, and for a tie sash. Add buttons and buttonhole at neck, and at waist. Add some sort of bright trim if the dress hasn't any, to freshen up the apron's appearance. Very easy, economical, and eminently practical.

Many women and girls have adopted the new look of wearing shirts as jackets, over knit pull-on tops. For the really new look, cut the shirt off waist length (leaving enough fabric to blouse it a bit, plus seam allowance) and add ribbed banding at the waistline. It's

(Continued on page 20)

I Am a Rich Woman!

by
Fern Christian Miller



All my life I have had a great hankering to travel and see all of the United States, the British Isles, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and the tropical isles. Surely, way high on my family tree, there must have been a great adventurer! But instead of traveling, my life has been prosaic. I have scarcely been outside my own state, and had seen little of it. As a farm wife and mother, and for ten years a worker six days a week, my years had been extremely busy, and, as my father used to say, "My nose had to be stuck tight to the grindstone."

One day, while lying flat on my back on a hospital bed, rebellion struck me. If only we were rich I could travel, have a fine house, freedom from worry over bills, beautiful clothes, and no hassle over not being able to work again. I just lay there wallowing in self-pity, with glucose dripping into my arm and tears dripping down my face. A nurse came in to check me. "What's this now? My dear, you are getting along fine. The doctor says you can have the head of your bed rolled up some this afternoon. You are one of the lucky ones. A lady down the hall had a similar attack recently, and she will remain partially paralyzed. You will be able to walk, talk, and use your arms just fine." She hurried out with a backward smile.

The sun broke through the clouds and shone across my bed. Some bright light seemed to explode in my head. I lay very still, with closed eyes, my very soul trying to find a path through this morass of despair I had made for myself. "Ah, dear God, help me!" I pleaded weakly.

Awareness came back with a firm strength of spirit. I realized I was truly

rich right there and then! I was recovering. I could walk, talk, see, hear, feel, smell, think. I had a devoted husband, six fine, loving children, and twelve healthy grandchildren. I had a comfortable home — if not a rich one — to which I could return soon.

I was loved, respected, and needed. I had my church, my friends, and many kind relatives. Even though I couldn't get away to help earn a living, I lived in America. This meant I could draw the Social Security I had earned while working. I could have Medicare soon. And I could draw a retirement from my job.

And, I thought, I can see, and I have a mind which I have always enjoyed using even when all alone. I can read. All my life I have loved to read. But there had never been time enough to browse through the big library and bookstore in our college town since we moved there. But I really didn't think of the pleasures of reading until I heard the wheels of the book cart that afternoon after the nurse had rolled up the head of my bed. "Do you feel like reading today?" A smiling lady asked, as she rolled the big cart up to my bedside.

"It will be hard to hold the book up," I complained weakly. She quickly unfolded a small wire stand and stood it across me and adjusted a book at just the right angle. Then she handed me my glasses case. I chose a book I had heard about, *To Live Again*, by Katherine Marshall. This was just what I needed. Something must have guided my hand.

My days in the hospital flew by after that. I was indeed rich! I started my travels by proxy. I am fortunate to have the head librarian of our public library

for a next-door neighbor. She brought me books — fine books — I would not have known about without her guidance. I could have the whole world and all the knowledge of mankind through eternal ages through my reading.

Four years have passed since I discovered I was rich. I am richer than ever today. My wealth has multiplied through my sharp awareness. With each good book I read I discover another. While "iced-in" at my daughter's before Christmas I found books I had longed to read when they first came out, but never had the opportunity. Now I read them, and have since looked up more recent books by some of the fine authors I discovered. Yes, those "iced-in" days were my voyage of discovery. There is more than one way to travel! Also a son-in-law loaned me a stack of his cherished *National Geographic* magazines.

Today I find I can also write. I vary my activities with housework, cooking, gardening, sewing, visiting, letter writing, reading, and writing for the magazines. And I have even had one wonderful plane trip to visit my sister and a beloved aunt in Arizona!

God has been good to me. He has provided me with riches that cannot be counted. Who can say: perhaps my understanding and knowledge are greater than if I had traveled the world around.

FEELING

Whether I march to the beat of a different drum
Or take the road less traveled by,
Know this, dear countrymen:
I dare . . . because I will it.
I dare be different if I wish.
My country, for all its ills
Is ever right for those who dare, for
those who care.

THINK

Rise earlier than usual to watch the sun come up.

Make a date to meet a friend for lunch.

Clean up the mess in the garage. Then clean the house or office or cupboard or room or the trunk of the car.

Explore some little-out-of-the-way place and try to understand its mysteries.

Do something nice, something unexpected for a member of your family.

Make a happy face and smile a greeting to friends and neighbors as well as to new people you meet.

Write a note of appreciation to a relative or express your regard to an older person or shut-in.

Hike through a nearby woods with someone to share your thoughts.

Think of the joy in seeing, hearing, thinking, believing.

FOURTEEN YEARS OF NAME TAGS!

by
Evelyn Birkby

This is the time when I'd much enjoy having a "before" and an "after" picture of our three sons. Available is the "before". When Bob, Jeff and Craig left for their work at Philmont in early June we took pictures of them. They had informed us that they were going to have a beard-growing contest during the summer. Strange comments have drifted up to us from the National Scout Ranch in New Mexico. Two boys from Sidney were there the middle of July with the Mid-America Council Crew and reported that they had seen several "woolly bears" who turned out to be our sons! Now we can hardly wait until they arrive back in Sidney to show us the results of their summer's competition.

When Bob was a freshman in college a beard-growing contest was held and he gleefully decided to enter. By the end of six weeks the contest was over, a winner duly crowned, and no one even knew Bob was part of the competition. (Eighteen-year-old Craig may well be in this same predicament at this very moment!) Without a doubt, Bob's summer efforts this year will exceed the puny accomplishment of his younger years.

Isn't it strange, when we have a centennial celebration or pioneer festival, the men can grow beards with abandon and no one comments about their unusual appearance. This is not always true with young people.

One year when we were camped in the northern part of the Michigan peninsula Robert decided to let his beard grow. That was an experience. By the time we arrived home Robert looked like a grizzly bear, not like a cute little woolly one. The beard had come in curly although none of the rest of Robert's hair is curly. It also contained a surprising variety of colors: red, brown, silver and blond!

Reactions were varied: hoots of derision, an interview by a curious newsman, questions by friends concerning participation in an Old Settlers Reunion, "You look like a hippy!", and "Your beard gives you a fine Old Testament appearance." His parents looked him over and commented. His office staff looked him over and commented. And eventually, after everyone had observed and expressed an opinion, the razor came out and the beard was removed. It was an experience which has not been repeated.

My prophecy is that our sons will follow in their father's footsteps. They will undoubtedly want their friends and relatives in Sidney to see what they



—Photo by Robert Birkby
A Skill-O-Rama is part of the Amikaro camp experience. These Scouts are demonstrating ways to use a Dutch oven for deep-fat frying Mexican bread.

have produced. It is possible they will want to return to college looking like woolly bears to show their friends there. In due time they will decide when to call a halt and trim, cut or shave the results of their sibling contest.

So far a summer vacation has not materialized for Robert and me. First we had hoped to get reservations so the four men of the family could hike down into and across the Grand Canyon of Arizona, but no openings were available at the time we could go. Then Robert was asked to go as Scoutmaster from the southwest Iowa Mahaska District to take a group of Scouts to the Little Sioux Scout Ranch south of Sioux City for their Amikaro week. This he did. It was a week away from home, but a busy one and certainly not classed as a vacation. It was the first time during the summer I was glad not to have too much garden produce to work with.

Hopefully, somehow, we can tuck in a week or so this fall to get away. People tell us that one of the joys of having a grown family is the chance to do things as a couple again. As soon as possible we'll give this notion a fling!

The week Robert was away at Amikaro was a fine time for me to begin work on the college clothes. Patching and mending took first priority. A bathrobe was cut out and stitched enough for Craig to try on as soon as he gets home. (Both Bob and Jeff have robes I made them last year, so that leaves only Robert for a good homemade robe.)

The badly worn garments gleaned from closets were put in a box for the boys to check over. I know better than to throw anything away — it just might be a treasured shirt or pair of jeans which are *absolutely necessary* for the coming year.

Name tags had to be stitched on Craig's clothes and linens. This was fun to do in the evenings when it was time to sit and rest. As I sat and fastened on the printed name tags my thoughts went back over the years and the myriads of name tags which I've put on the boys' belongings!

It was really fourteen years ago when the first big name tag experience began with this family. Bob was ten and getting ready to go to YMCA Camp Foster near Spirit Lake in northern Iowa. He seemed so young and vulnerable it was difficult to realize he was old enough to be gone that long from my tender care!

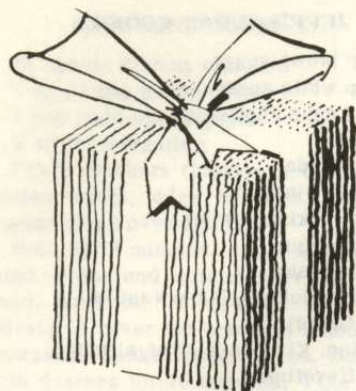
Every year since that summer one or more of the boys have taken off for somewhere: trips to Scout camps, church camp, jamborees, music camps, and finally, the summers they have all been employed at the Philmont Scout Ranch.

Surprisingly, not just the experience in sewing on name tags has come from these summer excursions. It has been a growing period for me. Little by little I learned that our family was growing and maturing and the apron strings had to be lengthened. Robert and I have gradually come to manage without the help and companionship of our sons. It is good this came to us over a fourteen-year period instead of hitting us suddenly as the door shut behind the youngest one.

Each of our sons has a different time schedule at work, a different day to come home and have various days when they need to be at their respective colleges. Now that I have the clothes practically ready I'll set my mind to cooking up some of their favorite foods and hope they can pause long enough as they come dashing through Sidney to enjoy them. They have had some mighty interesting experiences this summer. Hopefully they will take time to tell us enough in detail to share with you friends. It has meant a great deal to them as brothers to spend the past two summers working together in the beautiful mountains of northeastern New Mexico.

As I have sorted and stitched, planned and cooked menus, my mind has gone to thoughts of words of wisdom which we should pass along to our youngest son as he leaves for college. How many, many new decisions will be facing him in the next few weeks. Have we really prepared him for all the new experiences he will have? What last words of advice should we give to him as he leaves the sheltering walls of home?

Perhaps the best statement is one a mother gave her college-bound son: "When all else fails get enough sleep!"



A Variety Package of Fun

by
Virginia Thomas

Hold That Line: Players form a circle with their feet as far apart as possible. Players' feet should be touching around the circle, thus the open spaces are between each player's own feet. One person is chosen leader. She stands in the middle of the circle and rolls a large ball in the direction of one of the players, aiming to make it roll outside the circle. The player, using just her arms and hands, without moving her feet in any way, must keep the ball inside the circle. If she fails to do so, and the ball gets outside, she must then become the next leader. Anyone else in the circle, who moves her feet as the ball is being shoved about, must become the next leader, too.

Red Tape: Divide the group in two teams for a relay. Give each group a ball of red string. The first person in line wraps the string around himself once and holds onto the loose end as he passes the ball of string to the next in line, who wraps it around himself and passes the ball to the next player, etc. The object of the game is to see which team can entwine themselves, then unwind and wrap the string neatly onto the ball first.

Whisk Broom Relay: Choose two teams. Each side is given a whisk broom and a large cork. The first player on each team must brush the cork along the floor (or ground) to the goal line, and then run back to her place in line. The second player takes the broom and runs to the cork and sweeps it back to the starting point, the next sweeps it to the goal, etc., until each player has swept the cork. The first team to finish wins.

The Language of Color: Supply the missing color in these everyday expressions.

1. Once in a (blue) moon.
2. Buy on the (black) market.
3. Paint the town (red).
4. In a (brown) study.
5. You might tell a (white) lie.
6. In the (pink) of perfection.
7. A (grey) beard.
8. A (red) letter day.
9. A (green) thumb.

10. Show the (yellow) streak.
11. The (green) eyed monster.
12. Cut the (red) tape.
13. Show the (white) feather.
14. A (blue) Monday.
15. It's probably (green) grapes.
16. A dark (brown) taste.
17. Out of the (blue).
18. A (black) look.
19. The (yellow) peril.
20. Raise the (white) flag.
21. In a (grey) fog.

Name the Sport: Match the equipment to the game.

1. Cue (billiards)
2. Bat (baseball)
3. Paddle (Ping-Pong)
4. Niblick (golf)
5. Lures (fishing)
6. Oars (rowing)
7. Pins (bowling)
8. Racket (tennis)
9. Quiver (archery)
10. Foil (fencing)
11. Shuttlecocks (badminton)
12. Shoulder pads (football)
13. Puck (hockey)
14. Baton (relay racing)

Big Blow: Divide group into two sides at one end of the room. At the other end of the room is a sack on a chair (a chair for each side with as many sacks as players on the side). At

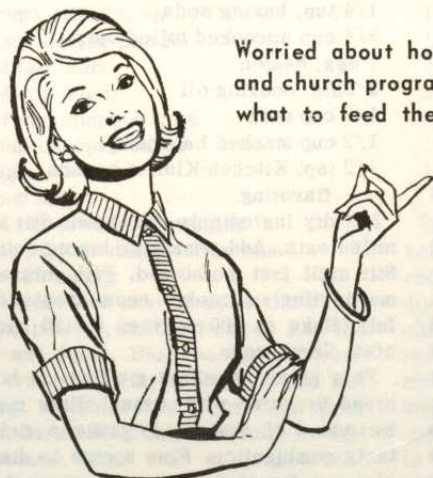
a signal, the first player on each side runs to chair, blows up sack, bursts it, and returns to touch the next player on his side, who runs to blow up his sack, etc. Players on opposite sides may try to get their opponents to laugh, so that they are slow getting sack blown up.



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KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.
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Worried about holding an office or giving club and church programs? Or are your concerns about what to feed the family or serve to company?

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Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

COMPANY CHICKEN

3 large chicken breasts, cut in half
Salt and pepper

1/4 cup butter or margarine

1 10½-oz. can condensed cream of chicken soup

3/4 cup chicken broth or water

1 5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced

1 3-oz. can sliced mushrooms, drained

2 Tbls. chopped green pepper

1/4 tsp. thyme

Lightly season chicken with salt and pepper; brown slowly in butter or margarine in skillet. Arrange browned chicken, skin side up, in 7- by 11-inch baking dish. For the sauce, add soup to drippings in skillet; slowly add the broth or water, stirring smooth. Add remaining ingredients. Heat to boiling. Pour sauce over chicken. Cover with foil and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 25 minutes. Uncover; continue baking 25 to 35 minutes or till chicken is tender. Serve with rice, if desired. Makes 6 servings. —Margery

SWEET-SOUR PORK CHOPS

6 pork chops, 1 inch thick

Salt, pepper and flour

1/2 cup cider vinegar

1/4 cup granulated sugar

1/4 cup light brown sugar, packed

2 Tbls. soy sauce

1/8 tsp. salt

1/4 cup green onion with tops, chopped

1 green pepper, coarsely chopped

Salt and pepper the chops; then dust with flour. Brown chops in drippings. Remove from skillet and pour out the remaining fat. Combine and cook vinegar, sugars, soy sauce and 1/8 tsp. salt to a thin syrup. Add onions and green pepper. Return chops to skillet and pour the sauce over them. Cover and cook slowly for about one hour or until the chops are tender. Serve with the sauce that clings to them and pass the remaining hot sauce for those who desire it. Six servings. —Lucile

BROCCOLI WITH CREAM CHEESE

1 1/2 lbs. broccoli

2 Tbls. butter or margarine

4 Tbls. water, plus 3 Tbls. water later

Salt to taste

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, diced

1 Tbls. lemon juice

Trim tough ends from broccoli. Slice stems and leaves thinly, reserving small blossoms. Melt butter or margarine in a 10-inch skillet over high heat. It will begin to brown a bit as it melts; then add the broccoli stems and leaves and the 4 Tbls. water. Stir thoroughly, cover and cook over high heat, stirring occasionally for 4 minutes. Stir in the broccoli blossoms and remaining 3 Tbls. water. Cover and cook for 3 minutes longer, stirring frequently. Season with salt and add the cream cheese and stir until cheese is melted. Sprinkle the lemon juice over and serve.

—Mae Driftmier

CELERY CASSEROLE

4 cups celery (1/2 inch slices)

3 Tbls. butter or margarine

1 10½-oz. can celery soup

2 Tbls. milk

3 Tbls. chopped pimientos

2 Tbls. butter or margarine

3/4 cup crushed cheese crackers

Cook the celery in a covered pan with water and 3 Tbls. of butter or margarine until crisp tender. Drain and stir in the soup, milk and pimientos. Melt the 2 Tbls. of butter or margarine in a small pan and stir in the crushed cheese crackers. Pour the celery mixture into a buttered casserole, cover with the buttered cracker crumbs, and bake about 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

BANANA MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour

1/2 cup sugar

2 1/2 tsp. baking powder

Dash of salt

1/4 tsp. baking soda

3/4 cup uncooked rolled oats

1 egg, beaten

3 Tbls. cooking oil

1/2 cup milk

1/2 cup mashed bananas

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Stir in rolled oats. Add remaining ingredients. Stir until just moistened. Fill greased muffin tins or crinkle cups about 2/3 full. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes. Serve warm.

This is an excellent muffin — a hot bread to serve with a meal. Nuts may be added if desired to make a rich, tasty combination. Fine recipe to double and freeze leftovers to warm for another day.

—Evelyn

JEFF'S SUGAR COOKIES

1 cup brown sugar

1 cup white sugar

1 1/2 cups shortening

2 eggs

1 tsp. soda

2 Tbls. vinegar

2 tsp. baking powder

4 cups flour

1/4 tsp. salt

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cream sugars and shortening together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Dissolve soda in vinegar and add. Sift dry ingredients together and beat in. Stir in flavorings. Chill. Roll into balls. Place on greased cookie sheet. Flatten with bottom of glass dipped in sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes, or golden brown.

For cut-out cookies a little more flour may be added so dough will roll out on floured breadboard. Cut with cookie cutter.

—Evelyn

MOLDED HAM LOAF

1 10½-oz. can tomato soup

1 1/4 cups water

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature

1 Tbls. vinegar

2 tsp. prepared mustard

1/2 cup mayonnaise

1 cup (or more) ground ham

12 stuffed olives, sliced

Combine soup and 1 cup of the water. Soften gelatin in remaining 1/4 cup of water. Heat soup to boiling; add softened gelatin and stir to dissolve. Blend cream cheese into soup and add vinegar. Chill until it starts to congeal. Stir prepared mustard into mayonnaise and add to gelatin along with ground ham and sliced stuffed olives. Pour into mold and chill until firm.

I put mine in a decorative ring mold and turned it out on lettuce on platter.

—Margery

CHERRY COBLER

2 cups sweetened canned cherries

1 Tbls. quick-cooking tapioca

3/4 cup sugar

4 Tbls. butter, melted

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

2 cups of your favorite rich shortcake batter

Mix cherries, tapioca, sugar, melted butter and flavorings. Pour into greased baking pan. Mix up shortcake batter and spoon over the mixture. Bake at 425 degrees for about 30 minutes.

—Margery

PRALINE COOKIES

- 24 double graham crackers
- 1 small bag pecan chips
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 2 sticks margarine

Place crackers (broken in half) on a cookie sheet, edge to edge. Sprinkle pecan chips over crackers.

Boil, for 3 minutes, sugar and margarine. Pour and spread over the nuts and crackers. A spatula will work nicely to cover the crackers before the margarine soaks into one area. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. Take them off the cookie sheet right away using a spatula again and place them on a wax paper to cool.

Will keep for a few weeks in a closely sealed tin container. (Mine lasted almost 24 hours before they were devoured so the air-tight container was unnecessary.)

—Mary Beth

CANNING APPLES FOR PIES

Peel, core and slice apples just as you would prepare for a pie. Spread into a shallow pan. For each quart of apples sprinkle on 1 cup sugar. Let set, stirring frequently, until enough juice rises to fill jars. Pack apples in jars, cover with juice, leaving about 3/4 to 1 inch space at top of each. Screw on lids. Place in canner and cover with hot water. When the water comes to a good rolling boil, turn off heat. Leave jars in water until completely cold.

To prepare for pie, drain juice from canned apple slices. Thicken juice with cornstarch, flour or tapioca. Place apple slices in unbaked pie shell, pour thickened juice over apples. Place top crust on pie and bake at 400 degrees until the crust is nicely browned and the pie filling bubbly hot (about 40 minutes).

—Evelyn

ORANGE SWEET POTATOES

- 1 1-lb. can vacuum-packed sweet potatoes
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 1/2 tsp. cornstarch
- 3 tsp. butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/3 cup white sugar
- Pinch of salt
- Miniature marshmallows (optional)

Slice the potatoes into 1/2-inch pieces and place in a baking dish. Combine all the rest of the ingredients except the marshmallows and cook until it is slightly thickened. Pour over the sweet potatoes; cover and bake for about 20 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Uncover and bake 15 minutes longer. Sprinkle a few miniature marshmallows over the top if you desire, return to the oven until the marshmallows brown.—Dorothy

BAKED CHICKEN WINGS

- Chicken wings (enough for servings desired)
- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 1/4 cup Parmesan cheese
- 1 tsp. paprika
- Dash of pepper
- 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
- Salt to taste
- 1/3 to 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Prepare chicken wings by cutting off tips (discard) and then cutting remaining wings in half. Combine crumbs, cheese, and spices. Melt butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Prepare 9-by-13-inch pan or baking dish by lining with foil. Dip each piece of wing in butter mixture, then into crumb-spice mixture. Lay pieces in one layer in baking dish. If any butter or margarine is left, pour over top of wings. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees until nicely browned, about 1 hour.

A very delicious and economical dish. Whole chicken or other chicken parts may also be used in this manner.

—Evelyn

ZIPPY APPLE SALAD

- 1 large Red Delicious apple, finely chopped
- 1 cup water
- 2 Tbls. white vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
- 1 cup ice water
- 1 cup celery, finely chopped
- 1/4 cup Brazil nuts, finely chopped
- 1 2-oz. jar pimiento, chopped

Combine the 1 cup water with the vinegar and salt and bring to a boil; add the gelatin and stir until completely dissolved. Add the cup of ice water and chill until the consistency of egg whites; then stir in remaining ingredients and chill until firm. Serves ten to twelve.

—Lucile

DATE-NUT LOAF

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup melted shortening
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Sift together into a bowl the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add the nuts and dates. Beat the egg and combine with the milk, shortening and flavoring. Combine the liquid and flour mixtures, stirring until the flour is well moistened. Pour into a greased loaf pan and bake in a 350-degree oven about one hour.

—Dorothy

ORANGE & CREAM CHEESE SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. orange gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 ripe banana, mashed
- 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
- 3/4 cup diced canned pears
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Dissolve one package of the orange gelatin in 1 1/2 cups of boiling water. Add the orange flavoring. Pour into a mold and chill until firm. Dissolve the second package of gelatin in 2 cups of boiling water and add the banana flavoring. Chill this until it just begins to thicken. Beat the cheese, banana and lemon juice together until blended; then beat this into the partially thickened gelatin. Fold in the celery, well-drained diced pears, and chopped pecans. Pour over the firm gelatin in the mold and return to the refrigerator until well set.

—Dorothy

OLIVE DRESSING

- 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1/2 of 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1/3 cup chopped stuffed green olives

Gradually add dressing to cream cheese, beating till smooth. Stir in paprika and olives. Serve with green salad or over tomato and green pepper slices. Makes 1 1/3 cups.

—Margery

JIM DANDIES

(Chocolate-cherry drop cookies)

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2/3 cup brown sugar
- 1 unbeaten egg
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice
- 2 Tbls. milk (about)
- 2 1-oz. squares chocolate, melted
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherries, diced
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream butter or margarine, butter flavoring and sugar. Beat in egg. Add half the dry ingredients. Beat until smooth. Add cherry juice and 1 Tbls. milk. Stir in remaining ingredients. If needed, add remaining 1 Tbls. milk. Chill several hours. Drop by spoonfuls on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees, 12 to 15 minutes or until just done. Do not overbake. These make festive, company-type cookies.

—Evelyn



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CREAMY ASPARAGUS SALAD

- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1 cup water
- 2 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz. cans cream of asparagus soup
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup lime juice
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. hot pepper sauce
- Green food coloring
- 1/2 cup minced celery
- 3 Tbls. minced onion

Sprinkle gelatin over water in medium-sized saucepan. Heat over low heat until dissolved. Add soup, undiluted, and stir until smooth. Beat cream cheese in a medium-sized bowl until very fluffy; beat in lime juice, sugar and pepper sauce gradually. Stir in soup mixture very gradually. Add enough green food coloring to make mixture a nice soft green color. Stir celery and onion into the salad and pour into an 8-inch square pan. Chill until firm. Cut into squares and serve on lettuce.

—Lucile

HEATH BAR CAKE

- 2 cups brown sugar
 - 2 cups flour
 - 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- Mix the above ingredients well and reserve one cup for topping. Add to remaining:
- 1 egg
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1 tsp. baking powder
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Mix well and put in greased 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ - by 12-inch pan.

Topping

- 1/2 cup pecans, chopped
 - 6 Heath bars, chopped fine
 - 1 cup of reserved crumbs
- Combine and sprinkle over batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 30-35 minutes.

—Margery

SOYBEAN CASSEROLE

- 2 cups uncooked soybeans
 - 6 cups water
 - 2 Tbls. shortening
 - 1/2 cup onion, chopped
 - 1/2 cup green pepper, diced (optional)
 - 1/2 lb. ground beef
 - 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
 - 2 Tbls. molasses
 - 2 Tbls. brown sugar
 - 3/4 cup water
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - Salt and pepper to taste
- Wash soybeans very well. Cover with water and place in breadpan in freezer. After 2 or 3 hours of freezing time, remove from freezer, wash with warm water to thaw ice, and drain. Place

beans in large pan and add the 6 cups water. Bring to boil and let simmer 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, or until tender. (Cooking at 10 lbs. pressure for 30 minutes in pressure pan is a quicker method if desired.) Scoop off any loose skins and discard. Drain.

Melt shortening in skillet. Brown onion and green pepper for 1 minute, stirring gently. Add ground beef and continue stirring until red has left the meat. Drain off excess fat. In a baking dish combine tomato paste, molasses, brown sugar, 3/4 cup water and butter flavoring. Gently stir in cooked beans and meat mixture. Add salt and pepper to taste. Bake, uncovered, in a 350-degree oven for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Stir several times during baking and add a little more water if needed.

—Evelyn

HAMBURGER SOUP

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 3 Tbls. margarine
- 2 onions, chopped
- 2 cups carrots, grated
- 1 cup potatoes, grated
- 2 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz. cans cream of celery soup
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 1-qt., 14-oz. can V-8 Vegetable juice

Salt and pepper to taste

Brown ground beef in melted margarine. Add onion and continue browning, and stirring, until onions are transparent. Add remaining ingredients and simmer 45 minutes to one hour.

This makes a large amount but it is excellent to freeze and bring out for future meals.

SUPER BAKED EGGPLANT

- 1 medium eggplant
- Boiling water
- 1 1/2 Tbls. salt
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 2 tomatoes, skinned and chopped
- 1/2 tsp. dried basil
- 1/2 tsp. dried oregano
- Dash of pepper
- 1/2 cup corn flake crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter, melted

Wash the eggplant and cover with boiling water. Add 1 Tbls. of the salt and boil for 20 minutes, turning it often so it will cook evenly. Drain and rinse in cold water. Let it cool until you can handle it; then peel it and cut into small cubes. Heat the oil in a skillet and lightly saute the onion. Stir in the eggplant, green pepper, tomatoes, basil, oregano, pepper, and remaining 1/2 Tbls. of salt. Pour into a greased casserole and cover with the corn flake crumbs which have been mixed with the melted butter. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

MARY BETH AND FAMILY LAUNCH A NEW PROJECT

Dear Friends:

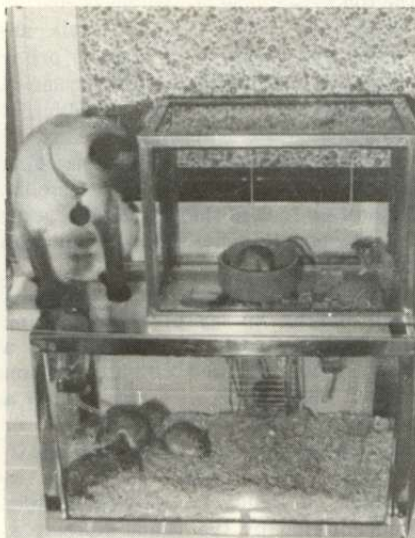
Out of deference to the hot, muggy weather I have put a round bone roast from our half a steer, which we have frozen and waiting for school consumption, into the Crock Pot for a slow, but cool, cook. My oven is one of those marvels of engineering that turns itself on and off at pre-scheduled hours, but it leaks heat in a most annoying manner. So whenever it is possible I use the Crock Pot for cooking, not only because of its cool nature, but because it is a foolproof, hurried cook's friend.

It is a pity our Siamese kitty cannot manage to wrap herself around the leaks from the oven, because she seeks warmth whether it is a radio high up on a shelf or the exhaust from the refrigerator, which also kicks out warmth from the lower level of the front of its massive body. On those impossible days when the heat is too much and I turn the air conditioner on and shut out those beautiful summer noises, this unfortunate beast pastes herself onto the front of the refrigerator door until she can no longer stand it, and then she screams at the door to be allowed out into the more natural weather.

Today's natural weather is such that she won't be intimidating me with her pacing, because it is raining in a gentle manner for a change, and she will not, through choice, go out into any area where it is damp under foot. Such are the idiosyncrasies of living with a Siamese cat!

I'm rather disappointed with the rainy weather, too, but not for the same reason. Donald determined that the time had come to paint the exterior of the house. The paint has been curling up on the gutters for quite some time, and there was no possible way to allow it to go another winter. Our house is basically stone, which I am learning is a three-fold blessing, so we have only the wooden overhang from the roof and the windows and doors and gutters and downspouts to cover. There is so much preparation that it staggers my imagination to consider what effort it would be to paint a house that was completely wood.

I also was not aware until this undertaking just how much of our house is windows. Every room in the house has one or two large Thermopane windows, and these are flanked with two more crank-out type windows, which are also Thermopane, and the itsy-bitsy detail in this is tedious. Paul is learning to scrape and pickle and prime coat and finally to paint. We've all been helping as much as possible, and with any break from the weather man we should



Simba, a Siamese cat, has been a family pet for a number of years.

be able to complete this before school resumes, and the deluge of leaves descends upon us. However, I must confess to a greater appreciation of those leaves up there as they cast some lovely, cool shadows over us as we wielded the paintbrush these many days.

As a result of some of the not-so-gentle wind and rain storms which swept across so much of the Midwest this summer, we lost one of the enormous trees which was not actually in our back yard, but was a major contributor to our shade and pleasure. It had begun to split down the center of its trunk, and, as is the nature of many shag-bark hickories, the trunk had split off into two major trunks many feet above the ground. After a series of storms over a period of twelve or sixteen months, this tree had split from the weight of its leaf-laden branches and the abuse of the winds. The tree was inclined toward our yard when it took its path of falling, so our good neighbors did what was safe, although they hated to lose the tree as much as we did.

Katharine is right now packing a trunk and doing all the last-minute thinking that must be done before she flies away to Houston. Students that age are surely a mystery to live with. She is very self-reliant, but since she has been home she has relaxed into a maddening habit of putting off until tomorrow what should be done today. I talked with a good friend of mine who has three boys in their late teens through early twenties, and she reports that her boys do the same thing and then, when one tries to gently pry into their business to see if they have by the merest chance made the plane reservation or whatever, they give the inquirer a wilting look which is intended to remind him or her that they

are more than capable of tending to their own business.

Oh, this has been my summer to grow suddenly — because I was not in this condition last summer — into a decided senile and dumb individual. This is no way an intentional or disrespectful action by my oldest child, but it is the result of amazement on her part that I might still comprehend what goes on in her world or the world that goes on about both of us. I have had to laugh on several occasion when this child would say to me, "Now how did you know that?" and I, with great wit and amusement, reminded her that things were the same when I was in college. My friend assured me that this will all pass away as rapidly as it came, around the age of 22, I believe she said.

Thus far this summer the family has stuck pretty close to home. Adrienne had a fantastic three-day jaunt to northern Wisconsin with one of her classmate's family. They pitched tents at Wolf River Lodge and then rented large rubber rafts and went rafting down the rapids to some spot farther downstream, where they were met by people from the Lodge in automobiles and brought back to their camp. They did this several days, and Adrienne reported that she is a rafting enthusiast forever. There were six 14-year-old girls with the hostess's parents, and she cooked tempting meals for them on an outside fire in addition to supervising, with the help of her husband, their rafting adventures. We're anticipating pictures of this outing which I shall share with you.

The rain clouds are blowing away, so I shall go outside and paint a section that is all scraped and waiting.

Until next month,
Mary Beth

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Many years ago a friend went up to a little town near the Canadian border to oversee the moving of a relative's grave into a city cemetery. It seems the little country cemetery had not been used for some time and plans were made to move the graves so that a highway could be built through the area. When my friend returned she had several roots that she said came from a peony that had been planted on the family lot. "I couldn't see leaving it for the bulldozers," she said, "so I dug it up — but I never saw any peony roots that looked like these." Neither had I for they resembled dahlia tubers. She gave me a couple to plant and the next spring this cosmos-like plant came up bearing two stalks and each produced a crimson-red peony bloom at

the top.

The next spring another stalk appeared and I had three crimson peony blooms. I decided to learn the name of the peony and after some research, it turned out to be a Fern Leaf peony, *P. tenuifolia flora plena*, and something to be treasured because of its scarcity. Both of us looked through catalog after catalog and this particular peony was never listed.

Friends kept begging for starts and I kept digging up my plant and giving them tubers until one spring only a single stalk appeared with its crimson bloom. That did it — I had to find a source of this "species peony" or mine would be lost. After writing to several firms that specialize in peonies, I found *P. tenuifolia flora plena* offered by the Brand Nursery & Peony Farms, Faribault, Mn. 55021. Write for their catalog, if interested.

Are You Doing All the Cleaning Alone?



If you are scrubbing and rubbing at fingerprints and grime, if you are rinsing or wiping away scum, suds and froth, if you are really hard-scrubbing when you should be merely wiping, then YOU are doing the work your household cleaner should be doing for you.

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KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

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.

UYO WKON NI EY EEDHLTLW ONT
DOG EY FO RAE HATT HET DNA
MEEPTL AHTT EHT TIPSRI FO OGD.

Traffic sign near a school crossing: Use the eyes, save the pupils. (A good thought this time of year.)

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

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

Now is the time to start thinking about pretty winter bouquets to brighten the long, dreary months ahead. One of the prettiest (and easiest to make!) that I have seen yet was at the home of a friend. To make this attractive arrangement, you must select several bare branches with graceful shapes, and about ten inches long. To cover these branches with colorful "blooming balls", first paint all sides of the branch with adhesive. Then the branch may be rolled in puffed rice, popped corn, or the vari-colored bubble balls found at craft and hobby shops. You may also fill a paper sack with the balls, add the glue-covered branches and shake vigorously and quickly. Remove the "blooming branches" and allow to dry thoroughly. If you do not use the colored bubble balls, you may lightly spray the puffed rice or popcorn with a pastel shade, as lemon yellow, eggshell blue or peppermint pink. Several of the smaller branches may be arranged in a low vase or container. For a very tall floor vase, only two or three very long branches add a very charming touch to the room.

Don't be sad because roses have thorns. Just be content that thorns have roses.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: Corinthians 3:16. Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?



ALISON REFLECTS ON A VERY HAPPY SUMMER

Dear Friends:

Now that summer is over I thought perhaps you would be interested in how I've spent these past few months.

I had decided once again this year to journey to Denver for the month of May to help my father, Wayne, during the spring rush at his nursery. As luck would have it, this year's spring season also brought the arrival of my sister, Emily, whom I had not seen in over two years. She had flown home from Brazil for a month's break before her re-enlistment in the Peace Corps. When I learned of this fortunate and unexpected bonus, I hastily began juggling plans and making itineraries.

As my departure drew near, it looked as if I had arranged my travels in a most productive way, and would be able to spend time with nearly everyone I wanted to see, and would still be able to assist Dad.

First I flew to Albuquerque, New Mexico, to visit Juliana and her family. Emily had flown down from Denver, and we had a marvelous time! Needless to say there is never a lull in conversation when female cousins gather for a reunion! Emily and I then flew on to Denver where we spent most of our time just visiting and relaxing with Mom and Dad. We did not remain idle, however, for during the span of a week, Mother put on two dinner parties. One was particularly memorable, since it included a gathering of Brazilians currently living in Denver. Emily prepared authentic Brazilian dishes and showed her excellent color slides. (She's quite a photographer!) We enjoyed the evening so much, and I'm sure the Brazilian students were even more appreciative of a touch of home so far away.

Emily and I left one bright, early morning and drove to Iowa, arriving in Shenandoah that night. The trip took considerably longer driving at fifty-five miles per hour, but it did seem less tiring, and I know we had to fill the gas tank less frequently. We spent an exciting week visiting, chatting, and browsing through any antique stores we saw. One day was spent at our cousins Watkins' "barn house" in Clarinda, Iowa — an excursion always guaranteed to be fun. I find that people are often surprised to hear me speak so frequently of my cousins, and are amazed when I refer to *second* cousins! I suppose in this fast-paced day and age it's difficult enough just to keep track of siblings. I must admit I feel pity for those folks who can scarcely name their relatives, let alone look upon them with sincere closeness.

The next stop on our journey was Frank's and Dorothy's farm — one of



It is a fortunate thing that Alison's husband, Mike Walstad, is fond of dogs for it is likely they will always have some around the house. These two are Harvest, an Irish setter, and Hilga, a German wire-haired pointer.

my all-time favorite places. I think it was the drive across southern Iowa I enjoyed most the whole trip. Everything was so green. The spotless white farmhouses and rolling hills were more endearing than ever. We barely had any time that day at the farm before it was off to Des Moines for us. Emily had plane reservations that evening for the east coast, and we had promised Cousin Martin that we would look him up. We met him at work at the hospital, and I was quite impressed. He should be very proud of the job that he does as chaplain. Any kind of hospitalization can be a traumatic experience, and I'm sure many people have great need of such services.

After depositing Emily on the plane, I drove back to Lucas and spent the night with Dorothy and Frank. The next day I headed for Nebraska to visit a dear childhood friend from Colorado who had married a farmer and moved to Tekamah. She and her three-month-old daughter made the long trip back to Denver with me, and I was most delighted with their company.

By the time I returned to Denver, business at the nursery was booming, and they needed me to start work the very next day. I had too little time to ponder all that I had seen and heard. I

ALL POWER TO HIS WAYS

The love of power is man's concept.
The power of love is His concept.
When man will learn His ways, power
will bring peace on earth.

NOT A MASTER? BE A LEARNER

That which he only hears, he forgets.
That which he sees and reads, he remembers.

That which he actually does, he learns.

That which he teaches, he masters.

had traveled many hundreds of miles and seen countless people in a very short time, and upon reflection I have never remembered the Midwest looking so beautiful and lush. I took great happiness in seeing so many friends and relatives, all taking diverse routes, and each happy in his chosen life.

Back in Denver it was hard work for the next few weeks, for the nursery was extremely busy this year. It seemed as if everyone had the gardening spirit. I believe people who had never planted before in their lives were making an attempt last spring. Dad had a new glass building constructed to house the annuals and vegetables, and it made everything very bright and cheery.

When I left Denver to return it was spring, and when I arrived back in Texas it was hot, hot summer. For summer this far south starts months earlier than in the north and central states. All the magnolias were in bloom, and it was as though a plane ride of one thousand miles had advanced me two months in time.

I was really thrilled to get back home, as I always am. This time during my absence our Irish setter had given birth to eleven healthy puppies. It became a little overwhelming when they got bigger. We have two large dogs, and with all those squirming, wiggling puppies it did appear that we were up to our ears in canines.

We will not be much longer at this location, for we're fast approaching the end of Mike's training program. The remainder of our stay we will try to do all the things we just haven't gotten to yet this year. There are many places in this area we'd like to visit — many opportunities that are unique to this locale. Mike has built a small two-man sailboat which we enjoy on these hot days. We are also trying to get our fill of the fresh seafood so abundant here. Likewise, once we leave this Louisiana-southeast Texas location, we will no longer be able to find the sumptuous Acadian cooking — the French- or Cajun-style cooking with gumbos, creoles, and crawfish dishes that are just out of this world. We'd also like to spend more time hiking in the "Big Thicket", located little more than ten miles from our house. This is an immense expanse of the densest forests in the country — an area currently under discussion in the legislature for establishment as a national park.

At this point I don't know where my next letter will find us, but most surely we'll move back to the desert and mountains of the Southwest. But wherever we might be, you will always find me

Sincerely,
Alison



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Can it be possible that school bells have begun to ring? So we try to answer that same question, "Where has the summer gone?" Was it a busy one for you or did you have time to relax a bit? Did you get some reading done? One book which held my attention, and made me glad to be living in 1974, was *The Overland Trail* (G. P. Put-



Seven-year-old Natalie Nenneman of Omaha enters the third grade this month. She is pictured with her mother, Donna, daughter of Howard and Mae Driftmier.

nam's Sons, New York, \$8.95) by Herbert Eaton. This is the extraordinary first-person account of one of the most perilous journeys ever undertaken — the Overland Trail to California and Oregon in 1852.

"In the year 1852," wrote John Riker of Piqua, Ohio, "the gold excitement in California still continues, and thousands have heretofore and are still emigrating to this country." Thus begins one of the true sagas in American history. The lure of gold, a "new start", a "place of my own" drew men and women from every class and caste of society. Doctors, farmers, blacksmiths, and poets, they embarked on the treacherous and unrelenting trail to California and Oregon. Culled from unpublished diaries, here in their own words, is their story. This is the true account of the way west.

Herbert Eaton has supplied the connecting links which make the story continuous but it is the writings of the pioneers — their hopes and despair — which makes it a lived experience for the reader to share. For example:

On June 1, John Hawkins Clark climbed a bluff to survey the Platte Valley: "As far as the eye can reach the broad river can be seen stretching far away to the east and west, the wide bottom lands covered with a carpet of green which gives to the scene a color rich and beautiful to look upon. And then there is another picture. Look at the long lines of immigrants, stretching as it were from the rising to the setting sun; and when one does see it, as we do at this moment, he cannot but wonder where such a mighty multitude of men, women, children and animals are marching to. Yes, California and Oregon have lured that crowd from many a happy home, and here they are, this beautiful morning, marching to those beautiful shores whose golden sands have set the world on fire."

The Overland Trail is a historical document and an intimate portrait of the American pioneer. By putting together the various diaries, Herbert

Eaton makes us realize the endurance and courage it took to accomplish the journey.

Euell Gibbons, America's well-known nature writer, has been crisscrossing the North American continent, searching out new places and ways to live off the land, and new wild foods to prepare.

In his latest book *Stalking the Faraway Places* (David McKay Co., New York, \$6.95) Mr. Gibbons gives a glowing account of his wanderings. He takes us rafting on Mexico's Sea of Cortez; searching for the foods used by ancient Indians in the mesa country of the western United States; surviving on a tiny island off the coast of Maine; and on to Canada to hear the sound of flowers blooming on a still night.

They began their trip out of Shiprock, New Mexico. Soon grandson Mike noticed green plants with purple blooms. This was the famous locoweed. Euell Gibbons explained how sometimes horses ate it, even though continued eating would drive a horse insane. Mike said, "Let's stop and eat some of it, then maybe we'll be crazy enough to go ahead with the trip!" Mike was a lucky boy to travel with his grandfather and learn much about the wild foods growing on our continent. *Stalking the Faraway Places* is another book by Euell Gibbons that has come out of his life-long concern with nature.

Bright Candles (Harper & Row, Publishers, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$5.50) by Nathaniel Benchley is a young adult book about the Danish resistance during World War II. The historical basis for the novel was obtained by Mr. Benchley as he interviewed Danes who lived through the German occupation.

It was on April 9, 1940, that the lights went out in Copenhagen. On that day the Germans occupied Denmark; and sixteen-year-old Jens Hansen watched as his family joined other Danes in putting blackout curtains at their windows.

Jens and his friend began defying German rule with pranks and then more dangerous activities. Jens' resistance activity exacted its toll — in the death of his friends, in separation from his family, in capture, interrogation, and imprisonment. In bringing to life the experience of one young Dane, Nathaniel Benchley has recreated an era of exceptional resolution in the face of oppression — a defiance that saw no slackening until the blackout could be lifted in Copenhagen, and candles could shine in Danish windows again.

Bright Candles, *Gone and Back*, and *Only Earth and Sky Last Forever* are all books by Mr. Benchley that are grounded in a historical framework, and make powerful reading.



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["I saw my wife touch her toes for the first time in years."*]

The doctor's diet that has helped thousands get relief from arthritic pain within weeks.

The physician who healed himself

At the age of thirty-five, Dr. Collin Dong suffered excruciating arthritic pain. For three years he consulted specialists, but his condition became progressively worse. In desperation, he began experimenting with nutrition. Finally, through trial and error, he discovered a diet combination that eased his pain. He followed it faithfully and within a few weeks experienced a miraculous transformation. The stiffness and pain in his joints disappeared and he felt agile again. Thirty-one years later he remains completely free from arthritic pain.

Dr. Dong tells why his diet works

"My dramatic recovery convinced me that victims of rheumatic disease are allergic to certain foods and specific additives. Since there is such a direct correlation between the chemical imbalances of food ingestion that contribute to heart disease, ulcers, etc., isn't it logical that arthritis can also be controlled by diet?"

"Just recently, after a thirty-year study, Prof. Nanna Svartz, head of the King Gustav V Research Institute in Stockholm, announced that the cause of rheumatoid arthritis has been identified as a germ found in milk. Milk is one of the prohibited foods in my diet.

"Arthritic patients lack the ability to produce immunoglobulins or antibodies to protect themselves against allergies that cause arthritis. My dietary regimen, combined with prudent medication, helps eliminate the allergens, and is therefore clinically effective in the treatment of arthritis. However, before anyone considers himself an arthritic, the disease should be diagnosed by a competent physician. Then, with the physician's aid and direction, I am sure the patient will benefit by changing his confused nutritional pattern to one that is logical and practical."

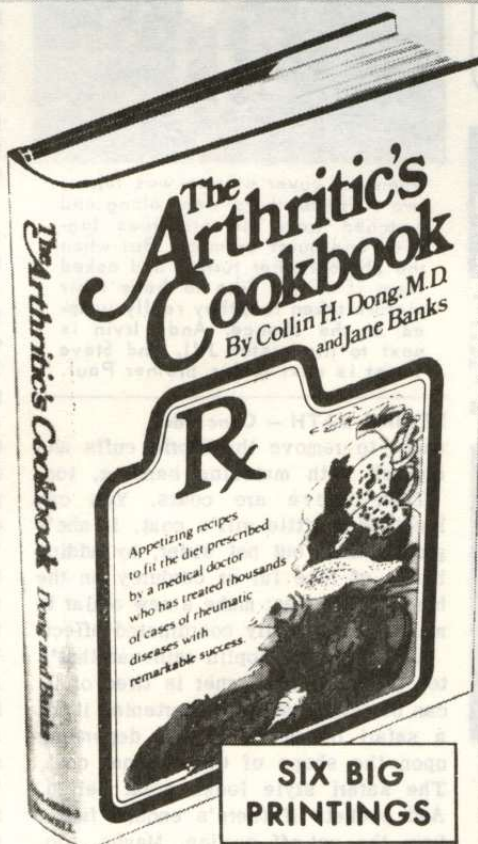
Dr. Dong helped change their lives

• **Willie McCovey**, San Francisco Giant star hitter: "Dr. Dong put me on a special diet. I was surprised it worked. The arthritis cleared up."

• **Beauty expert Aida Grey**: "An attack of arthritis was giving me great discomfort and tending to cripple my hands, which were swollen and painful. I could not straighten my fingers and the dexterous use of my hands is essential to my profession. Dr. Dong put me on his diet and the results* are truly remarkable. The swelling has been reduced; the pain is practically eliminated."

• **Louis F. Weyand**, former Executive Vice President and Director of the 3M Company, St. Paul, Minnesota: "Dr. Dong's diet completely cured Mrs. Weyand's gout and helped relieve my pains caused by an arthritic condition of many years. I can heartily recommend his diet treatment."

• **Mrs. Ruth P. Wilson**: "I went to Dr. Dong limping on a cane, as my left knee was in great pain. I could hardly walk. In one week of Dr. Dong's arthritic's diet, the pain was greatly alleviated. Now, I have no pain and walk naturally."



• **Juan Marichal**, San Francisco Giant star pitcher: "I have been bothered with bursitis of my pitching arm for the last year. Since following Dr. Dong's advice, I have felt stronger and have been able to pitch back to my old form."

"Dr. Dong's diet is scientifically sound; it not only helps the arthritic but also prevents and alleviates other diseases due to faulty eating, which is universal in this country to a pathetic degree."

—CALVIN H. CHEN, M.D.
Assistant Medical Superintendent and Clinical Associate Professor, Wayne State University

Now—let Dr. Dong's diet work for you

At last the millions afflicted with arthritis now have the means, supplemental to their doctors' treatment, of relieving their suffering while enjoying gourmet meals. *The Arthritic's Cookbook* tells you precisely which foods you can safely eat all the time, which you can eat sometimes, and which foods you should never eat. Dr. Dong's diet program features a full range of appetizing recipes prepared, under his direction, by Jane Banks, a former arthritic sufferer who was completely freed of pain a few weeks after going on Dr. Dong's diet.

"Their dishes are simply so delicious and so suitable for almost any diet that we offer them as good eating for everyone."—say the editors of *Woman's Day* in an article "A Special Diet for Everyone."



Meet Dr. Dong

Today at age seventy-one, Dr. Collin H. Dong plays golf every morning, treats thirty to forty patients daily, and still finds time to pursue his interest in painting and to travel to the professional conferences that have taken him and his wife around the world. Hard to believe that he, too, was once a victim of arthritis!

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PARENTS' PARTNER — Concluded

bers of the partnership realize that the school and home should work together for the good of the child. No parent is fulfilling his duty who expects, or allows, the school and the teacher to bear the entire responsibility for his child's education.

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care. Hearty co-operation of the parents is a goal she hopes to achieve.

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When our cover picture was taken, two little brothers went along and watched from the sidelines big-eyed and quiet as mice. But when the photographer turned and asked them if they'd like to have their picture taken too, they really jumped at the chance. Andy Irvin is next to his sister Jill, and Steve Teget is next to his brother Paul.

SEWING MATH — Concluded

smart to remove the fabric cuffs and replace with matching banding, too.

Then there are coats. You can lengthen a little girl's coat, if she's grown taller but not wider, by adding bands of fake fur or corduroy on the hem and sleeves; make a new collar to match, for a really coordinated effect.

A still-decent poplin raincoat that's too short, or the owner is tired of it, can be rejuvenated by shortening it for a safari or smock jacket, depending upon the shape of the original coat. The safari style looks great belted. Add pockets if there's enough fabric from the cut-off portion. Maybe, too, you'll want to add some important metal military-look buttons.

Some re-dos on clothes are more a matter of planning new combinations, rather than much sewing. One woman I met recently was wearing rosewood shade (sort of a "rosy tan") textured knit polyester slacks with a heather-blue shirt jacket. Sound like an unlikely combination? Well, it was stunning — simply because she'd worn a blouse that tied the two color tones together. The blouse had a small sprigged floral print of blue and reddish-brown on a white background. So check your wardrobe, or those of your daughters, to see if unlikely matches can be made to live in harmony by adding a new print blouse that picks up both colors. It's a good rule to remember. Even if you must shop separately for the blouse fabric, this is surely still less expensive than the cost of a whole new outfit.

For girls, a new three-part look can be achieved from a used long-sleeved shirt (boys' or girls', so long as it's the right size), a short-sleeved knit

pullover top, preferably with a scoop or V-neckline, and a skirt, in colors that go well together. Try the knit shirt and the skirt on your girl, and mark the spot where the two meet. Cut off the skirt enough above the marking to allow for seaming, and sew the two together with the shirt hem outside. Cut off shirt sleeves sufficiently above the elbows to stitch them under hems of the knit top's sleeves for the needed finished length. Cut yoke-shaped front and back on the shirt, allowing enough to lie flat in place, and stitch this collar-insert under the neckline of the knit top. Keep in mind that you want to retain the "separates" look of the knit top, and stitch to gain this effect.

In many household, one member of a family may totally wear out pajama bottoms, leaving a good top, while another does just the opposite. Since neither sizes nor fabrics match, you can't combine them. But there are solutions, I think. Too-large pajama pants aren't hard to cut down, if you can find a top that goes well with them. Or, make new harmonizing pants to go with an existing top. For pajama pants on hand, you have several choices for tops. 1) Use a comfy knit T-shirt in a complementary color. 2) Make an entirely new top. 3) Remodel a discarded man's shirt into a pajama top. If it's large, so much the better. Lay in a pleat at the top of each shoulder and stitch down, front and back, for several inches. Cut off cuffs, and simply hem the ends of the sleeves. Square the bottom or leave it "as is", whichever you prefer. Remove the collar for comfort, and bind or face the neckline. If the top is for a girl, you can add a bit of ruffy trim if you like. If it's for a tot, a simple but cute applique adds appeal to the "new" pajamas.

Large-size knit dresses, tops, and slacks can often be regarded as sources of fabric for tot's togs. The simpler the styles, of course, the larger the pieces of unseamed and uncluttered material you have to work with. Convert big knit shirts into tiny ones (maybe you'll need new ribbed edging). Make school dresses combining the better portions of two adult dresses. Make summer shorts from the good parts of discarded men's slacks (using the crease in the right place, if there is one!).

So recycle, remake, renew. "Sewing math" can multiply your wardrobe, and save subtracting much from your shrinking dollars. It can pay dividends of pride in your accomplishments. So add your own ideas to these mentioned, and see what new things you can come up with, made from the old. In this case, sewing certainly makes \$en\$e!

SEPTEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded

droop. If we have a brave conviction, however unpopular, let us share it.

Let us all resolve that in time of trouble we will find hope and courage, and lift and spread them high before despairing eyes! *We will not be puller-down-ers or knockers, but lift-er-up-ers.* Faith and pride, held high, inspire us all. And neither affection nor gratitude is meant to be kept folded away in the heart, but used every day.

Let us affirm all the best that we feel and believe about our country and our faith. This is the way we keep our flags flying.

How often we see some wrong being done, some injustice needing to be righted, ways of integrity giving way to untruths, and the most we do is sadly shake our heads and wail, "Oh, isn't it terrible? To think that it could happen here!" Instead we should hoist our banners high and say *I won't let it happen here!* That is keeping our flags flying.

We have our programs and our goals set for the new year. Hoist your flag, straighten your shoulders. March!

Leader:

I pray each day that we may view
The things that warm one's heart anew:
The kindly deeds that can't be bought—
That only from the good are wrought.
A burden lightened here and there.

A brother lifted from despair,
The aged ones freed from distress;
The lame, the sick, brought happiness.

—Anonymous

Reading: (Second and third speakers read responsively.)

MY CHURCH AND I

I am a part of the church; one among many, but I am one.

I am a citizen of my country; one among many, but I am one.

I need the church for development of the buried life within me; the church in turn needs me.

I need my country for its shelter and food and a home and friendships. The country needs me — my vote, my honesty, my loyalty, my faith in its ideals.

The church may be human in organization, but it is divine in its purpose. That purpose is to point my life toward God. Participating in the privileges of the church, I shall also carry my fair share of the load, not grudgingly, but joyfully.

The government of our country is made up of human beings, such as you and I, people whom you and I — by vote, or neglect — put into office. But the ideals and purposes set forth in our constitution are as true today as when written, and it is toward these purposes we must set our goals. For the privileges which my country has given me, I will gladly do my fair share in my community and my nation.



Mother, Leanna Driftmier, feels blessed to have such fine eyesight at 88 years, and spends much of her daytime reading.

I shall not wait to be drafted for service to my church. I shall volunteer, saying, "Here I am, send me."

I shall not say, "What can my country do for me?" but shall ask "What can I do for my country?"

I shall be loyal in my attendance, generous in my gifts, kind in my criticisms, creative in my suggestions, loving in my attitudes.

I shall be loyal to my country, be willing to give my time to vote, to serve on the jury, to work to see that all peoples are given equal opportunities, and be constructive in my criticisms.

(Both speakers in unison.) I SHALL GIVE TO MY CHURCH AND MY COUNTRY MY INTEREST, ENTHUSIASM, DEVOTION — MOST OF ALL — MYSELF. AT ALL TIMES I WILL KEEP THE FLAGS FLYING!

Leader:

She who cannot settle in her mind
Where she should stand, but merely
stays astride

The fence, is certain in the end to
prove

Herself of little worth to either side.
But she alone will be of value who,
Though pressure may be brought some-
times to bear,

Knows in her heart where she should
stand and then,

Despite the consequence, stands firmly
there. —Adapted from *Sunshine*

Hymn: "Faith of Our Fathers".

Benediction:

God bless thee.

Thy goings out, thy comings in,
Thy home, thy friends, thy kith and kin;
Thy hopes and plans, thy work or rest;
God bless them as He seest best,
In grief and pain, in joy and cheer,
In all He sends, God bless thy year!
This is our prayer. Amen.

—Thanks to unknown author

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Losing Half My Wardrobe?

It could amount to the same thing. You see, people have discovered that it isn't just *wearing* clothes that makes them old and worn out. Abusing them ruins them, too. Like bleaching in harsh, liquid bleaches. Rough, chlorine-type bleaches that destroy threads and eat up delicate fabrics. Or going the other direction and babying them with lazy detergents that can't lift out all the dirt . . . that leave things grimy and old-looking.

You can stop shortening the life of your clothes by switching to the **Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Twins: Blue Drops and Safety Bleach**. They make sure that whites are white, and colors are bright and new-looking longer. And they're safe, too, so even dainty synthetics survive repeated washings and bleachings.

Your grocer has them both. You need them both. They'll stretch your wardrobe . . . not halve it.

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The only thing more expensive than
education is ignorance.

—Benjamin Franklin

Always try to do your best.
People remember the players who
fought the hardest, not the score.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

that we found ourselves in Crescent, Iowa, a small town I'd always heard of but where I'd certainly never been. With directions from a kind soul we retraced our steps right back into Council Bluffs and started out all over again. And even there, a town I thought I knew so well, they'd changed the streets so much that I gave Betty directions that took us far out of the way. She says she's never going to ask me for road directions again as long as she lives, and I don't blame her. But I still just can't get over the vast changes in only four years.

Juliana, Jed, James and Katharine have had a lot of company this summer, and more to come. They are going to get away for one week and take a camping trip up the western slope of Colorado. I'll tell you all about it in my letter next month.

There are funny things about the children that I wanted to mention but my space is gone. Well, I'll jot down notes so I won't forget when I write again.

In the times that lie ahead let us try to be of good cheer and help one another.

Always most faithfully

Lucile

MARGERY'S LETTER — Concluded

ting the finishing touches on a sermon he was to deliver the next morning. Although Martin has preached in other churches, this was to be his first service in his home church. Our family is scattered, as you know, but we were happy that some of the clan could be with us on this occasion. It was especially nice that Wayne and Abigail could be with us, for that was the weekend they stopped by on their way home to Denver after attending a nursery convention in Toronto, Canada.

Martin will soon be winding up his work as a chaplain at Iowa Methodist Hospital in Des Moines. It has been a tremendous experience for him. Now comes the difficult parting from friends he has worked with so closely, but part they must, for a new group of interns is moving in to start their year of clinical pastoral education. Martin hasn't had free time to make plans for his immediate future, but hopes to look for a church position. If there are no vacancies at that time, he'll likely go back to the seminary for some graduate work until something comes his way.

And now, until next month,

Sincerely,
Margery

COVER PICTURE

Lucile tells you about these children in her letter, so we won't go into detail here.

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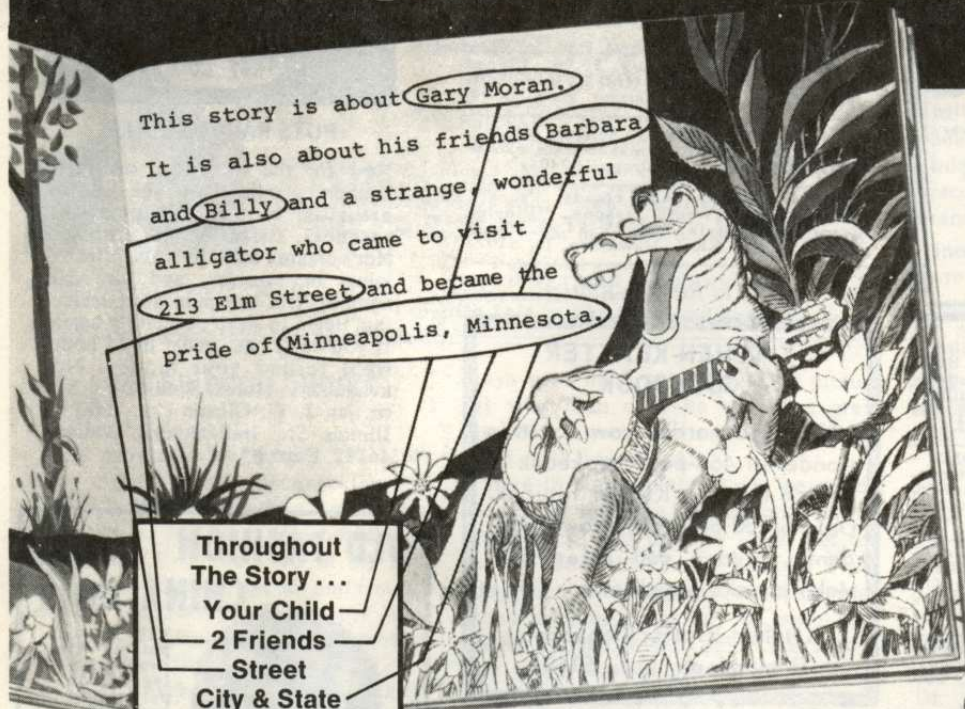
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