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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

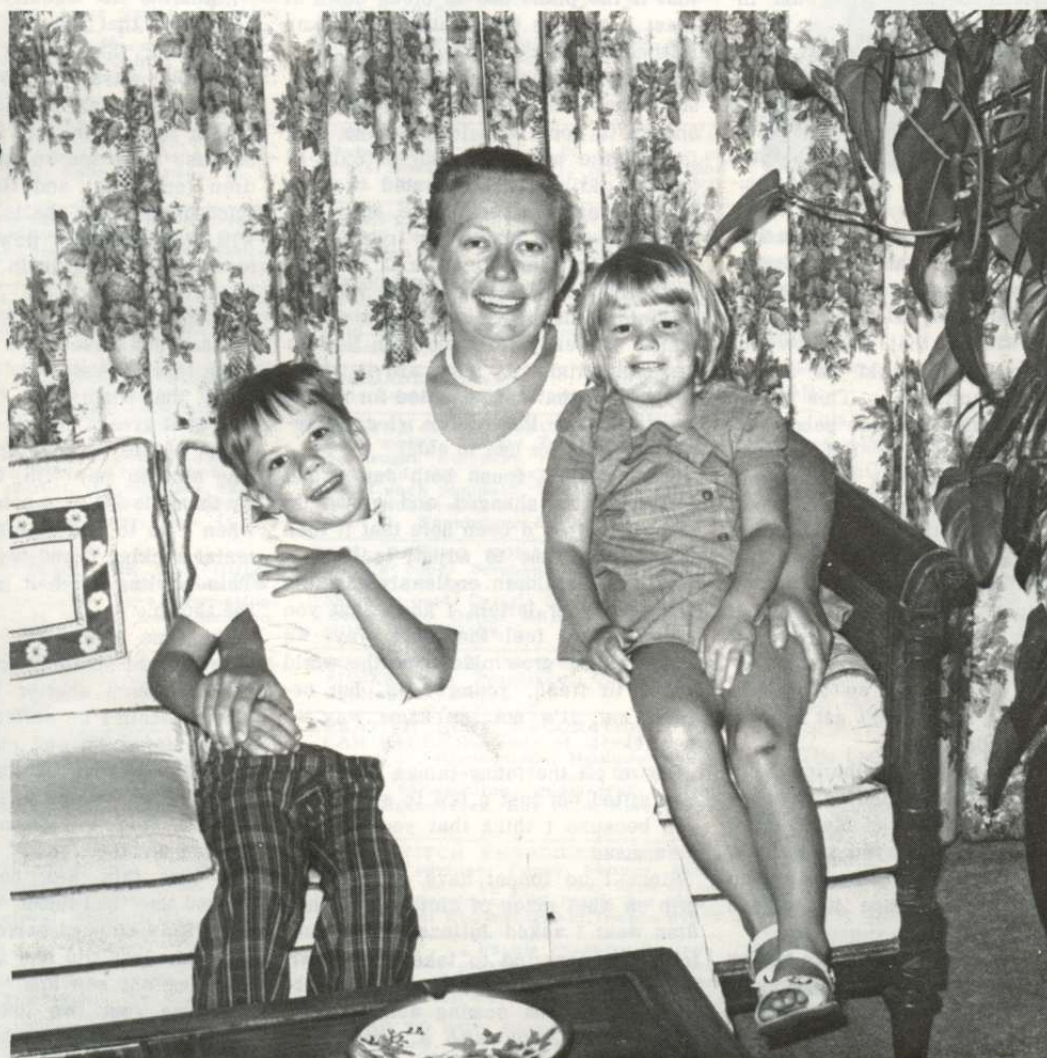
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-Photo by Strom



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

The other day I was sitting in the car parked at one of our supermarkets when a harried looking woman pulled up next to us and then evidently encountered an old friend because she said instantly:

"Oh, I'm just going wild with cucumbers coming right out of my ears!"

It put me in mind of what I've been thinking recently: company and gardens all come on at the same time.

We've had a constant stream of company this summer, and each and every one we have enjoyed, but Betty and I had thought about the long, dreary months of winter when no one is expected, and no hope of anyone coming and have wished that somehow our chaotic summers could be spread throughout the entire year. This cannot be done, of course, because people get their vacations during the summer months, you cannot yank children out of school during the school year, so it all piles up into three short months. I'd be willing to bet that I have a lot of company in feeling this way.

I can just hear someone saying: "Well, why don't you go and visit someone during the summer?" The answer to this is short and sweet: I have so much to do that I can't get away — too much to look after.

Juliana, James and Katharine were here for ten activity-filled days in recent times. Mary Lea and Isabel came with them, but they stayed at Marge's house and just made the family rounds for evening meals since Marge was without a kitchen.

I had just made my peace with planes when that huge one crashed at Kennedy Airport in New York, and this put me once again into an apprehensive frame of mind.

They all left Albuquerque right on schedule (an early morning flight) with just enough of a layover to change planes in Denver. I was sitting here

watching the clock and thinking happily that Denver was behind them and they were en route to Omaha when the phone rang and it was Juliana: their plane had broken down in Denver and they would be stranded there for the next four hours. I thought to myself that if the plane had to break down at least it was on the ground and not up in the air!

Stapleton Airport in Denver is huge, but James and Katharine are now old enough to cope with long delays; this is not true of Isabel who is only 13 months old and not adjusted to such radical breaks in her routine. Mary Lea found those four hours very trying.

Eventually they all made it in here, to their vast relief and to the vast relief of the family too. We had a fine dinner all ready for them with flowers and candlelight, no less, and it was a happy time that compensated for me, at least, for the long delay. (I can't remember what we had to eat!)

Once again I found both James and Katharine so changed and grown up since last they'd been here that it took me a little time to adjust to them. I find small children endlessly amusing and from your letters I know that you grandmothers feel the same way. We forget as we grow older how the world looks to fresh, young eyes, but believe me, it's not the same way we see it!

Out of all the funny things they said I've sifted out just a few to share with you because I think that you too will be amused.

Since I no longer have a good firm grip on what sizes of clothes the children wear I asked Juliana the day before they departed to take them down town and to let them pick out one outfit each for the coming school year. James came back with a size 7-thin pants and a matching top — really nice looking and practical.

On Sunday morning (the day they were leaving) he came down with the new pants and a top that belonged to sum-

mer pajamas — it looked like a T-shirt to me since it was also blue and white. When the time came to make the final walk up the alley to say goodbye to Granny-Nanny he said that he couldn't go because he didn't have the new matching shirt — it was in the washing machine.

I said: "Oh, James, just go the way you are because Granny-Nanny won't know the difference."

He stared at me and said: "Why, she's almost a hundred years old and she SHOULD know the difference."

I thought for a second and then replied: "It doesn't work that way." I feel free to tell you this because when I reported it to Mother she laughed and laughed.

Another thing he said that struck me as very funny was this and it is a direct quote word for word:

"Granny Wheels, when we come in from playing outside and are all dirty I just hope and pray that you are in your room with your door closed." MY!!

Katharine is equally amusing and now says that she is just about six years old. (She turned five on June 7th!) She says she dreads going to school with James this fall at their public school in the immediate area because there are so many rough children (not kids) and they are all so much bigger than she is. Both children will walk together down the old dirt road with other kids in their neighborhood.

Katharine is a thumb sucker and Juliana and Jed have never been "at her" about this because they feel, and rightly so, that when she's ready to give it up she'll give it up.

Just before bedtime one night Katharine said to me: "Oh, Granny Wheels, my thumb is SUCH a comfort to me, and when I go to bed at night I just can't resist sucking it and *twirling* my hair." This twirling her hair goes along with the thumb.

The time before last when she was here Howard showed her his one thumb that is much shorter than the other thumb because he suffered from a very severe infection one summer when he was 18 or 19 that resulted in losing the thumb down to the first knuckle. He showed this to Katharine and then showed her the "good" thumb and told her that this was because he had sucked the "bad thumb". She looked at him with a stunned expression.

On this last trip she said to him the first time she saw him: "Uncle Howard, show me your two thumbs again because I want to see what happened to the one you sucked." Her eyes were like saucers when he produced the "good" thumb and the "bad" thumb.

Well, so much for my two grandchildren
(Continued on page 22)

THE STROMS' REMODELING PROJECT ALMOST COMPLETED

Dear Friends:

It was difficult deciding *where* I should write this letter this morning! The cabinets for our new kitchen arrived and are now being uncrated and carried into the house. It is a temptation to watch all this activity, of course, so I removed myself upstairs to the desk in Martin's bedroom.

Although your children are grown and away from home, do you still call bedrooms by their names? For several years I tried to call Martin's bedroom "the gold bedroom" or "the east bedroom", but it just wouldn't stick. It will always be "Martin's bedroom"! I suppose this is because Mother has the same habit. The other day I asked her where something was that I wanted to borrow and she said, "Go up and look in Howard's bedroom. I think it is in his closet." So no doubt many years from now I, too, will keep my habit.

Oh, yes! and when our last company was here, I referred to another bedroom as "the girls' room". Oliver's sister asked, "What girls?" I explained that this was the room all my nieces slept in when they visited us, so it just became known as "the girls' room".

How grateful we'll be when the kitchen is finished! It's not the easiest thing in the world to do without a kitchen for a number of weeks, and during this period we've had several house guests. The first week of Mary Leanna's and Isabel's visit the stove was still connected so, although we were a bit torn up, I could still get a hot meal on the table. The second week the stove was removed, but we managed breakfasts and lunches, depending on those welcome invitations to eat dinners with other members of the family.

Mary Lea thought it was fun and challenging to wrestle with the remodeling, but I kept reminding her that she was YOUNG! When it's your own home and you have twenty-two-year-old habits, it isn't easy to remember where you've put things. I don't know how many times I walked out into the kitchen to put something in the refrigerator before I remembered that the refrigerator was standing in the middle of my office!

In spite of a few problems in the cooking department, we had a perfectly marvelous time. Isabel is a delightful baby to have around the house. I don't know when I've seen such a contented baby. She had smiles for everyone, would go to anyone, and charmed all of us. Oliver and I encouraged Mary Lea to go out as much as possible leaving the baby in our care, for we enjoyed looking after her.



Margery has been taking pictures as the new addition goes on the house. In this shot you see the carpenters working on the roof of the porch room. Behind them is the extension to the kitchen which will be used for the breakfast room. The garage, beyond the kitchen, had not yet been built when this was taken. Next month, perhaps we can show you the completed project.

Shortly after Mary Lea's departure, two of Oliver's sisters and their husbands came from Illinois for several days. Nina and Bob stayed with us and Viola and Carl stayed with one of Oliver's brothers and his wife. With several members of his family to entertain them for meals, we managed fine. The dust had settled from the "dirty work" and we were a bit more organized, having adjusted to our temporary change in life style.

Probably two or three more weeks will see us through our remodeling project. We're looking forward to using the new double garage. It is completed, but being used by the workmen for materials, power saws and the like. The new porch room is paneled, as is the office, except for the woodwork, which will be old-fashioned in style like the woodwork throughout the house, but stained to match the paneling instead of painted.

The kitchen cabinets are factory

built, so they should go in rather quickly. As soon as the appliances, sink, etc., are installed we'll move back in — no doubt before the walls are painted and the carpet laid.

It will be necessary to continue doing the laundry in the basement for the time being. When the kitchen was enlarged, the new addition covered the outside basement entrance. When the more important things are completed an outside entrance will be constructed in a new location and then the washer and dryer can be moved to the utility area between the kitchen and breakfast room. Our inside basement stairway is so narrow they can't bring them up that way. There is no urgency in this change because I've been running up and down those basement stairs for well over twenty years and certainly can continue for another few weeks!

There is an entrance from the breakfast room to the garage, and this is the door Mother and Lucile will use to enter the house. Before the carpenter leaves us, he'll build a wheelchair ramp which can be hung on the wall of the garage when not in use.

The painters arrived last week to paint the exterior. We selected grey again, but in a slightly darker shade. The trim will be white as before. When everything is done, I'll take pictures for you, both inside and out.

Next month I'll tell you about the visits from Martin and Frederick and Betty.

Until then,
Margery

COVER PICTURE

Margery took lots of pictures of Juliana and the children when they were here so I'd have them to look at during the coming months. The day she took this one the children were simply wild to be on their way to the swimming pool. They were so restless and wiggly that Margery didn't know if she had anything at all to show for the picture-taking session. But I do like it very much and suggested that we use it on the cover this month. —Lucile



"My Country, 'Tis of Thee"

A BICENTENNIAL PROGRAM TO
OPEN THE CLUB YEAR

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Arrange a display of the United States flag, your state flag, and the American eagle emblem. Above the display place a banner upon which is printed the motto "In God We Trust." Also have ready a small flag for each member, as indicated in the program.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG

Invocation: Dear God, in whom we trust, this year of our Bicentennial causes us to pause in praise and thanksgiving to Thee for all the blessings so richly poured upon our land and its people through these many years. It is also a time for us to give thoughtful reflection upon our responsibilities and duties as citizens of this America we love. Help us, Lord, that we may continue to seek Thy guidance as did the wise founders of our country, and that we, too, continue to work as hard as they to make it truly "America, the Beautiful" and a "land of the free, with liberty and justice for all." May their dreams and visions continue to be ours in the years to come. Grant us, O God, the wisdom and courage and the desire to make our country all we want it to be. Amen.

Leader: The Bicentennial, marking the 200th birthday of our nation, should be much in our thoughts and planning throughout this new club (or church) year. This wonderful anniversary is a time for all Americans to take time to think seriously, to review and reaffirm the principles upon which our country was founded, principles that are as sound today as they were 200 years ago.

Today we will use this time together to recall some of our memorable past, to think a bit about the "great American dream" of our forefathers, to renew our hopes and dreams for the future of our beloved America, and to think on our part in it.

Katherine Lee Bates, who was then a teacher at Wellesley College, was on her first trip out west. She stopped in Chicago to attend the Columbian Exposition, and was much impressed by the lovely white buildings she saw there. Then she journeyed on westward to the Rockies, where she spent sev-

eral weeks among the "purple mountain majesties", climaxed when she stood on Pike's Peak and gazed in awed wonder at the vast expanse of countryside spread out before her eyes. It was then the first words of her beautiful hymn "America the Beautiful" came to her mind. Let us now join in singing this hymn and, as we sing, let us really think of each phrase.

Song: (by all) "America the Beautiful".

Leader: We entered this Bicentennial year in troubled times for our nation and our quivering world. Our national economy, the increase in crime and violence, racial unrest, exposure of government intrigue, inflation, unemployment, poverty and world hunger, our international relationships — they all have had us wondering what has happened to the great American dream. Is it all lost for good, or how do we get back what we have lost?

First Speaker: "If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or other, in some place or other, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven." Thus said Daniel Webster back in 1825 at another time in our nation's history when so much seemed to have gone wrong. He had faith that right would prevail, though even then the storm clouds which would lead to the terrible Civil War were looming up on the horizon. And so it has been through the years as our country has gone through wars, panics, depressions, and government scandals, rising as a united nation when the need arose, emerging from trials and tribulations to bind up its wounds and go forth in faith, to go forward once more toward its dream, its vision of liberty and justice for all.

It was in 1776 that Thomas Paine wrote, "These are the times that try men's souls," but would not it be as true if it appeared on the editorial

pages of our daily newspaper today?

In 1779, when called upon to surrender in a battle at sea as his ship was sinking under him, John Paul Jones cried, "I have not yet begun to fight!" The battle ended by his capturing the British ship and sailing it, with his crew, to safety.

"The humblest citizen of the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of Error." This is a quote from a speech made by William Jennings Bryan in 1896, and many of us can remember Franklin D. Roosevelt's speaking the now-famous line — "We have nothing to fear but fear itself."

With such a heritage can we do less this Bicentennial year than to stand forth and say, "That which needs doing to right the wrongs in our land I can and will do; and with God helping me, it will be done"?

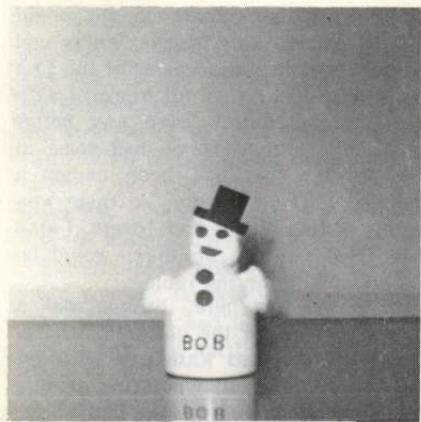
I think the words of the American Bicentennial Commission puts it very well: The goal for the Bicentennial is to forge a new national commitment, a new spirit for '76, a spirit which vitalizes the ideals for which the Revolution was fought, a spirit which will unite the nation in purpose and in dedication to the advancement of human welfare as it moves into its third century.

Reading:
We have boasted our courage in moments of ease,
Our star-spangled banner we've flung on the breeze;
We have taught men to cheer for its beauty and worth,
And have called it the flag of the bravest on earth.
Now the dark days are here, we must stand to the test.
O, God, let us prove we are true to our best!

If in honor and glory our flag is to continue to wave,
If we are to keep this a land of the free, home of the brave;
If there are more than just fine words to our creeds,
Now is the time for our minds and hands to turn to deeds.
Fellow Americans, we're challenged our true worth to reveal.
God grant us the courage to prove the "Great American Dream" is for real! —Paraphrased from poem

by an unknown author
Leader: Our national hymn was written in 1832 by Samuel Francis Smith while he was a theological student at Andover Academy.

"I did not know at the time that the tune was the British 'God Save the King,'" he said. "I did not propose to write a national hymn. I laid the song (Continued on page 21)



RECYCLE SPRAY CAN TOPS

by
Mildred Grenier

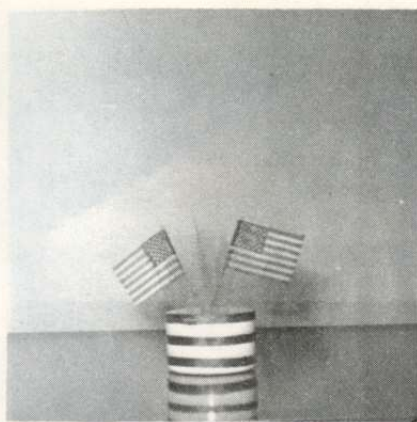
Don't create more waste and pollution around your home by throwing out the large tops that come over spray cans. They come in many gay, attractive colors and can be "recycled" into charming year around party favors.

If you are wanting a project for your women's organization, start this month asking members to collect spray can tops. They can be brought to the monthly meetings, and as soon as a number of them are collected members could start making favors for nursing homes, retirement homes, or various institutions.

These suggestions would also make nice projects for youth groups or for keeping the children — or YOU — busy at home. There are possibilities, also, for making party favors for the ladies who have no spare time to make them for their own entertaining — a fun way to earn a little extra income.

New Year's Party: Use three cotton balls of graduated sizes to make a snowman place card favor to place at each plate. Glue the three balls together with a small amount of glue, the smallest ball at the top to form the snowman's head. Glue on features cut from construction paper, black buttons, and a small top hat made of black construction paper. Set inside the spray can top, which has the person's name on a piece of paper glued on the front. If the top is the type that has the small plastic circle inside it, fill with candies or nuts before setting the snowman on top.

Valentine's Party: You will need lollipops shaped like hearts on sticks, white or pastel-colored net, and the type of spray can top that has the small plastic circle inside it. Tie two or more of the lollipops together with a red bow, fit inside a piece of net about $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and press into the small circle. You may fit small plastic flowers and greenery in the cup. Write



each person's name on a small cardboard and stick into the greenery. If it is an "all girl" party, you can make corsages of brightly colored small gumdrops with green wire stems and leaves, fit inside a small lace paper doily, and press into the cup, instead of the lollipops.

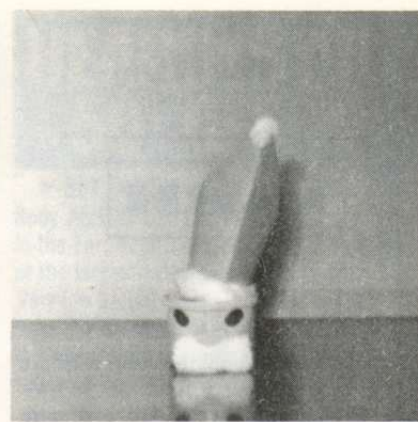
Easter Party: Make charming Easter party favors of the spray can tops by punching holes, with a sharp nail or darning needle, on each side of the cup, near the top. Fit wire into the holes to make a handle for the basket, cover with ribbon or wind with strips of crepe paper, and tie a pretty bow at the top. Fill with small Easter eggs and small cotton chicks or rabbits, or cut small chicks and rabbits from the plastic trays that meat comes in from the supermarket and slightly tint with food coloring or fabric dye.

Or make Easter bunny party favors by placing one large cotton ball on the top of the cup for the rabbit's body and glue on a smaller cotton ball for the rabbit's head. Glue on features cut from construction paper and two pink paper ears. At the back of the cup, glue a small cotton ball for the bunny's tail.

Fourth of July Party: Cover the spray can top with gold or silver stars, or glue strips of red, white, and blue construction paper around it. Cut rectangles $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches of red, white, and blue net. Place a small flag in the middle of the rectangles of net, and fit inside the spray can top. Or fit the flag inside an empty spool, and fit the spool inside the spray can top. Glue each person's name on front of the favor, and set at plates.

Halloween Party: Fill the spray can top with orange- and black-wrapped candies and fit a lollipop down into the candies. The top of the lollipop will make the head for your ghost party favor. Fit a white paper napkin down over the lollipop and tie a small bow around the ghost's "neck". Write each person's name on the front of the ghost, and place at each plate on the table.

Thanksgiving Party: Make a clever turkey party favor in this way. From



brown construction paper cut a half circle to form the turkey's tail. Paste on the back of the spray can cup. Cut a turkey's head and long neck from construction paper, slit at the bottom of the neck, and slip the neck on the front of the cup. Glue securely. Fill the cup with Thanksgiving candies.

Or you can make cornshock favors by securing a small stick in the middle of the bottom of the cup with a small dab of modeling clay. Cut strips of brown construction paper to resemble dried stalks of corn and tie to the stick with thread. Place small candy pumpkins at the base of the "cornshock".

Christmas Party: Secure a small red, green, or white candle in the bottom of the cup with a small dab of modeling clay. Place angel hair, plastic holly, red berries, small pine cones, or other very small Christmas decorations around the candle. Write the person's name on a small card, and stick in the angel hair.

You can make Santa Claus party favors by pasting Santa's features cut from construction paper on the front of the cup, pasting a white cotton beard under his mouth. (We are making only Santa's head.) Make Santa's cap a small cone of red construction paper stapled together, with a small ball of cotton pasted on the tip. Fill the cup with Christmas candies and place Santa's cap on top of the candies. The white or light pink-colored can tops are best for these "Santa face" favors.

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LET CAT OUT OF THE BAG OR BUY A PIG IN A POKE . . .

In early days, it occasionally happened that the farmer who took a pig to market took also, in another bag, a cat; and when the unsuspecting buyer had paid the price, he discovered on reaching home that his bag contained a cat. If, being suspicious, he investigated before taking his bag home, he *let the cat out of the bag*. If he did not look into his bag, he made the discovery that he had *bought a pig in a poke*. Hence, the origin of these two sayings.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM



Dorothea Polser holds the beautiful crib quilt she made for Lucile.

Dear Friends:

It doesn't seem possible that a month ago when I wrote my letter to you we were having rain every day and were finding it impossible to get any hay put up. That was the last rain we have had except for a few drops now and then which didn't even settle the dust. All the hay has been baled now, and there won't be any more until we get some rain. I've been able to help Frank mount the mower and take it off. In fact, I have really learned a lot about the mower and rake this summer. I know where all the grease fittings are, how to put new sections in the sickle, what the pitman stick is and how to put in a new one, and how to put new teeth in the rake.

We have always had small bales, but since Frank still has the use of only his left arm, and I'm not much good at throwing bales around, we decided the simplest thing for us to do was to go to big bales. This will be our first experience feeding large bales this winter, but being able to go to the field and bring the bales in to the lot without ever getting off the tractor has certainly been a wonderful help to us, and has taken a big worry off Frank's mind.

Even with a month of dry weather our corn still looks good. No more yellow spots, and a good dark green color all the way to the ground. Of course we don't know how much longer it can stay this way without a rain, and it is so tall a hard wind storm could flatten it pretty fast, but we'll just keep our fingers crossed and hope for the best.

We had a wonderful three-day visit with Juliana, James and Katharine, and Mary Lea and Isabel. Our house is small and we have only two bedrooms, so I thought James and Katharine might like to sleep on the front porch, but wouldn't you know that after we had just suffered through two weeks of terribly hot weather, when it didn't even cool off at night, the three nights they spent with us were so cold we slept under blankets, so we put up cots in the living room and dining room. Of course Isabel slept in the playpen they had brought with them. After they arrived I borrowed a high chair from a friend, Pat Evans. That was funny. Pat's youngest child is a year older than our grandson Andy, and every time

Kristin was here with the children I borrowed the high chair. Finally Pat said for me just to keep it over here because they didn't need it. About a year ago, just before we found out Kristin was going to have Julian, I returned the chair because I had decided we weren't going to need it again.

We had known in advance the girls were coming, so I had plenty of time to get food ahead in the freezer, all of which we ate on the porch, so it was really a nice, unhurried visit. The girls did all the dishes and made me get out of the kitchen. They also picked up the beds and bedding and straightened up the house as soon as they were up. About the only times I saw James and Katharine and Juliana were at mealtime and bedtime, since they spent every minute outdoors. Mary Lea went with them only when Isabel was napping, and although I offered to baby-sit, she didn't leave the house very many times without her. She said she preferred to sit on the front porch and read or visit with me.

Katharine fell in love with Little Buck and spent most of her time sitting on his back, hunting for him, or feeding him sugar cubes. James and Juliana just wanted to fish. They did quite a bit of hiking, too. Why they all didn't get a case of poison ivy, I'll never know. Frank says he has never seen so much poison ivy everywhere as there is this year. Juliana said the same thing, so she kept blue jeans and long-sleeved shirts on the children when they were outside, and luckily no one got into any. Mary Lea was the only one who got a lot of chiggers, which she had never heard of before. Since she was quite uncomfortable this was one reason she liked the front porch instead of the fishing.

Juliana and James were able to catch only little fish, which they threw back in, but Katharine caught her very first fish all by herself, and although it was small, when we had our fish fry the last night they were here, her little

fish was kept separate so she could eat it herself. Our friends Peggy and Glenn Dyer were also here for the fish fry. Peggy had fished all weekend with Juliana and didn't have any better luck, but fortunately we had some in the freezer that had been caught a couple of weeks before, so there was plenty of fish for the fish lovers. I also had fried chicken so there would be plenty of meat on the table.

While she was here, Juliana took a lot of pictures of the children, the Indian artifacts, and Katharine with her first fish. How disappointing it was when she discovered later that something was wrong with the shutter on her camera and none of the pictures were any good! Had we known this at the time, I would have taken some pictures, but Juliana is a much better photographer than I am, and has a better camera, so I didn't even bother.

When the girls went home they took with them a crib quilt Lucile had ordered from my friend Dorothea Polser. This is the third one Lucile has ordered from her to give as gifts to new babies. It all started when Dorothea made one for Julian when he was born, and I thought it was so beautiful I took it to Shenandoah to show to everyone before Dorothea mailed it to Kristin. They are not only beautiful, but very practical. They are made of nylon tricot squares on the front, with a back of fine dacron, filled with polyester batting and quilted by machine, so the quilt can be machine washed and dried and stays soft and beautiful. Dorothea puts it all together, but doesn't do the quilting herself. Since quilts are very popular right now I took a picture of Dorothea with one of them so you can get an idea what they are like, and might want to make a few of your own.

I just returned from a trip to Kanawha, Iowa, where I went to visit friends of ours, Walt and Iola Grimm, and to attend the 15th annual chicken barbecue dinner put on by the women of their small country church, the St. Paul Lutheran. They always sell just 400 tickets because they have to know in advance how many to plan for. All the food is donated, and the women prepare it except the chicken, and this is barbecued in the yard at the church on a huge charcoal grill by the We-3 Catering Service of Belmond. The plates are served from long tables set up in the church dining room and carried outside where guests are seated at many long picnic tables. The catering service also furnished the plates, table service, and napkins.

Two high school boys who work for the catering service had arrived at one o'clock to set up their grill and start cooking the chicken. As it got done it

(Continued on page 22)

A MINISTER'S LIFE IS NEVER DULL!

Dear Friends:

We have a little joke in our family about me and the coast of Maine. Now I have seen the coast of Maine many times, but almost never on a clear day. If I go to see the rocky shores of Maine, you can count on it turning foggy and rainy. It happened again this summer when I went down East to the Maine village of Ocean Park to preach in its big tabernacle. We were the guests of our Senior Deacon and his wife at their beautiful summer home right on the beach. Even though the water was within two hundred feet of the house, it was so foggy that we could not see it! On the morning I was to preach, the fog rolled in thicker than ever, but it did not keep the congregation at home. I don't know how many people were in the congregation that day, but they were there by the hundreds. As a matter of fact, I was told that there were more than one hundred clergymen scattered through the congregation that day. What a challenge it is to preach to one's colleagues.

Betty insists that we go down to Maine (in New England we always say "down to Maine", or "down East") and look around for a nice little cottage to retire to some day, but I just know it will be foggy, and who wants to retire to the fog? Of course, there is a reason for the fog; the water is too cold. When warm air blows across cold water, fog is the result. That is why we had so much fog in Nova Scotia. The warm air would blow up from the United States, and when that air hit the cold waters of the Bay of Fundy we had fog, fog and more fog.

Here in New England where our states are relatively small, we never know how many miles it is to anywhere. We always talk in terms of time. I don't know how far it is to the border of Maine, but I know that it is just a little under three hours driving time. I don't know how far it is to Boston, but I know that I drive there in an hour and forty-five minutes. It is one hour and a half to Betty's home in Rhode Island, and it is three hours to New York City. The other day I was having lunch with a friend of mine who goes to his office at Kennedy International Airport each day, and I was shocked to hear him say: "My office is just eleven minutes away!" He pilots his own high-speed jet airplane, and from the time he leaves our airport until he touches down at Kennedy it is just eleven minutes.

We had three men working here in our parsonage garden today cutting hedges and trimming other shrubs and trees.



When Margery was in Massachusetts this summer, she saw this portrait of Betty, Frederick's wife, hanging in the church, and asked for a copy to share with you.

Those same three men will be back later in the week to mow the lawn and weed the flower garden. How I envy them! I would love to do their work if they would be willing to take over my work. Big lawns and gardens are nice, but how expensive they are to maintain. Some years ago I begged my church to let me do my own gardening, but the church members disapproved. The Chairman of the Executive Committee said: "Your time would be better spent calling on the sick and the aged and preparing sermons. We did not employ you to be the church gardener!" And of course he was right. In a big church like the one I serve there simply is too much church work for the minister to do to permit him time in the garden, but once in a while I cheat a little by putting around outside for a couple of hours before breakfast.

Betty and I may be sharing our lovely parsonage with a charming Chinese girl from Hong Kong this school year. Her brother used to work for us at the church when he was going to a local college, and after her brother's marriage, Doris Luk came to work for her board and room in her brother's home. She is attending a local college and is presently faced with the fact that her brother probably will move to Canada next month. If he does go to Canada, she will have to find another place to live, and most likely it will be right here with us. We have some very dear friends who, over a period of years, had seven or eight Chinese live in their home while going to school here. Our friends often speak of the showers of blessings that came to them through what they call "our Chinese family".

Some of the very most faithful and dedicated Christians in our church are Koreans and Chinese. Last Sunday evening Betty and I were guests for dinner in one of the Korean homes. It was a special day of remembrance for them, a day when they said memorial prayers for their deceased parents. Two Korean families were together for the occasion, and when we went into the dining room, their seven children were all seated in a row along one side of the room. The children had already eaten, and they were seated there so they could be present with the honored guests. After a few minutes, they were excused from the room, and as they all stood and bowed and walked toward the door, I presented them with a box containing nearly 100 toy balloons. An hour later as we were finishing our dinner, the youngsters opened the dining room door and pushed dozens of inflated balloons of every color and shape in around us. For a moment I thought that we were going to be buried under balloons. Of course it was all done with shrieks of laughter and much good fun. Learning that our Korean friends never had been in an American home, we invited all of them to get into their cars and follow us back to the parsonage. I wish that you could have seen their children running all over our house from the basement to the third floor. What a good time they had, and how delighted Betty and I were. It was a perfectly beautiful evening for them and for us.

I couldn't begin to tell you what we were served at the Korean dinner. It was quite different from any Chinese food we ever had. There were several dishes of various kinds of little fish, some of the fish so small that they looked more like little worms. We had very thin pieces of steak deliciously prepared with a sweet-and-sour sauce. The green vegetables I could not identify, and they did not know any English names or French names for the vegetables. What surprised me most about the Korean food was the seasoning. It was very hot and spicy, so much so that I had to eat small quantities covered with much rice. It was a most unusual and interesting dinner for us, and we were so pleased to be present. What gracious people the Koreans are. I wish that I had at least one hundred more of them in the church.

Did I ever tell you people about a strange and rather humorous thing that happened when several church people in our town sponsored a group of refugees from behind the iron curtain? When they first arrived, coming by bus directly from the airport, they were placed in the homes of their sponsors.

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A LITTLE TRIP TO A BIG PRAIRIE

by
Evelyn Birkby

For the past fifteen years Ma and Pa, Carrie, Grace, Mary and Laura have been close friends of our family. It was that long ago that the first of *The Little House* books was purchased and given to our sons.

Through the years we have added the remaining books written by Laura Ingalls Wilder, including the last two, *West from Home*, and *The Laura Ingalls Wilder Song Book*. (The *Little House* books are published by Harper Row, New York.)

Not only have the experiences of the Ingalls and Wilder families been preserved in a marvelous manner in Laura's books and in the present television series, but many of the locations where they lived and articles they possessed have been lovingly preserved. Historical societies and community observances are developing as well. One of the finest is the pageant which is presented each summer at DeSmet, South Dakota, based on stories from *The Long Winter* and *These Happy Golden Years*.

Robert and I had the opportunity this year to take a little trip to visit South Dakota, explore the town of DeSmet on the big prairie, and enjoy the pageant given out-of-doors adjacent to the land where Pa built his claim shanty.

The pageant site is one mile south and east of the town of DeSmet near the Big Slough and south of the place where Silver Lake was located. Rustic benches provide seating space for the audience. Many people brought blankets and folding chairs to augment the simple facilities.

The time spent preceding the pageant was occupied with the joy of looking off to the south where Pa had homesteaded. A large stone marks the location where the claim shanty stood. Tall cottonwood trees stand nearby, trees which Pa had planted.

The pageant was well presented with a setting which included a homestead shanty, a town scene with Pa and Ma's store, Loftus' grocery store and main street, and the Brewster schoolhouse where Laura first taught. The settings and costumes are authentic of the period, carefully researched and, where necessary, duplicated. A wagon and live team added authenticity to the scene where Pa was haying. In another scene he brought provisions to the family with the wagon and team. A pony and sled are used when Almanzo drove out to get Laura at the schoolhouse and a buggy and horse were used in the wedding scene. This great



Pa and Ma Ingalls' home in DeSmet, South Dakota.

attention to detail adds much to the mood of being on the prairie at the time the Ingalls lived there.

We were much impressed by the fact that the pageant has been developed entirely by volunteers from the DeSmet community, from the cast of 25 to the many workers needed to create the production. In the summer of 1976 the plan is to increase the seating capacity and to present five weekend performances.

For two wonderful days we explored the countryside and visited the places where the Ingalls family resided. De Smet has done much to preserve the heritage of the area. The historical society has placed plaques on the store buildings which denote locations mentioned in Laura's books. A few indicate that the buildings are original structures.

One of the downtown store buildings houses a museum, well organized and filled with fine antiques of the late 1800's and early 1900's. At the north end of main street is an excellent library, large for a town of 1,500 people. A display of items belonging to the Ingalls family is housed here: Mary's braille Bible, school books, rag dolls which had belonged to Laura and Carrie, and a number of fine pictures taken by some long-ago photographer. Five originals of Harvey Dunn's powerful paintings of the South Dakota prairie hang in this library to add value and interest to any who find time to stop in.

Leisurely we visited the surveyor's house. Purchased in 1967 by the Laura Ingalls Wilder Memorial Society, the railroad construction shanty used by the Ingalls as a residence in the late 1800's is now beautifully restored and furnished. I was especially interested

in the fine chest of drawers built by Pa. On top of the chest had been placed a copy of Tennyson's poems similar to the one which Pa and Ma bought for Laura as a surprise Christmas gift. Laura had found the book, hidden in the bottom drawer of the chest, before December 25th. The rest of the story is in her book, *On the Shores of Silver Lake*.

The tiny house, which includes an upstairs sleeping loft, small downstairs bedroom, pantry and living-dining room-kitchen, was the largest house Laura had lived in.

An added back room now houses books and souvenir items pertaining to Laura's life. (Direct any inquiries as to available sale items to the Laura Ingalls Wilder Memorial Society, De Smet, South Dakota.)

Behind the surveyor's house is a newly constructed replica of the Brewster school where Laura taught. Since this had been used originally as a homestead claim shanty, it gives an added view of life in a tiny house during the early prairie years.

In 1972, the Memorial Society purchased the last home in which the Ingalls family lived. Pa built the house himself in 1887. After extensive restoration and furnishing, the house was opened to the public and presents a fascinating view of life at the turn of the century. The house holds a number of items from the family — Pa's trunk, Ma's kerosene lamp, the trunk which Mary took with her to the State School for the Blind at Vinton, Iowa. The great kitchen cupboards Pa designed and built are on display. They were well ahead of their time with various sized

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MONKEY DOODLE CAME TO TOWN

by
Leta Fulmer

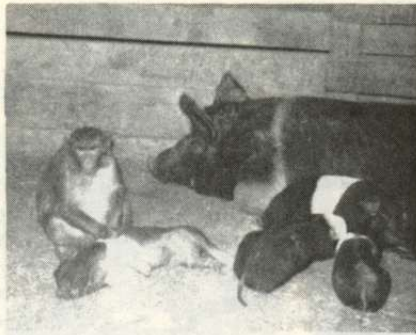
"You've got to be kidding," I laughed, when my husband insisted that a monkey was supervising the work at the apple shed in Amazonia, Missouri. "Somebody's trying to get your goat, or they're seeing things."

That was the fall of 1965 — and it was no fairy tale. The monkey hung around the apple house, climbing over boxes and deftly dodging the wheels of the big trucks, but keeping well away from human contact. When the season ended, she picked another nearby place of interest. Here one lone hog walked the confines of his small pen. In complete harmony, this ill-assorted couple shared bed and board until the porker ended up in the deep freeze.

Immediately, the small newcomer chose the Lee Hubbard hog lot as her next stop. His group of Hamp hogs accepted her without question. She shouldered them aside at the feed trough. She rode to pasture on the back of the biggest boar, hanging onto his corkscrew tail like a swaying cowboy on a galloping steed. And when the chill of winter blew across Missouri, she cuddled down amid their odorous bodies in cozy comfort. She accepted Mr. Hubbard nonchalantly. With quick enthusiasm, she would snatch a tossed banana, but she was always wary, aloof — by no means a pet! Five years passed. Hogs came and went. But the monkey stayed on with each new group.

One spring day the hogs decided to go A.W.O.L. Their journey ended up in a neighbor's pasture more than a mile away. Of course, the monkey went along for the ride. When the roving hogs were retrieved, the defiant little animal refused to budge. Fabian Cobb's farm had been chosen as her next home. Hog houses and sheds dotted the barn lot. And here were more hogs than she had ever seen. The farm-to-market road that split the farm in half offered her an added diversion. Eagle-eyed, alert, she watched as assorted vehicles rumbled by. Suddenly there was a great commotion in the south pasture. Roaring bulldozers and huge trucks moved in to shape farm land into Interstate 29. Hour after hour the monkey kibitzed the construction work as men maneuvered heavy equipment. She pounced on the tasty tidbits they brought for their strange little knot-hole supervisor, but she kept her distance.

Through the next three years I caught an occasional glimpse of our unique Amazonia resident. People had come to accept her as commonplace, but to me she remained a fascinating enigma.



Monkey Doodle, readily accepted by the animals, made herself at home!

Again and again I vowed to search her out and try to make friends. But the pressure of a full-time job and part-time farm chores left me with little time for "monkey business". An unexpected opportunity unfolded when my company went on strike. I got permission to wander around the Cobb farm, so armed with camera and a ripe banana, I set off.

The monkey perched on a big rock by the barn door, much as a housewife relaxes after an exhausting day. As I fumbled with the gate, she moved away. And I stopped short to ponder. She seemed much bigger at close range, so much taller and definitely on the chubby side. Her dark grey fur was thick and shaggy, perhaps a result of cold Missouri winters. And beneath her beetled brows, yellow eyes gleamed with sparks of irritation. The forward jut of her chin and her hostile manner hit me with a sudden realization. Though she'd been around here for years, she was still very much a wild animal! My courage stuck on the lump in my throat as I moved toward her. When I stopped, she stopped. Suddenly she leaped to the top of a small lean-to, defying me with her eyes. As I focused the camera, she threatened me with forward jerking gestures. I glanced around in sudden fright — just where do you go to escape an irate monkey?

I spoke softly, christening her with the first name that came to mind. Over and over I crooned, "Monkey Doodle, Monkey Doodle came to town." She tipped her head sideways, seeming to savor the sing-song chant. But her mouth dropped open to expose sharp teeth when the camera clicked. And she pushed forward menacingly as I zipped open my purse. But the sight of the waving banana brought out an entirely different side of her personality. I threw it a good distance away. She pounced on it, had it peeled and stuffed into her bulging jaws in a second. Without the protection of another banana, I decided that discretion was the better part of valor. As I drove away, I glanced back. Monkey Doodle had re-

sumed her perch on the rock, stretching her neck for a last look at me.

Again and again I visited Monkey Doodle. We became friends up to a point. She seemed to have marked off an allowable distance between us — and that was that. She seemed to enjoy the flow of my words almost as much as she enjoyed the treats I brought her. I'm sure she thought of me as the "banana lady". My photographic know-how is sadly limited, and my camera is only run-of-the-mill. The snapshots I got were never exactly what I wanted. But I received an intangible bonus from all that wasted film. Monkey Doodle's mannerisms and shenanigans are etched on my memory, sharp and clear.

One trip was a complete fiasco. Monkey Doodle perched atop a round corncrib. For the first time she refused to descend. For the first time she uttered angry, almost hysterical jabberings. She was in a vile mood! Her bright eyes darted about as though in search of danger. I threw the banana on the roof. Though she caught it as it rolled down the side, she still refused to calm down. As I left the barnyard, a little crestfallen at her sudden rejection, I met her master. His expression was equally stormy. Sows were ready to pig. And Monkey Doodle insisted that she be in complete charge of the farrowing operation, becoming almost violent at times. Fabian was seething in exasperation. Her help (?) was the last thing he needed!

And so I waited before visiting my friend again, then made a phone call to see if the air had cleared. "Yes," Mrs. Cobb laughed, "the babies have arrived and the monkey is up to her ears in nursery duties." So back I went.

Monkey Doodle was sunning herself on the back of a sleeping boar. And though it had been weeks since I'd seen her, she showed no fear. Suddenly from across the road came the sudden concert of high-pitched squealing. And like a flash Monkey Doodle was scampering through the tube that ran under the road. On the other side I saw her skim the tops of the buildings to reach the nursery where the new pigs lay. She sat on a shed and warned me with menacing jerks as I shinnied over the gate. Indecision seemed to plague her. Should she attend to her step-motherly duties, or concentrate on me — approaching with camera in one hand, an orange in the other? I settled that problem as I tossed her the fruit. Wedging it between her teeth, she dropped down into the shed where the little porkers lay strewn about. A big sow opened one eye, then promptly returned to her snoring.

Picking out a dozing baby, Monkey
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ARCHAEOLOGICAL TRIP REAL TREAT FOR JULIANA AND JED LOWEY

Dear Friends:

When visiting with you on the radio this summer, I promised to write a letter this month with details about our archaeological trip into remote areas of New Mexico and Arizona. The trip climaxed the exciting course Jed and I took at the University in the adult education program.

Twenty-six people went in six vehicles which also carried all of our gear. It took a lot of shuffling to get organized! One pickup carried all the sleeping bags and tents, another all the firewood we'd need for cooking, another carried the food. We took turns cooking, cleaning up, etc.

We started out on a Thursday evening, taking Interstate 40 toward Gallup. At the little town of Thoreau we turned north toward Chaco Canyon. At 11:30 we pulled off the road and made camp along the Chaco River. This very wild and beautiful country looked spectacular in the bright moonlight.

It was very cold that night — in the 30's — and Jed and I were grateful that we had taken our tent along. Everyone teased us about "roughing it in a tent", but by morning three other people had crawled in to join us!

After a delicious breakfast of scrambled eggs, ham, hot rolls and coffee, we headed north toward Burnham on a "road" that isn't even on the map. Our first stop was at an unexcavated Navajo fortification built in the 1700's. It was a mile hike straight up and down, and I'm certain our instructor planned this trek to break us in right off the bat!

From there we went by the corner of the Bitsi Badlands, a weird geological formation controlled by the Bureau of Land Management. (It is hoped that this will become a State Park in the future, with a decent road for visitors to reach it.) From there we joined a *real* road at Burnham, and headed west to a road that took us to Sheep Springs, over Washington Pass through the Chuska Mountains into Arizona. This pass is over 9,000 feet and is marked as a "bad road" on the map. We were delighted to find that the map was out of date and it is a beautiful paved road! We left the hot arid badlands and drove through lush, cool country dotted with lakes. There were lots of gorgeous volcanic rocks around — also big signs saying "No Rock Collecting".

We crossed the border into Arizona at Navajo, New Mexico, and started north toward the end of Canyon de Chelly. We stopped at Wheatlands Lake, owned by the Navajo Reservation, for lunch.



Katharine and James, left in the care of Mary Leanna when their parents were away on the trip, were good to help with the watering of the vegetable garden.

This is a lake formed by a dam and it is sizeable. The tall pines around it and the wild flowers were a delight to all of us.

We stopped on the north rim of Canyon de Muerto — part of the Canyon de Chelly complex. This is the third time I have been there and I've never been disappointed. It is *spectacular*! (Jed says that if Canyon de Chelly were in any other state it would be much better known. As it is, people go to Arizona to see the Grand Canyon and forget about the smaller areas.) We stopped at the Visitors Center and Museum and then went south out of Chinle through Nazlini Canyon on a poor, dirt road, but covered with interesting side trips.

The first stop we made was to look at a Navajo Trail Shrine. This was a pile of rocks beside the road. Our teacher explained that every time a Navajo goes by this place, he adds a rock to the pile. It is thought that it has some religious significance, but only the Navajos understand why this is done, and they aren't telling.

Another side trip was off the road into another canyon where a road didn't exist. We crossed a river eight times, going through mud and quicksand, happy more than once that we had a four-wheel drive vehicle. We finally gave up on cars completely, and hiked several miles up the side of the canyon to another early Navajo fortification and cliff dwelling. The canyon floor was covered with petrified wood and centuries-old pieces of broken pottery. Jed and I hope to go back again sometime to explore further, with permission from the Navajos, of course.

This seems a good place to mention that it is *strictly* forbidden to remove *anything*. This law is enforced with heavy fines. Recently the Hopis caught two "pot hunters" and they were fined \$5,000 plus confiscating the artifacts.

That evening we camped near Steamboat Canyon near the Hopi Reservation

and in the morning after breakfast, went through another ruin.

Our next major stop was the village of Shongopovi on the Second Mesa in Hopi country. We were fortunate to find a Hopi Kachina dance in progress. I had never attended a Kachina dance and found it a fascinating and moving experience. Picture taking and sketching are forbidden in Hopi country, but the memory is well impressed on my mind.

We had lunch on the edge of the Mesa where we had a fantastic view. Near the base of the Mesa we saw the sand dune fields. Corn is planted very deep in the dunes where moisture is retained and irrigation is unnecessary. It did seem peculiar to see corn and peach trees (introduced by the Spanish) sticking up out of the red sand dunes.

The next stop was Dinnebito Wash where we saw an enormous rock wall covered with petroglyphs. Some of these carvings are prehistoric, and some were done after the Spanish arrived in the Southwest. The most recent ones include horses and people wearing cowboy hats. The older carvings include design motifs that were used in the ancient pottery.

That evening we had dinner in Tuba City, and for a special treat our teacher called ahead to a restaurant and had Navajo tacos prepared for us. We stopped at a trading post where quite a few of our group bought Navajo rugs, Hopi pottery and Indian jewelry, then continued north of Tuba City to the Navajo National Monument. Once again it was late at night, but the drive was spectacular as we had a perfect view of the lunar eclipse. The stars were incredible with no background light to interfere with the view.

We stayed in the campgrounds at the Monument, and it was pretty exciting to actually have a bathroom and running water!

On Sunday we went to the Inscription House ruin. This ruin has been closed to the public for the past several years because the walls are unstable. However our teacher had done excavating there so the park ranger-archaeologist took us to the ruin.

The road leading down to it is one I wouldn't care to try again! It was blasted out of the canyon wall in 1932 and nothing has been done to it since. Our vehicle and two others were the only ones allowed to attempt the road so we ran shuttles back and forth to get everyone to the bottom of the canyon. I'm not at my best on bad roads, but this one cured me of being timid! When it was time to leave, half our group chose to hike out rather than tackle the road again!

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Having a Teachers' Reception?

by
Virginia Thomas

How about using a belated "Labor Day" theme for your September parent-teacher party as a reception for the teachers?

The less stilted and formal such an event is, the better for getting acquainted, so ask all guests to come dressed to represent their profession or business — thus you may have nurses, hospital aides, beauticians and others in uniform, farmers in overalls, a homemaker wearing a dress filled with recipes pinned upon it along with dust cloth and baby's formula. Make sure guests understand that if there is not a special uniform which they wear in their work, that they must come costumed in some other fashion to represent it. Teachers might be asked to represent a subject which they teach in junior or senior high school, or elementary teachers might represent their grade level. This will not only prove challenging in some instances, but can provide fun, and also is a helpful way for strangers to identify a person with his, or her, line of work.

Those who fail to arrive as per instructions should be assigned a trade or vocation by the hosting committee, and be made to pantomime it upon request or whenever introduced throughout the evening.

Table and Room Decorations are easy as you can use small tools of various trades and professions and also toy articles such as farm implements, cars, etc. You might even borrow some trade posters from some of the businesses for wall decorations.

ENTERTAINMENT

Ice Breaker: Hand out paper and pencil to each guest. See who can come up with the longest list of different professions or trades represented in five or ten minutes' time (depending upon the number in attendance) with the name of the guest representing the business or profession listed.

Tool Box Upset: Unscramble the names of articles to be found in a carpenter's tool chest. 1. ceprins (pin-cers) 2. shicle (chisel) 3. life (file) 4. law (awl) 5. mamher (hammer) 6. leanp

(plane) 7. sinal (nails) 8. gaures (augers) 9. creab (brace) 10. evell (level) 11. slierp (pliers) 12. rwhcne (wrench) 13. asw (saw) 14. egrusa (square) 15. esamugnri etpa (measuring tape)

Hurdle of the Books: Lay out three or four hurdle courses by placing stacks of books at intervals along each course, some stacks being quite high, some two or three books high. Blindfold a player for each course. Then see which player can finish the course, stepping over each book obstacle without upsetting any books. Of course someone has to steer them from one hurdle to the next. Meanwhile, after players are blindfolded, all books but one in each stack are removed. You can imagine the fun of seeing players stepping high over a stack when there is only one small book.

Doctor's Manual: What parts of the body fit these descriptions? 1. Two established measures (feet, hands) 2. Two musical instruments (drum, organ) 3. Small articles used by carpenters (hammers) 4. Used by artists (palette) 5. Steps of a hotel or part of your foot (insteps) 6. Dedicated buildings (temples) 7. Two graceful trees (palms) 8. Large wooden box (chest) 9. A male deer (heart) 10. Two students (pupils) 11. Letter of the alphabet (eye) 12. Commander of the army (head) 13. Entrance to a cave (mouth) 14. Farm implement (disk) 15. Thrust aside (elbow)

With the Editor: Cut the letters from newspaper headlines. Give each player a set in an envelope. The first to finish a headline correctly wins the prize — an editor's blue pencil.

Book Knowledge: Divide into small groups. Give each group a book which they are allowed to pass around the group for a few minutes. Then take up books. Give each group paper and pencil to see who has most correct answers to following questions: 1. What is the title? 2. Who is the author? 3. How many pages in it? 4. Who published it? 5. What edition is it? 6. Is it fiction or nonfiction? 7. Where was it published? 8. Is it copyrighted in the author's name? 9. What color is the cover? 10. Is there a forward or preface? 11. How many chapters in it?

REFRESHMENTS

Refreshment Time: You might pass out sack lunches, saying that most workers this evening are "eating from the bag"; or you can pack two lunches in a sack or box and have guests find partners. I'd suggest that you divide into groups and have these groups seated in chair groupings so that everyone can get better acquainted. If to be seated at tables, number off, according to how many tables you will have set up, and have all those with same number seated at one table.

Dessert could be a Little Red Schoolhouse Cake, made according to the following directions:

Little Red Schoolhouse Cake: Bake your favorite loaf cake in a loaf bread pan. Cool completely. I like to let mine cool overnight when decorating it.

With a sharp knife even the sides and cut a peaked roof on the top. Ice the sides with red icing. Use the same icing or a chocolate icing for the roof. Lay the "shingles" into the roof icing before it dries. For the shingles use large flat chocolate mints, overlapping, beginning at eave edge of each side and working up to the top.

To make the belfry on the schoolhouse, use vanilla "ice cream wafer" stick cookies for the four posts of the belfry, sticking the bottom of each roll down into cake. (Move shingles slightly to make room, or put in place before placing shingles.) For the belfry use a small flat-bottomed paper cup which you have iced with white icing. Turn this upside down over the four "posts", icing to the posts if need be to hold it in position. For the clapper fasten a small gumdrop to a thread and secure thread to the bottom of the cup before icing it.

Mark the outline of the windows and the door with white icing. Chocolate wafer cookies may be used to make the steps up to the door, after you have carefully placed the frosted cake upon a large slate (or a slate fashioned from cardboard which is decorated to resemble a slate).

If there is room on the base, you might place green gumdrop "shrubbery" around the schoolhouse and place a teeter-totter, or swing set beside the schoolhouse. Use a large red gumdrop for the center of the teeter-totter and a heavy piece of posterboard for the board. A dab of icing will hold it in position. Use chenille lengths (available at most variety stores) to make swing frames. Braid yarn swing ropes and add posterboard swing seats.

A college education seldom hurts a man if he's willing to learn a little something after he graduates.

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

FUDGE SUNDAE PIE

- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1 cup semisweet chocolate bits
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Vanilla wafer crust
- 1 quart vanilla ice cream
- Pecans

Put milk, marshmallows, chocolate bits, flavoring and salt in one-quart saucepan. Stir over medium heat until it is all melted and thickens. Remove from heat and cool to room temperature. Line a large pie pan with vanilla wafer crust. Spoon half of ice cream over wafers; cover with half of chocolate mixture. Repeat with another pint layer of ice cream and remaining chocolate mixture. Sprinkle with whole pecans and freeze until firm — 3 or 4 hours at least. Very rich. Serves 8. —Margery

ZUCCHINI RELISH

- 10 cups zucchini, ground medium-fine
- 4 cups onion, chopped fine
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 3 Tbls. canning salt
- 6 cups sugar
- 2 1/4 cups cider vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 tsp. turmeric
- 2 tsp. celery seed
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. allspice
- Dash of ginger
- 1 1/2 cups water

Grind or chop zucchini, onion and green pepper. Combine well with canning salt. Cover with cold water and let stand overnight. Next morning drain, rinse and drain again.

Combine remaining ingredients and bring to boil. Add drained and rinsed vegetables. Simmer (do not boil hard!) until vegetables are tender — 20 to 30 minutes. Seal immediately in hot sterilized jars. If desired, process in hot water bath for 20 minutes.

This is a delicious relish. Good on meats such as hot dogs and hamburgers. Added to salad dressing it makes a nice tartar sauce. —Evelyn

HEARTY RAISIN DROPS

- 1/4 cup lard
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup corn syrup
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the syrup. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk and flavorings. Stir in the raisins and nuts. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet. Bake 12 to 15 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Makes about 6 1/2 dozen. —Dorothy

PARMESAN CHICKEN

- 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 8 meaty pieces of chicken (I used legs and thighs.)
 - 1/3 cup butter or margarine, melted
- Heat oven to 425 degrees. Grease baking pan, 9 by 13 inches. Mix cheese, salt and pepper. Dip chicken into butter, then coat with cheese mixture. Arrange chicken, skin side down, in pan. Pour remaining butter on chicken. Bake uncovered 30 minutes. Turn chicken; bake uncovered 20 minutes longer or until done. Serves four.

—Margery

HONEY-GLAZED TURNIPS

- 2 lbs. medium-sized turnips
 - Boiling water
 - 1 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 cup chicken broth
 - 1 tsp. sugar
 - 1/8 tsp. pepper
 - 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
 - 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 - 3 Tbls. honey
- Peel and quarter the turnips. Bring about an inch of water to a boil in a large frying pan. Add the salt and drop in the turnips and simmer for about 3 minutes, or until nearly tender. Drain off the water and add the chicken broth, sugar, pepper and nutmeg. Cover and cook over medium heat for a few minutes or until tender. If necessary, remove cover to allow the liquid to evaporate. Add the butter or margarine and honey and cook over medium heat, uncovered, for 3 or 4 minutes or until nicely glazed. Serves six.

—Mae Driftmier

TUNA CASSEROLE

- 2 6 1/2- or 7-oz. cans tuna in vegetable oil
 - 1 6-oz. can broiled mushroom slices, with liquid
 - 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen peas and onions, thawed
 - 1 10 1/2-oz. can condensed cheese soup, undiluted
 - 1/3 tsp. Tabasco sauce
 - 1 cup cornflake crumbs
 - 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- In 8-cup casserole, combine first 5 ingredients. Combine crumbs with melted butter or margarine; sprinkle over casserole. Bake in 400-degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Casserole will be bubbly. Serves 6. —Mary Beth

PELLA SEASONED SALT

- 1 26-oz. box salt
 - 1 2 1/8-oz. bottle celery salt
 - 1 2 1/2-oz. bottle onion powder or salt
 - 1 1 5/8-oz. bottle garlic powder
 - 1 1-oz. jar monosodium glutamate
 - 2 Tbls. chili powder
 - 1/2 Tbls. white sugar
 - 1 tsp. black pepper
- Combine ingredients. Store in covered jars until time to use.
- The original recipe for this seasoned salt came from Pella, Iowa, where they make a double quantity and bottle it to sell at their bazaars. Even this amount as given is a large supply. It is excellent used in soups, stews, on hamburgers, in meat loaves, etc.

The bottles of powder and salt are the standard ones found in the grocery store. A little more or less of each may be used with equal success. —Evelyn

POT-LUCK ORANGE SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. orange gelatin
- 3 cups hot water
- 1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1 can mandarin oranges, well drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon pudding or pie mix
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup whipping cream

Combine the gelatin, water and orange juice and stir until dissolved. When cool, add the pineapple, oranges, and pineapple flavoring. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan and chill until set. Make up the pudding according to the directions on the box. Add the lemon flavoring. Let this cool; then whip the cream and fold it into the pudding. Spread over the top of the gelatin. Finely chopped pecans can be sprinkled over the top if you want to dress it up a little.

—Dorothy

SPECIAL BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1 1/4 cups sugar
2 eggs
1/2 cup milk
2 cups blueberries
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Sugar (for tops of muffins)

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Grease well muffin pans. (2 1/2-inch pans make 18; 3-inch pans make 12)

Sift flour with baking powder and salt; set aside. In large bowl, with electric mixer or wooden spoon, cream butter or margarine with 1 1/4 cups sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition until well blended. Add flour mixture alternately with milk, beating by hand just until combined. With fork, mash 1/2 cup blueberries; stir in with fork. Add rest of whole blueberries and flavoring, mixing in gently.

Fill muffin cups about three-fourths full. Sprinkle each with sugar. Bake 25 to 30 minutes, or until lightly browned. Let cool in pans about 1/2 hour before removing. Serve warm.

—Margery

HONEY SPREAD

1 cup soft butter
2 cups honey
2/3 cup dry milk powder

Beat butter until fluffy. Gradually add honey. Beat at medium speed 2 to 3 minutes, then fold in dry milk powder. Mix well.

We put it on hot cinnamon rolls or any type of hot rolls.

—Lucile

PORK CHOP SPANISH RICE

4 or 5 pork chops
Salt and pepper to taste
1/2 tsp. chili powder
3/4 cup rice
1/2 cup onions, chopped
1/4 cup green pepper, diced
3 to 4 cups tomatoes
Green peppers rings (optional)
Cheddar cheese (optional)

Brown pork chops in small amount of shortening or in drippings from pork fat trimmed from chops. Drain off excess drippings. Sprinkle seasonings over meat. Add rice, onions and 1/4 cup diced green peppers. Spoon on tomatoes. (Fresh or canned tomatoes may be used.) Cover and simmer 30 to 35 minutes, stirring occasionally. Fresh green pepper rings may be added for color. Continue cooking 5 minutes longer or until meat is done and rice is fluffy. Before serving sprinkle with Cheddar cheese if desired.

Precooked rice may be used if added the final 5 minutes of cooking.

GREATEST PEANUT BUTTER COOKY

1 cup margarine
1 cup peanut butter
1 cup white sugar
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips

Cream margarine and peanut butter together. Gradually add the white and brown sugars, and cream until blended. Add eggs, one at a time, and beat until smooth. Add flavorings. Sift flour, measure, then sift again with soda into the creamed mixture. Stir in chocolate chips. Drop from a teaspoon onto a greased baking sheet, then slightly flatten cookie dough with back of spoon. Bake in moderately slow oven (325 degrees) for 15 minutes. Makes six dozen 2-inch cookies.

—Margery

ROAST BEEF FOR COMPANY

Rolled roast (8-10 lbs.)
1 envelope dry onion soup mix
1 Tbls. garlic salt or powder
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup

Heavy foil

Sprinkle onion soup on foil. Fill knife holes with garlic salt or powder. Place meat on onion soup. Pour mushroom soup, undiluted, over roast. Wrap securely and marinate overnight. Next day roast at 400 degrees for 15-20 minutes; then 350 degrees for one hour; then 300 degrees until done.

If you want for evening put in oven around noon. Don't worry about overcooking.

—Margery

CRUNCHY APRICOT CAKE

1 1-lb., 6-oz. can apricot pie filling
1 pkg. (one-layer size) white cake mix
1/2 cup water
1 egg
1/2 cup flaked coconut
1/2 cup chopped pecans
1/2 cup butter or margarine (If you use margarine, add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Spread pie filling in bottom of 9-inch square pan. Combine cake mix, water and egg using electric mixer. Beat 4 minutes at medium speed. Pour over pie filling; sprinkle with coconut and pecans. Drizzle with margarine or butter to which flavoring has been added. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes. Serve warm with topping of ice cream or whipped cream.

—Margery

GOLDEN CAULIFLOWER

1 large cauliflower
1 Tbls. cooking oil or melted margarine
1 1/2 Tbls. flour
1 1/4 cups milk
1 Tbls. prepared mustard
1 tsp. lemon juice
3/4 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
Paprika

Remove outer leaves from the cauliflower and break into flowerets. Cook in a small amount of slightly salted water until tender. In another pan combine the oil, flour and milk. Cook slowly until thick, stirring constantly. Add mustard, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Beat mixture until it is well blended and smooth. Drain cooked cauliflower, place into a serving bowl and cover with the sauce. Garnish with paprika. Serves six.

—Mae Driftmier

FRANKFURTER-SAUERKRAUT CASSEROLE

1/4 cup milk
1 11-oz. can condensed Cheddar cheese soup
1/2 tsp. caraway seed
1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
1 27-oz. can sauerkraut, drained
1 lb. frankfurters (8 to 10)

In a mixing bowl, gradually stir milk into soup. Stir in caraway seed and mustard. Snip sauerkraut; stir into soup mixture. Place into 10- x 6- x 1 1/2-inch baking dish. Slash frankfurters diagonally at 1-inch intervals; arrange atop casserole. Bake at 375 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes or until heated through. Makes 6 servings.

—Ester Mae Cox

DELIGHTFUL PINEAPPLE SALAD

1 envelope plain gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup pineapple juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
1 cup American cheese, grated
1 cup cream, whipped (or 1 pkg. whipped topping mix)

Dissolve gelatin in cold water in saucepan. Add sugar and pineapple juice. Heat, stirring, until gelatin and sugar are dissolved. Cool. When mixture is syrupy add flavoring, drained pineapple and cheese. Fold in whipped cream or whipped topping prepared according to package directions. Spoon into pretty glass bowl or mold and refrigerate until time to serve.

Maraschino cherries, drained orange slices and/or bananas may also be added to make this a more colorful salad. Fine with crispy crackers or open-faced sandwiches for a salad luncheon or club refreshments.

—Evelyn

LAURA'S GINGERBREAD

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup molasses
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, beaten
- Raisins, candied fruit or nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

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Cream sugar and shortening. Stir in molasses. Combine soda and boiling water. (Be sure cup of water is full after foam has run off into cake mixture.) Sift dry ingredients together and mix into batter. Stir in well-beaten eggs. Raisins, candied fruits and nuts may be added if desired. (Laura did not have Kitchen-Klatter flavorings, but I added the burnt sugar flavoring to give it that good added touch.)

The batter will be quite thin. Turn into well-greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes, or until it tests done. Chocolate frosting is very good on this gingerbread.

(A note came from one of the many friends who sent us this recipe for Laura's Gingerbread: "When Laura Ingalls Wilder lived in Mansfield, Mo., she was famous for her gingerbread. This is the original recipe.") —Evelyn

ESCALLOPED EGGPLANT

- 1 eggplant
- 1 10-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 cup seasoned croutons

Pare the eggplant, cut into cubes and cook until just tender. Drain well and add all the rest of the ingredients. Place in a baking dish. You may sprinkle some shredded cheese and melted butter over the top if you like, but this is not necessary to have a tasty dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes.

BUTTERMILK BROWNIES

- 3 Tbls. cocoa
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Heat cocoa, water and butter or margarine together. Stir until smooth. Remove from fire. Add butter flavoring. Add remaining ingredients in order given, stirring constantly. Pour into greased and floured jelly roll pan (17½x 11½x1). Bake at 350 degrees about 25 minutes or until brownies test done. Cool. Frost.

Brownie Frosting

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup cocoa
- 3 Tbls. buttermilk
- Powdered sugar
- Flavoring as desired.

Heat butter or margarine, cocoa and buttermilk until blended. Cool. Add flavoring as desired — vanilla or black walnut are excellent. Burnt sugar adds a fine flavor also. Spread on cooled brownies. Cake-like and delicious. Freeze well.

—Evelyn

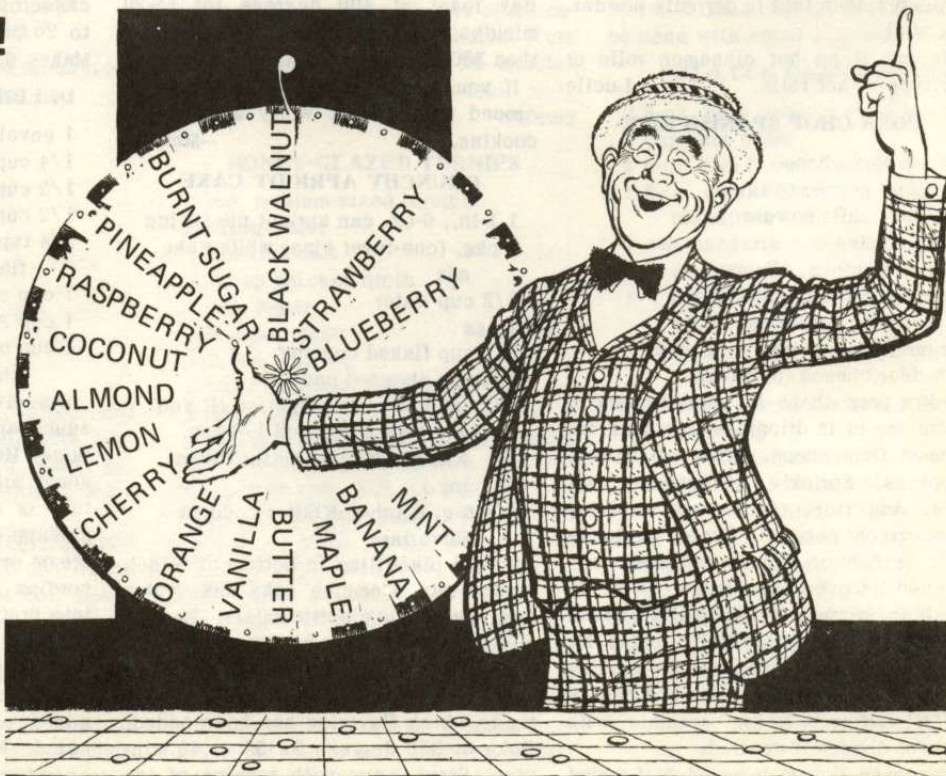
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SUMMER RACED BY FOR MARY LEANNA

Dear Friends:

Let me voice everyone's question: Where has this summer gone? I don't know anyone for whom summer doesn't just race by, but it went especially quickly for me watching Isabel grow and change.

The high point in the summer was a visit in Shenandoah with all my relatives there. You'll hear more about this in other letters, but I just wanted to note a few impressions.

I rediscovered that I have one characteristic in common with most Driftmiers, and that is a very busy mouth. When the average Driftmier is not eating, he or she is probably talking. While in Shenandoah I managed to consume incredible amounts of delicious food and have wonderful visits with all aunts and uncles, and especially with Granny (Leanna). She is a very remarkable lady and I am proud to be named after her.

Aunt Marge and I were talking one evening, and she told me my cousin Martin had remarked once about how important it is to have a family. Martin was amazed at how many people did not know all their near relatives, or did not even know where their parents or brothers and sisters were. He said about the family members in Shenandoah that "it's just nice to know you're there." I agree! I look forward to every visit with my family, and I know when I get to Shenandoah just whom I will find.

My only problem in Shenandoah was keeping my curious toddler out of trouble. Coffee tables were the bane of my existence. There was one in every house we visited — all with piles of magazines or books or nice knick-knacks on them, and all at a perfect height for Isabel to reach. It got so that when I came in anyone's front door and put her down, Isabel would make a beeline for the coffee table with me right behind her trying to ward off disaster.

We did get in a short visit to the farm to see Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank. We were pleased to see Uncle Frank out on the tractor as we drove in — his recovery is going very well. What pleased me most was to see he still has a twinkle in his eye. No one has a twinkle quite like Uncle Frank's. We made ice cream, fished, and hiked, while Isabel roamed the big screened-in porch and watched the wind chimes in fascination.

My big summer project here in Albuquerque has been starting a vegetable garden. I say "starting" because it never amounted to much. My landlord



Isabel is learning to put things away, a good habit to form early.

let me use some land that had been fertilized last year but not this year, and even though I valiantly watered every day (an absolute necessity) the plants never got very big. Still, it was an excellent learning experience, and my flowers and herbs were very rewarding. When you see a gladiolus leaf forcing its way up through the baked clay you do get a feeling that a minor miracle has just taken place for your benefit.

The other thing I did this summer besides nurturing plants was nurturing the physical and emotional development of my daughter. For Isabel's first birthday we had a small party for relatives and close friends. I was very pleased when Mrs. Weaver, my landlady who knows so much about children, said she had never seen a baby that age enjoy a party so much. She *knew* we were singing "Happy Birthday" to her, which impressed everybody, and Mrs. Weaver was impressed that she examined each of her new toys carefully and watched to see what James and Katharine were doing with them.

Isabel's locomotive development has been very interesting. For a long time she crawled using her elbows in a sort of snakelike movement. This was a matter of grave concern to my father who asked me regularly over the telephone if she were crawling normally yet. I really don't know when the transition came, but it did, and she was suddenly up on hands and knees. Then, of course, she got serious about the whole thing and refused to be trapped in cumbersome clothing. Juliana gave her a dress for her birthday that she wanted Isabel to wear for the party. I had misgivings about putting it on her (fearing the tantrum I was sure would

take place) but to my surprise she coped beautifully by getting around on her hands and feet. It looks very funny, especially from behind, but I thought she was very clever and it meant she could wear dresses this summer. Now my father is asking when she will walk. She climbs all over the place, and I have that "any day now" feeling about the first independent step, but at 14 months she's taking her time.

I have been fascinated by Isabel's language development. Having studied several languages and learned something about linguistics, I listen intently for the latest sound. She learned vowel sounds first and could run quite a few together in sequence. Then came the consonants "t" and "d" as well as a whole bunch of fun noises that are not in the alphabet. She had "n" and finally "m". It was a big day when "mama" popped out. Sometimes she makes a big speech with lots of sounds and looks at me very seriously as if she were *willing* me to understand. I always feel helpless when this happens. One of these days I'm going to buy a blank tape and record all these interesting developments.

Language learning is related to concept development. I was very excited the day I heard a funny plunking sound and found Isabel was dropping her toys back into their box. She had suddenly learning the concept of "putting in" when for a long time she had known only "taking out". I called Mrs. Weaver over for a demonstration and she was as excited as I was. She reminded me about the importance of modeling behavior. This is when you simply do something you want children to learn. Isabel had watched me put her toys away many times, then one day she decided to try it. Modeling is especially important in reading. Children who are read to frequently may not learn to read any faster but they know what reading is all about. I have been collecting children's books for Isabel and will start reading to her as soon as she will sit still long enough.

I am still working — with very little progress — at my various crafts. James and Katharine had birthdays this spring and you might be interested in what I gave them as presents. They had seen me working on my bargello pillow cover and Katharine especially always asked to help me. So I gave each of them a square of needlepoint canvas with fairly large holes, a large needle, and three colors of crewel yarn. I stitched each one's name on his canvas using the three colors progressively, and left some yarn in the needle at the end so they would have a place to begin. Juliana assures me that these were very

(Continued on page 19)

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

We can be heard on the following radio stations:

KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 10:15 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:05 A.M.
KTAV-FM	Knoxville, Ia., 92.1 mc. on your dial - 11:15 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Ia., 960 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:35 A.M.



Katharine Lowey, pictured at some ancient Indian ruins during a camping trip, is looking forward to entering kindergarten this fall.

SONG FOR SEPTEMBER

My last little one's now a scholar
 He took a big lunch,
 Pencils tied in a bunch,
 Some paper, erasers, a ruler.
 Left the dog and the cat,
 Parakeet and white rat -
 They're lonesome and would not deny it.

He left all his toys,
 But took all the noise,
 And left here with me too much quiet.

—Author Unknown

WHAT IS A GRANDMA?

(As described by a third grader)

A grandmother is a lady who has no children of her own, so she likes other people's little girls. (A grandfather is a man grandmother. He goes for walks with the boys, and they talk fishing and things like that.) Grandmas don't have anything to do except be there. It is enough if they drive us to the supermarket where the pretend horse is and have lots of dimes ready. Or if they take us for walks, they should slow down past pretty leaves and caterpillars. They should never say, "Hurry up."

Usually they are fat, but not too fat to tie kids' shoes. They wear glasses and funny underwear. They can take their teeth and gums off. It is better if they don't typewrite or play . . . except with us. They don't have to be smart, only answer questions like why dogs hate cats and how come God isn't married. They don't talk visitors' talk like visitors do because it is hard to understand. When they read to us they don't skip words or mind if it is the same story again.

Everybody should try to have a grandmother, because grandmas are the only grownups who have got time.

The Happy Voice

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson

More and more people are recognized by their voices, but many do not think about how they sound. On the telephone your friends do not even give their names, because they know you recognize them by their voices. On the radio we have become accustomed to the voices of announcers, and do not have to be told who they are.

But how does a voice sound? I had not thought of it until recently when I was visiting at the home of a friend and her sister. The telephone rang and her sister went to answer it. She came back saying, "It is for you. It's the woman with the happy voice."

The words startled me. "The happy voice!" What a nice way to say it! The more I thought about it, the more I wondered if our voices do not reflect our inner selves. People who have bad dispositions, a grudge against the world, and do not like what is going on around them, do not have happy voices. They can't because they aren't happy people.

There used to be a saying that "the eyes are the windows of the soul". This may well be, but the voice is the expression of the inner person, and shows how one really feels inside.

There is a well-known painting called "The Happy Whistler", and when you stop to think about it, you never see an unhappy whistler. People who whistle are usually gay and happy. Did you ever hear a grouchy whistle? Sometimes they are tuneless, and maybe a little sad, but never angry. A whistler can't be angry. If he is, he isn't whistling.

Listen to the birds. They are always singing gay and happy songs, which give us a lift. It may be the robin and the mockingbird in the spring, the meadowlark in the summer, or the bright cheerful "whatcheer" of the cardinal as he sits on a windblown twig in his scarlet coat, and sings to the winter wind.

"The woman with the happy voice."

Since I heard that expression I have tried to think about my own voice. When I answer the telephone and when I talk to my friends, I want them, when they stop talking to me, to say to themselves, "She has such a happy voice!" And I think, maybe, in that small way, I can help lift the gloom from a dreary day and make people forget for just a moment the troubles which they have pressing down on them.

Try looking at life so that you will have a happy voice. If you can see the good things, so that inside you are not resentful and bitter and hard, but have a happy, cheerful outlook, your voice will reflect it.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder



Over the years we have grown Pacific Giant hybrid delphiniums and found them superb. Their gamut of colors, ranging from delicate pastel blues, whites and lavenders to those of deep solid colors in violet and indigo blue, is only one of their many charms. The one drawback to these regal mid-summer favorites is that they are so easily broken by the wind. The Ames Greenhouses, Inc., Ames, Iowa 50010, has introduced an enchantingly beautiful new hybrid delphinium that should be available to gardeners next spring. The new hybrids are called "Melissa Hope Hybrid Delphiniums" and have been bred and developed over the past 45 years under the direction of Mr. David Burch and named for his daughter Melissa Hope. These hybrids have extremely large double florets and offer many new colors as well as bicolors and tricolors. The plants are vigorous, rugged and *wind resistant*. You can get a packet of 100 seeds by sending directly to the address above and enclosing \$5.00. We sent for such a packet last spring and now have about 65 healthy seedlings growing in a nursery row in the garden. Next spring the plants will be moved to permanent locations and I hope to be able to tell you how they compare with our old favorites, the Pacific Giant delphiniums.

Delphiniums require a rich, generous and well-drained soil. If your soil is of light or medium texture, dig in plenty of well-decayed manure or compost. The plants are best grown in groups of three to six. Plant in late autumn or very early spring.

Question: What causes the lower leaves on my delphinium to turn yellow and often dry up? I try to give the plants ample water during dry weather but the trouble still persists. I can find no insects.

Answer: Your delphinium foliage is infested with microscopic mites called "cyclamen mites". These pests have an affinity for certain plants and the delphinium is one of them. Remove deformed, spotted and yellowing leaves. Spray early and often with a good miticide such as Dimite or Kelthane.



Before Juliana and the children came to Iowa for their two weeks' visit, Jed took them on a weekend camping trip in the mountains. James had his first experience fishing and caught this nice rainbow trout.

"THE GIRLS"

Our schoolgirl skins are wrinkled now,
Gray hairs replace our curls,
But bless your soul we meet for tea
And call ourselves "The Girls".
We all feel younger than we look,
Than each new year reminds us;
But we were girls together once,
And that's the tie that binds us.
We're organized in self-defense,
We're showing no white feather,
Since to the world we're growing old,
"We girls" must stick together.

COMING HOME

What do I see
in this quiet farm land?
'Tis Nature at work
with brush in her hand.

I see apples that sway
by two's and by three's,
Like wine-dipped pendants
from bountiful trees.

Tall pines to the north
bow deeply to nod,
Then raise again, gracefully,
their branches to God.

Garden flowers stand 'round
in colorful rows
Dressed in their frilly
summertime clothes.

This is the splendor
I see from my door;
No sight in our Land
could please the eye more!

—Marjorie Lundell

Laugh at yourself before others get the chance and they will laugh with rather than at you.

OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



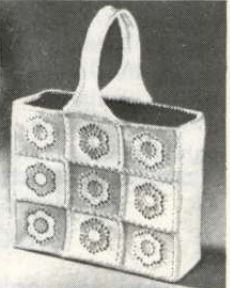
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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

For one who has grown up on the rich black flatlands of Iowa, and now calls the hills and bluffs of Sioux City "home", it was a joy to see the Colorado Rockies on a recent visit. One can easily see why Katherine Lee Bates received inspiration for writing "America the Beautiful" after viewing the vast panorama from Pike's Peak. Back in 1893 she and her friends used prairie wagons to get to the peak and "one ecstatic gaze" was enough to create "America the Beautiful".

On our summer sojourns we like to check out from the library *The Enchantment of America* series by Allen Carpenter. There is a book for each state. This trip we used *Nebraska - From Its Glorious Past to the Present* and a similar one for Colorado. Packed with information, they are written for children but adults find them helpful in

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As you can see, Katharine loves her little cousin, Isabel Garcia.

learning about a certain state. (Each book is published by Childrens Press, Inc., 1224 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Illinois 60607, price \$6.00.)

As we drove on I-80 across Nebraska, we recalled Bess Streeter Aldrich and her books about pioneer life (remember *A Lantern in Her Hand?*), and Willa Cather, from Red Cloud, whose book *O Pioneers* marked the beginning of a long period of interest in literature in Nebraska.

Mari Sandoz was discussed as we recalled the book about her father Jules Sandoz, which won for her the Atlantic Monthly Prize. As we reached Colorado, we thought of *Little Britches* author Ralph Moody, as well as Helen Hunt Jackson, best known for her novel *Ramona*, and were happy to see the statue in Denver of Eugene Fields' poem "Wynken, Blynken and Nod".

Historic Denver, Inc. is a non-profit organization of individuals dedicated to the preservation of Denver's historical and architectural heritage. Its first landmark preservation project was the purchase and restoration of the Molly Brown House as a living museum. It was the "Unsinkable" Molly who sur-

vived the sinking of the Titanic, showing great courage and generosity during the tragedy. Our guide, dressed in the style of 1900, conducted us through the house and gave an informative talk about the home and family.

What fun to visit the Victorian buildings of Denver's famed Larimer Street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. The block is the site of Denver's beginning in 1858, when the small log buildings served pioneers. Now there is a collection of unusual shops, restaurants and galleries. The merchants have become involved in the cultural and social activities of the community.

To attend services at the U.S. Air Force Academy Chapel was one of the many highlights of the trip. Besides the beautiful structure, the scenery outdoors was breathtaking, with blue sky, a few fleecy clouds, and mountains. With my husband and daughter by me, I felt richly blessed, and wished son Jon could have been with us in Colorado Springs.

Chaplain Davis gave the sermon on "Life Is Too Short to Be Little" saying that the future belongs to the idea of love and concern for fellowmen. Don't brood over little irritations; devote yourself to worthy endeavors and a meaningful life. As we sang "This Is My Father's World" I vowed to keep this happy memory forever.

The best part of a trip is being with loved ones. Our uncle and aunt and cousins are proud of the "Mile High City" and showed us a great time, and our family time together was special.

When I was a youngster, I can recall my mother belonging to a Home Demonstration Club, where she and her neighbors learned arts and crafts in cooperation with the Extension Service from the state college. Now, the National Extension Homemakers Council is associated with the Home Economics Program of the Extension Service at the land-grant universities. A book recently published that is the NEHC's contribution to the 1976 Bicentennial Celebration is *Treasure Trails in the U.S.A.* The 224-page book of little known and familiar spots across the 50 states allows you to travel in arm-chair comfort. *Treasure Trails* will allow you to plan your "1976 Bicentennial Vacation" to the historic points which depict our nation's birth. Information is listed for each state, as well as certain points of interest. The aim is to help you travel through any state and to whet your appetite to explore treasured trails of our beautiful nation.

Treasure Trails in the U.S.A. can be obtained from: North Plains Press, Box 910, Aberdeen, S. Dak. 57401, Attn: *Treasure Trails*, price: \$3.95.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

Some of our friends sponsored a couple and had the man and his wife in their guest room. One morning at the end of the first week of their stay, the man came down to breakfast and my friend asked: "Is your wife coming down to breakfast soon, or should we go ahead and eat without her?"

The refugee looked a bit puzzled. "Did you say my wife? That woman is not my wife. I had never seen her before in my life until I got on the airplane."

Our friends were in a state of shock. "But of course we thought you were husband and wife or we never would have put you into the same bedroom with just a double bed! Why didn't you tell us? This really is quite embarrassing."

"Well," said the refugee, "we thought it was strange the way you treated us, but we supposed that it was your custom. We didn't want to say anything because we were your guests and we did not want to put you out." There was a long pause with our friends quite speechless and confused, and then the man spoke again and said: "But you know, last night we said to each other: 'It would be nice to be married, wouldn't it? Perhaps our American sponsors can arrange for that.'"

"Indeed we can arrange for it," said their host. "And I shall call Dr. Driftmier immediately."

He did call me, they were married, and as they left our wedding chapel I said to our two friends: "All's well that ends well, you know."

Sincerely,
Frederick

MARY LEANNA'S LETTER - Concl.

successful gifts. I have a large mint patch so I am drying the leaves to make sachet cushions with bargello covers. I have gotten Granny's quilt patterns, but when I will be able to do anything with those I don't know.

As I write this we are eagerly awaiting a visit from my parents, and I know they are eager to see their clever, funny granddaughter. In the meantime you can picture me outdoors moving hoses or indoors chasing Isabel with a tape recorder.

Sincerely,
Mary Leanna

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And we are proud to call you
Teacher and Friend.

-Anonymous



Isabel Garcia, Mary Leanna's little daughter, will be walking any day now, for she frequently lets go of the sides of her playpen or furniture and stands alone.

MONKEY DOODLE - Concluded

Doodle squatted beside it. The pig only yawned as the monkey's paws pushed hair aside, and picked and scratched. Monkey Doodle gave that pig a thorough going over, turning it from side to side and even upside down. Her touch was surprisingly gentle, and the baby stretched and grunted in sleepy ecstasy. I inched forward until my camera rested on the rough planks of the pen. The monkey glanced my way casually, then returned to her task. Monkey Doodle ignored the snap of the camera, completely engrossed in satisfying her maternal instincts. Very softly I murmured "So long, Monkey Doodle, see you later." She favored me with a sideways glance as I climbed the gate and headed for home.

The strike ended, and once again there was little time for "monkey business", but I slow down to a snail's pace each time I pass that barnyard. And if I call out "Monkey Doodle, Monkey Doodle", it's almost a certainty that I'll see that shaggy head pop into sight. Quite often I feel a twinge of pity for the strange little animal. Does she even realize that she is a monkey? Somewhere in the dark recesses of her mind, does she long for the company of her own kind? Probably not. More likely she revels in her full and rewarding life. Each new litter of pigs is a repeated miracle. She has her own private method of transportation, riding to green pastures on the back of an accommodating hog, and then snuggling down in comfort against warm friendly bodies as the bitter winds and swirling snows make the barnyard a sea of white.

Why should I feel sorry for Monkey Doodle? Perhaps, better than most of us, she has chosen her own destiny!

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When the women get to talking
Of the great foods we have eaten,
Of the lamb chops we have grilled,
And the souffles we have beaten,
The conversation often
Turns away from steaks and chops

From gourmet-like successes
And (all too often) flops.
And it's then we start discussing
Any dinner's greatest part:
The meat may be the backbone,
But the salad is the heart!
Within my group of buddies,
There's one place we agree:
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Before Juliana, Mary Leanna and the children left for home, Mother (Leanna Driftmier) planned a picnic at Waubonsie State Park.

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LITTLE TRIP TO A BIG PRAIRIE – Concluded

drawers, cubbyholes and varied widths of shelves.

The second floor of the house holds many items which once belonged to Laura and Almanzo Wilder's daughter, Rose Wilder Lane. A fine historical display of pictures, articles and newspaper clippings is temporarily housed in the home. DeSmet hopes to have an enlarged and more adequate historical building in the near future for many of these treasures.

Our final stop in DeSmet was a visit to the cemetery where Pa was buried in June of 1902 after suffering a heart attack. Ma joined him in April of 1924. Mary died in 1928 and is buried beside her parents. Laura and Almanzo's baby son is buried in the family plot. Nearby Grace and her husband, Nate Dow, are buried. Many of the people whose names are included in *The Little House* books about the South Dakota area are also buried in the DeSmet cemetery. The Memorial Association provides an excellent map for those wishing to visit the grave sites.

The DeSmet cemetery is a peaceful, pleasant and shady burial ground where these friends are laid to rest. It was truly an emotional experience to conclude our visit by saying farewell to those who peopled "The Little Town on the Prairie". We will not forget them.



"The best teacher is . . . the one who kindles an inner fire, arouses moral enthusiasm, inspires the student with a vision of what he may become and reveals the worth and permanency of moral and spiritual and cultural values."
—Harold Garnet

SEPTEMBER DEVOTIONS - Concluded
aside and nearly forgot I made it. Some weeks later I sent it to Mr. Mason, and the following Fourth of July he brought it out, much to my surprise, at a children's celebration in the Park Street Church in Boston."

It was about four years later that the song "America" was included in a published collection, and it soon caught the public fancy. Today it is sung wherever there are loyal Americans. You will note that the last verse is a prayer.

Song: "America" (by all).

Leader: I am an American:

That's the way we put it,
Simply, without any swagger, without
any brag,

In those four plain words.

Let us listen and ponder as (name) tells us what it means when we say, "I am an American."

Second Speaker: As I have thought about these words "I Am An American", I thought first of the rights and privileges which are mine.

I may think as I please.

I have freedom to speak or write as I please as long as I do not interfere with the rights of others.

I have the right to vote, and to vote for the person of my choice.

I have the right to a prompt trial by jury if I am accused of any crime, and I may seek justice in court where I have equal rights with others.

I may travel about this country wherever I please without permits or passes, as long as I do not infringe upon the rights of others or trespass on private property. Mountains, lakes, public parks, and the countryside are mine to enjoy whenever I please.

I have the privilege of choosing my work, of seeking any job for which my ability and experience have fitted me.

I may educate my children in free schools.

I may worship in the church of my choice, or in the way I think best.

I may join any club or organization without being questioned by the government.

I may have radios, television, or telephones in my home if I please, and I may listen to any program on radio or T.V. that I choose.

The privilege of sharing in many of the natural resources of my country is mine.

I may choose the doctor, lawyer, milkman, paper boy, or merchant of my choice.

I may improve my lot in life through various ways, and have the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" granted me in our constitution.

These rights and privileges make me glad to say "I am an American", but

as an American I also feel that I have certain duties and responsibilities which I share with my fellow citizens.

First, of course, it is my duty to obey my country's laws.

It is my duty, as well as my privilege, to vote, so that my government may be truly said to be a government of the people.

It is my responsibility to be informed as to the honesty and ability of those people for whom I vote, to the best of my ability, and to be informed of what is going on in my government and in the world, as well as in my local community.

It is my duty to serve on juries and otherwise assume my fair share of local responsibilities.

It is my responsibility to try to see that, if there are local injustices, those suffering from poverty or otherwise in need, these wrongs are righted and have the courage and the gumption to do something about it.

It is my responsibility (especially since it is one of my freedoms to be able to belong) to be an active participant in those organizations to which I belong.

It is my responsibility to share my joy in the privileges, the happinesses that I find in being an American, the warm glow of assuming the responsibilities of citizenship and of personhood in this land so richly blessed by God, with all whom I meet along the way.

All these things and many more make me so glad and proud to say, "I AM AN AMERICAN."

Solo: "This Is My Country" or some other similar patriotic number.

Leader: These thoughts and many more are the thoughts we will hold as we join in helping to celebrate our Bicentennial. They are thoughts which, as we said in the beginning, cause us to evaluate and reaffirm the ideals and plans of our forefathers, as well as to add a few dreams of our own. Think about them, and you will see that they must surely tie in with our club (church) goals, which might well be summed up in being a friend in the fullest sense of the word, in every circumstance, as we travel through our daily lives, seeking that all might know the joys of the freedoms and rights which are ours. And just as we have responsibilities as citizens, we have responsibilities as club members.

MY COUNTRY

Mine only if I honor her
And keep her laws and hold
Her standards high, so all may see
My pride in this land of the free.

Mine only if I do my part
To share with those in need

Who seek our shores, crying for bread,
And have no shelter and no bed.

Mine only if I really feel,
Forgetting race and creed,
That those sad souls from other lands,
Just like ourselves, need helping
hands.

If I do this, then I am free

To sing "My country, 'tis of thee."

—Author unknown

At this point in the program have small United States flags handed out to each person, which each member is asked to hold high as all join in the closing song: "God Bless America".

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JULIANA'S LETTER - Concluded

One of the thrills of my life was finding an atl-atl point (like a spear) which was over 1,000 years old. The park



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Dorothy Johnson, left, was a recent guest of Lola Grimm of Kanawha, Ia.

ranger took it back to the museum for it was in perfect condition. It was beautiful!

We stayed overnight again at the Navajo National Monument, hiking down the Sandal Trail in the morning to an overlook of the Betatakin Cliff Dwelling ruin. It was really spectacular, nestled down in the canyon wall, untouched by time.

The final leg of our trip took us to Monument Valley, where the incredible stone monoliths are breathtaking, and the Salmon Ruins outside of Bloomfield, New Mexico. This large ruin is in the process of being excavated. It is interesting to see the work actually being done. A great deal of patience is required to sift out all the material from piles and piles of dirt.

We straggled into their fine museum just as they were locking the doors, but the very nice lady offered to delay closing long enough for us to look around.

Then home to Albuquerque! We were totally exhausted, but had such a wonderful and memorable trip. We saw many things we would never have found on our own!

Sincerely,
Juliana

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

dren. How I wish I could see them more frequently, but this is out of the question . . . at least for the time being. I've been in such fragile health that I couldn't make the trip out there and, as I said, you can't yank children out of school, so I'll just have to count my blessings and feel grateful that I have them and can see them at all.

Marge has had her hands full with the house all torn up — and company. She expects Martin and a friend of his very shortly, and then towards the end of August we expect Betty and Frederick, and as far as we know that winds up the summer company. (I'm allowing for the unexpected phone call or letter.)

I won't go off on the weather because it's all we hear and see. This town looks as if a blowtorch had been taken to it, but that seems of no consequence to me compared to farmers who have everything at stake in their fields. I just hope and pray that someone, somewhere, gets some good crops this year.

Until next month

P. Lucile

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

was put into a huge insulated box and carried into the dining room, ready to serve. Craig Patterson, a Belmond high school graduate last spring, seemed to be in charge, and he told me he was working this summer to help with his college expenses next fall.

Besides the half chicken each person had on his plate, there were baked beans, potato salad, buttered roll, a cupcake, and all the cold drink or coffee he wanted. It was my understanding that they had to turn down requests for tickets long after they were sold out.

It took 16 gallons of baked beans, made in four large electric roasters by Mrs. Sam Amosson and Mrs. Frank Engstrom. Twelve ladies made the potato salad, and they used 120 pounds of potatoes, 24 dozen eggs, and 12 quarts of salad dressing. I think this is quite an undertaking for a church which has a membership of between 30 and 40 families.

After spending the night at the Grimms' lovely farm home, we took a drive around Kanawha and the countryside, and stopped to see other friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Beukema, Mr. and Mrs. Terry Grimm, and Mr. and Mrs. Larry Wickes. George, Terry, Walt, and Larry are the four men who have been coming to our house for eight years to go deer hunting with Frank.

I have already far exceeded my allotted space, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

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PREPARE NOW FOR NEXT YEAR'S GARDEN

by
Helen Hensen Hess

A few days ago I overheard a woman on a radio program say, "I've never planted a plant of any kind, or sewed even a radish seed, or pulled a weed, in all my forty years . . . but I fully intend to have a big garden next year."

She had decided to grow her own vegetables because what she called the prohibitive price of foods, especially fresh vegetables, offered in the markets, made it impossible for her to give her family all the vegetables they needed. She also said that she loves to have a little centerpiece of flowers

on her table but she couldn't afford them, so she intended to grow her own.

To that woman, and to many others who, no doubt, think exactly as she does, I want to say that since you are amateurs, don't, please don't, let your first venture be a BIG garden. Even a small garden entails a lot of hard work and a lot of "know how" which an amateur does not have. You must also have a general idea of what your garden will look like when things begin to push up through the ground.

Whether your plot is large or small, you will need to give it daily attention, for grass and weeds have a tendency to grow much faster than do the things you deliberately sowed and planted. Unless you give much thought to this matter you may find your garden smothered with those weeds, and you may not have the courage to tackle the job of eradicating them when the sun beats down on you or a hot wind is blowing, or maybe you are not sure which are weeds and which are vegetable or flower plants. When little sprouts first appear, they don't resemble the fully developed plant. So, I advise you to look at several gardens this fall and note the color, the shape

of leaves and the height of various plants. Consult your garden friends; ask them all these questions.

If you want your gardening activities to be a happy adventure, don't put off the "getting ready" process until next spring. Start right now. Find out from successful gardening friends which varieties of this and that seem to be best suited to your particular area. You will be bewildered by the many varieties of such things as beans, peas, onions, beets, etc., that are advertised in the catalogues; also the garden tools, many of which you won't need if you are an amateur. However, there are many tools that you *will* need.

You will need something to guide you when you make the little trenches for the seeds or when you transplant things, because straight rows enhance the appearance of your garden. I have used two stakes, connected by a long length of string, preferably old-fashioned binding twine. Saw the bushy part off an old broom, then saw the handle into two equal lengths. Whittle them to a sharp point at one end so they will be easy to push into the ground, one at each end of the row. Also provide a number of little stakes to mark the ends of the rows after they are planted when you pull up the big stakes.

Choose your garden plot where it will not be shaded by tall trees. Also be sure that the soil is supplied with plenty of humus, which is as important as fertilizer. I bury garbage in my garden plot whenever there is a bare spot, because it provides both humus and fertilizer. If possible, spade in or plow under lawn clippings and leaves this fall. Good soil is as necessary as good seed. Begin now to save those big round, tall cartons that rolled oats come in. They are ideal to use when you transplant vegetables or flowers to protect them from hot sun and wind for a couple of days after transplanting. Remove the shelters at night.

O, yes, you will need a pair of rubber gloves, not just to keep your hands white and dainty, but to prevent sore fingers and broken nails.

Having all the items I have mentioned in readiness before the last minute will give you time to go about your spring work more leisurely.

Don't forget that old saying that haste makes waste. It applies to gardening, too. That is why I advise you to start early this fall to collect the equipment you need, learn about varieties of vegetables and flowers; and do listen to the advice of your friends who have successfully gardened for many years. I repeat: Start out the first year with a small garden.



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

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