

TX1
K57x
C.2

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

25 CENTS

VOL. 39

AUGUST, 1975

NUMBER 8



75

NOV
123 W E PEARSON
502 N W 11TH AVE
ST AUGUSTINE MO 64505



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

Subscription Price \$2.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$3.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601
Copyright 1975 by The Driftmier Company

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

The weatherman says we won't be breaking any records today, but my! we've certainly had a long string of hot, hot days. Day after day, hot and muggy, with not much relief at night. We need a good rain in our part of Iowa, and hope that it comes gently and not a deluge like parts of the Midwest have received.

It was a mad scramble getting things under control so we could leave for Boston on schedule last month. It was necessary to have the July issue ready for printing and there were final decisions to make on the remodeling of our house so the builder could start work in our absence. Fortunately we made every deadline and off we flew to attend Oliver's convention.

This was an ideal time to visit New England as far as history is concerned, but not so ideal as far as the weather, for there was considerable rain the week we were there. Since we were without a car, we did out sight-seeing by bus on damp days and got along fine. Oliver was able to join me when he had free time from meetings.

We toured the city first to see Old North Church, King's Chapel, Bunker Hill, the Old Burial Ground, the Bicentennial Tea Party Ship, Old Ironsides, Government houses, and across the river to see Harvard University and other points of interest around Cambridge.

On another bus trip we followed along Paul Revere's midnight ride to see Lexington and Concord, hearing an interesting commentary by the guide on the Revolutionary War. This ride also took us past the houses of Hawthorne and Emerson and past Longfellow's Wayside Inn. These bus trips ran frequently throughout the day, so we could pick hours when Oliver was free to go with me.

On another outing we accompanied friends in their car to see Plymouth

Rock, Plimoth Plantation, Cape Cod and the Whaling Museum at New Bedford. There was nothing scheduled at the convention until evening, so we took our time and saw a great deal of that area south of Boston.

Boston has a wonderful Museum of Fine Arts. One morning I picked up the paper and read about the special exhibits going on, so left a note for Oliver, hailed a taxi and spent the entire day at the museum. The special exhibits were "Those Valiant Upstarts" and "The Life and Times of Paul Revere". Both were extremely interesting and informative. The museum is huge and it would have taken weeks to really cover it, but I did quickly go through several wings, attempting to take in as much as I could that pertained to Colonial Times. Perhaps I'll have the good fortune to return to Boston someday and then can see more of their fine collections.

Oliver and I enjoyed our first clam-bake during the convention. Not only were we served all the steamed clams we could eat, but also lobster, complete with the traditional bib! It was great fun! On another evening we attended a formal banquet, but other than these two meals we were on our own and enjoyed scouting around for interesting restaurants.

When the convention ended, we took a bus to Springfield to spend a week with Frederick and Betty. This is a visit we'd been promising for years! Knowing how busy their lives are with their church work, we made it clear that they weren't to "make company of us", but go about their activities and when they were tied up with responsibilities we'd strike off on our own. Such a day occurred soon after our arrival so Oliver and I borrowed Betty's car and drove to Old Surbridge Village. I had seen this re-created early 19th century town when I was in Massachusetts about ten years ago, but this was Oliver's first visit. We spent the entire day there and had a wonderful time.

One of the most exciting days of my life was when Frederick and Betty drove us to Conway and Deerfield. Conway was the home of one of my great, great, great-grandfathers, Capt. Consider Arms, and we were guests for lunch in his home. This was a lovely three-story Colonial home owned by Mr. and Mrs. Norman French. My brother and sister-in-law had become acquainted with this couple through the church, and when they called them to see if it would be all right to bring us up to see the house, they invited us to have lunch with them.

Grandfather Field had spent a lot of time in Conway with his grandfather when he attended Deerfield Academy which is only a few miles away. The Frenches have been busily restoring the home and finding it a fascinating project. The most recent bit of excitement was discovering an old fireplace behind a kitchen wall, complete with the hooks for hanging kettles!

After a picture-taking session we drove on to Deerfield, one of the most historic towns in all of New England. Ebenezer Field married Elizabeth Arms and settled in Deerfield in 1710. It was his grandfather who had come from England to Massachusetts in 1629. Frederick remarked when we were in the old cemetery, that we were related in some way to almost every one buried there, and I'm sure he is correct in this.

On our way north we had taken time to drive past several colleges — Mount Holyoke, Amherst, the University of Massachusetts — so we came directly home from Deerfield. There was a church picnic that evening and we didn't want to be late.

For several years Frederick and Betty have wanted to see a play at Goodspeed Opera House in East Haddam, Conn. It isn't a long drive down there so we went down one evening, arriving in time for dinner at historic Gelston House next to the theatre.

The last day of our vacation we drove to Ashaway, Rhode Island, to have dinner with Betty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Crandall. I hadn't seen them for 25 years. I can remember the year clearly for Martin had his third birthday the summer we visited Frederick and Betty in Bristol, Rhode Island, and spent a happy day in Ashaway.

That evening we called Mother to see how things were at home and to give her our flight schedule to the Omaha airport. She mentioned that the workmen hadn't been able to accomplish much because of rain, rain, rain! We did find on our return, however, that the foundations were in for the new addition. This meant that at least

(Continued on page 22)

FREDERICK'S BALLOON TRIP HAD SURPRISE ENDING!

Dear Friends:

There is an old saying: "The way to get to know your home town is to have guests who want to see it!" It is the truth! Betty and I saw several places that we always had intended to visit but did not until Margery and Oliver came to visit us. One day we took them up through the foothills of the Berkshire Mountains, and on that ride we saw a waterfall only a few miles from our home. We never before had seen it, and it is so beautiful that I know we shall go back and visit it again very soon. That was the day we had to stop our car because of a large porcupine walking right down the center of the road and refusing to move for us. When we used to summer in Nova Scotia we saw porcupines every single day, but we don't see them very often down here in Massachusetts.

Our problem here at the parsonage is not porcupines, but moles. Did you ever have moles in your lawn? In one night they can do a tremendous amount of damage. Our neighbors try to catch their moles with traps, but we believe that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and so we see to it that the grubs the moles are after do not exist in our yard. We kill the grubs, and then we do not have the moles, that is, we don't have them after they discover that there are no grubs. Until they discover that, we have trouble.

There is an old lady who has been a member of our church for many years. When she celebrated her ninetieth birthday she told me that in the past few years she has trapped and killed more than 100 moles. She said: "Oh I just hate to kill them, but they kill my flowers and my lawn, and I cannot tolerate that." Indeed she cannot tolerate it. Her garden is one of the loveliest in our city, and it would be a terrible thing if the moles were to ruin it. I had to laugh when she told me how she trapped them. She does it with a mousetrap and cheese. First, she pokes a hole down into the ground where the moles are, and then she covers the hole with a washtub under which she has placed the mousetrap and cheese. The scheme must work, for she really has disposed of many, many moles.

One reason why moles can do so much damage so quickly is their need for energy. Those little rascals must eat ravenously all the time, for if they go without food for as much as twelve hours, they are dead. They cannot store up energy like other animals. People who say that something "is as blind as a mole" do not know what they are talking about, for moles can see. They



It is a rare experience to visit an 18th century ancestral home, but that is what Betty and Frederick arranged for Margery and Oliver. The home of Frederick's and Margery's great, great, great-grandfather is being restored by the Norman Frenches of Conway, Mass. Pictured are Oliver, Mrs. French, Margery, Donna French and Betty Driftmier.

see very poorly out in the bright light, but they do have eyes, and they do use them. They are the most efficient diggers in all the world. Their four feet are equipped for digging, but its two front feet are absolutely phenomenal little spades. It has been proved that a mole can dig a tunnel more than 225 feet long in a single night.

I went hot air ballooning yesterday, and we had our usual beautifully thrilling trip. We also had our usual frustrations trying to land. It is impossible to guide a balloon, and because of that we had the agony of missing one good landing spot after another by just a few feet. Every time we have to abort a landing we must use up valuable heating fuel to get back up above the trees again. Yesterday we came down in a small blueberry patch within fifty feet of a farmhouse. The farmer and his neighbors were most cooperative in helping us to bring the balloon under control after we bounced off the ground a time or two. Visiting with them afterwards, I learned that they make their living with maple syrup. One farmer told me that he just had the best maple sugar year in his experience. He boiled down and sold 900 gallons of syrup. I groan to think of it, for that must have required the most strenuous effort twenty-four hours a day through several weeks of the springtime. But then, is there any kind of farming that is easy? We all had a good laugh when the farmer said: "Well, people come out here in the woods to get my maple syrup by car, and sleigh, and horseback, but this is the first time I ever had anyone come to buy it in a balloon." We did buy some, too, and it is very, very

good. Of course living up here in Massachusetts I hate to admit that the people down in Connecticut can make good maple syrup, but the proof is in the tasting, and this syrup does taste so good!

A few minutes ago I received a telephone call from a young minister who has a small country church down in Connecticut. He asked if he could come and see me about a very critical problem, and when I asked the nature of the problem he replied: "Money!" I gave him an office appointment for tomorrow afternoon allowing plenty of time for a long conversation. So many fine clergymen are serving churches that cannot afford to pay their minister what he simply must have to exist. Times are hard for many churches because the times are hard for many church members. Do you know that there are many protestant ministers who receive in salary much less than the federal government says they should. I was amazed to see some statistics which told how many ministers live on incomes below the official poverty level. What about your church? Are your church members doing everything they possibly can do to keep their minister and his family in some dignity? I know that times are hard, but they are hard for your minister, too.

Each year our church gives several thousands of dollars to help other churches that are having financial problems. This year we helped a church down in Florida, and we are providing all of the chairs for a new church hall in the less privileged section of our city. When we learned that a church of

(Continued on page 22)

GOD THE CREATOR

A LUMINARY LIGHTING OUTDOOR EVENING WORSHIP

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Instead of the more familiar candles for this outdoor evening service, luminaries are suggested for a dramatic effect. A luminary light is made by filling a large brown grocery bag about one fourth or more full of sand, and placing a plumber's candle in the sand. Fold the top of the sack at the top two or three folds to make a firm rim. The leader should designate one person to light the luminaries, one for each letter in the words "God The Creator", lighting them one at a time as the letter is mentioned.

You will need thirteen luminaries. Try to place these at some spot a little distance from the worshipers, if possible, on a knoll or hill side. Place them to form a cross, seven for the upright and three on either side for the arms of the cross. (Try to experiment an evening or two ahead of time to get the best effect.) The person lighting the candles will first light the three on the left arm for the letters in "God", then do those on the right arm for "The" and then begin at the bottom of the cross to finish up with the word "Creator".

Use a record player or a cassette player to provide "quiet music" immediately preceding the service, using such hymns as "For the Beauty of the Earth", "God of Earth and Sky and Sea", or "O How Glorious, Full of Wonder". Choose familiar hymns, as it will be too dark to read the words.

Scripture: (Scripture reader instructs audience to clap hands in rhythm as they say together, "We thank you, O God", following each Scriptural reading, as the reader pauses following each one, indicated)

O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is Thy name in all the earth . . .

O how glorious, full of wonder is Thy name o'er all the earth; Thou who wrought creation's splendor, bringing suns and stars to birth! . . .

Rapt in reverence we adore Thee, mar-

veling at Thy mystic ways. Humbly now we bow before Thee, lifting up our hearts in praise . . .

Thou has multiplied, O Lord my God, Thy wondrous deeds and Thy thoughts toward us; none can compare with Thee! Were I to proclaim and tell of them, they would be more than can be numbered . . .

Thou visilest the earth and waterest it, Thou greatly enrichest it; Thou waterest its furrows abundantly - Thou crownest the year with Thy bounty . . .

Praise the Lord! O give thanks to the Lord for He is good; for His steadfast love endures forever . . .

-Excerpts from Psalms 8, 40, 65, 106.

Song Prayer: (This may be a soloist, but I suggest the song leader read the words slowly and then ask the audience to join in singing the words to the tune "Old Hundred" (Doxology), as leader reads a line just ahead of all singing it.)

We thank Thee for the morning light,
For rest and shelter of the night;
For health and food, for love and friends,

And for everything Thy goodness sends.
We thank Thee, Father, for Thy care,
And for Thy wonders everywhere;
For these and every other gift,
Our grateful hearts to Thee we lift.

Amen

Song: "Let All the World in Every Corner Sing".

Leader: Being in God's world is a time for LISTENING, for SEEING, for WONDER, for PRAISE, and for SHARING.

G - G is for God the Creator of the universe. *In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moving over the face of the waters. Truly God is great and God is good. (The first luminary is lighted.)*

O - O is for the opening of our eyes, our hearts, our minds, and our ears to God as He speaks to us through nature and through people - yea, through all His creation. (Second luminary is lighted as soloist sings softly, "Open My Eyes That I May See".)

D - D is for the daily doing of those things that God would have us to do to conserve and to care for the things of earth, and for all mankind everywhere. D is for the daily prayer that keeps our hearts in communion with Him each day of our lives.

You are the person who has to decide
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside;
You are the person who makes up your mind
Whether you'll lead or follow behind.

(Third luminary is lighted.)

T - T is for today. "Today is your day and mine, the only day we have,

the day in which we are to do our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand; but we are here to play it, and now is the time. This we know: it is a part of action, not one of whining, it is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness and understanding." (Light fourth luminary as soloist sings: "If I Have Wounded Any Soul Today".)

H - H is for hope. Who can look at God's universe and the beauty of nature around us and not have hope? Surely a God Who created all of this beauty, all of the resources, all the elements of life must be the Supreme One in whom we can trust and abide! *Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God. (Fifth luminary lighted.)*

E - E is for the earth, which is a part of God's great creation and over which He has placed us as guardians. Let us be aware of our stewardship, and prove ourselves worthy custodians of this earth which He has entrusted to our care.

He is a part of every wind that sweeps
Across the furrows, down their upturned length.

Breathe deeply of it - here is where
God keeps

Stored healing and stored strength.
(Sixth luminary lighted.)

C - C is for change, which in God's way signifies growth. Nature teaches us to see changes and to see the value of change to bring about growth. The earth, the seed, the rain, the casting off of the seed as the germ of life swells and grows to new growth, to blossom and bear fruit or seed, and then a new cycle begins again. God thought of a wonderful plan when he made this old world of ours. He planned for people to work to help food grow, then when the farmer's harvest is over, others have work to do if we have bread to eat. First the miller and then the baker. So, too, should we grow and change each day to meet the needs of that day, growing toward the hope of the eternity that is to come, secure in God's abiding love. (Seventh luminary lighted.)

R - R is for reverence. Surely we cannot view this great creation of the heavenly Father without awe and reverence. The psalmist says it best: *Be still and know that I am God. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him, all the earth. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof. (Eighth luminary lighted.)*

E - E is for each of us who is a special part in God's great plan. Will you
(Continued on page 20)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Frank and I just got back from checking the creek to see if the water had started to drop yet. Last night we thought for sure we would be surrounded by water this morning, but fortunately the banks held it this time. The long-range forecast early this spring was for a hot, dry summer, but so far we have seen none of this coming true in our area of Iowa. Although most of the corn was planted early around here, as you drive around the country you can see a lot of yellow corn in the low spots in fields because of too much moisture. This is true on high ground as well as bottom ground.

It has been difficult to get any haying done, too, and it has gotten to the place you can't depend on the weather forecasts at all when you are planning your farm work. One evening when we listened to the 10:00 P.M. news and weather, the weatherman said there was no rain in the forecast for at least five days. Frank decided this was the best news we had had for a long time, and went to the field with the mower the next day. This was going to be the week to put up all this hay that desperately needed cutting. So what happened? He hadn't been out there two hours until the sky looked terrible. During that five days we had a total of over three inches of rain!

My duck and turkey report this month isn't very good. I said in my last letter we had seen one little turkey poult the wild turkey hen had hatched, but we never got to find out how many more she had or would have had. One night our dog was making a terrible rumpus outside, so Frank went out to see what was wrong. She had a coon treed close to the house. The next morning when Frank went out to feed the turkey, she was making funny noises and pacing back and forth close to her nest. Frank looked in and there were broken eggs and feathers scattered all over, and no sign of the little poult. Then she disappeared, too, and for a few days we didn't see her and had decided she had gone to the timber to find her mate. A few days later Frank came in and announced he was out getting something that was quite a ways from the house when he heard a noise in the weeds, and there she was. He took some feed



The Johnsons' youngest grandson, Julian Brase, taken at 2½ months.

out to her and in a couple of days he saw the little poult. She kept it very well hidden, but every evening she came in for feed. Frank took some cracked corn out close to the place he had last seen the poult, and he saw it several times, but the hen never came very close to the house. Something finally got the poult because in a few days the hen came clear into the yard just as she used to, and never went back. Now she and our one lone guinea hen are constant companions. You never see one without the other.

Our Muscovy duck had a setting of 18 eggs. After two little ducks had hatched she was so anxious to take care of them and get them to the water that she left the nest and never went back. The big drake has really been the head and disciplinarian of that household. We thought he was being awfully mean to the babies until we discovered that when it was bedtime he was the one that herded them into their house. Then he and his wife would come out in the cool of the evening and sit quietly side by side on top of the cave. One morning at daylight something got one of the babies, so we now shut them up in a safe place at night and don't let them out until after breakfast.

The other duck hatched five before she left the nest, but she has only two left. She accidentally killed three by stepping on them. So you can see we haven't had very good luck with our ducks.

So far our summer has been busy in spite of the fact that the only part of the farm work Frank and I are doing is the hay. Frank has been doing all of our yard work, with a little help from me. As fast as the grass has grown he

no more than gets it all mowed and the trimming done when it is time to start over. One thing we have that was a gift from Howard and Mae is a battery-operated grass trimmer, and this has been an invaluable gadget for Frank, because he can easily use it with his left hand, and the trimming around trees, bushes and flowers goes a lot faster and easier.

We have had lots of company on the weekends, which we always enjoy. One weekend this month found us entertaining several friends and relatives we hadn't seen for a long time. It started off with a visit and morning coffee with Frank's Aunt Mary Waggoner and a friend from Burlington, Iowa. It had been a long time since we had seen her, so this get-together was a happy surprise.

They had just left when my nephew Clark Driftmier drove in. I think it had been at least two years, maybe three, since we had seen Clark, and we thoroughly enjoyed every minute of his time with us. Frank and I feel fortunate to have so many fine nieces and nephews, really wonderful young people, who find time once in awhile to come to see us.

The next morning about 10:30 our old and dear friends, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer, and their nine-year-old son Brian arrived from Aplington, Iowa, to spend the day with us. Our friendship with Clarence dates back to California and the years we lived there during World War II, so we have many happy memories of the good times we had together back in those days. We always look forward with great pleasure to their visits. Brian brought me a wind chime to add to my collection, so before he went home Frank gave him a beautiful turtle shell he had cleaned and polished. Brian was thrilled with it, and said it was just what he had wanted all his life.

We spent some time in the afternoon hunting for Indian artifacts in hopes of finding something else for Brian to take home. We didn't find any arrowheads, but Clarence did find a large *metate* (mortar & pestle) which had just recently been broken in two, probably when the corn was planted. The last rains had washed the dirt off just a corner of it, and when he dug it up he had a real find. He took both pieces home with him and we just had a letter from him saying he had gotten it cleaned up and glued together. Frank has one in his collection that is all in one piece.

Our friends Glenn and Peggy Dyer have been spending every weekend at their place in the timber near us, so we manage to have at least one meal to-

(Continued on page 17)

WINDOWS TO THE WORLD

by
Mary Feese

Looking out my windows, the scene I see in reality is a mid-Missouri country landscape. Nearby are the flat fields of crops and pastures, while farther away the land rises to rolling hills, and even to steep and stony bluffs. The land here is such a paradox, lying as it does at the edge of the Ozarks Plateau. It's a breaking point, and I have only to look across the road, or back of that nearly level field, to see oak timber with thick underbrush, crisscrossed with deep ravines and studded with rocks. It's only a few miles to the Osage River, framed erratically by high-rising bluffs where (until as recently as 1914) the Osage Indians sheltered in the lee of the wind. As you look closer, you see that those bluffs are interspersed with flat and fertile fields that raise some of the finest crops in the area.

Old-timers tell the stories of how it was "before the dam was built". Different? How could it fail to be different, with the changes made by the immense lake with its never-ending shoreline, by the influx of people in search of amusement, by the building boom that has not yet stopped? Hundreds of businesses and thousands of lake homes have been built, luxury resorts have sprung up, along with airports, marinas, and all the glittering trappings of civilization.

And yet, how can we estimate or express the changes that lie hidden beneath the surface? Invisible changes, yet immutably there, just as the area's former topography lies covered and unseen beneath the restless mass of water that comprises the now-famous Lake of the Ozarks.

Historians have often termed America the "melting pot of the world". In reflective moments, I often think of our Lake of the Ozarks area as being the melting pot of the diverse elements of our own United States, for people come from all over the country to vacation here. Many stay, and build a solid life here. In addition, this area seems to be a melting pot of the past and present, and by extension, of the future.

Look at it with me, won't you? — not only through my literal windows of glass, but through the myriad windows of the mind and spirit (yours, my own, and those of others who live or have lived here), through the windows of the past that show us history and human memories mingled, and through the windows of the future that offer a glimpse (a dream?) of excitement and growth and an odd integrity that seems fused



There is so much natural beauty in the Ozarks, it's no wonder so many are drawn to it. Once you visit there, you long to return.

from the bedrock character of the area itself.

You wonder, can an area be said to have character? Yes, of course: compare your own impressions of different states — say, the sunny, growing, golden, warm immense vitality of California, the space and confidence and developing frontiers of Texas, the sea-dominated saltiness and survival of the fittest that still makes up the coast of Maine, the silent brooding indomitable desert lands in Arizona. Are they the same? Then ask yourself, are the people who live there the same in each instance? And why the differences? Will we ever know, I wonder, to what extent the physical limits of a place influence the human beings who live there . . . or conversely, to what extent do that special breed of humans congregate there, like flocks of sea gulls, simply because of the lure to them of that area's trees and hills and water and wildlife? Is there a magnetism between people and places? Dare you say there is not? Who of us has never found a spot that simply "feels like home"?

Years ago, one might have thought these character traits came about because of the families involved, and their old-country backgrounds. "Born 'n raised here," I remember them saying about one old-timer, at his funeral only a few years ago, "and never went out of the county in his life." Almost always, the young men courted neighboring girls, then married and settled a few miles down the road from both sets of parents. Lives of the several generations intertwined, with Sunday dinners together, and birthdays, and Thanksgiving and Christmas and all the sentimental times.

Now and then, some of the young

families with tape recorders have taken to mailing tapes back and forth, rather than letters, to communicate. Now, your son or daughter may leave home for work or schooling in another state, then meet and marry someone there. The melting pot again.

I think of family backgrounds I know. German immigrants, only a few generations back, settled many Missouri communities, a fact easily seen if you read names on the mailboxes as you drive along the country roads. The Ozarks region, with its different, rhythmic speech, was also settled by English people, and those of you who study history will recognize that many of those expressive speech patterns and turns of phrase come from the daily language of England during the Middle Ages. There are some French descendants from the early explorers, and a scattering of Welsh in tightknit little farming communities. And you wonder, how many families proudly count the Indians among their forebears? Osage, Cherokee — a thoughtful people left and never came back (some through rebellion, some through pursuit of adventure and fortune, some because travel was simply too difficult to tackle). But now? It doesn't apply. If you can manage the money, you can fly to either coast in a matter of a few hours. Families traveling by car take only a few days for the same distance. "Gone to Californy" once meant telling the young people goodbye forever, knowing you'd never see nor hold your grandchildren, and the more fortunate families might hear from them once or twice a year. No more is this the way things are. Long distance telephone offers us the opportunity to hear voice timbre as well as the message; some look around reveals them present yet,

in pride of spirit, in coloring, in arrow-straight posture and breadth of shoulders and chiseled cheekbones.

And now, the young people with that strength of mingled history behind them, with influence on their own thinking and characters from scarcely realized family backgrounds — those young people bring home the ones they meet and love and marry. From what backgrounds, similar or dissimilar? The new family members may come from Korea or Japan, Germany, Wales, New York City, Texas, Virginia, New Mexico, Georgia, Canada, Montana, the far points of the country or the earth. They bring home new (to us) customs and ideas rooted in those backgrounds that they themselves may be only dimly aware of, through simple acceptance and no habit of analyzing. Yet all of it has a cumulative influence, and is immutable and forever there, just as the buried hills remain forever under the covering waters of our great lake.

Glancing through various county histories while visiting the library, you catch listed names that are still present in the living generation. Some of these histories tell the state from which the early settlers of each name originally came. Often, if you think it through, you will notice a pattern of customs carried with these people to their new homes, food preferences, turns of speech, types of temperament. Those things came along as inescapably as did the family names. The old-timers reminisce, "When Grandpa came from West Virginia . . ." or, "There's still some kinfolks livin' back in Pennsylvania, some in York State. Cousins, mostly, nowadays. Grandma always allowed 'twould be a pleasure to go back on a visit. But somehow, she never got round t'it. Uncle Henry went several years back, but none of the rest of us seem to care, even though we could go, I spouse." Life goes on, in the new location, and the customs are simply taken for granted, as the way things are and therefore the way they should be.

Throughout this area we have the modern conveniences so dear to Americans. We have electricity, running water, television in every home, a car in the driveway (or two cars, or a pickup with a camper), and a town job or one in the tourist area or one in Jeff City. Yet somehow, we who live here find it impossible to shed our country roots, and perhaps we do not truly wish to do so. Many folks are choosing to build their homes in the country. One reason for the durability of those country roots, perhaps, is that the timberland of the area makes it possible, even in this computerized age, to live with wildlife near.



This morning, as I drove to work, I nearly ran down a possum on the streets of Eldon. He sidled slantwise across the street in front of me, twisting his head to peer back at the headlights, and ambled over to the nearest house to search a retreat if there should be a hole in the foundation that he could slip through. What other wildlife? you ask. Such a variety as we have!

The deer that we see dash across the highway at daybreak or nearing sundown, the wild turkeys that strut near the roadsides, bronzed and bold, and that vanish even while you look. You gulp, and think, "Well, I never . . . I never took my eyes off him for an instant. Where'd he GO, anyway?" There are coons, lately even a few badgers, skunks, chipmunks, squirrels, snakes, scorpions. And there are quail in abundance. The other morning I looked out to see 17 of them standing at attention and marching to the sound of whatever drummer quails march to, only a few feet away from my doorstep. There are meadowlarks and robins and indigo buntings and redbirds and bluejays and crows, buzzards, hawks, and some of the country's surviving bald eagles. There are even a few (precious few) pileated woodpeckers, huge beautiful birds that are rare, but that birdwatchers declare seem to be making a comeback even in the face of land clearance, tourist attractions, and highway improvements and expansion. Numerous times in Lake Ozark, I have seen a pair of these birds fly out of the timber that lies directly behind some of the businesses on the Strip, flying over the heads of hundreds of people and ignoring them entirely. Apparently they have had their nest for several years in this timber. Not having seen the nest itself, I can't say whether there were young, and have never seen more than two of the birds at a time. But those two seem to be there to stay. They own a piece of our country, too, right along with us people.

There are other things that mingle the present and the past. Drive along a few of the byroads and you'll see old houses, now abandoned, but with that

sense of past history. In the yard there may be wild clumps of daylilies, or yucca plants, or an ancient lilac bush, adrift with fragrant blossoms. Now and then someone finds an antique bottle, or some old square nails, or a long-ago Indianhead penny. In the attic of one old house there was a tattered and faded love letter from a century ago. Hidden from the road are the hollows and meadows studded with Indian paintbrush and swamp mallow, sensitive briar (those enchanting mauve-pink fluff-puffs flecked with golden pollen, and decorated with deep green serrated leaves), honeysuckle in several colors, trillium, the old-time Dutchman's-breeches, Jack-in-the-pulpit (known in the fall under another alias, Indian turnip), and all the other wild flowers.

Those meadows are studded, too, with memories, inextricably mingled with the flowers and the sun and the pale green gauze of spring, and with the breezes that carry the faintest touch of wild grape blossoms. Those tantalizing blossoms, that you can hardly see, but oh! the haunting fragrance that once known can never be entirely forgotten.

Here, too, are the wild fruits and nuts so loved by the early settlers. Loved by many of us present-generation settlers, too, whenever we are fortunate enough to have access to them. There are tangy wild grapes, elderberries, persimmons that have mellowed after frost, sassafras for tea or for candy, pawpaws, luscious berries of many varieties, butternuts, and walnuts, and hickory. Our minds fly forward to the goodies we plan to make of this bounty, while tangled in our thoughts at the same time are the memories of the treats that Grandma used to make, or Aunt Ellie. Past and future again, blending until it's nearly impossible to find the dividing line.

And I see in my mind the people I've come to know through the years—busy, hard working, and endowed by this heritage of country background with a quiet dignity, a sense of individual privacy, and of individual worth, endowed too with a stubborn and unique individuality. "Salt of the earth", they used to say, and I'm inclined to think that the term still applies.

You ask, can I really see all these things from my window? Literally, you know that of course not. Yet, through the windows of association, one thing seen linked with the unseen but known through looking forward or looking back — well, yes, of course I can see these things. And so can you. Indeed, the twin powers of memory and anticipation create for us all wide open windows to the world!

SUMMER JOBS KEEP

MARY BETH'S FAMILY BUSY

Dear Friends:

The sun and I have been up since 5:15 this morning, and I hope it has more to show for half a day's time than I have. I know now why the familiar chorus of "Gee! but we're glad school is starting" is such a universally popular ditty come September, because mothers spend many hours running errands for, and because of, their at-home children.

Donald's schedule of work is the same as last summer, I am relieved to report. Jobs are so scarce that we were not expecting him to be fortunate enough to secure employment, but he was hired by the same company that employed him last summer. This is almost an hour's drive across town, so he must get out of bed early and eat early in order to get to work by seven o'clock.

We were well launched with our schedule when Katharine began her session of summer school at Marquette University in downtown Milwaukee. She has two semesters of chemistry to catch up with, and Marquette University seemed the most acceptable choice of Rice by whom the credits must be accepted. Fortunately the campus and Don's job are both in an easterly direction. Thus by just some minor adjustments he is able to deliver Katharine to the campus. Two days a week she has a laboratory for three hours in the afternoon, but on the other three days she hurries to the bus station in downtown Milwaukee, and catches a west-bound bus headed for Madison, and she can get off just five miles from Delafield. She is back home these days by eleven in the morning. On these days she grabs a quick lunch and hurries down to the bank where she goes about the business of being a bank teller. That is her schedule!

Paul managed to get a very nice job as a bus boy at a well-established restaurant a stone's throw across the lake at the end of our street. Last Monday he had no job prospects at all in spite of having put in his application at every manner of store in the area. He was visibly bored and great big 17-year-old boys who are idle can get to be a problem around the house. I had managed to press him into service with some of the monumental fall-spring housecleaning chores which were man sized, but even so he was getting testy. As a result, when the phone rang and he was told to appear in black shoes, which he did not own at the moment, and black pants, which he also did not own, he was really pleased.



The pictures of Paul and his date for the high school Prom arrived at last, so we have one to share with you.

We scurried around the various towns in search of pants and shoes, and had little difficulty locating the pants. The shoes were another problem, due to the ever-growing problem he has with his feet. Finally we did find black shoes, but I was unprepared for the price or the size. A whopping 14B he was when the clerk measured him. I wonder now how on earth he danced in the smaller shoes the rental company secured for him for the May junior-senior prom.

Well, he leaves here at fifteen minutes before six in the evening and is through working between eleven-thirty and twelve-thirty. If he could sail across the water or propel himself somehow, he could get home on his own, but getting around this lake is another matter. So you can just guess who drags out in the middle of the night to go pick him up! I am the only one who can possibly catch a few minutes of sleep during the day, so it is really only logical for me to pick him up. But thus far it is worth this trouble having him busy and now able to support his growing feet!

During the same week the lake at the

other end of our street, this one six miles away, called to inform him that he was needed as a life guard from eleven in the morning until four in the afternoon. For two summers in a row he and Adrienne took junior and senior life-saving lessons at the same lake, but we didn't dream that he would get called. I do remember that there were only children younger than he taking the life-saving lessons last year, but he never expected to land this job this summer. We wonder how he will handle two jobs, and if he'll not be too tired for the evening bus boy job which requires, if nothing else, a good strong back and strong legs. If he can measure up to the energy required for these tasks, he'll certainly have a fat bank account when the summer is over.

Adrienne was disappointed when she did not get a life guard job, but we reminded her that she was still a little young for that much responsibility. She is having to content herself with the other half of Paul's paper route and the nice fresh country egg route she has built up for herself since school was dismissed. These kids who have paper routes get to know everybody in town, especially a town as small as ours, so all she has to do is tell her customers on the paper route that she has fresh country eggs available, and they have been falling over themselves to buy from her. She is giving them door delivery, and I find myself suddenly running a little short on refrigerator space because of the unusually large numbers of egg cartons on my refrigerator shelves.

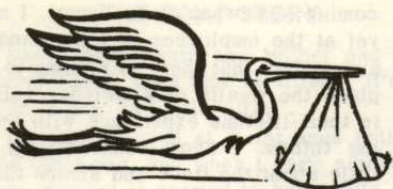
I am keeping busy studying. I have been reading the first volume of Murray Rothbard's history of the American Colonies in the 17th century, entitled *Conceived in Liberty*. It is a big book but very interesting, and it serves my needs very adequately because I will be teaching fifth grade history next school year. And I shall also be teaching fifth grade everything, because I'm moving up to fifth grade level. So this summer I am studying the fifth grade math book, and don't think that doesn't take time and concentration! To move from second grade math, albeit it the modern math approach to math, is a very wide gulf to fifth. Somewhere in third and fourth grades they have covered many miles of math language and approaches that were not presented to me when I was sailing through grammar school. I hope the summer lasts through 365 pages of math.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

COVER PICTURE

We always make it a point to take pictures when any member of our clan comes to visit. Our weather wasn't the most cooperative when Clark Field Driftmier, son of Wayne and Abigail, arrived in Shenandoah, but Margery brought out her camera nevertheless and this is the result. I don't think we've had a picture of Clark with his grandmother, Leanna Driftmier, for many years, so although it isn't the best in the world, we thought you would like to see it on the cover this month. Clark visited in Shenandoah on his way back to Denver after attending a national tuba convention in Illinois. This September he is continuing his music education at Oberlin College in Ohio.



Calling Dr. Stork!

A BABY SHOWER

by

Mabel Nair Brown

A new baby seems to capture the hearts of everyone around, so a stork shower is an ideal way for friends to add to the excitement that surrounds a new mother, or a mother-to-be.

DECORATIONS & FAVORS

For a new slant in planning the color scheme and theme of the shower, try one based upon the month of baby's birth, or the expected arrival. Check the almanac for the birth flower, birth stone, and other interesting information, and then plan the shower around that.

If you would like to have a large *Dr. Stork* taking the limelight in your decorations, you can fashion quite a credible bird from aluminum foil. For the body, mold crumpled foil into a large egg-shaped oval. To save foil, crumple up old newspapers to fill the inside of the body, and then shape the foil around it. A long strip of crumpled foil becomes the neck, and a smaller oval shape for the head will complete the main part of the bird. More crumpled strips (the insides can be mailing tubes) form the legs. Cut the long beak from heavy orange paper, and glue on. The eyes can be two big buttons. Of course, *Dr. Stork* must have a tall black hat and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. His construction paper bag can be fastened under one aluminum foil wing. The wings can be made of a rectangle of the foil pleated fan-wise and then attached, at one end, to the sides of the stork's body.

Clock-Wise Centerpiece can prove a most unusual one with a bit of imagination and effort. The basis, of course, is a large clock face. This can be a large styrofoam circle. Fashion the numerals of pipe cleaners, and glue around the face of the clock. Two slender baby rattles might be used for the clock hands, or they may be made from the pipe cleaners, too. The theme idea from here on is to "go 'round the clock with a day with the baby". Pictures may be used, but it is much more effective and pretty to use doll house furniture, toys, etc. Divide the clock into sections to denote baby's various activities at certain times of the day. Thus you might use a doll nursing bottle, doll carriage, high chair, scales, bath tub, and soap. A visit to the local variety store will probably give you plenty of ideas to use in telling "baby's day".

Clever Nut Cups can be made by cutting small squares of material (flannel if possible), dipping them into melted

paraffin and shaping them into three-cornered pants, fastening them with small gold safety pins. These will hold their shape as the paraffin cools, and can be used as nut cups. To make a baby face to stand in each cup, cut a baby's face from a magazine and glue it to the bowl part of a wooden spoon. Tie a ribbon bow at the neck. A tiny bonnet, made from bit of lace or paper, can be added if desired. Stick the handle into the nut cup after filling it. These can be used as name cards by writing the names on the handles.

Baby Rattle Favors are sure to draw compliments from the guests. For each rattle you will need a wooden spoon and a few bright-colored beads. Cut a square of clear plastic large enough to cover the bowl of the spoon. Put a few beads in the bowl of the spoon as the "rattle", and then cover the bowl of spoon with the plastic, securing it around the handle with a rubber band. Trim off the excess edges of the plastic below the band. Tie a narrow ribbon in a bow around the handle to conceal the closing, and there you have a rattle that will really "rattle" when shaken.

Parties are for fun and laughter, and you will get both if you make some large *Bibs* which each guest must wear while eating refreshments. Have a variety of styles, some cut from paper (wallpaper is fine), with cute phrases written upon them such as "Mummie's Little Pig", "Kiss Me Quick", etc. Others can have ruffled trims, ribbon bows; some cut as rabbit or bear faces, etc., with a felt-tipped pen used to "embroider" the features upon them.

Doll Toys — nursing bottles, hot water bottles, rattles, etc. — make pretty favors and decorative accessories. A sweet favor is made by using tiny doll tea cups as vases to hold miniature bouquets. If desired, the name of each guest might be tied to the handle with pink and blue ribbon. This would be the place to use the birthday flower, if carrying out the almanac theme.

The *Alphabet Block* idea can be carried out most cleverly in many ways. For example, small blocks can be cut from styrofoam, with letters on the side made of pipe cleaners and glued on, or they may be painted on with tube paint. Edges of blocks might be decorated with sequins. Use them to build a pyramid centerpiece, using the letters in the parents' last name. Hollow out the center of the blocks and fill with dainty

little flowers in the chosen color scheme shades. These are nice for individual favors, or to fill with mints to use as nut cups.

ENTERTAINMENT

Naming the Twins: From magazines and newspapers cut fairly long paragraphs to give each guest, along with paper and pencil. It adds to the festive look if the paper handed out can be in the decorating colors. Allow ten minutes to see who can make up the longest list of paired twin names, using the words in their paragraphs. They may not use a letter in a word more times than it appears in the paragraph.

Autographing the Receiving Blanket: The hostess provides a pretty blanket which is passed around for the guests to autograph (with a tube paint or in pencil, which the honoree can embroider later), but give this idea a new twist by having each one write her favorite name for the baby beside her own.

What Will the Baby's Occupation Be?: Each guest is given a sheet of paper with clues to baby's future occupation. They are to fill in the right one in the blanks.

1. Dishpan (housewife) 2. Will (lawyer) 3. Thermometer (nurse) 4. Jack (mechanic) 5. Castoria (doctor) 6. Hank (yarn manufacturer) 7. Deep-fat fryer (short-order cook) 8. Log book (trucker) 9. Dictionary (secretary) 10. Wire (telephone employee) Add to the list as you think of other clues & answers.

Lullaby Time: Divide guests into small groups and have them play charades by acting out the names of songs with the word "baby" in the title. The hostess should be ready with a suggestion if they cannot think of a song. At the conclusion of the game, have each group choose a "representative". Do not tell why. Then have each representative sing her favorite lullaby, have the audience vote on the one who is best, and award a toy horn.

Diapering the Baby: First pass around a roll of paper towels, telling each guest to tear off just the size of piece of paper that she wishes, a wee tiny corner, a large square — whatever she desires. Then produce a tiny little doll and a safety pin and pass it down the line, each lady in turn must diaper the doll with the paper she has torn off. You can imagine the laughter as they watch someone try to get a two-foot piece of paper pinned on a four-inch doll, or stretch an inch square to cover a larger one.

Announcing the Arrival: (A game for a shower where baby has not yet arrived.) Give each guest an announcement which she must fill in as to name, date, weight, and length. Have the guest of honor read them aloud.

ALISON HAS A NEW HOBBY

Dear Friends:

It seems like ages since I last wrote, and I won't even attempt any of my usual excuses for tardiness. At some point in the last several months I've used each one at least twice, and would fear for their credibility if I were to use them again!

Since I last sat down at this table so much has happened that I scarcely know where to begin. First of all, we've moved from our little "shack" to another house. The suburban sprawl claimed our rented thirty acres a little sooner than we anticipated and forced us to vacate. However, our terrific landlord had another house in the same general area so we weren't too upset about the change.

Our new place is quite nice and completely modern. It has the added advantage of a sun porch facing south and a huge picture window on the west which offers a superb view of the Rocky Mountains. Although I adored the other little house, I can honestly say that one thing I don't miss is getting up at 6 A.M. to fix breakfast in a kitchen where you could see your breath on brisk mornings!

My houseplants have been most appreciative of the move and are completely taking over the sun porch. I lost several at our other home — all the ones too close to the wood heater burned, and the ones on the window-sills froze!

Because we also have several acres at the new house, we decided to add two new members to our family. The first was a new dog acquired at Easter, and what a delightful addition she has become. She is a purebred Borzoi, extremely feminine and well mannered, standing thirty-eight inches tall (with the potential to becoming a bit overwhelming, needless to say).

We still have our bird dog, Hilga, who recently underwent veterinary treatment for heart worms which she acquired in Texas. This parasite is becoming an increasing problem in the Midwest and, as many of you probably know, a vital part of the treatment is complete rest for two months. We have built a comfortable pen for her confinement, which she doesn't in the least appreciate! In many aspects dogs are like children: it is impossible to explain to them that this is for their own good. I'm afraid it will be a long two months for Hilga for she is used to having the run of the place.

Our second new addition is a hog which we purchased in late spring at weaning age. We are raising it to butcher, and I'm trying my best not to become too attached to the animal.



Mother is admiring the latest addition to Dorothy's wind chime collection, a ceramic owl made by her good friend Peggy Dyer of Des Moines. Dorothy says, "There isn't any craft Peggy won't try and being so talented in the creative arts, she tries something new and it ends up to be another hobby."

Therefore it has received no name and I'm on strict orders from my husband not to take it any goodies or play with it. They can almost become pets when raised as babies, and Mike doesn't want his worst fears realized this fall when we are ready to have it butchered.

Mike has been very patient with me as my schedule has become busier and busier. What with attending school and working part time, I haven't been able to do all the baking that I had been doing and to which he had become accustomed. Something had to be neglected so I've given up bread baking for the time being.

As usual, business at my father's nursery during spring and early summer called for extra hands so I spent many weekends working there. I've helped out for several spring seasons selling annual flowers and vegetable plants and feel that in these two areas I'm be-

coming somewhat of an expert. I marvel at the employees of long standing and realize that there is nothing to replace the wealth of knowledge gained in their lifetime experience with growing things. I know comparatively so little about the trees and shrubs that I must cling to the flower section of the nursery for security.

Along with attending veterinary technicians school each day and helping at the nursery, I've enrolled in a weaving class which meets once weekly in the evening. I've always been interested in textile crafts and it has long been my desire to learn to weave. Up until now, fate seemed to plot against me: we either lived in a town where classes such as this were not offered, or the classes were terribly expensive — too high for the newlyweds' budget. Although I haven't had time this summer to complete many projects, at least I'm grasping the basic techniques for future use. And my! how I enjoy it!

Setting up the loom is most time consuming and detailed but the actual weaving progresses quite fast. There is much latitude for creativity when working with fibers. Many friends have commented on the fact that weaving appears to be monotonous, but I just take them back to our spare bedroom where an unfinished quilt has been on the frame for several months, and point out that weaving is more exciting than quilting. I enjoy the handwork of the quilt tops, but must admit that I have a little less than enthusiasm for quilting them.

I promised myself that I would share a cooking tip with you in this letter. This meat idea is great for those of you who enjoy cooking out as well as watching the food budget. I have been hostess for frequent barbecues lately and on a tip from my mother, Abigail, I started serving charcoal grilled ham steaks as they were less expensive than T-bones. Preparation is minimal, cooking time is flexible, and the end product is tasty.

Buy a butt-end ham and have the butcher slice it into one-inch thick steaks. They can be grilled about twenty minutes, but this can be altered to coincide with the timing on the rest of the meal. The reactions from our guests have all been favorable. The only extra touch one might add is to throw a few water-soaked hickory chips on the coals. While Mike fixes the meat I toss a salad, cook a vegetable and heat rolls. It is a menu that can be prepared quickly so I'm not away from our guests but a few minutes.

Now I must look over some notes before tomorrow's classes, so until next time Sincerely,

Alison

CAMPFIRE

Did you ever watch the campfire

When the wood has fallen low?

And the ashes start to whiten

'Round the embers' crimson glow?

With the night sounds all around you

Making silence doubly sweet,

And a full moon high above you

That the spell may be complete?

Tell me, were you ever nearer

To the land of heart's desire

Than when you sat thinking

With your feet before the fire?

—Author Unknown

AN UNUSUAL JOB

by
Evelyn Birkby

Table conversations take an interesting turn when one or more of our sons are home. This was true this summer when we gathered around the dinner table to share the activities of the day.

Craig and Jeff had an interesting and unusual interim job (preceding the time Craig left for Philmont, where he is now a ranger with the Kit Carson Men — a rugged, outward-bound type program for select Scouts who come to the National Scout Ranch — and Jeff went back to Nebraska Wesleyan University to help in the Biology department with the summer program for high school students).

It all began when a farmer asked if the boys would go to a small private cemetery on his land and do the work of cleaning it up. Dead trees needed to be cut out. Fallen limbs had to be moved and burned. Grass was standing tall and ragged waiting for the scythe and mower. Gravestones which had been broken or knocked off their foundations required attention to return them as much to their original state as possible.

It was a challenge which both boys accepted. Cemeteries have long been places of interest for our family as they tell so much of the history of an area. Now that the Bicentennial *heritage* emphasis has encouraged the identifying and recording of all the graves in as many plots as can be located, enthusiasm is growing in our own locale to clean up the small private as well as the public graveyards.

The boys' job grew and eventually their work included several small cemeteries. At any rate, each evening we would wait breathlessly for the report on new discoveries made during the day's work.

"The stones we worked with today were particularly soft and terribly weathered," Craig said sadly one evening.

"It will take some aluminum paint to sharpen up those words so someone can read and record the letters on the stone," Jeff mentioned.

"Flour," I reminded them, "could be used to fill in the letters as a temporary aid to reading the eroded printing."

"We found so many stones lined up around a tree in the cemetery we were cleaning today," was the report on another evening. "It will be almost impossible to find where they belong, even with a plat of the place."

"I could see on some of the stones signs of damage by a farmer's piece of equipment. It is too bad the place isn't fenced. I understand cows got in and



—Photo by Jeff Birkby
One of the enjoyable sidelights of Jeff's and Craig's job of cleaning the small cemeteries around Sidney was uncovering long-forgotten grave markers. This picture was taken on the Acord cemetery plot, located on the Charles Polk farm.

knocked down a lot of the stones also," Jeff said.

"That may still be better than Manti cemetery where vandals have taken stones. Almost none of the original markers are left," Craig commented.

He was talking about the Mormon cemetery on the east edge of Fremont County which, indeed, has had more than its share of vandalism. In another case which came to our attention recently, a burial ground on the west edge of the county has had a small child's stone, lovingly engraved with the word "Angel", carried off. A sad commentary on present-day ethics.

One evening Craig mentioned that in the 1860's the carving of the tree of life on tombstones must have been very popular. We began talking of the various art work done on the early stones:

"Many of the markers in these old cemeteries have a hand with a finger pointing toward heaven."

"A lot of the children's stones are decorated with a rose, or a lamb."

"Several have lamps and a number of the stones have a swinging gate carved into them. Some stones are topped with books which I suppose represent the Bible."

One evening the boys came home excited about several stones they had uncovered. These stones had fallen over and had been covered with some three to four inches of dirt. "Tomorrow we will take out a metal probe and hunt for more stones. It is too bad to have such marvelous records of history covered over and lost." This brought into our conversation the topic of a small private cemetery in the county which has been completely covered with a mound earth. The dirt was used as fill when a house was being built on the property. How that gravesite can ever be identified and recorded is anyone's guess!

The boys also told us the story of a twenty-year-old girl who had drowned on July 4th, 1900, just one day after her birthday. (This message was all printed on the gravestone.) Going to the local newspaper to find out more about the incident led to the discovery that *three* girls had drowned in the same accident. The other two girls are also buried in the same rural hilltop cemetery, but now their graves are unmarked, due, undoubtedly, to the kind of breakage we've discussed.

A series of graves of small children who died within a short period of time made the boys wonder about the kind of epidemic which might have swept through the area. It was not until the 1860's that science made any inroads into disease. Even after that, epidemics and accidents took many children's lives in the same family. Whenever the date 1918 appears on a stone the terrible flu scourge of that era comes to mind as a possible cause of death.

It is strange to realize that during the earliest years of our country burials were done on one's own property. Many a farm still has one, two or more graves on the land beside the private cemeteries like the ones the boys cleaned up. Following the early pioneer private burials came the churchyard burial grounds. It was actually 1831 when a cemetery was developed outside Cambridge, Mass., in a lovely wooded area.

Our small, rural Fremont County has 54 recorded cemeteries. This does not count the individual graves we mentioned, neither does it count the French settlement cemetery somewhere east of the town of Hamburg or the Indian burial ground in the bluffs west of Sidney. What stories those places could tell if they had the power of speech.

It is so fine that the motivation has come to preserve, clean up and record the abandoned (as well as those in use) burial sites. It may be a family that does the work, such as one that recently cleaned, repaired and restored an old church and graveyard near Glenwood. Or it might be a country neighborhood club of women that do the weeding, mowing, marker cleaning and needed tasks as is being done in the old Blanchard cemetery near Percival, Iowa. If you are interested in such a project contact your local historical or Bicentennial organization and see if such work has been started near you.

Of one fact you can be sure: once you begin the search for facts related to burial grounds the conversation at home will take unexpected turns. Craig and Jeff were grateful for the work which their interim job gave them, but they also developed increased interest in the history of Fremont County along with their unusual assignment.

Recipes

**Tested
by the**

Kitchen - Klatter Family

DUTCH PEACH CAKE

- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 3 large peaches
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup nuts

Combine butter or margarine, flavorings, sugar, salt and egg. Beat thoroughly. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk. Spoon into a greased 9-inch square pan. Slice peaches and arrange in rows on top of batter. Combine sugar and nuts. Sprinkle over peaches. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes, or until it tests done. Serve warm or cool topped with whipped or ice cream. It is also very good just as is. —Evelyn

CHICKEN ESSEX

- 2 cups diced chicken
- 2 cups elbow macaroni
- 2 10½-oz. cans mushroom soup
- 1 soup can of milk
- 1 13¾-oz. can chicken broth (or use the broth from cooked chicken)
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- 1/2 green pepper, finely chopped
- 1 2-oz. jar pimiento, diced
- 1 5-oz. can water chestnuts, thinly sliced
- 1/2 lb. grated Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine all together in order given. Mix well and pour into a well-greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan; cover with foil and refrigerate overnight. When ready to bake, remove foil and bake in a 350-degree oven for one hour. Recipe may be doubled for a large crowd and half chicken and half ham makes a nice variation. —Betty and Lucile

FROZEN PEANUT BUTTER PIE

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup (8-oz.) prepared whipped topping

Graham Cracker Crust

- 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1 tsp. flour
- 1/3 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Soften cream cheese to room temperature. Beat until fluffy. Beat in powdered sugar. Add peanut butter. Slowly blend in milk and flavoring. Fold in whipped topping. (The prepared topping found in the grocery dairy section or in the freezing units is fine, or make your own from the powdered topping.) Fold in. Spoon into prepared graham cracker crust. Slip into plastic bag. Freeze several hours or overnight. Let thaw a few minutes before serving. If you store for a long period, wrap tightly in foil after it is completely frozen.

(To make graham cracker crust: Melt butter or margarine in large pie tin. Mix in remaining ingredients. When well blended, pat into bottom and sides of pie pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. Cool before adding filling. For variety, add 1/4 tsp. cinnamon and 1/4 tsp. nutmeg.) —Evelyn

CANTALOUPE SALAD

- 1 large cantaloupe, cut in cubes or balls
- 1 large bunch seedless white grapes
- 1 #2½ can pineapple chunks
- 4 large bananas, diced
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Combine fruit in large bowl. (Bananas may be reserved until just before serving if desired.) In saucepan combine sugar, cornstarch and salt. Combine remaining ingredients and add to mixture in saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Cool thoroughly. Stir gently into fruit mixture. Chill. Fold in bananas just before serving. Maraschino cherries and English walnuts may be added to give this an elegant appearance and texture. Serve on lettuce leaves and with crispy crackers.

FINGER GELATIN

- 5 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 2 1/2 cups cold water
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 6-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 cup ice water

Add the plain gelatin to the cold water and let it stand. Put the hot water, sugar, strawberry gelatin and flavoring in a pan and heat, stirring, until it boils. Mix with the first mixture and stir until all the gelatin dissolves. Add the ice water, stir and pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Chill at least three hours. Cut into 1-inch squares. It does not have to be kept in refrigerator after it is firmly set. It will not melt. For this reason it is good for picnics, children's lunch pails, or just to snack on instead of candy. —Dorothy

CORN PUDDING

- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup onion, chopped
- 1/4 cup green pepper, chopped
- 2 Tbls. pimiento, chopped
- 2 eggs
- 1 1-lb. can cream-style corn
- 1/3 cup saltine crackers, crumbled
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Melt margarine in a skillet. Add onion, green pepper and pimiento. Saute till tender.

Beat eggs. Add corn, cracker crumbs, salt, pepper and sauteed vegetables. Pour into 1-qt. casserole. Set in hot water and bake at 350-degrees about 45 minutes, or till firm. Makes 4 servings.

QUICK ZUCCHINI BREAD

- 3 eggs
- 1 cup oil
- 2 1/4 cups sugar
- 2 cups peeled, grated zucchini
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1 Tbls. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup nuts (optional)

Beat eggs. Continue beating and add oil, sugar, zucchini and flavorings. Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture. Fold in nuts if desired. Spoon into three greased and floured pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour or until golden brown on top. Flat sweet potato cans are great for this bread, also. Grease well and line bottom with waxed paper. Fill about 2/3rds full. Cool bread on rack. Delicious with just butter. Fine with cheese spread. Freezes very well. —Evelyn

PARTY ANGEL FOOD CAKE

- 1 box angel food cake mix
- 1/2 pkg. fruit-flavored fruit drink mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavoring

Mix angel food cake according to directions *except* add fruit drink mix (like Kool Aid) when egg whites are *almost* to the peak stage. If one-step angel food cake mix is used add gradually just at the last of the mixing period. Add fruit flavoring to match the flavor of the fruit drink mix. Be sure the flavoring and powdered mix is mixed through the batter evenly. Bake according to directions. Excellent with 7-minute frosting or a white butter frosting.

(I mixed mine with 1/2 pkg. of the raspberry fruit drink mix and 1/2 tsp. of the Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring and it made an excellent flavored cake. The pretty pink color would make this a fine choice for a little girl's birthday cake. Other flavors may be used just as successfully.) —Evelyn

DRIED BEEF CASSEROLE

- 2 cups shell macaroni, cooked in unsalted water
- 1/3 cup commercial sour cream
- 1 cup firmly packed shredded dried beef
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- 1 cup milk
- Parmesan cheese
- Butter

Mix all but last two ingredients together and turn into a buttered casserole. Scatter a thick layer of shredded Parmesan cheese over the top and dot with butter. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes.

NOTE: If you have pretty salty dried beef you should soak it first and then drain well.

—Betty and Lucile

CUCUMBER-SOUR CREAM SALAD

- 2 medium-sized cucumbers
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 2 tsp. vinegar
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion

Dash of coarsely ground black pepper
Pare and grate the cucumbers, coarsely. Squeeze all of the moisture out of the cucumbers and drain thoroughly. While cucumbers are draining, dissolve gelatin and salt in the boiling water. Add the cold water and vinegar. Blend in the sour cream until the mixture is smooth. Chill until thickened. Fold in the drained cucumbers, parsley, onion and pepper. Pour into a 4-cup mold or 8-inch square pan and chill until firm. Makes 6 or 8 servings. —Mae Driftmier

JOSEPH'S COAT SALAD

- 1/3 cup vinegar, then fill to 1/2 cup with water
 - 3/4 cup sugar
 - 2 Tbls. flour
 - 2 Tbls. prepared mustard
 - 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen mixed vegetables, cooked and well drained
 - 1/2 cup diced celery
 - 1/2 cup finely diced onion
 - 1 small jar pimiento, chopped
- Combine vinegar-water, sugar, flour and mustard. Cook until thick. While hot pour over remaining ingredients. Combine well and let stand in refrigerator for 24 hours. Very good. —Lucile

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

- 4 green peppers
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2/3 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup consomme
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley

Cut out the tops, seeds and white membranes from the peppers. Simmer them in salted water for about 5 minutes. Remove, drain, and salt and pepper the insides lightly.

Brown the meat in a lightly salted hot skillet. Add the chopped onion and cook until onion is tender. Season with the salt, oregano and pepper. Add 1/2 cup tomato sauce and the consomme. Simmer for a few minutes, or until thickened. Add the parsley and stuff the peppers. Spoon the remaining tomato sauce over the peppers. Place in a baking dish and cover. Bake in a 350-degree oven until heated through, about 20 minutes. Serves four.

—Mae Driftmier

ZUCCHINI PATTIES

- 5 medium zucchini
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup finely chopped parsley
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup cooking oil

Clean the zucchini and cut off the ends but do not peel. Shred coarsely into a bowl and drain thoroughly. You may have to squeeze the zucchini to get all the water out. Mix the zucchini with the eggs, cheese, garlic, flour, parsley, salt and pepper. Heat a small amount of the oil in a skillet, adding more as it is needed. With a table-spoon shape heaping spoonfuls of the zucchini mixture to form patties. Saute until lightly browned on both sides.

—Mae Driftmier

FAMOUS FROZEN PUDDING

- 1 pint vanilla ice cream, softened
- 1/4 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherries, drained and chopped
- 1/4 cup currants, plumped and drained
- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped (or 1 pkg. powdered whipped topping or 2 cups prepared refrigerated topping)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Softened ice cream. Whip with beater. Add remaining ingredients in order given. Spoon into paper-lined muffin tins. Freeze. When well frozen, slip each paper cup into plastic bags, seal and return to freezer. Keep frozen until time to serve. Makes about 18 delicious frozen desserts. —Evelyn

OVEN-FRIED EGGPLANT

- 1 medium-sized eggplant
 - 1/4 cup mayonnaise
 - 1/2 cup cracker crumbs
 - 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- Wash and trim eggplant. Cut into 1/2 inch slices. Spread each slice with mayonnaise and coat with the cracker crumbs mixed with the Parmesan cheese. Arrange pieces in a single layer on an ungreased shallow baking pan. Bake until nicely browned on both sides. It will take 15 to 20 minutes. Serves 4 to 6. —Mae Driftmier

CHEESE CAKE BARS

- 1/3 cup butter, softened (or use margarine plus 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring)
- 1/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese (softened to room temperature)
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream butter and brown sugar. Add flour and nuts and mix to crumb mixture. Reserve 1 cup of crumb mixture for topping. Press remainder into bottom of 8-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

In the meantime blend sugar with cream cheese until smooth; add egg, milk, lemon juice and vanilla flavoring. Beat well. Spread over baked layer crust while hot. Sprinkle with reserved crumb mixture. Bake 25 minutes more. Cool. Cut into bars or squares (small ones as this is a rich cooky). Yummy — with a tang! —Mabel Nair Brown

BUNBURGERS

- 1/2 lb. Velveeta cheese
- 1/2 can tomato paste
- 1 12-oz. can meat (like Spam)
- 1/2 green pepper, diced
- 1/2 onion, chopped
- 16 buns

Heat cheese and tomato paste to-

gether, stirring, until melted and smooth. Grind canned meat. Combine with cheese mixture. Add green pepper and onion. When blended, spread on buns. Put top on each bun. Wrap in foil. Put in 400-degree oven, turn off heat and let buns remain in oven 15 minutes. Serve hot. A great summer main dish. Could be heated on an outdoor grill.

BLUEBERRY CHEESE PIE

- Pastry for one-crust 9-inch pie
- 1/3 cup shredded coconut
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 cups milk
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 can blueberry pie filling

Whipped cream or prepared topping

When preparing the pastry add the coconut to your flour and shortening mixture before adding the liquid. Line the bottom and sides of a 9-inch pie pan, fluting it high around the edge.

In a bowl, mash the softened cream cheese. Blend in the sugar, eggs, vanilla and lemon flavorings, milk and flour. Beat until mixture is very smooth. Pour it into the pastry-lined pie pan. Bake in a slow oven (325 degrees), 40 to 50 minutes until the crust is golden brown and the filling is set. Remove from the oven and cool on a rack. Stir the blueberry flavoring into the pie filling. When the pie is completely cooled, cover the top with the blueberry filling. Serve with sweetened whipped cream or a substitute. This is delicious.

—Dorothy

CHEESE-HAM SOUFFLE

- 16 slices white bread, without crusts
- 1/2 lb. thinly sliced ham (more if you prefer)
- 1/4 lb. sharp Cheddar cheese, grated
- 7 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 3 cups milk
- Salt
- 2 cups crushed cornflakes
- 1/2 cup melted butter

Put 8 slices of bread in greased 14- x 19-inch pan (3 quart). Cover with ham and grated cheese. Cover with 8 slices bread. Beat together the eggs, dry mustard, milk and salt. Pour custard over the layered bread, ham, cheese. Refrigerate for 12 hours. Before baking, cover with the crushed cornflakes. Dribble melted butter over top. Bake at 300 degrees for 1 hour. Cut in squares.

—Mary Beth

MOTHER'S PEACH PICKLES

- 9 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 1/2 cups vinegar
- 1 cup water
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Peaches

Peel and pit fruit (or use cling peaches and leave whole). Cook fruit gently in boiling water until just tender. Combine remaining ingredients while peaches are simmering. Cook this syrup until sugar is dissolved. (It is best to tie spices into a bag.) Gently lift peaches from boiling water and slip into hot syrup. Bring to a gentle boil and simmer about 5 minutes. Can in sterilized jars.

The number of peaches depends on the size and kind. So handle about a quart at a time in the syrup, continuing to simmer and can as they are prepared.

—Evelyn

PECAN COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 3/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup pecan bits

Cream shortening, sugar and egg. Add milk and flavorings. Sift and add dry ingredients. Stir in nuts. Roll into small balls and place on ungreased cookie sheet. Flatten with a fork, dipped in flour, in criss-cross fashion. Bake at 400 degrees about 8 to 10 minutes.

—Margery

ESCALLOPED CORN & TOMATOES

- 1 cup whole kernel corn
- 1 cup cream-style corn
- 1 cup stewed tomatoes
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 1/3 cup evaporated milk
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 cup cracker crumbs

Drain any liquid from whole kernel corn. Combine with remaining ingredients. Spoon into greased casserole. Bake in a moderate to slow oven (350 or 325 degrees) for about 1 hour or until slightly firm and lightly brown on top. Buttered bread crumbs may be sprinkled over the top if a crustier topping is desired.

**SONG OF THE HAPPY FLAVORS**

When the family says it's tired of
The same old pie and cake,
The good cook then starts looking
For something new to bake.
She may turn to brand-new cook-
books

For exotic things to try
Or reach for Grandma's recipes
For foods from days gone by.
Whichever way she wants to go:
The future or the past,
She knows she has some helpers
Who'll come to her aid fast.
There are sixteen handy bottles
Of flavors good and true
From Kitchen-Klatter's kitchen
Direct from us to you.

From almond to vanilla
The qualities don't vary;
Banana, butter, coconut,
Pineapple or strawberry.
The flavor's there in every one,
Fragrance, color, too.

They never steam or bake away
They stay right there for you.
If you still haven't tried them all,
You should see for yourself...
You'll find them waiting for you
On your friendly grocer's
shelf.

**Kitchen-Klatter
Flavorings**

THE COAT STORY

Many, many years ago Mother and I wrote a little book that we titled: "It's Fun to Sew for Little Girls".

I hadn't glanced at it for ages until the other day, and when I came across one incident it seemed to have quite a bit of warm human interest, and thus I want to share it with you. —Lucile

Juliana and Kristin will wear their good winter coats of last year for everyday this coming winter, but they look too shabby for dress-up occasions. Consequently Dorothy and I plan to make complete outfits for them of leggings, coats and hats. We plan to use a tan wool with beaver-fur trim. The pattern has been purchased — it is cut princess style for we feel more confident now. A lamb's wool interlining from an old coat of mine will serve as interlining for their coats, and we have both found silk (rayon, to be exact) for the lining. We will make the same kind of hats that we made previously, only these new ones will have small earmuffs of the beaver fur. Then there will be beaver-fur buttons, and a small edging of the fur around the collar.

Dorothy and I saw the exact coats and hats that we wanted in a store downtown about six weeks ago, and just to find out for our own satisfaction and not because we hoped to buy them, we asked the price. Well, hold your breath — each coat and hat came to \$53.75! That seemed utterly fantastic to us and we decided right then and there that we could make our own outfits for a fraction of that amount. I didn't doubt this for a moment until we began searching for beaver fur, and then for the first time I began to realize why those coats had been so expensive.

We started our rounds of the furriers one cold August day and discovered right off the bat that beaver was mighty expensive. We visited shop after shop and found that we'd be doing well if we got enough beaver for both coats for \$20.00. This was just the beaver — it didn't include making the buttons or handling the collar in any way. One place set a price of \$27.00 for both coats, and Dorothy and I looked at each other and decided that we hadn't really wanted those outfits anyway!

But somehow we couldn't get them off our minds, so one day I suggested that we drive to a small fur shop that I had once noticed in an unfashionable district of the city. We didn't hope for anything, you understand, but it was our last chance. Well, when the nice old gentleman who owned the store found that we wanted beaver for coats



Juliana Verness Lowey, when she was about two and a half years old, is wearing the outfit Lucile describes on this page.

for our little girls he took us up to the storeroom and got out boxes of the stuff.

As he pulled out one beautiful piece he said, "Now I'd have to get more for this because it cost me a pretty penny," and when I said not too hopefully, "Well, how much do you think it would be?" he hesitated and then said, "I'd have to get \$3.50!"

We could hardly get our respective breath from the shock of this, and then before we could say another word he looked at us sharply and said, "You know, I like to see women sew for their little girls. Very, very few of them do anymore and I think it's a shame. I'll tell you what, you can have that piece and all of these" (he reached over for more scraps) "for \$2.50. It's enough for at least four coats and I hope they turn out to please you."

Just before we left the store we asked him if he made buttons and he said, "Yes, I do, but it will do you good to struggle with them. Go home and try hard and then if you run into any trouble come back here and I'll help you." He was a character! And we are still wondering what good fairy turned our steps towards that particular shop and its nice owner.

Well, the beaver fur is in the house, and the wool and interlining, lining and pattern, so one of these days we will start the outfits. It is the most ambitious sewing that we've tackled thus far.

But even if we do run into difficulties the end results will be well worth the sweat of our brows. In fact, at this very moment I can close my eyes and see our little girls running down a path in Golden Gate Park come a brilliant December day. We'll forget then every midnight hour that we squandered on those outfits!



THE SMOKE HOUSE

Complete book tells you how to cure and smoke your own meats. Chicken, ham, bacon, sausage, fish and much more. Even shows you how to build your own smoker from an old refrigerator.

STRELOF KITCHENS
BOX 43-D, Dept. D
Blackwood, N.J. 08012

KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOK

Mail your order now for this wonderful 464-page cookbook of choice Kitchen-Klatter recipes. Only \$5.00 per copy. (Iowa residents, please add sales tax.) Make checks payable to:

Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.



AUGUST ELBOWS AUGUST KNEES

As the new school year approaches, the kids seem to be determined to get in as much as they can . . . like in mud, in grease, in dirt. And to be fair, they aren't the only ones. The men in the family seem to find August a great time to wipe fishy hands on pants, or to repair oily machinery, or to pay no attention to where they sit. (And of course we're kneeling in the garden, or staining clothes with berries and tomatoes.)

So we're doubly thankful now for the Kitchen-Klatter laundry twins: **Blue Drops Detergent** and **All-Fabric Bleach**. They work great; they work cheap. And they can't harm fabric fibers . . . even delicate synthetics. If you aren't using them, you're missing help you ought to have.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
**All-Fabric Bleach &
Blue Drops Detergent**

How "Sugar Plum" Came to My Stable

by
Don Beckman



Dear friend Jonathan:

It was good to receive your letter, telling me that you have been to the County Fair, where you won First Prize — and a silver dollar — for your garden vegetables. I was also pleased to learn that you were present when my horse, Sugar Plum, won First Prize in the horse race contest. He, too, is very pleased with his ribbon. He has it hanging in his stall where he can look at it whenever he is not grazing in the pasture or getting ready for another race.

Now, to get on with your question as to how Sugar Plum got his name. I must begin by saying that he has not always been my horse, nor has his name always been Sugar Plum. Until a year ago he belonged to a rather cranky old man who called him Salty. I am sure you will agree that Salty is not a very good name for a spirited young horse, and he did not like it either.

The old man was also very unkind to Salty, and Salty naturally resented him. Horses can be just as stubborn as people, and therefore the reason he refused to win any races for his owner. Which is how he happened to become a member of my own stable.

One day, about a year ago, the grouchy old man, hearing there was to be a race in a neighboring town, loaded Salty aboard a rickety old truck and brought him to the track, where it was his good fortune to occupy a stall next to my old horse, Fast Runner. Fast Runner is now too old to run in races, but he always goes along as company for the younger horses. He also sees to it that they get to the training track for their exercises in the morning.

It was a stroke of good luck for Salty to be stalled next to Fast Runner, for the two soon became acquainted. Salty then confided to Fast Runner about the old man's bad temper; the bad food he was forced to eat; the dark old barn he lived in by himself; and the pasture which was covered with grass so coarse he could hardly chew it. Fast Runner also witnessed the old man's sour disposition for himself. For on the morning of the race, the old man spoke

so harshly to poor Salty that Fast Runner wanted to lift one of his strong hind legs and kick him.

"You cussed, good-for-nothing horse," the old man snarled as he jerked on Salty's halter. "If you do not win the race today I am going to sell you to the first man who comes along and wants you. I cannot afford to keep a lazy horse that never wins. Do you hear me?"

After the old man was gone, Salty leaned his head sorrowfully toward Fast Runner and asked the old horse for help in solving his dilemma.

"What shall I do?" he cried. "If I win, I will just go back to the same old barn, the same old pasture, and the same harsh treatment. If I lose, it will only be to the same old barn, the same old pasture, and the same harsh treatment to which I will return. I cannot win for loosing."

"He says that he will sell you if you lose today," Fast Runner reminded him.

"That is what he always says," Salty answered. "And yet he always takes me right back home again." Then, as though letting Fast Runner in on a deep dark secret, he lowered his voice, and said, "I would not have to lose so many races if I did not want to. I lose them in hopes that I will find a new owner. But no one ever seems to want me."

"Do not give up," encouraged Fast Runner. "Today it will all be different. Lose the race and everything will be okay."

Salty did as Fast Runner advised, and came in last. And when the race was over, the old man was so angry he took off his hat, tossed it in the dust, and stomped on it.

"This is what you get for having such a lazy, cussed, good-for-nothing horse," he said.

I came upon the scene just as the cranky old man was putting Salty back into his stall. I had watched the young horse run, and knew he could have done much better, but that he needed more time and attention spent on him, and some additional training. I was so impressed with him, in fact, that I de-

cided I would like to have him for my own. And yet I did not want to let the old man know I wanted him for fear he would refuse to sell him, although it was obvious from his hat-stomping scene that he no longer wished to be the horse's owner.

"It sure feels good to have a winner," I said as I put my winning horse back in the stall on the other side of old Fast Runner. "I was sorry to see that your own horse came in last. How many horses do you have?"

"This is the only one," the old man grunted.

"I could not afford to keep a horse that doesn't earn his board and keep," I said. "If I were you and could find someone interested enough, I believe I would sell him."

Now the old man changed his tune and disposition.

"He is a fine little horse," he retorted as though telling me he had a bargain. "There is not a thing that ails him. He just hasn't been out yet this season and still has winter stiffness."

"I would take him," I said, "but I already have more than I can handle."

"Tell you what," the old man then suggested. "I will sell him to you at an easy price." When he told me how much he wanted, I took out my billfold, then and there, and handed him the money. The old man grabbed it from my hand as though fearing I might change my mind, and that is the very last I saw of him.

This is how Sugar Plum came to my stable. As to how he got his name, it is very simple. I happened to be eating a luscious ripe plum when I visited his stall the following morning, and when he saw it, he snatched it from my hand and ate it in one quick swallow. He had never tasted ripe plums before, and liked them.

"I think I will call you Sugar Plum from now on," I said. And that is what I have called him ever since. He seems to like it.

Needless to say, Sugar Plum has won many races since coming to my stable, and whenever he gets back from winning, he has a basket of ripe plums waiting to be eaten only by himself. I believe this is the reason he tries so hard to win, and wins so often. For plums, to a horse, are just like silver dollars to a boy who works very hard in his garden so that he can win First Prize at the County Fair.

In closing, Sugar Plum sends along his own best wishes, and thanks you for your interest, both in 4-H and in racing.

Thank you again for writing.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Jerry T. Hasselton
Sugar Plum's Owner

LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

This letter is being written at 6:30 in the morning. We were up at the crack of dawn today because Jed had to leave early for Hobbs, New Mexico, for an engineering project he has been working on.

Our vegetable garden has kept me busy this summer. Everything came up, including the pumpkins that were very pokey this year, and it has been a joy to bring in fresh vegetables for the table. Most of my grape vines are showing signs of life, so I may have grapes this year. The red raspberry bushes are taking hold so we'll be looking forward to raspberries *next* year. This year we planted cauliflower, yellow squash, zucchini squash, green beans, broccoli, carrots, bell peppers, eggplant, snow peas, cantaloupe, corn, tomatoes, watermelon, pimientos, and the pumpkins I mentioned above. Actually, the eggplants were just an afterthought; I'm the only one in the family who enjoys this vegetable, so I planted only two.

This year we will have a nice little rose garden. We had an old pile of concrete blocks, dating back to the old greenhouse, so I lugged them to an area of the yard that needed some attention, near where we park the cars, and lined off a rose bed. What stirred me to do this was the fact that one of the garden centers had a fantastic sale on big hybrid tea roses. I bought six of them for a good start on my rose bed. I'm looking forward to having some to cut for the house, and will add more next year at the end-of-the-season sales.

Back in June Katharine celebrated her fifth birthday. She is typical of other little five-year-olds and for weeks prior to her birthday she had to have a countdown on how many days to go until we had her party. We decided to have a few little friends and their parents in for a cookout on the patio. These plans were entirely satisfactory to Katharine as long as we would have the usual quantities of balloons and little favors for the guests.

It is hard to believe Katharine is five! She has grown tremendously in the last couple of months and is now wearing a size 5. It was a surprise to me that she skipped size 4 all together! She just suddenly went from size 3 to size 5!

Mary Leanna and I are still sharing "sitting" with each other's children. You would be amazed at the changes in Mary Lea's Isabel. I'll inclose a picture I took recently, and you'll note how much she has grown since the last picture appeared. I've never seen a baby her age eat as much as she does.



Mary Leanna has been very faithful in sending pictures of Isabel so we can keep track of her development. Although she is only a year, she looks older because she has such lovely long hair.

I remember trying to tempt my children with *anything* at age one, but Isabel is like a human garbage disposal — she devours everything in sight!

We have been having an invasion of "miller moths" here in Albuquerque. There have been several news stories about them. The bad thing about them is that they make cut worms! Everyone is to beware next fall when the cut worms overwhelm us. I'm grateful for our toads as we have seen them eat the moths. But it would take a hundred times more toads to make a dent in the moth population!

Mother said she thought you folks would be interested in the exciting and very unusual field trip Jed and I took in connection with our adult education class. When I can find a few hours away from weeding the garden, I'll write the details for you.

Sincerely,

Juliana

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

gether on the front porch. They come down here to fish with Frank, and when they get enough fish in the freezer we have a fish fry.

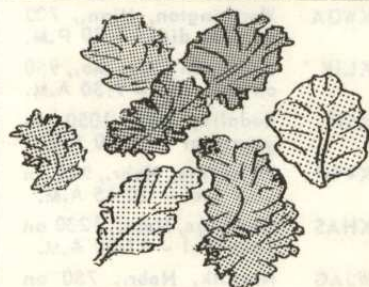
Our neighbors Roy and Louise Querrey have two of their grandchildren from Saudi Arabia here with them for several weeks this summer. They are both teenagers. Pam has started several projects her grandmother can help her with, such as knitting and embroidering, and Sammy spends his time fishing when he isn't helping his grandfather in the fields. Last night I had them all come over for a picnic supper on the porch. Instead of roasting wieners outside, we dispensed with

the heat and bugs by broiling the wieners on the electric broiler. I don't know about the young people, but it was a lot more fun for "the old folks".

Our grandchildren are all fine. We talk to Kristin every week so we can keep up with their activities and health. The big news from there is that Julian already has two lower teeth at the age of two months and three weeks. Kristin says they really shine when he smiles or yawns. She says both Andy and Aaron are enjoying him so much.

I'm going to take the wheelbarrow out to the front yard and pick up some piles of grass Frank has raked up, and haul it out. Wheeling a wheelbarrow is something that is a little difficult for him since he injured his right arm so seriously. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy



Almost anything can go INTO a salad . . .

Head lettuce, leaf lettuce, spinach, watercress, endive, chard, romaine, to name a few.

What's important is what goes ON the salad. And that's where we come in. When we decided to start making and marketing salad dressings, we believed there was room on grocery shelves for new dressings of high quality and superior taste. Dressings carefully made from finest ingredients, blended into creamy consistency and touched with the right combinations of spices.

And we were right! Our friends welcomed these delicious dressings: first **Country Style**, then **French**, and finally **Italian**. And their popularity is still growing. But we're working hard, and there is plenty for everybody.

Including you.

Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.25 for an 8-oz. bottle. Specify **Country Style**, **French** or **Italian**. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay the postage.



Take a Break!

Yes, take a half hour from your busy schedule to listen to the KITCHEN-KLATTER radio program each weekday over one of 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.



A recent caller at Mother's home was Norma Wilson of Atchison, Ks.

COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The latest book by Rachel Peden, farm wife for forty-five years and Indiana columnist for almost thirty, is *Speak to the Earth* (Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, \$7.95). She looks at life, both domestic and wild, human and critter, through the eyes of a Hoosier who sees more than four seasons in the changing year. She sees at least nine, and she is sensitive to the myriad riches of life in each of them.

She writes good thoughts on the family farm:

"The family farm's best crop is its influence on youth. Being more personal than the large farms, it produces a harvest of the spirit. Its value is in the way it promotes self-reliance, ingenuity in meeting emergencies, practical use of materials available at hand; in the way it encourages youth to accept responsibility, act on it, and abide honorably by the consequences of having acted on it; and in the way, whether deservedly or in illusion . . . people regard the farm as a place of

peace and quietness."

She suggests that Daniel Webster probably had it in mind when he said, "When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers are therefore the foundations of human civilization."

Speak to the Earth is rich with human warmth as Mrs. Peden talks with friends and neighbors. Farmer Brink Stillwater, after attending a symphony concert he hadn't really wanted to hear, said, "Well, I think maybe music is the fourth human need. You know: Food, shelter, the daily newspaper, and then music."

And Vivien, at her antique shop, said, "It's the young people who buy these old things like carnival glass and the big, ornate vegetable dishes; they're crazy about that stuff. They say they have seen so much plastic stuff they yearn for something they think is real, and good. You know, the sturdy old virtues, some of the ugly old things. They say these things seem genuine to them."

Eighty-five-year-old Piney Brewer said, "Anything you like to do you can make a success of." Think about that.

Mrs. Peden closes her book extolling rural virtues by saying, "... although I see that human life is inevitably marked by sadness and beauty, and humankind is sometimes noble and often exactly the opposite, and love, man's most cherished gift, is always at least half pain, the total song is neither fearful nor sad. And I would say with Christina Rossetti, 'Sing no sad song.'"

The Better Homes and Gardens Story Book (Meredith Publishers, \$3.95) is a collection of stories and poems all under one cover, selected and edited by Betty O'Connor. Along with the stories and poetry, there are pictures which were originally published with them. Now in its 13th printing, the book remains very popular. Included are "The Little Red Hen", "The House That Jack Built", some of Aesop's Fables, as well as poems by Robert Louis Stevenson (The Wind), Christina Rossetti (Who Has Seen the Wind?), Henry Bennett (The Flag Goes By), and Edward Lear (The Owl and the Pussycat).

I'll confess a feeling of nostalgia on reading,

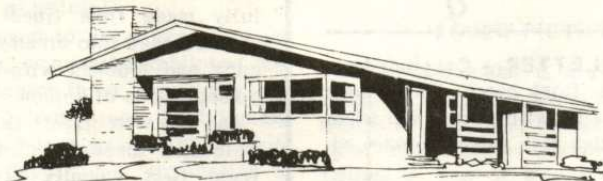
"Over in the meadow in the sand in the sun

Lived an old mother turtle and her little turtle one.

'Dig' said the mother. 'We dig' said the one,

So they dug all day in the sand in the sun."

This old nursery song, with illustrations reproduced from originals by Johnny Anthony Hartell, is one of a fine collection in *The Better Homes and Gardens Story Book*.



Does KITCHEN-KLATTER come to your home, or are you reading someone else's copy?

Or perhaps it's a reverse situation! Maybe you are the one who is constantly being asked to loan your magazines!

Take action today! Send for a subscription, either for yourself, or for the friend who enjoys it so much!

\$2.50 per year, 12 issues \$3.00, foreign countries
(Iowa residents, please add Sales Tax.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Graceful Swan

Only
\$1.98

Forecasts
Weather



FANTASTICALLY BEAUTIFUL! FANTASTICALLY PRACTICAL!

The amazing Weather Swan is not only one of the most beautiful art objects you'll ever own, it also tells you tomorrow's weather today! The delicate Glass Swan is artistically hand shaped and blown by talented craftsmen.

Place it where you want it, and watch as the magic liquid creeps up or down as the atmosphere pressure changes. (Just like the expensive barometer of the weather bureau).

It's fun, excitement plus a magnificent decorative object. The Royal Crystal Swan is just \$1.98 and 4" wide by 3³/₄" high. Order today. You'll be amazed and delighted.

— Mail No-Risk Coupon Today —

American Consumer Dept. GWS-33
Caroline Road
Philadelphia, Pa. 19176

Please rush me _____ ROYAL CRYSTAL SWANS at just \$1.98 each. If I'm not completely delighted I may return for full refund except postage and handling.

SAVE: 2 for just \$2.99

Amount enclosed \$ _____

Checks or money orders, no COD's please. Please include 50¢ with each order to partially cover postage and handling.

Name _____

Street _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Add sales tax where applicable

1000 GOLD STRIPE LABELS 65¢
FREE LOVELY GIFT BOX
 1000 Gold Stripe, 2 Color, gummed, padded Labels, printed with ANY name, address & Zip Code, 65¢ + 10¢ p&h, or bulk, or 75¢ in all. Or, 3 sets, all the same or each set different, only \$2.10 ppd. Make money for your club, church, scout troop, or yourself. Details FREE with order. Fast Service. Money Back Guarantee. **FREE GIFT BOX!**
LABEL CENTER Dept. L-187
808 Washington St. Louis, Mo. 63101



You're Doing Work You Shouldn't Be Doing!

If you're using a household cleanser that doesn't get the dirt out the first time over . . .

If you're scrubbing and scraping on ground-in grease and grime . . .

If you're spending time rinsing away froth, foam and suds after you clean . . .

If you're spending time waiting for a powdered cleanser to dissolve in water . . .

Then you're doing work you shouldn't be doing! You should be using **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** . . . the fast-acting powder that goes to work *fast*, cleans deep down the first time over, and leaves no suds to rinse away.

Add its economy, and you've got the ideal all-around, anytime household cleanser.

It's waiting for you at your grocery store.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

GOD THE CREATOR - Concluded
 do your part? Will I? *How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things! . . . And ye shall by my witnesses in Jerusalem, and in Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.* As Paul Lawrence Dunbar put it so beautifully in his familiar poem, "The Lord has a job for me that nobody else can do." Song: One verse of "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go" or "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee" as ninth luminary is lighted.)

A - A is for the *assurance* that our faith can give us, the assurance of God's continuing love and care of which we first learned as we joyfully sang "Jesus Loves Me" as a child, until today we can feel as joyfully secure in His love as we sing "God Will Take Care of You". (Tenth luminary lighted as one verse is sung.)

T - T is for the *thoughtfulness* with which we should consider the conservation of all of God's natural resources, and also our relationship with God's people everywhere.

Who walks the world with soul awake
 Finds beauty everywhere;
 Though labor be his portion,
 Though sorrow be his share.
 He looks beyond obscuring clouds,
 Sure that the light is there! —Anon.
 (Eleventh luminary lighted.)

O - O is for *obedience* to the will of the great Creator concerning all areas of our life — in our relationships with our families and with others around us, and with mankind around the world, in our participation in community and national affairs, and in our conservation of nature's beauty and resources, *Cast- ing down imaginations, and everything that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.* (Twelfth luminary lighted.)

R - R is for *rejoicing* in the beauty of this earth, in the loveliness of this hour, the joy of these moments together with each other and with God. And when we are joyful, let us praise and sing! (All join in singing the hymn "Come, Christian, Join to Sing". If all do not know it, have the song leader sing the main phrases and the audience come in on the "Alleluia! Amen!". The thirteenth luminary is lighted.)

Benediction: God our Creator, direct, suggest, control, this eve, all that we do, or say, or believe; that all our powers, with all their might, in Thy glory may unite. Amen

(Note: To shorten the service some of the songs may be omitted. May I suggest if this is a service for young people they might prefer to choose appropriate contemporary hymns which they perhaps might be using in their youth services each week.)

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
 Eva M. Schroeder

Last spring the first grade class visited our greenhouse and the youngsters were fascinated with the small cacti collection we keep in one corner of the bench. While it gets a lot of attention from kids and some adults it draws derogatory remarks from my husband who cares for the plants. He complains about having to pot up the "babies" that appear from time to time because they are so thorny. I tell him if he would wear leather gloves there would be no problem and he explodes, "What — and ruin my gloves!" Nevertheless, the little offsets find their way to small clay pots and make many a youngster happy when they leave with one clutched gingerly in their hands.

A few days after the tour, the first grade teacher stopped by to inquire about cacti culture. She said, "We have a hot sunny windowsill where cacti should thrive. The children want to grow some to give their mothers next spring. Will you tell us how to go about it? What type of soil, containers, etc., are needed? How often should the plants be watered?"

We supplied her with growing instructions, a promise of 22 varied types of cacti plants and that many small pots. She left in a glow over the "fun project" for her first graders.

We took cuttings from most of the plants that had offshoots. The cuttings were allowed to dry for a few days, then the cut ends were inserted in a pan of barely moist sand and the whole set out of the sun to await root development.

When school resumes in September there should be about 30 rooted cacti plants for the youngsters to pot up and grow individually for their respective mothers. It would be even more exciting if the children started their plants from seed.

Most catalogs offer a mixture and it is not difficult to germinate cacti seed which takes from 10 to 20 days depending on the variety. Sandy soil should be sifted and placed in a clay pot or clay "seed pan". Moisten the soil and cover with a plastic sheet until it is evenly moist. Sow the cacti seed on the surface and press gently into the soil. Keep the soil moderately moist at all times until the seedlings are up and growing. Do not overwater after tiny plants appear or you will lose them. As soon as the plants can be handled, prick them out of the soil and pot up in the sand-peat mixture. Grow in full sun.

Spend your life on some valuable thing that will survive it.

Truth is ever the same, but it is ever in the process of definition; for the human condition is ever different.

amazing 1¢ sale

BEATS INFLATION



Icy-Hot No. 101 3 1/2 oz.

Now for the first time, overnight blessed temporary relief from the pain of arthritis, bursitis, rheumatism, soreness, stiffness. Just rub Icy-Hot's creamy balm over the affected joints or muscles, and you can actually feel the pain start lessening. Begin to sleep peacefully again. If you don't have relief in 24 hours we'll refund your money.

Each \$3.00 2 for \$3⁰¹



Hair Youth No. 314 4 oz.

- SOFTER • LONGER-LOOKING
- LOVELIER HAIR

Hair Youth promotes a better and heavier looking growth of hair. Imparts a richness and softness to the hair, and prevents the hair from splitting at the ends.

Each \$2.50 2 for \$2⁵¹



Luxury Cold Creme Soap No. 312 2 cakes

A mildly scented luxury soap that contains cold cream. Nothing could be more lovely for the complexion or the bath. Replaces the natural oils and leaves your skin completely clean, satin-smooth and soft. What a lovely gift idea to give to any woman... in a beautifully decorated gift box.

Each \$1.60 2 for \$1⁶¹



Bubble Bath No. 301 16 oz.

Softens and perfumes your bath water. Leaves your skin satin-smooth, soft and fragrant. Delightfully luxurious and relaxing. Works in hard water, also. Increases the efficiency of your bath soap.

Each \$1.70 2 for \$1⁷¹



Minus-10 Beauty Creme No. 315 4 oz.

Your skin can make you look older. Now Minus-10 Beauty Creme works wonders by bringing back the smooth, soft look you were so proud of a few years ago. Remember: it's not how old you are, but how young you look. Send for Minus-10 Beauty Creme today. You must be completely satisfied with your first application or full refund.

Each \$5.00 2 for \$5⁰¹



Every Gibson Product is Backed
By An Iron-Clad Guarantee
FINE HOME PRODUCTS
2000 N. Illinois, Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

Guarantee

We guarantee every Gibson product to give complete satisfaction. If you are not satisfied with any Gibson product, your money will be refunded.

© J. W. GIBSON CO., 1975

★ Never before... probably never again—an opportunity like this! You send for one product at its usual bargain price and get another package (same product, of course) for only 1 cent. Act now. Save now as you never saved before. Use coupon below.



Chypre Perfume No. 305 1/2 oz.

An exotic perfume as mysterious as its name, yet refreshing as a cool breeze. Unique, long-lasting fragrance that creates that aura of ultra-femininity.

Each \$3.50 2 for \$3⁵¹



Bella Lotion No. 304 6 oz.

Soothes dry skin of the face, hands and the entire body. Excellent for use after bathing. Aids in the relief of chapped and irritated skin. Recommended for people with sensitive skins.

Each \$1.90 2 for \$1⁹¹

➔ This sale may not be repeated this year in this publication.

PLEASE SEND ME THE GREAT BARGAINS I HAVE CHECKED.

QTY.	ITEM	REGULAR PRICE FOR ONE	SALE PRICE	COST
	Icy-Hot—No. 101	\$3.00	2-3 1/2 Oz. Jars \$3.01	
	Hair Youth—No. 314	\$2.50	2-4 Oz. Jars \$2.51	
	Luxury Cold Cream Soap—No. 312	\$1.60	4 cakes for \$1.61	
	Bubble Bath—No. 301	\$1.70	2-16 Oz. Bottles \$1.71	
	Minus-10 Beauty Creme—No. 315	\$5.00	2-4 Oz. Jars \$5.01	
	Chypre Perfume—No. 305	\$3.50	2-1/2 Oz. Bottles \$3.51	
	Bella Lotion—No. 304	\$1.90	2-6 Oz. Bottles for \$1.91	

GIBSON HOME PRODUCTS
2000 NORTH ILLINOIS STREET
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA 46202

Total _____
KK 8

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

things were taking shape.

As I write today, the shell for the porch, kitchen and garage are in. They have confined most of their work to the outside, so they can start interior work on rainy days. I just now noticed that it is clouding up, so they might be moving in before this day is over.

We're expecting Juliana, James, Katharine, Mary Leanna and Isabel this week. Mary Lea and the baby will be staying with us during their visit, for we are well set-up for sleeping ar-



PICKLES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM
Complete book tells you how to make your own pickles, sweets, dills, sweet & sour and more. Plus recipes for sauerkraut, mincemeat, and relishes. Everyone loves crisp delicious pickles. SEND \$1.00 TO: STRIKLOP KITCHENS BOX 43-B, Dept. F Blackwood, N.J. 08012



Rev. John Ames, Frederick's associate minister, serves Oliver and Margery at a picnic for Sunday school teachers and members of the Religious Education Committee of South Congregational Church.

You're Never Too Old To Hear Better

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

This is not a real hearing aid, but it will show you how tiny hearing help can be. It's yours to keep, free. The actual aid weighs less than a third of an ounce, and it's all at ear level, in one unit. No wires lead from body to head.

These models are free, so write for yours now. Thousands have already been mailed, so write today to Dept. 4596, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria St., Chicago, Ill., 60646.

rangements — a crib, high chair, playpen have been borrowed for Isabel — but they will be close at hand for visiting with Mother during the daytime. We may have to seal off the kitchen at any time, but we'll make do with electrical appliances for breakfasts and lunches at least.

When Mother asked Juliana and Mary Leanna what they would like special to eat at her house, Juliana said, "Chicken and noodles and fresh cherry pie! You and Ruby make the best ever!" Well, cherry pies went into the freezer in June, and Mother has a big fat hen to cook for the chicken and noodles. Mary Leanna's request was for fresh raspberries if they were still to be had, so Ruby put some lovely ones down in the freezer so they would be ready for her.

One thing I've promised to do and that is manage somehow to get Mother and Lucile up near the fence at the swimming pool so they can watch the children play in the water. This is something we've been anticipating, especially to see year-old Isabel swim! We've heard about babies learning to swim if they are started at the right time, but none of us have seen such a feat! It will be a long stretch of grass from the car to the pool with the wheel chairs, but we'll manage it somehow.

Now I must dash to the office with this letter for the printing presses are waiting for it.

Sincerely,
Margery

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

black people had had all of their communion service ruined by vandals, our church used its Christmas offering to provide that church with new communion plates, cups, etc. One of our favorite mission projects is an orphan-

age over in Korea, and that is because we have several Korean members of our church whose children are in our Sunday school. We have provided the funds to build a high stone wall around the orphanage to protect it from various undesirables. Our efforts on behalf of the wall prompted the mayor of the Korean city of Seoul to send us a plaque with suitable words of appreciation.

I think that most churches do a very good job of helping mission projects of one kind or another, but there is one point at which most churches do not do a good job. I am referring to the failure to provide for the sick and the aged in our own memberships. How many times I am called each month for some suggestions about ways and means to keep an elderly person out of a nursing home. How often I have thought of the great blessing it would be if church people had a system of providing emergency care for persons in their own homes.

Perhaps the next time I write to you I shall be able to give you the definite date of our David's wedding. Did I or someone else in the family tell you about his engagement to Miss Sophie Lang of Calgary, Alberta? She has been here to visit us, and we like her very much. David first met her when he was going to school at the University of Victoria. Sophie's mother and father are taking an extended trip to Europe, and the young people cannot make definite wedding plans until the parents return sometime this month. Betty and I are very happy about this forthcoming marriage, and we want to share our happiness with you good friends.

Sincerely,

Frederick



50 YARDS LACE \$1.25

LACE-LACE-LACE . . . 50 yards of Lace in delightful patterns, Edgings, braids, insertions, etc. All beautiful colors, full widths. Pieces at least 10 yards in length. Marvelous for dresses, pillow cases, etc. Terrific as hem facing on new double knit fabrics. Only \$1.25 plus 25¢ pstg., double order \$2.39 plus 35¢ pstg.

FREE with lace 50 BUTTONS!

50 New, High Quality Buttons. All colors, sizes, and shapes. Many complete sets. Free with each Lace order. Order Now!
LACE LADY Dept. LN231
808 Washington St. Louis, Mo. 63101

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 25¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

October ads due August 10
November ads due September 10
December ads due October 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD . . . Jewelry, gold teeth, watches, diamonds, silverware, spectacles. Free Information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602.

OVERWEIGHT? DIABETIC? Looking for something different and exciting? This booklet is full of sugar free desserts, jams, cobblers, breads, fudge, sherbet, etc. Send \$1.49. Satisfaction guaranteed. Addie's Recipes, 2670-KK15 Jackson, Eugene, Oregon 97405.

DIABETIC? OVERWEIGHT? How about a real treat? "Specialty" sugar free cake collection — \$1.00; cookie collection — \$1.00; salads/desserts — \$1.00. All 3 send \$2.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Carol-KK Gonshorowski, 1544 Alder, Apt. 1, Eugene, Oregon 97401.

TIRED OF RHUBARB? Perk it up. Bake a rhubarb Jell-O cake. Or make squares, cookies, shortcake, jams, puddings. All for \$1.25. Addie's Recipes, 2670-KK 13 Jackson, Eugene, Oregon 97405.

HE'LL LOVE YOU!! Serve Authentic "Czechoslovakian Kolache" (filled rolls) or choose filled dumplings for that special meal . . . These are just 2 ideas you will find in my booklet of "Czechoslovakian recipes". Send \$1.49. Satisfaction guaranteed. Addie's Recipes, 2670KK 12 Jackson, Eugene, Oregon 97405.

ZUCCHINI OVERTAKING YOU? Unique Zucchini pineapple cake, bread, salads, main dishes, relishes, etc. You'll use all your Zucchini and be looking for more. All Zucchini recipes \$1.25. Addie's Recipes, 2670-KK 23 Jackson, Eugene, Ore. 97405

OVERWEIGHT? — I LOST 53 POUNDS, easy, (permanently!) — New method. Information free: — Helen, Box 5309K-30, Stamonia, California 90405.

APPLE RECIPES . . . No-stretch Apple Streudel, apple turnovers, dutch apple cake and 7 more. \$1.00 and stamp to Doris Prieto, Dept. KK10, Box 52C, Mohawk Star Rt., Springfield, Ore. 97477.

OUT OF PRINT Bookfinder, Vantreuren, 1950 Post, #108KK, San Francisco, Calif. 94115. Send Wants.

CHURCH WOMEN: Will print 150 page cook book for organizations for \$1.25 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

WOULD LIKE to buy Osage balls . . . Gladys Keim, Charter Oak, Iowa 51439.

LOVELY LINEN HANKIES. Lovers knot edge, white or variegated — 2 for \$2.50 and stamp. Free gift with orders of four. Mrs. Carl Denner, New Hampton, Ia. 50659

WANTED: Readings for bridal showers. Mrs. June Hackett, Box 341, Wakonda, S.D. 57073.

COOKWARE — CUTLERY — WOODENWARE . . . Send for free catalog, Rex London, 232K Whitlem Drive, Palo Alto, Calif. 94306.

RAGGEDY ANN-ANDY DOLLS: hand embroidered. Completely washable, 15-, 20-, 25-inch, choice colored dress-shirt. Germaine Nosbush, Route 1, New Ulm, Minn. 56073.

LEARN ABOUT REBATES for boxtops! 60¢ sample; \$5 — 12 issues. TREASURE CHEST, Box 1132KK8, New Brunswick, N. J. 08903.

"PUTTING FOOD BY". Instruction reference book: canning, freezing, drying, curing . . . much more!! 448 pages . . . \$4.95 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Glenn Smith Enterprises, Box 1513, Dept. 99, Akron, Ohio 44309.

FREE CB RADIO CATALOG, Pete's Radio Shack, 605 Jackson St., Chillicothe, Mo. 64601.

FREE GUIDED GROUP TOURS. Amish Farmlands. Cedarwood Restaurant, Jamesport, Mo. 64648.

COLLECTOR'S PLATES: Danish, Gorham, Hummel, Haviland, Imperial, Carnival, Others. Stamp for prices. Maude House, 8009 Freeman, Kansas City, Kans. 66112.

DIABETICS: no sugar, canning, pickling bread & butter and sweet pickles, etc. — \$2.00; cake, cookies, pie, etc. — \$3.00; large diabetic cookbook over 300 pages — \$5.95; other special diet cookbooks. Large list 25¢. Books, Box 296, Almena, Kans. 67622.

WRITE LOTS OF LETTERS? Use lovely "Variety" stationery, notes! Samples 10¢. The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Illinois 60304.

CROCHET DOILIES . . . \$2.50; art foam peacock for refrigerator — \$1.50; embroidered dish towels — 80¢. Mrs. Julius Bisek, 313 East Main, New Prague, Minn. 56091.

CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY KITS. 15 different sayings. Funny, serious, Bible quotes, or make up your own. Send stamp for free brochure. Miki Teige, Box 43(K), Mohawk Star Rt., Springfield, Ore. 97477.

CANNING FAVORITES — easy dill pickles, dilly piccalilli, easy sauerkraut and 7 more. \$1.00 and stamp to Doris Prieto, Dept. KK5, Box 52C, Mohawk Star Route, Springfield, Oregon 97477.

LOVE YOUR DOG?? Make your own dog biscuits in your kitchen. Mine are full of nutritious ingredients. Our dogs prefer 'em to the package kind. Two recipes, also the name of an herb to rid your dog of fleas. It's great! All for \$1.00 plus stamp. A.C., P.O. Box 727-K, Los Altos, Calif. 94022.

GIVE THANKS

Give thanks with full heart for all the many thankful things in our lives —

- things that make memories of yesterday.
- things that make life worth living today.
- things that make peace and love and hope each tomorrow.

NEED TABLES?
Chairs?
Trucks?

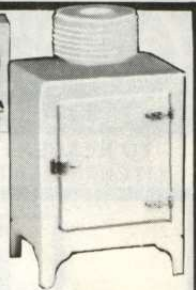
Send Today For
FREE Catalog

ORDER DIRECT
from



THE MONROE COMPANY
51 Church St., Colfax, Iowa 50054

Free Gift to Get You Started.



MAKE \$25 TO \$500 BY CHRISTMAS.

MAYBE MORE.

IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

This coupon mailed right now brings you this charming Old Style Refrigerator baking soda holder Free! When filled it helps keep your refrigerator odor free. A \$1.25 value. With it you get approval samples of America's most beautiful greeting cards, stationery and gift novelties. Plus Free Album of Name Imprinted Christmas Cards. Just show and take orders for the money you want.

CREATIVE CARD CO. Dept. 510B
4401 West Cermak Road/Chicago, Illinois 60623

CREATIVE CARD CO. Dept. 510B

4401 West Cermak Road/Chicago, Illinois 60623

RUSH FREE Old Style Refrigerator for promptness—FREE Personal Christmas Card Album, while supply lasts, and approval samples in big new Christmas 1975 money-making Idea Kit.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

50 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$1²⁵!

Biggest Towel Bargain in U.S.

UNWOVEN COTTON and RAYON—Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND NEW—NOT Seconds—50 Towels for \$1.25, or 100 for only \$2.35! Super Quality. Pls. include 25¢ extra for post. & hdlg. with EACH set of 50 Towels you buy. Make good money selling these Towels. We've sold 70,000,000 already and include sure-fire MONEY-MAKING Plans with your order. Money-Back Guarantee. No C.O.D.'s. Order NOW!

50 TOWEL CO., Dept. to 360, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo. 63101

OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



KIT: Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 16" tall \$11.70 P.P. Assembled. Undressed: with patterns for clothes 16" \$19.30

P.P. Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style, 16" \$25.80 P.P.

Catalogue 35¢

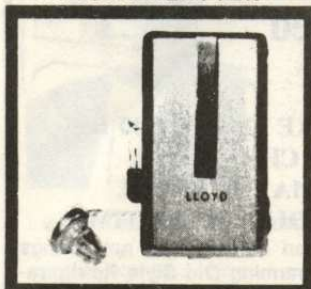
EVA MAE Doll Co., Box 331K San Pablo, Calif. 94806



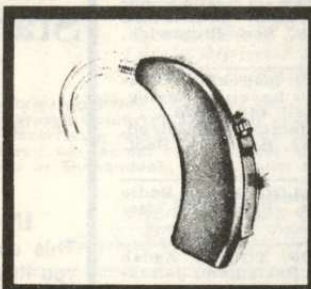
TO READERS OF
KITCHEN-KLATTER

HEARING AIDS

UP TO **50% OFF** COMPARABLE AIDS



BODY AIDS
Model 59B \$59.50



BEHIND-THE-EAR AIDS
Model 210-9 \$149.50



EYEGLOSS AIDS
Model 670 \$202.00



ALL-IN-THE-EAR AIDS
Model 160A \$159.50

FREE TO YOU!
1 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION
TO LLOYD'S
LISTENING POST



Here's your chance to get this very fine Senior Citizen's paper absolutely FREE. Published every third month, it's crammed full of interesting material, news, stories, articles and merchandise offers that appeal to older folks. You don't have to buy a Hearing Aid or anything else. Listening Post is yours for the asking. Just check coupon on this page.

LOW LOW PRICES ON HEARING AID BATTERIES

MERCURY BATTERIES

13	12 for \$4.00
41	12 for 4.00
312	12 for 4.00
401	6 for 4.00
575	12 for 4.00
625	12 for 6.00
630	12 for 6.00
675	12 for 4.80

SILVER OXIDE BATTERIES

MS-13	12 for \$4.50
MS-41	12 for 4.50
MS-312	12 for 4.50
MS-76	12 for 5.25

ORDER IN QUANTITIES
LISTED

- **HUGE SAVINGS** when you buy direct because you eliminate dealer markups and commissions.
- We will send you your aid for **20 DAYS FREE TRIAL**. Absolutely no deposit or obligation.
- **TIME PAYMENTS** can be arranged, if desired, after you are satisfied with the aid of your choice.
- We have one of the **LARGEST SELECTIONS** of fine quality aids to choose from.
- You get **ONE YEAR WARRANTY** on all hearing aids.
- Remember, we promise **NO SALESMAN** will ever call.

Our "TRUST THE CUSTOMER" plan has been a resounding success for over 10 years. We have sent thousands of Hearing Aids to customers in all 50 states, never asking for a deposit or down payment. Our files have thousands of letters from satisfied customers and friends. Want us to prove it? Just write us or send coupon on this page.

ALREADY, OVER 65,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

LLOYD Hearing Aid Corp. 128 KISH. ST., DEPT. KT ROCKFORD, ILL. 61104

Please send me FREE the following: (no obligation)

- ☐ FREE Literature and Low Prices on All Types of Hearing Aids
- ☐ 1 years FREE subscription to Lloyd's Listening Post (Senior Citizen's Paper)

**REMEMBER,
WE PROMISE
NO SALESMAN
WILL CALL.**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____

WE EVEN PAY THE POSTAGE

Fill in coupon. Then clip this postage-paid label. Just tape or paste label to the front of any envelope. No further postage or addressing is needed.

Postage
Will Be Paid
by
Addressee

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS PERMIT No. 1891, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

LLOYD Hearing Aid Corporation
128 Kishwaukee St.
P.O. Box 1645
Rockford, Ill. 61110

No
Postage Stamp
Necessary
If Mailed in the
United States

Dept. KT