

—Photo by Ruth Watkins



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Well, this is one particular Saturday morning that I need not give a single thought to wondering what plans Juliana and Jed have made for the day because I know full well what they are up to.

As I write this they are high, high in the sky enroute from Albuquerque to Woods Hole, Mass., and since I know their schedule the chances are that right now they are not too far distant from O'Hare Airport in Chicago where they change planes for the next lap into Boston. There is a two-hour lay-over in Boston and then they pick up a plane operated by Air New England and fly to Hyannis where someone will meet them and wind up the last 18 or 20 miles by car into Woods Hole.

I guess I'm really never quite at ease when I think of covering such vast distances in a short span of time, and surely this admission doesn't make me unique in my generation bracket. It still doesn't seem quite real to me that you can have breakfast in Albuquerque and supper in Massachusetts!

If I remember rightly, it is the fifth time James has made this trip, and the third time for Katharine. At James' age, five, I hadn't been more than twenty miles from home! And he has been on so many planes to so many places that he discusses various airports with all the seasoned know-how of an old and widely experienced traveler. It's no wonder that his generation will take for granted any and all things that will always seem somewhat outlandish to my generation.

Although I have never been in Woods Hole, home base for the Lowey family, I've traveled the New England coastal highway that runs along the Atlantic Ocean, and it's hard to imagine a greater contrast than there is between this area and the area around Albuquerque, New Mexico. In years to come it will be interesting to hear James and Katharine talk about lighthouses and foghorns and fishing boats in contrast

to picnics high in the mountains, expeditions to Indian pueblos, and trips to the mesas to gather unusual rocks.

Recently Eula and I spent a weekend at the farm with Dorothy and Frank, and once again I concluded that it was like stepping into a Currier and Ives print. If there is a working farm anywhere in Iowa more tranquil and "remote feeling" I cannot imagine where you would go to find it. And I might add that everyone who has been there shares this impression. It simply seems like another world.

It impresses me that Frank has such a vast storehouse of information about a million and one different things. And to give you an example of what I mean I'll say that one morning I got up about 5:30 and went out on that wonderful big screened-in porch to have my coffee.

There wasn't a cloud in the sky and no forecast of rain (glorious news at this point after far, far too much rain), but when Frank came out with his coffee he said: "We're going to have rain this morning."

I asked him how in the world he knew this since there wasn't a cloud in the sky, etc., and he replied: "I could tell by the train whistles this morning. When they sound like that we're going to get rain."

Now they are approximately three-fourths of a mile from the main line of the Burlington and he has paid so much attention to the sound of the whistles that he can tell (within reason) what is going to happen. Well, by 9:00 A.M. we had close to two inches of rain, so do you wonder that his forecast made an impression on me?

Incidentally, although we're virtually without passenger train service today, everything considered, there is certainly a tremendous number of big freight trains traveling across the country. I'd no idea they ran so constantly and frequently. And each time I heard one I hoped (probably in vain) that it was carrying empty cars to be put off at sidings where they are so desperately

needed to transport stored crops.

One more thing about Frank's knowledge of his home place. They have an untold number of birds — at sunrise and sundown you'd think you were listening to a powerful stereo recording of bird songs! I hadn't heard a whippoorwill for years, and when I mentioned this Frank said: "In about three or four minutes you'll hear them."

And sure enough, four minutes later their songs began and continued for quite a spell. It seems that Frank had them timed by the quality of light in the sky.

Perhaps one reason I was particularly struck by the natural world surrounding us was because I'd seen on TV a short time earlier some bloodcurdling pictures of traffic in New Jersey, California, the Chicago area and Manhattan proper. I looked at these shots absolutely horrified by the unbelievable congestion, dense smog and ear-splitting noise. Probably the people in those cars and trucks would be scared to death by the total lack of racket on Dorothy's and Frank's farm.

(I've never seen a village so tiny and beat-up that I wouldn't live in it happily compared to any of our big cities today.)

Unless some last minute snag develops, heaven forbid, we should be able to announce in next month's magazine that our cookbook is at last ready to be mailed. If it seems to you that we've been a long time getting it done I can only say that it seems like a long time to us too!

One of our terribly big problems has been such cramped quarters in which to get all of the pages stored until they could be assembled and put between covers. I remember when we first moved into that building around 12 or 13 years ago (I don't want to stop and look up the exact date) it looked so big and "rattling empty" that I wondered what in the world we'd ever do with so much space!

Well, it's been a long, long time since we've had to give any thought to *that* problem! Every inch of it is crammed to the gunwales and beyond. With building costs the way they are today it's no time to think of building on, so we've just had to juggle and scramble as best we could. That's the big reason we couldn't get the cookbook done at an earlier date. We can only hope that once you have it you'll think it was worth the wait.

Mother had a happy ten days at the farm with Dorothy and Frank shortly before Eula and I were there, but aside from this we've both been very much at home with only occasional short evening rides to take us out of our air-conditioned comfort. All of us lived

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## FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Do you sometimes sit and think of all the letters you should write and then utter a long sigh? Well, I just sighed long and hard! In the month of August I must write a minimum of 154 personal letters. Of course there will be more than that, but personal birthday letters alone add up to 154. When you consider that I shall be traveling throughout all the month of August, you can get some idea of what my letter-writing schedule is going to be. To say the least, it is going to be arduous.

A few hours from now we shall be departing for our exciting yacht trip. Some good friends are going with us, and for the next twelve days we'll all be enjoying a floating house party. We shall be the paying guests aboard the beautiful New Shoreham, the same boat Betty and I were on last summer when we got caught in the hurricane. This time we will go down Long Island Sound to New York City, then up the Hudson River to Albany, and from there through the Erie Canal to Lake Ontario. After sailing down the lake, we shall go through the famous St. Lawrence Seaway to Montreal, and from there to Quebec and then on to the Saguenay River. The majestic Saguenay is said to be the nearest thing to a Norwegian fjord on the North American continent. Our last day will be spent on a chartered bus bringing us back from Canada to Springfield. I will tell you all about it next month.

I had a delightful surprise several weeks ago when a handsome couple from Hartwick, Iowa, visited our church. They introduced themselves to me as readers of the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine, a Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Benda. Mr. Benda is President of the Hartwick State Bank. I did not have much of an opportunity to visit with them, but I did learn that they were visiting relatives in Northampton, Massachusetts, a town about twenty miles from Springfield. I wish that more of our Kitchen-Klatter friends would pay us a visit. It always is good to meet someone from the Middlewest.

We have been taking several short trips this summer. Two weeks ago we took twelve other persons with us and went down to the Mystic Seaport Museum. The entire town is a museum! It is located right on the salt water down on the Connecticut shore, only two hours from here. We drove our little air-conditioned church bus, and the fourteen of us traveled in comfort. We got there in time to have lunch in a beautiful restaurant owned by the museum, and of course all of us had seafood. I had



Mystic Seaport Museum would be interesting to see if you are traveling east.

the most delicious chowder for a first course, and I topped that off with a boiled lobster. Lobsters are not quite as expensive as they were last year, and I don't think there is any better food in the world. Oh how we do miss the big lobsters we used to get in Nova Scotia. The many church people who used to visit us when we summered in Nova Scotia still talk about our Saturday night lobster dinners. I don't think I have had a two-and-a-half-pound lobster since I was last in Nova Scotia. That is where we get the big ones.

Incidentally, if you are coming east this summer or fall, be sure to visit the Mystic Seaport Museum. Two years ago when my brother Howard and his wife Mae were here for Christmas, we took them down to Mystic, and they loved it even though the weather was cold and raw. It truly is a fascinating place built to the memory of the famous whaling ships.

Another short trip we made this month was to the Catskill Game Farm. If you lived out here in New England, you would know all about the famous Catskill Game Farm. It is like a large African park filled with wild, African animals of all kinds. The man who owns the farm is a German recognized to be one of the world's authorities on wild animals. He came to the United States some years ago and started his collection of live animals. I wish that you could see it. It truly is an unreal place, and I think that it has the world's largest collection of wild animals. It is a place well worth visiting. I was particularly interested in seeing the African lions. You will remember that I spent four years in Africa, and while there I had some lion experiences. Those big cats always fascinate me. In the old days when I was younger, I shot

big game, but no more. The only thing I will use for hunting animals is a camera.

My associate minister is at his summer cottage in Maine this month, and I miss him. Prior to his spending five weeks in Maine on a beautiful lake just a short distance from the ocean, he spent three weeks in Europe as is his custom. After conducting a tour for a large group of our church people, he needs a good long rest. I envy him up there in cool, cool Maine, and this year even more than last, I do miss our lovely vacations in the north country. Betty keeps suggesting that we buy a little house up in Maine that we can use now for a vacation spot, and then a few years from now use as a place to retire. But I have other ideas. When we buy a house, I want it to be in Rhode Island where it doesn't begin to get nearly as cold as it does in the state of Maine.

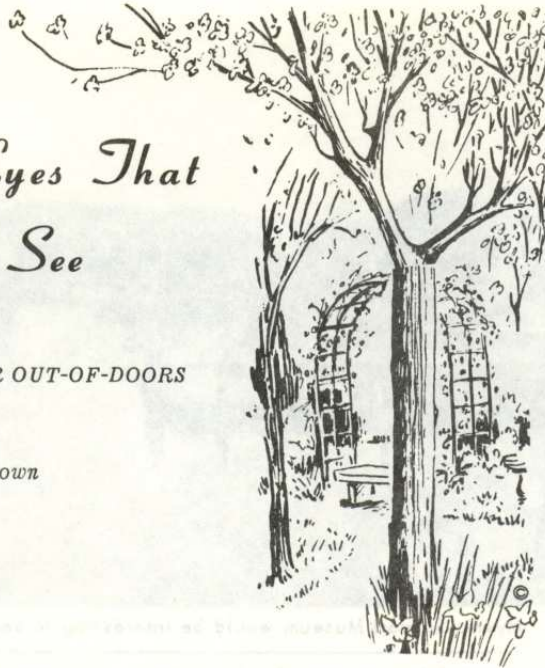
If any of you have been building a new house lately, you know how much it costs. It is unbelievable!! Our church has been considering the possibility of buying a new home for our associate minister, but the more we see of the newer houses, the more we rather like the one we have now. In this general area of New England a four-room house with one bathroom and no basement costs in the neighborhood of \$20,000. Isn't that a ridiculous amount for so little? A house of the kind we would have to have as a second parsonage would cost an amount far more than we feel the church can afford to pay. The house we have as a second parsonage now is a big one located just a few doors from where I live, and it has twelve rooms and three bathrooms. The only reason we are giving any thought

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# Open Mine Eyes That I May See

A WORSHIP SERVICE FOR OUT-OF-DOORS

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



**Setting:** This service is intended as a joyful celebration in song and words of praise and joy, lifting the spirit to God from Nature's own setting; perhaps in the secluded corner of a park or in a shady spot on someone's spacious lawn.

Why not consider an outdoor breakfast for the August meeting of your church women's group, then group the women informally in a circle on rugs, blankets, or lawn chairs for the worship service to follow?

If you decide on evening vespers, then group everyone around a campfire or a grouping of large candles in the squatty glass containers such as are often used on the patio.

If possible have someone alerted to accompany the singing on a guitar or autoharp.

**Call to Worship:** (All) *The Lord is in His holy temple, Let all the earth keep silence before Him.*

**Leader:** We magnify Thee, O Lord, we bless the excellency of Thy name in the great works of Thy hands, the manifold evidences we see in earth and sky and sea, the course of the stars and light of the sun and moon, the song of the birds, the hues of the flowers, the perfection of even those we call weeds, the infinite design of everything that hath breath and, upholding all by Thy great wisdom, truly it is cause for wonder and praise; but most wonderful is Thy sure promise of eternal life when Thou in Thy great power will reign world without end. We praise Thee, we thank Thee, we worship Thee, O God, for the evidences all about us of Thy love and Thy care for every living thing. Glory be to God. Alleluia, praise Thy name!

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

**Scriptures:** (Here divided for three readers who read from where they are in the audience — or all may be read by one person.)

**Reader 1:** *O come, let us sing to the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation!*

*Let us come into His presence with thanksgiving; let us make a joyful noise to Him with songs of praise!*

*For the Lord is a great God, and a great king above all gods. (Psalms 95)*

**Reader 2:** *O Lord, my God, Thou art very great! Thou art clothed with honor and majesty . . . who hath stretched out the heavens like a tent.*

*Who hath laid the beams of Thy chambers on the waters, who makest the clouds Thy chariot, who ridest the winds of the wind, who makest the winds Thy messengers, fire and flame Thy ministers.*

*Thou didst set the earth on its foundations . . . the mountains rose, the valleys sank down to the place Thou didst appoint for them . . .*

*Thou makest the springs gush forth in the valleys, they flow between the hills, they give drink to every beast of the field . . . by them the birds of the air have their habitation; they sing among the branches.*

*O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! (Excerpts from Psalms 104.)*

**Reader 3:** *Thou dost cause the grass to grow for the cattle, and plants for man to cultivate, that he may bring forth food from the earth . . .*

*Thou hast made the moon to mark the seasons; and the sun knows its time for setting . . .*

*May the glory of the Lord endure forever, may the Lord rejoice in His works, who looks on the earth and it trembles, who touches the mountains and they smoke!*

*I will sing to the Lord as long as I live. I will sing praise to my God while I have being.*

*O give thanks to the Lord, call on His name, make known His deeds among the peoples! Sing to Him, sing praise to Him, tell of His wonderful works! . . .*

*He is the Lord our God. (From Psalms 104 and 105.)*

**Hymn:** "How Great Thou Art", at least the first two verses.

**Leader:** For these few moments together here in God's outdoor sanctuary, let us think and talk a bit about finding beauty in the commonplace, taking joy as it comes. Such is the nature of humans that we do not all see beauty and joy in the same things or in just the same way. To find beauty and joy in the ordinary surroundings of our daily life we must be in tune spiritually, be consciously aware, be alert to look for it right where we are, whatever we are doing.

We have heard the psalmist express his joy and awareness of the manifold work of our Creator. How would you express it? Where do you find beauty? In what do you know or express joy?

One person looks at an onion and sees only an ordinary, slightly smelly garden vegetable, while another sees it as something unusual — its very make-up of layer upon layer inside its crisp tissue wrapping another example of the variety of Nature, the creativeness of God. A dandelion may be a pesky weed, or a true work of art as you see it as the "tufting buttons" on the green lawn upholstery — later waving fairy bridal veils atop every stem, ere the wind blows the seed puffs away.

One housewife might see waxing the kitchen floor as drudgery, while her sister rejoices over the sparkling, shining floor which rewards her efforts. Some of us seem always to see the mud, while others so often have eyes lifted to the stars.

Today I'd like each of us to be quiet for a moment, look about, and then tell the group what you think is the most beautiful thing out-of-doors.

(The leader will have a helper ready with a portable chalk board or newsprint fastened to an easel. As the leader invites the group to share their ideas, the helper writes them down under the heading: "The most beautiful thing is:".)

The list may read something like this:

The way the sun shines in shades of gold upon the waters of the lake in the early morning hours.

The moon as it rises above the trees in our old orchard.

The mother robin chirping a lullaby to  
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# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM



Dorothy took this picture of Mother with the members of the Birthday Club following their luncheon.

Dear Friends:

One of the nicest things that has happened to us so far this summer has been a visit from Mother. Last winter after she had had the flu, which left her weak and pepless for so many weeks, she told me she doubted if she would be able to come to our house again because she thought the long drive would be too much for her. Thank goodness, when the weather got nice and she could get out onto the front porch and out into her yard again, she grew stronger and felt more like her old self. When I was in Shenandoah in April to address the magazine she told me she planned to go home with me when I came again in May, and she did. Frank was so pleased when I called to tell him when to expect us that he had rigged up a red carpet to wheel her in on. Mother got a kick out of this.

We had a heavy rain the first two days she was here, three-and-a-half inches in all, and for the first time she got to see what it was like when we had a lake in front of the house and water over the road so we couldn't get out. The weather was beautiful the rest of her stay, so she enjoyed sitting on the front porch and eating some of our meals on the picnic table.

One afternoon we asked my neighbor Louise Querrey to go with us to see how high the water was in the Red Rock Dam on the Des Moines River. This was the first time I had seen it when it was completely filled. After we had crossed the lake on the mile-long bridge on Highway 14, we turned east and drove along the lake shore for eleven miles to the dam. We found the road which took us to the bottom of the dam and the river. It just happened that the day we were there was the first time they had ever had all five gates opened at the top, and it was quite a sight.

There were a lot of fishermen along the river bank, but the ones I was interested in watching were two boys fishing with bows and arrows for big carp. They had a string attached to the arrows, and when they caught a fish they pulled it in. While we stood there and watched I saw several big fish swim by, and as fast as they were going it seems to me one would certainly have to have very quick reflexes to be able to catch one that way.

The Birthday Club I belong to wanted

to do something special while Mother was there, so they had a luncheon for her at the home of Mrs. Roy Allen, with several of the members helping with the food. Instead of having place cards at the table, Lettie had cut some old cards in two, putting one half at each plate and the rest of the pieces on a tray which she passed around, and we each took one. When we had found the mate to our card, we picked up our card, we picked up our plate and went to the kitchen where the food was served buffet style. We spent the afternoon playing bingo and Mother had a good time. Since she knows my friends and has met with us several times, she enjoyed this chance to see them again.

Howard and Mae had said they might drive up for the day and take Mother home, so we were really happy when they called to say they had decided to come on Saturday and stay all night. We had never been able to get Howard to do this before because he has too much to do at home to be gone so long. I didn't realize until they told me that the only time they had been in Chariton was when they came to Kristin's wedding, and the only thing they saw then was the church. They have always just come directly to the farm, and hadn't even been in Lucas. This trip there was time to take a long drive around both towns, and out to see our beautiful Red Haw State Park. They didn't realize we had so many pretty lakes in our area.

They spent some time walking around the farm with Frank, keeping their eyes open for pretty rocks to take home to their granddaughter Lisa. She has a tumbling machine for polishing rocks and we were happy to learn this, because now Frank will be on the alert for unusual rocks to save for her.

I have been to several luncheons recently and I want to mention a couple of them briefly. One was a tasting luncheon, the first one of this type I had ever attended. There was a book at each place containing all the rec-

ipes of the foods we were to taste. Hostesses served us from a buffet table. We went to a different table for the desserts. The booklets were similar to the ones my friend Angie and I used as place cards at our Holiday Inn luncheon last winter, but ours had only four recipes, while these had nineteen. Yes, we sampled every one of them, and they were all delicious. This was a money-making project put on by the ladies of the Latter Day Saints Church.

The speaker for the program was Charlotte Gould, English Professor at Graceland College in Lamoni, Iowa. The theme of her talk was how we are bridging the gap between cultures through the English language. She spent a year in Japan teaching English, and she says everyone wants to learn to speak English from the youngest to the oldest. She spoke of her experiences and of the home life of the Japanese. It was a worthwhile program and most interesting.

The other luncheon was in Des Moines at the home of Helen Manley. Helen formerly lived in Lucas and knows all our Birthday Club members well. She had been wanting us to come to her house for a long, long time, so when she was visiting in Lucas recently we told her to set a date and we would be there. Her daughter assisted her in serving a delicious lunch.

Although she is retired now, for years Helen was the cook at Hillis School in Des Moines, and then was supervisor of the cooking for two schools. It is hard for me to visualize the planning and preparing of food enough to serve 950 meals daily. I was fascinated with the things she told me.

Kristin and her family are all safely located now in their home in Livingston, Montana, and seem to like it. The day after they arrived they found a house to buy and have been busy getting settled. Andy came down with chicken pox while they were enroute, so they stopped in Lander, Wyoming, to take him to a doctor. He wasn't very sick, but was quite uncomfortable with the itching. The doctor gave him something to relieve this and he got along just fine. A week later Aaron came down with it and had it a lot harder than Andy did. I just supposed Aaron would have a lighter case since he is younger, but I was wrong.

Kristin says she has very nice neighbors. One elderly woman brought her over a big batch of rhubarb right away. She told Kristin she has lived in the same house next door for fifty-three years. Aaron has found a little friend to play with down the street a couple of houses, and they seem to hit it off just fine.

Livingston is close to the northern  
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## TURNING BACK THE HANDS OF TIME

by  
Mrs. Chris Boos, Jr.

"Hack's comin'!" Magic words to a small group of eager, barefoot youngsters in a small Missouri town, year 1919. When allowed to join in their games and antics, I was the youngest, age five years, freckle-faced, with long, blond braids. This hack was not a taxi, but a discarded, horse-drawn hearse, converted into a vehicle to carry passengers and mail from our town to the railroad station and vice versa, a distance of about one mile.

In those days, the railroad trains were our main source of transportation, with two main lines available. Pulled by two bony old nags, the hack made five round trips each day, fare ten cents each way. Attached to the back were two iron steps and a railing which served as a hand grip for passengers. Securely attached to each front corner was a brass lantern, filled each day with fuel and used on the late evening trip.

Jogging along at a slow pace, the horses clip-clopped, clip-clopped as they drew near, making our hearts pound with excitement! Elderly Mr. Collett, driver and sole owner of that decrepit old vehicle, always had a wave and friendly smile for us as he passed by. Allowing just the length of the hack to move by us, we would make a mad dash and scramble to hitch a ride on the steps, or literally hang on, dragging our bare toes in the deep, warm dust of the road. We were cocksure, as youngsters are prone to be, that he would never, never see us!

At the beginning of our little adventure, our rides were short, wary as we were of ever-watchful mothers. But with each successive ride our timidity subsided, until one day, with eager curiosity growing to explore the unknown, we cautiously ventured into the cool, dark interior of the hack. Much to our surprise and joy we were the only occupants.

Holding tight to one another, with an occasional nervous giggle, we began to explore the inside. Wide board seats were built on each side and at one end, with heavy, dark curtains covering each window, possibly the original ones. Gingerly testing out the dusty seats, our excited whispers grew louder as we bounced along, all else completely forgotten. Suddenly the hack came to an abrupt halt and we could hear men's voices talking to Mr. Collett. Almost simultaneously we heard a low rumbling and hissing sound. Raising a corner of one heavy curtain high enough to see out without being seen, we gasped in unison, and for a moment

were speechless!

The noise we heard was a train, slowly pulling into the railroad station, and now coming to a complete halt, and unloading mail and passengers. Should the passengers decide to use the hack, we knew we had better scoot out of there quickly. Sneaking out, one at a time, we were startled to hear a soft chuckle and a question, "Going somewhere, kids?" Mr. Collett, standing beside the hack, was calmly watching us furtively depart.

Feeling like the guilty little culprits we were, we stood before him, filled with apprehension, fearing punishment. His shaggy, iron-gray hair, handlebar mustache, and stern, erect posture made him appear somewhat formidable until we looked into that weather-beaten face and saw the merry twinkle in his faded blue eyes. We knew then we had nothing to fear. With a gentle reprimand and a playful swat on our rears, we were put back into the hack with the few passengers for the ride home. Subdued, and with a sudden eagerness for the safety of our own homes and protective mothers, we felt the ride home to be endless.

I myself had learned my lesson well. For the remainder of that long, hot summer, I was content to stay in my own yard and watch the older children. But how surprised and happy I was when one day Mr. Collett pulled the old hack over to our front gate and kindly invited me to sit up on the high seat with him for a round trip to the station! So excited I could barely restrain myself, I ran to the house for permission from my mother. Cautioning me to behave, she hoisted me up, laughing at my excitement.

Bouncing up and down on the tattered and worn old cushion while waving at my envious little friends, I transformed the bony old horses in imagination, into beautiful white chargers with harness ornately decorated in real gold and silver, and the rickety old hack into a magnificent royal coach! The conversation, if any, must have been rather one-sided, since I was never a talkative child, and the trip was over before I had barely returned to reality. But there were to be many more such trips, and as my tongue loosened up, there began a warm and lasting friendship.

I would wander over to the old livery stable where the horses were kept and watch Mr. Collett patiently brush and currycomb them until their coats were shiny. Then on would go the harness for their long day's work. Attached to the livery stable was a small black-

smith shop. I could become spellbound watching the smithy trim and shape the hoof, then plunge a measured piece of metal into a roaring forge. When at the exact resiliency, he would remove the hot metal to the anvil with heavy tongs, and, amid a shower of red-hot sparks, beat it into the shape of a horseshoe. With eyes closed tight I would flinch with each tap of the hammer on the nail fastening the shoe securely to the hoof, being admonished by the smithy not to get behind the horse. What a relief to me when all the shoes were on and the horse was led outside, none the worse for the terrible ordeal I was sure he had just been through!

Warm summer days went flying by, and soon the cold biting winds of winter forced Mr. Collett to don a heavy wool sheep-lined coat and fur-like cap. I remember asking Mother if she had a pair of warm mittens for poor Mr. Collett. Her only answer was, "We will see." In a short time a large pair of bright red knitted wool mittens was wrapped in pretty paper and tied with a bright-colored ribbon. I shall always remember how grateful my dear old friend was when I presented him with my little gift. Confined to the house on cold winter days, with my nose pressed against the frosty windowpane, I returned his red-mittened wave with every passing.

Not until I became a teen-ager did I again venture inside the hack. Lacking transportation, or, in the vernacular of today, "wheels", it became a meeting place for the young bitten with that ageless bug, "puppy love". If lucky enough to have fare one way, we would walk the mile back to town, proving once again young love will find a way.

We were to see the horses replaced many times before the demise of the hack, but we all knew Mr. Collett could never be replaced in our hearts. When he became so feeble he could no longer climb up to the high seat, the old hack was replaced by the Model-T Ford. That car was plagued with flat tires, broken parts and a driver who was seldom on time to meet the trains. Within one week it had hit and killed my beloved dog and two of Mother's prized hens. We had reason enough to be glad when fare-paying passengers dwindled, due to the growing popularity of private automobiles and curtailed train service, until it was no longer profitable to keep that wreck on the road.

Often, these days, I have a nostalgic yearning to turn back time to those happy, carefree years of the hack and Mr. Collett, forgetting the worry and burdens of the present, if only for a few short moments. That not being possible, I have my memories and shall be content.

## MARGERY AND OLIVER FIND SHORT TRIPS INTERESTING

Dear Friends:

The air conditioners were turned on early this morning, as it looks like we're in for a real "scorcher" today. Back in what the children refer to as "the olden days", I would have been up at the crack of dawn out of necessity to get all the housework done before the heat of the day. But now, although I still get up early this time of the year, I sit on the back porch with my coffee to enjoy that loveliest time of day. THEN I come inside, turn on the air conditioner and light into the housework.

I try to keep housework down to a minimum during these late summer months. Dusting goes faster when there are fewer knickknacks around; serving plates from the stove cuts dish-washing time. And that is just for starts!

Oliver and I enjoy sitting on the screened-in backporch in the evenings, he with a book and me with some embroidery. We sit out until it gets too dark to see, and then come in.

Right now I'm embroidering some cloths for the large-size card tables. I made two last winter for myself, and now am making one for Lucile. It is in cross-stitch and I'm doing it in a lovely shade of turquoise.

Since we have delayed any long vacation until Oliver can throw his crutches away, we've been taking some little weekend jaunts. We don't always know where we'll end up when we start out, which adds to the fun. Recently, for instance, I packed a suitcase, picked up Oliver at the office, and when he got in the car he asked, "Well, where shall we go?" I suggested that we might drive north on Interstate 29 to Sioux City and then decide from that point. We noticed that the Interstate turned west to Vermillion, South Dakota, so that is where we spent the night. We'd never driven around that town, although we had passed through it, so we took time to familiarize ourselves with it, driving around the university and up and down all the streets.

From there we drove south to Yankton, Gavin's Point Dam, around Lewis and Clark Lake, and then on to Norfolk, Nebraska, and home. It was a delightful drive.

This past weekend friends invited us to go with them for a day's jaunt. They had heard about a project near Nebraska City, called "Buffalo City", which they wanted to see. A gentleman has been in the process of constructing a western town, bringing in old buildings and furnishing them with items of long ago. I believe he's been working on it for only a few years. Oliver couldn't do



These two stores are examples of the old buildings that have been moved into "Buffalo City" to reconstruct a little western town a few miles south of Nebraska City, Nebraska.

much walking with crutches, so he sat on a bench on the porch of the old hotel and "watched the people go by" while the rest of us looked around. Meals were being served inside the hotel, so we had our Sunday dinner there — an excellent meal, by the way.

Our next stop was Brownville, Nebraska, a fascinating old town on the Missouri River which is being restored by the Brownville Historical Society. They have a number of special events during the year, and on this particular weekend they were holding a Crafts Fair. We went from building to building to see demonstrations in Tole Painting, Spinning, Weaving, Soap Making, Glass Blowing, Woodcarving, Quilting, Candle Making, and many other crafts. We had thrown some light folding chairs into the trunk of the car, so while Virginia and I covered the craft displays, our husbands sat under a shady tree and again became "people watchers"!

I mentioned last month that we were expecting more company, and now they have come and gone. The young man had just graduated from seminary in Ohio, and has accepted a call to a church in Cresco, Iowa. They stopped for a few days before leaving for their new home. Since Bruce and Cheryl are former residents of Shenandoah, we invited friends in the evenings they were here and also enjoyed a picnic in one of our city parks.

Our son Martin calls frequently, full of enthusiasm for his work at the Iowa Methodist Hospital in Des Moines. There are ten resident chaplains under this program, most only for the summer, but Martin plans to be there for 15 months. Six fellows have now moved from the YMCA building to an apartment near the Drake University campus,

so Martin drove home recently to pick up some dishes, silver, pots and pans, etc. They eat their meals at the hospital, but there are occasions when they want to fix something for themselves.

One of Martin's long-time friends is interning in a hospital in Des Moines, so they see each other frequently. Bruce's wife is a nurse, and Martin runs into her frequently as he makes his calls on little patients in the children's hospital.

We are always grateful for the hemerocallis this time of year when other flowers have given up their blooms. The lawn starts to look a bit bedraggled, too, so the hems brighten up the outside with their brilliant yellows, golds and rusts. The geraniums in planters on the porch are doing well too and add color. I also have a few in jars on the back porch.

When I was talking about the time we spend in the evenings on that back porch, I forgot to mention that we have just put a rug down. Oliver had a rather smallish dark green rug in the living room of his apartment in Council Bluffs. After he was transferred back to this local office and the apartment was cleared out, that green rug found a home on our back porch. It was just the right size and, being nylon, I believe it will hold up well for a few years. It is not a regular outdoor carpet so I do run out and roll it up when we have a shower, although it might not hurt it at all.

Now I must get busy in the kitchen. Two recipes are tempting me today, and if I "get with it", I can have them finished in time for our evening meal.

Sincerely,

*Margery*

## MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

I sit here this morning refreshed and eager to tear into the mountain of household jobs awaiting me this morning. Isn't it marvelous how a vacation totally away from one's hearth can renew a woman's zest toward otherwise mundane tasks!

Our family returned just yesterday from a wonderful vacation through the New England states, which took us 14 days and 3,500 miles. We were fortunate to have my mother agree to join us and the car was large enough to hold the six of us comfortably. One of the side benefits of an older car is its ample luggage space and wide seats. We were also fortunate to have taken our trip ahead of the crush of vacationers and the uncomfortable squeeze of people wherever one goes. We had almost no crowds except for a few places. We hit no gasoline shortage until we were returning through Ohio, so all in all we can count our vacation a complete success.

I was filled with gloomy trepidation when we left one morning early, because the car treated us to the pangs of a series of vapor locks in the motor. It was a wretchedly hot day and we were running the air conditioner and subjecting the motor to total call for power. One can't really expect an eleven-year-old car to perform as perfectly as a new car, but I was a bit uneasy as we streaked along the Illinois Tollroad with consistent interruptions in the power system. Now a calm, cool person can tolerate a loss of power on a quiet country road, but, believe me, it is fracturing to the nervous system to have this occur on a super-swift highway in four lanes of traffic.

I want to tell you that we had phenomenally good luck as we limped into a service station just off the Hinsdale exit, where the car died cold. This was just 90 miles from Delafield and I was ready to weep. The fuel pump had a visible to the naked eye (I know because I was right under the hood with Don and the service man) hole in it, and no fuel was reaching the engine. Vapor lock, indeed! Now any woman in this day of driving alone knows that to find a replacement part for an eleven-year-old car is a matter of weeks of waiting. The service man went to the phone to speak to some parts store where they have supplies of replacement parts for automobiles because he didn't have a fuel pump which would fit our car.

We sat in this hot, uninviting gas station for an interminable length of time, while we listened to the cheerful singing of ten million cicadas. I mean it honestly. Hinsdale and the surround-



Katharine, Donald and Mary Beth's oldest, has been working in a bank this summer. She felt fortunate to get the time off to take this trip east with the family.

ing suburbs were enjoying their second week of six weeks' expected infestation of the 17-year locusts. I have never heard anything to compare to this terrible drone. It reminded me of someone's pulling a violin bow across the strings of a violin on one note only. There was no break in the pitch, no split-second rest while they took a breath and began again. It was a constant roar which increased in intensity as we walked toward the trees. It was audible from the Tollroad if the windows of the car were lowered. I couldn't help but wonder if this were not in part a result of the unbalancing of the cycle which nature provides, because for years those western cities around Chicago were convinced they could save their elm trees with a systematic spraying by airplanes of some toxic spray which also totally destroyed their bird population. I remember as a little girl visiting my aunt and uncle in LaGrange, Illinois, and marveling at their birds, but since Don and I have been married and have gone there to visit at least once a year, the birds have vanished. Now there is nothing to prey upon this infestation of insects. And the elm trees are all dead, too.

Well, the silver lining to this chapter of our vacation saga is that the service parts store in Hinsdale had the eleven-year-old fuel pump replacement which we so desperately needed, and within three hours total time we were on our way again. And as though the car was trying to restore itself to our former state of confidence, there were numerous occasions during the balance of the trip where a garage attendant or a restaurant parking attendant would *voluntarily* comment upon the sweet sounds of that good motor. The new ones didn't sound like that, they would offer! So we went out to the East Coast and

drove back through mountain roads, in terrible rainstorms occasionally, and that sweet old car performed like a seasoned veteran, and didn't give us one additional second's trouble.

There were so many marvelous places we saw that I cannot begin to tell you about each of them. Just let me suggest that you owe it to yourselves, and especially your children (not under 12 years), to see those places along the East Coast which figure so heavily in our heritage. It sounds a little emotional to say, but it is impossible to be in Independence Hall in Philadelphia or dig about in Plymouth, Massachusetts, or walk through Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge without finally knowing this wasn't just written history; this was real life history. I got the feeling of personal sacrifice of these valiant people. I know when Paul takes American History next year he will understand the heartbreak of the 7,800 lives lost at Gettysburg, because he has seen the ridges up which they advanced and there died. There is an electric map at the main building in Gettysburg where the battle was fought for so many days, and it is so clear when we could see it acted out with little moving lights. Don said as we left, "Now I finally understand it!" And he has read considerable history because he loves it as much as his father did before him. Just think how much it will be eased for Adrienne and Paul now. When I have more time next month I want to tell you about Plimouth (the old English spelling) Plantation in Plymouth, Mass., because it was undoubtedly the high point of our trip. I suspect I shall lose a girl to the East because Adrienne was so taken with the story there that she tells me she is going back.

Upon our return we discovered that nature had been on the rampage in our area. Fortunately our little town is of so little import nationwide that we didn't warrant news coverage, but we had been visited by a tornado. It had whipped down our street, skipped our house, but had torn out and dropped upon houses and 100-year-old trees, which were devastated. Had we heard about it via newspaper or television we would have been worried, but we knew nothing until we returned. One man was killed on the lake next to us, and our next-door neighbor was out in his big motor boat when he saw the funnel cloud dip down into the lake and suck up tons of water. Fortunately he and it were going in opposite directions, but he is almost beyond adjectives to describe the sight and the experience. How grateful I am that I missed this exercise of nature!

I'll write more next month,  
Mary Beth



## Cool-As-a-Cucumber Party

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

### INVITATIONS

Cut the covers for the invitations in cucumber shape from medium green construction paper. Then, using black ink, sketch in the stem and markings. Or cut the cucumber shape from white paper and paste the colored picture of a cucumber (cut from seed catalogues or magazines) to the front cover. The invitation on the inside might read: Keep your cool and beat the heat by coming to a Cool-as-a-Cucumber Party at my home on (date) at (time). (Signed)

### DECORATIONS

Make a huge cardboard thermometer to hang in a prominent place. Have the thermometer marked to register several degrees below zero. For more of the "cool" look, use crepe paper streamers or fringe of a lettuce green color with white and place them in such a manner that an electric fan can be turned to make them sway in the breeze. Perhaps you have some foil icicles among your Christmas decorations which you can hang up to add to that illusion of coolness.

There's something about flowers floating in water that suggest that idea, too, and they make lovely table decorations. I like to use tuberous begonia blossoms floated on the leaves of my fragrant rose geranium for this. Use your prettiest, large shallow bowls to hold these floating gardens.

If you can borrow one of the table-size miniature water fountains, it will add another refreshing look to your party. Or you might place one of the portable lawn-type fountains near your porch or patio for the party.

Have ready and waiting a frosty bowl of green punch so that you can serve each guest a cup of punch as she arrives. Encircle the punch bowl with greenery and float ice cubes, made by freezing lime sherbet in the ice cube trays, in the punch.

### ENTERTAINMENT

**Iceicle:** Pin six paper icicles (thin strips of various colors of paper) on each guest, with the instructions that the word "I" is not to be used in conversation for the first half hour of the party. If a person uses the word "I" she must give up one of her ribbons to the person who caught her mistake. At

the end of the period, the person who has collected the most ribbons wins. Also give a prize to anyone who has kept her six original ribbons.

**Customs Inspection:** Have ready beforehand several paper bags in each of which you have placed a different object. Staple the bags shut after folding over the top. Number each bag. The guests are seated in a circle and given pencils and paper. The bags are then passed around the circle. Each guest makes a list of her guesses as to the contents. Award a prize to the one who is the best "inspector", having the most designated correctly.

**Ice Cube Get-Away:** Each player is given an ice cube and a table knife. All line up on the starting line. At the leader's "GO" all race to the goal at the opposite end of the room and then back to the starting point, but they must run while balancing the ice cube on the knife blade. If the ice cube falls off, the player must get it back on the knife without using the hands.

**Cucumber Cuties:** Each guest is given a cucumber, toothpicks, raisins, buttons, pipe cleaners, and other odds and ends. Award a prize to the person making the best "cucumber cutie" in seven minutes' time.

**"Cu" As in Cucumber:** (A quiz.) 1. An addition to the roof. (Cupola) 2. Clergyman's assistant. (Curate) 3. Positively better. (Cure) 4. Fatal to feline species, 'tis said. (Curiosity) 5. Antiques are his business. (Curator) 6. A famous court at Rome. (Curia, court of the Pope) 7. Desire for unknown. (Curious) 8. A measure. (Cubit) 9. Often assists a twosome. (Cupid) 10. A quantity times itself. (Cube) 11. Wedge-shaped. (Cuneiform) 12. A cloud. (Cumulus) 13. Added up. (Cumulative) 14. The acorn's cap. (Cupule)

**Add a Stick Pop:** Give each guest an equal number of toothpicks. A pop bottle is then passed around the circle. The object of the game is to lay a toothpick on top of the bottle each time you have a turn, without knocking off any of the other toothpicks already on it. As the toothpicks are piled higher and higher it becomes more and more difficult to pass the bottle, or to add a pick without disturbing the rest. The winner is the first one to get all of his toothpicks on the bottle. If a player

dislodges one or more, he must add them to his own pile. A booby prize might be awarded the one left holding the most.

**Initial Alibi:** The leader asks a question, such as "Why aren't you taking a trip to Europe this summer?" Each guest in turn must then give her alibi for not going, using the letters of her initials as the first letter in the words of her alibi. For example, Thelma Mae King might answer, "Too many kids."

**Only One Word:** This is a trick stunt. Give two or three guests a list of these letters: D,N,W,E,O,N,O,R,O,L,Y. Tell them they are to arrange these letters so they spell "Only One Word". In all probability they will be trying to figure all kinds of words using the letters, instead of the phrase which you have told them.

### REFRESHMENTS

How about cucumber boats filled with shrimp or chicken salad and served with some tasty crackers? To make the boats, peel the cucumbers (if you want them edible along with the salad), slice in half lengthwise and hollow out the center. Perhaps you'd prefer to leave the peeling on the boats and serve a cucumber pickle to eat with the salad.

A pretty-as-a-picture and luscious-to-eat fruit cup can be made by using large slices or chunks of fruit (fresh or canned or both) such as peaches, apricots, pineapple, banana, pears, maraschino cherries, and strawberries for the fruit mixture. Have ready lime or lemon sherbet frozen in ice cube trays. At serving time, place one of the cubes in the bottom of each small sherbet dish and spoon a serving of the fruit over it. This is especially good for a brunch party such as many of us like to have in the summertime.



### GRANDMOTHERS

They say that all grandmothers  
Are inclined to brag a bit.  
And that there is some truth in that  
I frankly must admit.

For since I've reached that stage —  
And all my friends have too,  
I'm floored by all the bragging  
These other grandmothers do.

To hear them rave, you'd think  
This old human race  
Was fast becoming Supermen  
At a tremendous pace.

Yet when I see these boys and girls,  
Their grandmothers' pride and joy,  
Each seems to me to be  
Quite an ordinary girl or boy!

Of course I humor them along  
And say I think they're fine.  
But you can see the difference  
If you've ever noticed mine.

My own are so much cuter, smarter,  
Handsome than theirs.  
I can afford to humor them  
When they put on such airs.

I'm really glad that I don't brag  
Like other grandmas do.  
I've so much more to brag about  
If I just wanted to!

—Unknown

## MOUNTAIN SUMMER

by  
Bob Birkby

Nestled deep in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains near Cimarron, New Mexico, is Philmont Scout Ranch, 214 square miles of peaks, valleys, forests and rivers, the national camp of the Boy Scouts of America.

For four summers I have rolled out my sleeping bag beneath the sparkling night skies of Philmont's high country and called it home. I have known Philmont's mountains in their broad grandeur and their stark beauty, in storm and in calm. I have camped alone for weeks at a time, hidden away in an alpine valley with only the rush of the wind and the crash of rolling thunder to break the silence, and I have met on Philmont's trails those whom I consider to be among my best friends.

Through the long winter months, Philmont is blanketed with deep snow. Icy winds whip the lonely summits and howl down drifted canyons. It is a quiet time for the land, a dormant season of rest and recuperation.

But in towns and cities across America, winter is a time of activity as some 15,000 Scouts and their leaders make careful preparations for a ten-day backpacking trek along Philmont's rugged trails. There is equipment to gather, boots to break in and travel plans to complete. It is a time for reading about the original pioneers, trappers and explorers of northern New Mexico and for dreaming of following their footsteps in the adventure soon to come.

The spring thaws and early summer sun transform the Philmont landscape into a green canvas liberally splashed with a blaze of alpine flowers. The snows retreat to the highest peaks and abundant wildlife reappears in the grassy meadows. The time is at hand.

Early in June, a staff of 400 arrives. A flurry of renewed friendships and fresh acquaintances begins two weeks of hard work to prepare the camp for the deluge of Scouts soon to come.

The joy of being together once again is evident everywhere. Evenings stretch long into the night as stories of the last nine months unravel around warm campfires. Most of the staff tell of college experiences. One has hitchhiked in from Maryland and another drove an old car up from Mexico, arriving at Philmont with only eight dollars to his name.

Each staff member has a specific job. A large number man headquarters, an operations base which serves as the beginning and ending point of all expeditions into the back country and the nerve center of Philmont's sprawling program. There are mechanics and



—Photo by Craig Birkby  
Deep in the forest of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, Conservationist Bob Birkby supervises the work of two young Scouts as they build trails at the Philmont National Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico. (These are two of the smallest Scouts that ever worked on Bob's crew.)

medics, cooks and carpenters, radio operators, trip planners, storekeepers, tent repairers and postmen, in fact, enough people and jobs to make headquarters a small self-sufficient city.

Every day from the middle of June until the middle of August 300 Scouts arrive at Philmont's front gate to begin their expedition. Each crew of eight to sixteen boys is assigned a Ranger, perhaps my brother Craig. Rangers are expert campers and hikers, able to handle themselves well in any mountain situation and also capable of teaching others how to do the same. Their reputation for rambling, far-flung mountain adventures fills many a wide-eyed Scout with hopes of one day becoming a Ranger himself.

Once at headquarters, the crews begin a clockwork schedule of final preparation for the trail. Their Ranger directs them through a multitude of medical checks, food pick ups, informative tours and campfires, and a final shake-down to get rid of all unnecessary equipment. Since everything is to be carried for sixty to eighty miles in backpacks, each ounce must be carefully considered.

The Ranger stays with the Scouts and their adult leaders for their first two days on the trail, helping them become accustomed to the rigors of mountain backpacking. Once he is assured of their competence, he leaves them on their own. For eight more days they are free to roam the vast expanse of the Philmont wilderness, wandering the high trails, camping by rushing streams and meeting the wonders of nature face of face.

About eighty staff members are scat-

tered throughout the back country in twenty-three small mountain camps offering a variety of programs for passing crews. The staff of each camp lives its program to the hilt. Not only does Clear Creek Camp present a demonstration of the life of a mountain trapper, the three staffers actually live the summer as grizzled, buckskinned mountaineers. The gold miners of French Henry Camp wear the clothes, cook on the same wood-burning stoves and pan for gold in the same frigid streams as the actual French Henry miners of a century ago. Likewise the mountain climbers, cowboys, lumberjacks and all the rest become the characters they represent. As if they had stumbled into a time machine, Scouts experience the sights, smells and sounds of the mountain past firsthand.

My job is concerned with building and maintaining Philmont's network of hiking trails. A trail crew of eight Scouts joins me to camp in a remote part of the back country for twenty days of work on a trail. After carefully surveying and staking out a proposed section of trail, we move boulders, root out stumps and slowly shape the new trail bed with picks and shovels. It is arduous work, but well worth the effect as a new trail blends pleasantly into the natural background of a forested mountainside.

As a reward for our weeks of trail work, my crew and I take a regular ten-day expedition through all of the Philmont country we wish to see.

Philmont is many things to many people. From the teeming crowds at headquarters to the solitude of the windypeaks it is a magical playground, an enchanted wonderland far removed from the hassles of pollution, politics, five o'clock rushes and final examinations. It provides an opportunity to recharge one's mind, to swim in cold swift streams, sit beneath towering pines and stand on top of the world. It is a chance to live a summer in only moccasins and cut-off jeans, to cook suppers over a campfire and to watch seven magnificent sunsets each week.

Summers always end and the staff puts aside its buckskin and khaki to return to the books and classrooms. The snows again bury the deserted landscape, and Philmont rests once more.

But even in the noisy rush of a hurried college campus the quiet joy of Philmont's spectacular high country lives in the minds of those who know it best. It is a cherished memory to which they can retreat for a moment of peace and solitude amidst the current confusion, a peaceful corner of the world that is always theirs wherever they may be.

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## KITCHEN CHATTER

by  
Mildred Grenier

The words, and letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can decipher, and read the verse. The answer will be at the end of this column.

YAS I IYLVRE FILE NI TONU  
TEELGINSARV LIREVY EM OUY  
TAHH EH HIVEBTEEL HATT.

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A mother is that mysterious creature who feeds another when she hungers, looks for someone to comfort when she grieves.

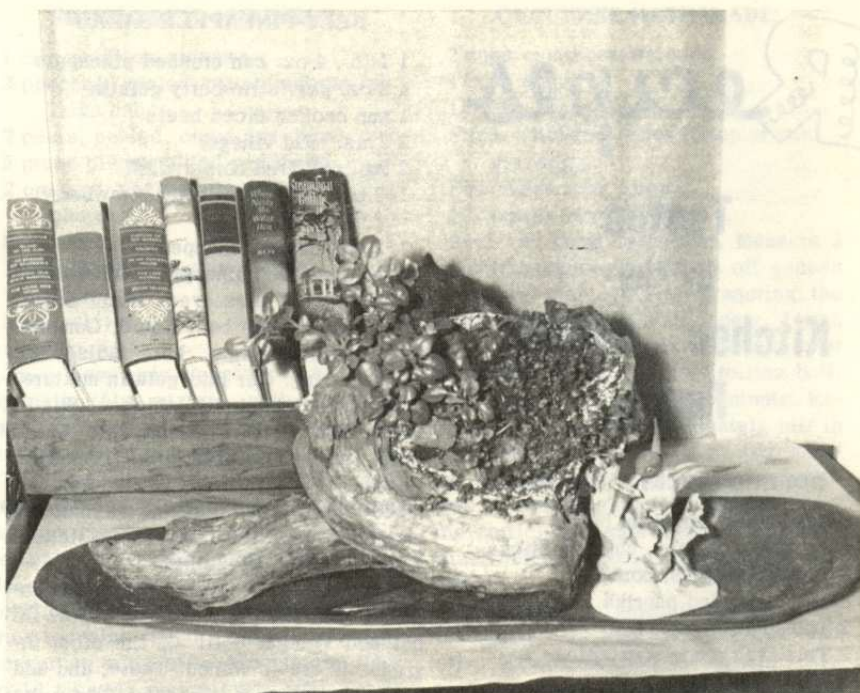
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Are you looking for an inexpensive, quick, easy way to brighten drab walls in a room in your house? Have you thought about "fabric pictures"? A scenic pastoral print or a brightly colored floral print may be cut and framed to hang on the wall. Of course, if you have a bedspread, or slip covers in the room which make use of the same pattern of print, your room will be more in harmony. Some of the central designs in the framed prints I have seen have been embroidered or stitched around; this gives them more of a three-dimensional look.

A friend of mine has another way of emphasizing the predominant designs in the prints that she frames. She selects a design that she wishes to bring out in the print and covers it with a good quality white glue; while still wet, she sprinkles the glue with glitter. The result is an unusually attractive and original wall hanging! If the print is a floral one, only the centers of the flowers may have glitter or sequins glued on, if you wish. Glitter may also be glued, hit-and-miss fashion, on the frame. These pictures are especially charming for a bedroom, or a young girl's room.

If you are laying a shag carpet, or another carpet, in a room, pieces of the material may be framed and hung. In rooms with paneled wall paneling, I have seen strips of the carpeting glued up the sides of the wall; this ties the room together in an original, colorful way. Several pieces of material, or carpeting, may be cut in geometric designs and glued together to make a picturesque wall hanging with an abstract design. Portable screens may be covered with pieces of the carpeting, or other material, and make delightful and useful additions to a room that needs to be divided.

If you are sewing new drapes or a bedspread for a room, utilize every inch of leftover pieces. Had you thought of covering a shabby lamp shade with material to match the



## Gathering Old Wood As a Hobby

by  
Grace V. Schillinger

If your hobby is gathering old wood, almost anywhere you go you can find pieces to add to your trophy shelf. Some folks call it driftwood and that's fine if it suits your fancy. Along rivers, creeks, oceans, and in timbers and along roadsides — even in the dry country of the southwestern United States, old wood can be found.

Wind and rain and sunshine, the big three of God's natural makers of old wood, create odd formations in wood for you to hunt and then use for original gifts or arrangements in your home.

The piece of wood shown here came from a dead tree along a farm creek in Illinois. When you go "old wood hunting", keep your imagination lively and you'll visualize all sorts of unique ways to use your finds.

When you get your pieces home, wash them with laundry detergent in hot water, adding some household bleach, and brushing the wood with a stiff brush to remove any insect eggs which

might be hidden. The bleach brings out the highlights of the wood's coloring.

Pictured is a section of root from a tree. I fixed it up as an arrangement for my mother to use in the living room and she says her guests always comment on it. I made a waterproof planter bowl of heavy aluminum foil, filled it with a mixture of good garden loam, sand, and peat moss in equal parts, and added a few pebbles in the bottom for drainage. If she happens to water it too much, the water settles among the stones. I planted Baby Tears (*Helxine Soleirolli*) and Ice Plant (*Mesembrianthemum*) in it. A tray of some sort under the wood is a good idea so the furniture won't get water-spotted.

Get out in the woods or along country road banks and look around. You might find some interesting pieces of old wood and can dream up some different ways to use them.

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drapes? Or how about a wastebasket that has seen better days? Or even the headboard of the bed in the room? I have also seen small end tables covered with matching material of bedspread and drapes, and acquire several more years of appreciated usefulness. A badly marred door in the room of a friend's child was covered with material to match the drapes in his room. It was tacked on with molding all

around the door, and made a bright, charming accent to the decor. Animals were also cut from leftover nursery curtains, stitched around, and framed to hang on the walls of this same lucky young man's room.

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ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: St. John 6:47: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in me hath everlasting life."

# Recipes

## Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### ROLLED CHICKEN BREASTS

- 6 thin slices Canadian bacon
- 6 oz. Swiss cheese, cut in 6 sticks
- 6 chicken breasts, boned
- Salt, pepper and paprika
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. vegetable shortening
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup water
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms
- 1 8-oz. pkg. Chicken Ricearoni (or wild rice and long grain rice)

Put one slice bacon and a cheese stick on each chicken breast. Roll and secure with toothpicks. Season with salt, pepper and paprika.

Brown chicken breasts in skillet containing the combined butter and shortening. Remove breasts to casserole. In the same skillet add flour, water and mushrooms. Cook until thick. Pour sauce over chicken. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 1½ to 2 hours. Remove cover last half hour.

Prepare Chicken Ricearoni or rice according to package directions. Place on serving platter. Put chicken on it and pour sauce over all. —Margery

### EVELYN'S TOMATO PRESERVES

- 10 cups peeled and diced tomatoes
- 8 cups sugar
- 2 lemons, sliced
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Peel and dice ripe red or yellow tomatoes. Remove all the seeds possible. Combine with sugar and let stand overnight or for several hours to form juice. Drain sweet juice into a heavy saucepan. Boil until a thread spins — 230 degrees on a candy thermometer. Add tomatoes and lemons sliced very thin, skin and all, and flavoring. Simmer until clear and begins to thicken. (Check a small spoonful on a cold saucer to see if it thickens when cool. Remove mixture from heat during the testing so as not to overcook. This does thicken more as it cools.) Spoon into sterilized jelly glasses or small jars and seal with melted paraffin. —Evelyn

### BEET-PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 1-lb., 4-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 cup cooked diced beets
- 3 Tbls. mild vinegar
- 2 tsp. prepared horseradish
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

1/2 cup celery, chopped

Heat undrained pineapple. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Drain beets, reserving 1/3 cup beet liquid. Combine this liquid, vinegar, horseradish and and flavoring. Stir into gelatin mixture. Cool until it begins to thicken. Stir in beets and celery. Spoon into salad mold. Refrigerate until firm. Unmold on lettuce leaves. Serve with dressing made with 1/2 portion mayonnaise combined with 1/2 portion of Kitchen-Klatter French Dressing.

This may be made with pickled beets rather than the plain cooked beets. Do not add vinegar until all the other ingredients are combined. Taste, and add a bit more vinegar if needed. The juice from the pickled beets may add all the zing you need.

This makes a very pretty salad for a buffet or covered dish dinner. It is different. —Evelyn

### EGG SALAD DRESSING

- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. tarragon vinegar
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Hard cook the eggs. While they are still warm remove the yolks, reserving the whites, and mash them smoothly with the butter or margarine. Grate the egg whites and add them to the yolk mixture with vinegar, sugar and salt. Stir the dressing well and serve it at room temperature over garden lettuce. —Mary Beth

### ELEGANT PEACH COBBLER

- 2 cups sliced peaches
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 cups biscuit mix, made into biscuits according to directions on the box

Place the sliced peaches in a baking dish. Blend sugar and flour and sprinkle over the peaches. Mix the flavorings and salt in the orange juice and dribble over all. Dot with butter. Cover with a layer of biscuits and bake in a 425-degree oven until the biscuits are done. Serve with cream. —Margery

### PORK CHOPS

- 6 pork chops
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of celery soup
- 1 cup rice
- 2 cups milk
- 1 pkg. onion soup mix

Brown pork chops and put in large loaf pan. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over chops. Cover with foil. Bake for two hours at 325 degrees, then uncover and bake thirty minutes longer. —Margery

### SPECTACULAR FROZEN CORN

- 35 ears fresh sweet corn
- 1 lb. butter
- 1 pint half-and-half

Husk, silk and wash corn. Cut from cob into a large roaster. (About 16 to 18 cups cut corn.) Add butter and half-and-half. Put in 325-degree oven. Cook for 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Remove from oven. Cool down by placing roaster in sink with ice water under it. (Dividing the corn into two pans will help cool it more quickly.) Be careful not to get any water into the corn mixture. When cool, package and freeze as quickly as possible.

To serve, heat corn through. Add salt and a bit of sugar if desired.

This makes a truly spectacular creamy, buttery corn! It is extremely simple to prepare. The friend who sent it in said she never substitutes margarine for the butter. However, I did test it with both the half-and-half suggested and country cream (1/3 cup thick cream to 2/3 cup milk) the results were equally good. —Evelyn

### PEANUT BUTTER-DATE COOKIES

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 3 cups rolled oats (quick)
- 1 cup chopped dates

Cream together the margarine, sugars and peanut butter. Add the eggs, water and flavorings and beat well. Sift together the flour, salt and soda and add to the other mixture. Stir in the rolled oats and dates until well mixed. Drop by spoon onto lightly greased cookie sheet and bake 10-12 minutes at 350 degrees. Do not overbake. —Dorothy

**CREAMY PEACH PIE**

- 18 large marshmallows
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 3 cups diced peaches
- 1 9-inch pastry shell, baked

Melt the marshmallows in the milk in the top of the double boiler. Cool until set and then beat until smooth. Add the almond flavoring to the whipped cream. Fold the marshmallows mixture into the whipped cream, and then fold in the diced peaches. Pile into the pastry shell and chill several hours before serving.

—Dorothy

**COMPANY NOODLES**

- 1/2 lb. fine egg noodles
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Few drops Tabasco sauce
- Salt and pepper
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1/2 cup sour cream

Cook noodles. Mix cottage cheese, 1 cup sour cream, onion, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco sauce, salt and pepper. Add to noodles and mix well. Pour into buttered casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Mix Parmesan cheese and 1/2 cup sour cream. Spread over top and return to bake 10 more minutes. Serves seven or eight.

—Margery

**SUMMER GARDEN SPECIAL**

- 1 quart onions, chopped
- 1 quart celery, chopped
- 6 green peppers, diced
- 1 quart water
- 4 quarts ripe tomatoes, chopped
- 3 Tbls. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Chop onions, celery and green peppers. Combine with water in large kettle. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes or until just barely tender. Peel and chop the tomatoes. Add to kettle. Stir in salt and sugar. Bring to a good boil and ladle into hot, sterilized jars to within 1/2 inch of top. Screw on lids. Process in boiling water 25 minutes for pints or 30 minutes for quarts or in a pressure canner at 10 pounds pressure for 7 minutes for pints and 10 minutes for quarts. Makes about 10 pints.

This is an excellent vegetable mixture. It makes a fine base for soup — just add bits of leftover meat or bouillon cubes. Can be added to browned hamburger for a spaghetti sauce. Pour over meat loaf, use as a base for chili, add spices and shrimp for a creole dish and add to stew for extra flavor. Omit green peppers if your family does not care for them.

—Evelyn

**FRESH FRUIT MERINGUE**

- 1 cup seedless grapes
- 3 peaches, peeled, pitted and cut in large cubes
- 2 pears, peeled, cored and diced
- 5 prune plums, pitted and diced
- 2 oranges, peeled, sectioned and chopped

Sugar to taste

- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

- 3 egg whites

- 1/3 cup sugar

In a bowl mix together the fruits. Sprinkle this mixture with sugar to taste and orange flavoring. Arrange the fruit in a deep pie dish.

Beat egg whites until they hold a soft peak. Gradually beat in the sugar and continue beating the meringue until it becomes shiny and holds a firm peak. Spoon this over the fruit making a solid covering of the meringue over the fruit touching the pie edges. Bake the dessert in a hot oven, 425 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes or until the meringue is golden. Serve the dessert at room temperature.

**LUSCIOUS BAKED TOMATOES**

- 4 ripe tomatoes, cut in halves

Garlic salt

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine

- 1/2 cup cracker crumbs

- 2 tsp. dried parsley flakes

Place tomato halves, cut side up, in a greased baking pan. Sprinkle tops with garlic salt. Melt the butter or margarine in a small pan. Add the cracker crumbs and parsley and saute, stirring constantly, until the crumbs are golden brown. Cover the tops of the tomatoes with the crumbs. Bake in a 350-degree oven until the tomatoes are hot, approximately 20 minutes.

—Dorothy

**TASTY MACARONI AND CHEESE**

- 2 cups elbow macaroni
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1/4 cup finely chopped pimiento
- 2 cups cubed process American cheese
- 2/3 cup evaporated milk
- 1/4 cup milk
- 3 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Cook the macaroni as directed on the package. In a greased 2-quart casserole, mix the macaroni, mushrooms and pimiento together. Stir the remaining ingredients over low heat until the cheese melts. Stir this into the macaroni mixture. A little grated cheese could be sprinkled over the top if you desire. Bake approximately 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

**CUCUMBER MARMALADE**

- 2 cups cucumbers, ground
- 4 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon or mint flavoring

Few drops food coloring

- 1/2 bottle liquid pectin

Peel and chop cucumbers. Measure 2 cups into saucepan. (Drain off excess cucumber juice before measuring the ground cucumbers.) Add sugar, lemon juice and flavoring desired. Place over high heat. Bring to a full rolling boil, stirring, and boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from heat and immediately stir in liquid pectin. Skim off foam. Add coloring as desired. Stir and skim for 5 minutes to cool slightly and prevent floating particles. Ladle quickly into sterilized jelly glasses. Top with hot paraffin.

This makes a deliciously refreshing marmalade. It may be prepared with other Kitchen-Klatter flavorings — orange, raspberry, blueberry, etc. Use a corresponding color to the flavoring used for a pretty and tasty treat. A fine way to use larger cucumbers. (Remove seeds, of course.)

—Evelyn

**QUICK COLD PACK TOMATOES**

Scald and peel tomatoes. Put cold tomatoes into clean, sterilized jars. Keep as whole as possible. Pour *boiling water* to fill jars to within 1/2 to 3/4 inch of top. Add 1 tsp. salt to each quart. Screw on lids. Have water boiling in canner. Gently set jars into canner. Be sure water is over top of jars. Boil *only* 5 minutes. Turn off heat and let jars remain undisturbed in water until it is completely cold. (Overnight is best if time permits.) This keeps the tomatoes whole and firm with a fresh taste.

—Evelyn

**EXTRA-GOOD SWEET DILL PICKLES**

- 6 to 8 cucumbers
- 1 medium onion
- 3 heads fresh or dried dill
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 2 cups white vinegar
- 1/3 cup salt

Wash enough cucumbers to fill 3 pint jars (about 6 or 8, depending on the size). Soak whole in ice water 3 to 4 hours. Drain. Slice or cut in strips. Place in hot sterilized jars: 1 generous slice onion, 1 head dill and enough cucumbers to fill. Combine remaining ingredients. Bring to boil. Pour over cucumbers filling jars to within 1/2 inch of top. Screw on lids. Process in boiling water bath 20 minutes. Remove jars from hot water. Makes 3 pints of delicious, simple-to-prepare sweet dill pickles.

—Evelyn

**PICKLED VEGETABLE SALAD**

2 Tbls. flour  
 1 1/2 cups sugar  
 1 cup vinegar  
 4 Tbls. prepared mustard  
 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen mixed vegetables, cooked, drained and cooled  
 8 stalks celery diced fine  
 1 green pepper finely chopped  
 1 small onion finely diced  
 2 1-lb. cans red beans, well drained  
 Combine the flour, sugar and vinegar and cook until thickened. Cool. Stir in the prepared mustard. Pour over the combined vegetables and refrigerate for 12 hours.

—Dorothy

**ENGLISH PEA CASSEROLE**

2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen peas  
 1 cup finely chopped celery  
 1 cup diced onion  
 1/2 cup butter or margarine  
 1 cup finely chopped water chestnuts  
 1 small jar pimientos, diced  
 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup, undiluted  
 Buttered bread crumbs  
 Cook the peas according to package directions and drain well. Combine all the ingredients except bread crumbs and place in a buttered casserole. Cover the top with buttered bread crumbs (do not use cracker crumbs). Bake until bubbly and brown in a 350-degree oven (approximately 30 minutes). This freezes well.

—Dorothy

**PEACHES AND CREAM PIE**

Pastry for a double-crust 9-inch pie  
 6 fresh peaches, peeled and sliced  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 3 Tbls. flour  
 Dash of salt  
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
 1/2 cup whipping cream, not whipped  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1 1/2 tsp. sugar, additional  
 Line 9-inch pie pan with pastry. Arrange peach slices on pastry. Combine 1/2 cup sugar, flour, salt, nutmeg, cream and vanilla flavoring, blending until smooth. Pour over peaches. Dampen edge of pastry and arrange slashed upper crust and crimp edges together. Sprinkle top with 1 1/2 tsp. sugar. Bake 10 minutes in a preheated oven, 450 degrees; reduce heat to 350 and bake 45 to 50 minutes longer. Serve warm or at room temperature with ice cream, if desired. (This pie really doesn't need the ice cream.) Serves six.

—Mae Driftmier

**TOMATO PRESERVES**

1 lb. small yellow or red tomatoes  
 Boiling water  
 1 1/2 cups sugar  
 1 lemon, thinly sliced  
 Select the small tomatoes as nearly the size of plums as possible. Pour boiling water over them and cover tightly 2 minutes, drain quickly and cover with cold water. This will loosen

the skins. Peel tomatoes carefully so they are not broken. If any are found with skins still unloosened, treat them again with the boiling water so you can peel them.

Place the sugar and tomatoes in a crock or enamel bowl and let them stand overnight. Drain off the juice and boil rapidly until it threads. Add the tomatoes and the thinly sliced lemon. Cook until clear and thick. Fill sterilized jar and seal. Makes about 1/2 pint.

These amounts can be doubled, tripled, etc., to make a larger quantity of the preserves.

I used this same recipe for the large tomatoes simply by slicing the tomatoes and then following the above instructions.

—Mae Driftmier

Lucile's Note: These are the most delicious tomato preserves I have ever eaten.

**DUTCH OVEN CHICKEN**

1 medium onion, chopped  
 1/2 cup chopped celery  
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine  
 2 cups cooked chicken, cubed  
 6 ozs. spaghetti, uncooked, broken into pieces  
 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of celery soup, undiluted  
 2 cups chicken broth  
 1 tsp. lemon juice  
 1/4 tsp. pepper  
 Pinch of nutmeg  
 1 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms, drained

Saute the onion and celery in the butter or margarine in the Dutch oven. Put the chicken in a layer over the vegetables, and then the spaghetti in a layer over the chicken. Combine the rest of the ingredients and pour over all, and make certain all the spaghetti is moist. Cover and bring to a boil. Reduce the heat to simmer and cook 15 to 20 minutes, stirring once or twice. This is an excellent hot weather main dish.

—Dorothy

**BAKED PINEAPPLE**

1 1-lb., 13 1/2-oz. can chunk pineapple  
 2 level tsp. cornstarch  
 2 cups sugar  
 8 slices bread, toasted and cubed  
 1/2 cup softened butter or margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Drain the pineapple, reserving the juice. Butter a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Mix the cornstarch and sugar together in a bowl. Stir in the bread cubes, pineapple chunks, and the softened butter or margarine. Spread it in the bottom of the buttered pan. Stir the flavoring into the pineapple juice and pour it over all. Bake in a 350-degree oven for approximately 30 minutes. This is delicious served with ham.

—Dorothy

## Please the Experts

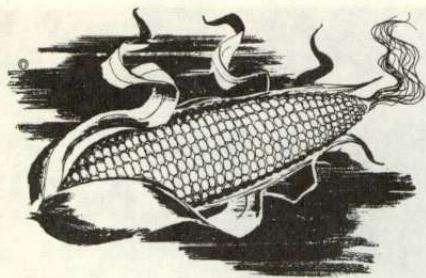
These are the experts on the cooking they love best: *yours*. Unfortunately, they can also be your severest critics . . . if there isn't variety in your menus. You can avoid the sameness of repeats if you reach for handy, inexpensive, **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Use them in drinks, desserts, salads — as an extra surprise in any favorite recipe. All sixteen are listed at the right.

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|-------------|--------------|
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| Butter      | Strawberry   |
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| Mint        | Black Walnut |
| Orange      | Pineapple    |
| Banana      | Almond       |
| Vanilla     | Coconut      |
| Maple       | Cherry       |



## CORN-ON-THE-COB -- SUMMER'S "EATRACTION"

by  
Erma Reynolds

Had your fill of corn-on-the-cob yet? Along about now, you've probably eaten so much of this vegetable treat it's beginning to come out of your ears.

The actual origin of corn is not known, but it was being grown in North and South America for centuries before white men reached the New World.

The corn the Pilgrim settlers grew, getting seed from the Indians, was not sweet corn for table use. The Indians either didn't know about this variety of corn, or did not bother to grow it, perhaps disliking its taste.

The first published mention of sweet corn wasn't until 1801. In the mid-19th century, seedsmen in the United States began to list one or two varieties in their publications. It was about 1865 that folks began to say "yum-yum" as they became corn-on-the-cobbers. More varieties appeared, and from then on the popularity of this vegetable has steadily increased until now it rates as one of our most pleasurable summer vegetable treats.

The next time you serve corn-on-the-cob, save the cobs, because they can be recycled into interesting articles.

Floral pictures from corn cobs? Sounds incredible doesn't it? But, lovely designs can be made by arranging and gluing corn disks and husks on dark construction paper, cardboard, or colored burlap glued to cardboard.

To prepare the cobs for this work, cut them into thin disks before they are quite dry. Then allow them to dry on paper toweling for several days. The husks, which serve as stems and leaves in the floral design should be refrigerated until about two days before starting this project.

On the background material, arrange the disks and husks, which are cut into leaf-like shapes, creating a floral design. Glue the pieces into place with clear adhesive and allow to dry under pressure. If corn tassels and dry kernels are available, these can be added to the picture for an added touch. Then frame the design.

The corn disks can also be used to make a winter bouquet. If color is desired, dip the disks into bright-colored paint or dye. When they are dry, insert a wire into the soft pith at the center of each disk to serve as a stem. Wrap the wires with green florist's tape, or strips of green crepe paper.

Arrange the corncob posies, along with pretty dried grasses, in a vase, and you will have a bouquet that will never drop its petals and will supply beauty through the dark winter months until summer arrives with its real flowers.

For a fun experiment, sprinkle a corncob with grass seed, set it in a pan of water located near a window. Then watch the grass start growing in your mini-floating garden.

You can make an unusual necklace from corn disks. Because corncobs are wider at one end than the other, the disks will be of graduated sizes. Lay these out so that the largest disks will be at the center of the necklace, tapering down to smaller sizes at each end. Then, using a heavy cord in an attractive color, run it through the center of each disk. Leave enough cord so that

it can be tied in a bow at the back of the neck.

Corncocks transformed into adornments! Sounds unbelievable doesn't it? But try it. It's fun.

### PIONEER MOTHER

She didn't ask the usual things of life;  
She sewed her scanty wardrobe with  
her hands,  
She hoed long rows of vegetables, the  
land's  
First fruits prepared with bowl and  
knife.  
But flowers blossomed at her magic  
touch,  
Strange belled hollyhocks perfumed the  
air,  
The lilac by her door rewarded care.  
She never asked of life so very much,  
But lingered long for sunset's final  
glow  
The night before her baby boy was  
born.  
The pathway that she traveled left her  
worn,  
But life gave her the peace creators  
know.  
—Beulah M. Huey

"It is a fine thing to have ability,  
but the ability to discover ability in  
others is the true test."

—Elbert Hubbard

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| KOAM | Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.    |
| KWOA | Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.  |
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| KSCJ | Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.  |
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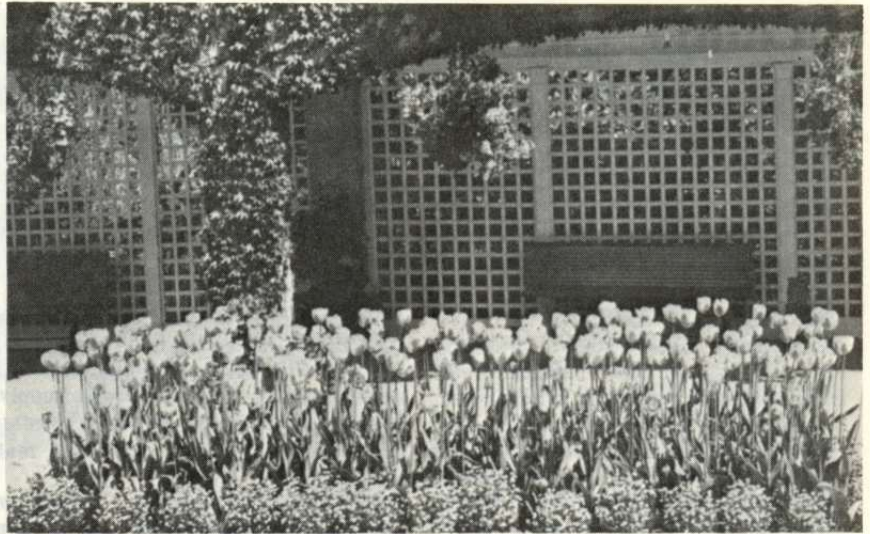
## DAVID DRIFTMIER WRITES FROM VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Dear Friends:

As I look out of my window this morning, I can see the beautiful Olympic Mountains with their snow-capped peaks sparkling in the sun and rising above the blue water of the Juan de Fuca Strait. The mountains, of course, are in the state of Washington, but the best vantage point for viewing the panoramic sweep of the whole range is here in Victoria, British Columbia, on the southeast end of Vancouver Island. I spent the year studying at the University of Victoria, and remained here for summer employment because I find the area too beautiful to leave right away. I have come to thrive on the pace of life found on this island. There seems to be less "hurry" here; the farthest one can drive is 250 miles to the very northernmost end of the island; and in order to get onto the island at all, there is at least a one hour and forty minute ferry ride, which calls for people to stop what they are doing and take in some of the beauty which lies all about them — the great stretches of forest, dairy farms, mountains, small islands, and the sea. Since it is the time of year when many people are traveling, I thought that I would like to pass on some information about this part of the great Northwest.

One of the things that comes immediately to peoples' minds when they think about this part of the country is the great amount of rainfall that covers most of the Northwest. The Victoria area of Vancouver Island is an exception to that general rule. It does get its fair share of rain in the winter (30 inches a year), but because of its proximity to the mountains and because of the action of sea currents, Victoria is the warmest and driest region on this part of the continent.

What does this mean for the people here? Many winters go by without any snow at all (although there are ski slopes just a short way "upisland"). By the middle of February crocuses and small white snowdrops are already pushing their way up through the ground. Gardeners begin to work on their gardens in late February and early March, with the result that Victoria is one fabulous display of flower gardens. The world-famous Butchart Gardens are here, but almost everyone in town takes the time to have flowers in front of their homes or hanging from apartment windows. All one has to do is go walking down any street to find a rich variety of flowers and garden designs. For anglers, the warm weather allows fishing parties for the ever-present salmon all year around, and golf is played every day of the year.



The beautiful Butchart Gardens, where this picture was taken, are visited by flower lovers from all over the world. They are close to Victoria, B.C.

Sailboats ply the waters a good nine months of the year.

Victoria is situated on a peninsula, so one is never far away from the open beach. Since I am a lover of the ocean from way back, it was much to my delight when I discovered that Victoria has a great many true and dedicated beach walkers — people who share one of my favorite pastimes. At any time of day one can find people of all ages down by the shore, either alone or in groups. There are a great many advantages to this activity. For one thing, Victoria does get its inclement weather: heavy wind, fog, and rain. For the beach walker, however, there is never any bad weather — only different moods to be experienced. And each new storm tosses up treasures in the form of driftwood and shells.

You have probably heard my mother and father on their Kitchen-Klatter radio broadcast mention the trouble that they have with squirrels taking food from their bird feeder before the birds have a chance to get some of it. It always seems that we have too many squirrels in Massachusetts, but yet no one can dislike a squirrel, so many people tame them in their back yards and feed them. Here in Victoria we have very few squirrels, but we have hundreds of seagulls. I have seen seagulls take food away from other, smaller birds, and people here often complain. But actually there are very few birds as graceful as a gull and as pleasing to watch. And so here gulls are trained and fed just like the squirrels at home. My good friend has a trained gull whom he calls Seymore. Every night at about six-thirty Seymore arrives at the kitchen window for whatever scraps are left at the table. The gulls in this town, if not always completely appreciated, are at least well fed!

The chief thrill and beauty which the island has to offer are the vast tracts of wilderness in the interior and on the western coast. It is easy to "get away from it all" on one of the many mountain lakes or by hiking along the West Coast Trail, where for miles a sandy, uncluttered shore is bounded by a forest of Douglas fir. The lumber industry provides the island with its greatest source of revenue.

Until recent years Victoria was largely populated by people who moved here directly from England, and it used to be said that Victoria was like a small "bit of Old England" in the New World. Although today there are people living here from all over the world, and Victoria is never thought of as anything but a Canadian city, there are still some English traditions which are as strong as ever. There is a fleet of double-decker buses on the streets, and in many of the hotels and restaurants tea is served with crumpets at four o'clock. If you come here in the summer you should be sure to take in the "Smile Show", a British music hall which has been staged here for the last 21 years by Jerry Gosley, making it the longest running stage show in Canada. Mr. Gosley was one of the first people I happened to meet in Victoria. If you arrive here by cruise ship you might be met by Jerry's band of Cockney actors in their "Pearly" suits. With his "Smile Show" Jerry keeps the British sense of humor alive on the island.

I wish that I could paint you a picture of all of the beauty to be found here. Because I am not a very good painter, however, I wish to enclose this little poem by Mr. Gosley, who, in a sense, is a typical British Columbian. After living in many places and seeing a great deal of the world, Mr. Gosley

(Continued on page 20)

## ANTIQUES AND QUILTS

by  
Fern Christian Miller

Last spring I visited my first antique show. It was put on by the Secunda Club and the Johnson County Quilt Society. Over 900 people attended in the large junior high school gym, where it was held on Saturday and Sunday. Fourteen antique dealers from all over Missouri had booths, but the 29 quilts displayed were all from our county.

The booths were beautifully arranged, with articles both large and small. Wood, metal, glass, silver, stoneware, paper, ceramics, china, fabrics, and tin were shown. (The price tags were staggering!)

"Just what is an antique?" was the question I heard most often as I went slowly from booth to booth, studying and enjoying all the beautiful and odd objects. Dealers seemed to agree that a piece must be at least 100 years old, although interesting and rare items of 50 or 60 years of age are considered very collectible.

It was agreed that the oldest piece in the show was at least 200 years old. It was a double phoebe lamp, used by the Pilgrims for burning crude oil with a wick. Other interesting primitives included an old salt box with cotter pin hinges and dovetail sides; a decorative cookie dough rolling pin from an early Swedish settlement in Wisconsin; a smokehouse meat hook board; and a wicked looking instrument with sharp teeth which was an early flax hatchel; a carved maple sugar mold; and a large barrel churn. (I helped my own grandmother churn butter for her customers with just such a churn when I was almost too small to turn the handle.)

"How can we tell a genuine antique from one artificially aged or beat up with a hammer?" This question was also asked. Recognizing real antiques comes through practice and study. One should always know his dealer's reputation. I found by looking at sales tags that some old items handed down to me were worth real money: a cut glass spoon holder, a butter dish and mold, a large brooch with a goldstone set, a pewter gravy ladle, stone jugs, jars and crocks, glass-top fruit jars, some little vases, and two hand-painted cake plates, a very ancient child's book, and an old gold watch. No, they are not for sale, I am not a collector, but these articles are a link with my past.

A man in our town had a beautiful collection of 350 antique toothpick holders on display in a glass case.

The grand prize for the best quilt in the show was given on a triple Irish chain stitched all by hand many years ago. First prize was given an elaborate



Mother has finished the beautiful large crewel wall hanging Donald and Mary Beth gave her for Christmas and it will soon be framed and hung in the living room. It was quite a project!

"star" quilt made in 1863. Other "firsts" in other divisions were an applique quilt of great beauty, a hand-embroidered quilt, and an all-machine-made quilt made this past year.

The large proceeds taken in at this interesting show and sale are to be used for a community project. Plans are being made to make this an annual affair. (I hiked to the library to get some books on antiques.)

### LAFEMME PACK RAT

Part of the fun in any collecting hobby is in exhibiting one's collection. Old phonograph records offer the added pleasure of unusual entertainment for your family and friends.

Stored away in your basement or attic right now might be the start of an interesting hobby for you, the collecting of old phonograph records. Some of them might be scarce today.

Since no written or spoken word can ever completely capture the sounds of yesteryear, old phonograph records are the voice of history.

As might be expected, some records are more valuable than others. The value of old phonograph records is determined by the condition, the fame of the recorder, as well as collector and dealer demand.

Hobby magazines are the primary source of information on old recordings. Most public libraries have a fine assortment of such publications.

If your basement or attic got a good cleaning in the process of record hunting, your time wasn't completely lost!

Collecting is not limited to old phonograph records. Other items in our musical history might interest you such as photographs of artists, trade publications, old music sheets and early phonographs.

—Mrs. Eugene Kiso



### FROM OUR HOUSE

by Nan

If your life is well ordered and quiet, and you like it that way, then this is not for you. But if you're a housewife and a mother, and each day is a challenge to your endurance, and your furnishings are early salvage, then we have something in common!

Welcome!

We have both kinds of children — those who go to school and those who do not. And some of each sex, both equally noisy.

Then there are the animals — dogs, cats, briefly guinea pigs and white mice, tropical fish and, most recently, ants! In the summer, the creek yields crawfish and the ditches, toads. And there is a rush outdoors when someone discovers a bull snake — all except Mother, who is a coward!

As I mentioned earlier, we are not a well-organized group, which is a trial to my husband. He was raised in an orderly fashion. We lose shoe strings, combs, scissors, pencils and socks regularly.

Over the years I've become used to seeing muddy socks draped over the clothes hamper, cornstalks poking out of paper cups, children bickering one minute and lying down, the best of friends, the next. A little harder to get used to have been the times the children have cried out against our "unfairness" one day and declared that we're the "greatest" the next.

But all in all, we wouldn't trade each other or our helter-skelter life with anyone! Would you?

### KALEIDOSCOPE

The seasons change  
And rearrange  
The ordered pattern of our ways.

Fireside dreams  
Of winter seem  
Too placid for the springtime days.

Anticipate  
Then celebrate  
The primrose paths of summer flowers.

Harvest pleasures,  
Jewel-leaf treasures,  
Autumn forecasts bleaker hours.

The days dissolve,  
The world revolves.  
We think through snow of springtime  
when

We realize  
With kind surprise  
The cycle has begun again.

—Carol Kosek



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

An outstanding poet, historian, and authority on the American Indian, John G. Neihardt, has written his autobiography — *All Is But A Beginning* Youth Remembered 1881-1901 (Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich Publishers, \$5.95). This is a narrative account of the first two decades of his life. It begins with his earliest recollections and ends with his saying a fond farewell to his youth.

John Neihardt was born near Sharpsburg, Illinois, in 1881. The family moved to Kansas in 1886. In 1891 they moved to Wayne, Nebraska, where he attended Nebraska Normal College and completed the scientific course in 1897 at the age of sixteen. At age 19 he became interested in the culture of the American Indian and while teaching in a country school near Hoskins, Nebraska, made close friendships with Indians. His interest in their spiritual life led to his now famous book, *Black Elk Speaks*.



Heather Watkins, our cover girl, finds playing "dress up" good entertainment on a rainy day.

Dr. Neihardt, in his autobiography, writes of growing up in the Midwest at the end of the nineteenth century, and of the people and events that shaped his life. His skill as a master or anecdote is apparent.

A book of the American past as well as a personal narrative, it should be a delightful reading experience for the increasing number of Neihardt followers.

Named Poet Laureate of Nebraska in 1921, Dr. Neihardt, now in his nineties, devotes himself to informal meetings, contemplation and writing. He divides his time between Columbia, Missouri,

and Lincoln, Nebraska.

*All Is But A Beginning* — a thoroughly enjoyable autobiography.

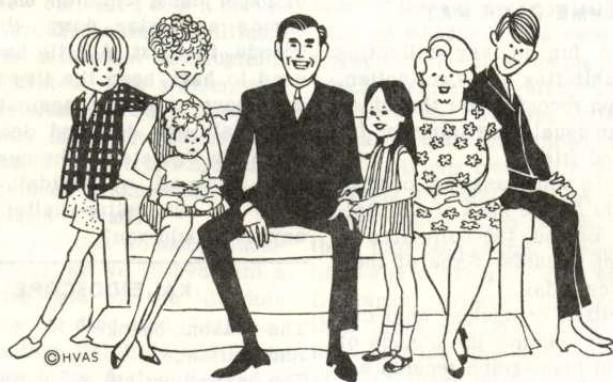
When Eleanor Craig took on the assignment to teach a class of special children who had been declared "unteachable" by others, she knew it wouldn't be easy. How do you teach long division to a child who believes that the banana in his lunchbox is alive and trying to escape? How do you maintain control when one of your students has locked you in the custodian's closet? How do you convince a child that people are not for hurting when he is constantly battered and rejected at home? During her year of teaching the "transitional class" of acutely disturbed children, Eleanor Craig had such problems each day. *P.S. Your Not Listening* A Year With Five Disturbed Children (Richard W. Baron, Publisher, \$5.95) is Eleanor Craig's touching account of her attempts to know her five exceptional pupils. Mrs. Craig tried to reach the center of each child's chaotic world and to gain their trust.

Gradually, the reader is drawn into the circle as she establishes human contact, slowly but surely. One child speaks through aggression. There are many destructive outbursts but eventually, a real sense of community in the classroom. She was sure of her success with Douglas as he was promoted from the class. He left a scrap of paper saying, "Mrs. C. should be permotted."

Mrs. Craig — and her special pupils — have written a book which makes one realize how much can be done for the "unteachable" child in *P.S. Your Not Listening*.

What were you like at sixteen? There were good reasons for asking this question of eighteen notable women and for hoping their response would be meaningful. *When I Was Sixteen* (Platt and Munk, Publishers, \$3.95) by Mary Brannum is a fascinating book which tells of one year in the life of some distinguished women.

Sixteen is a time of transition — from tomboy to young lady, from gawkiness to grace. It is also a turning point between childhood and maturity. What choices will be made? Bette Davis remarked that her mother gave her a most marvelous varied education for the world she went into later. Frances Lanahan, daughter of F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, felt she was very immature at sixteen; the average sixteen-year-old then was equivalent to a twelve-year-old today. Mrs. Lyndon Johnson recalled sixteen as a very special time, a time of feeling intensely alive. All of the women interviewed had varied interests, talent, personality, and outlook.



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We send gift cards to those who will be receiving *Kitchen-Klatter* because you were thoughtful enough to remember them.

\$2.00 per year, 12 issues

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(Iowa residents, please add Sales Tax.)

**KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**

## A New Direction

by  
Donna Ashworth Thompson

Too often we follow an old pattern. Sometimes it is because we fear change, sometimes because we like the way we are living and do not want our old pattern of life disturbed. Then there are people who don't want to follow the old pattern, but are frustrated and confused about the pattern they do want to follow. The life they live is not what they want and they are unhappy because it is not different, but they do not know how to change it.

Is that the state of mind you have reached? You don't like the way you are living. You want to move to a different location. You want to escape in some intangible way from the environment in which you live. You're unhappy inside, though you do not think your friends know, because you put a smile on your face. But all the time you are seeking, trying to find something that will satisfy you, and it always eludes you.

Then one day you discover that you are starting in a new direction. It may have been that the decision has been forming itself in your subconscious mind for a long time. Then suddenly one day you know exactly what you are going to do.

You look your house over and find that you have many things that you do not want. There are any number of pieces of furniture that need to be repaired and refinished. The thing to do is to sell what you don't want and call an antique man to refinish that which you wish to keep. You have made a beginning. Spend the money you have been holding for some intangible something because you thought you might need it later. Later is already here, and it is time to spend it — now.

Paint, paper, new draperies, furniture moved from here to there, and ideas that have long been sleeping have come to life and are making the house into the kind of place you want to live in. Go on a trip. Buy some new clothes. Look up people that you have been intending to look up for a long time, and in your dilatory state have delayed and put off doing. Some of those you had planned to see may have died while you have been getting around to it. You should have followed those good impulses and not disregarded them. Tomorrow is sometimes too late to do that good deed you thought about today. Take a course in adult education. You'll be amazed at the things you are interested in doing.

What has happened to you? You have

a new direction, and your mind is alert and active at last. Tell your physical being to get up and move, to act, not sit and be uncertain about what you want to do. There is no use in sitting and dreaming and wondering about what the future may be. The thing to do is to get going.

A new direction. You may not know exactly where you are going, but you are certainly on your way, and you have an exhilaration that is really unbelievable. You don't have enough time to get this new organization of yours, this new you, into operation and functioning as you want to. There is never a spare moment.

If you have been in the doldrums or whatever state that really is, a state of laziness and uncertainty, or frustration, forget it. Forget yourself. Tomorrow will be all right, and if it isn't, there is no use worrying about it today. There are things you want to do, doz-

ens of them. Today is the day to start.

In the National Geographic Special about volcanos not long ago, the narrator said that the man who was leading the exploration had been teaching and doing an entirely different kind of work. Then he went on a trip and saw a volcano in action. It gave him a new outlook, and he started out in a new direction. He began to explore volcanos to try to find out why they erupted when they did, how much force they had, etc. He had opened a great new world for himself.

A new direction. No matter what road you are traveling, stop, look, and then take a new direction. You may find new and exciting experiences over that distant hill.

Who knows — tomorrow you too may be exploring volcanos or going to the South Pole? Whatever direction you take, it will be fun, and life will be wonderful.



Vacations *don't* mean vacations from dirt (remember last year's fish-stained shirts, grass-stained knees, fire-blackened pans?). Wise wives make sure **KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER** goes along on every trip. It works wonders on everything that needs washing — and it works as well in the Rockies as it does at home!

Be sure your last pre-vacation shopping list includes **KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER**. Your grocer has it. Remember:

# KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

You go through the motions . . .

**KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER** does the work!

## COVER PICTURE

Heather Watkins, daughter of our cousin Ruth Shambaugh Watkins and her husband Bob, is our cover girl this month. She loves the farm near Clarinda, Iowa, that her family moved to a couple of years ago and "doesn't miss a thing", according to her parents. She involves herself in every activity that goes on, and certainly they are vastly different from those in the large California city where she was born!

## DAVID'S LETTER - Concluded

moved here to raise his family. Mr. Gosley wrote this for the Canadian centennial celebration.

British Columbia, you have inspired Artists to try to portray

All of your moods, which are often admired

Though they be gloomy or gay.

I dreamt that I painted a wonderful view;

Now I am hoping my dream will come true.

It's my design to try and combine

The colors in the land I love;

I'll use all the greens in soft woodland scenes

And capture the blue skies above;

The bright golden gleams

From the sun setting low

Reflect in the streams

And mountaintop snow —

All combine in this heaven of mine



Saturday mornings will usually find Mother in the kitchen baking. This particular day she was baking pies when Margery dropped in for a chat. She thinks they were cherry, or they might have been raspberry, but she remembers for certain that we enjoyed them the next evening with some of Ruby's good homemade ice cream.

This colorful land that I love!

I hope that many of you are able to visit Vancouver Island this summer or perhaps can plan to include it on your schedule next year.

Sincerely,  
David Driftmier

## CALLING ALL GRANDMAS

If you have a bunch of grandchildren, as I do, who have most of the material things they want, gift buying can prove trying. We see ours only several times a year so aren't always certain of just what they have.

When they reach thirteen years of age we start a collection for them seeking to pinpoint an interest. We discarded stamps and coins as the usual items they might work with on their own.

I try to locate a different piece to start with, usually antique bent. There are good books in the library with a wealth of ideas for collections. We keep items small and inexpensive.

Several beneficial things, hopefully, will evolve from this. First, we wish to whet a new interest for them and one they can pursue. Second, it gives us an idea for the next gift. Third, I get into many antique shops on the hunt that I wouldn't visit otherwise.

Collecting is *fun* and you meet interesting people. Try it for your grandchild.

—Marjorie Fuller

## DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

entrance of Yellowstone National Park, so they spent one day shortly after they got there taking the boys to see Old Faithful. They were also excited about seeing the bears and other wildlife. They are still looking forward to a trip to the farm this summer, but no date has been set as yet.

I think I'm going to have an extra man for dinner, so I must get busy . . .

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

All sorts of adjectives come to mind when you first use **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. Absolutely safe for all washables, they'll have you thinking up new words for describing just how great they are!

For instance, economical?

**Kitchen-Klatter  
BLUE DROPS  
and  
SAFETY BLEACH**

**AUGUST DEVOTIONS — Concluded**

her babies in the wild crab apple tree.

The squirrels playing tag and leap frog in the tree tops just outside my kitchen window.

Sailboats coming toward the shore at sunset.

The flowers nature scatters like bright embroidery across the earth's green afghan.

The lights of home shining across the snow as I return from a long journey.

The distinctive design of the leaves of each kind of tree, yet each making its pattern of shade; it, too, an "original" by God.

The lazy frog sunning on the big rock at the water's edge.

The stark artistry of the old dead elm against the blue backdrop of the sky.

Do not insist that anyone make a statement if he prefers not to. The leader can judge when to conclude this part of the program by saying this, which the helper writes down below the list:

All these are beautiful things we see when our eyes are opened to see. They help us feel close to God and see His hand in all creation. Thanks be to God Who has created beauty and order in all the earth.

(If desired the leader can call attention to the fact that together they have written their own psalm of appreciation and praise, and it might then be read in unison.)

**Leader:** In Philippians 4:8 we read *Whatsoever things are lovely . . . think on these things.* We must cultivate the

attitude of eyes that see, and hearts and voices that express joy in the commonplace; for there is where we come closest to God more often — right where we are, if we but LOOK for Him!

I like one of our contemporary songs which says "Joy is like the rain," and I'd like for us to sing it now.

**Song:** "Joy Is Like the Rain".

(Leader and helper now pass out to each one a small flower, a leaf, or long blades of grass.)

**Meditation:** You hold in your hand a flower, a blade of grass, a leaf.

Take this one solitary flower, or grass, or leaf.

Look full into its face,

Examining each detail and

its design, its charm, its grace.

And after you have looked awhile

Think how the Great Creator's hand

Fashioned this from the dust —

This offspring from our land,

This Hand that holds the world within  
His power

Through centuries of years;

Surely He can work creatively through  
us,

'Til our joys o'erride our fears.

He is the Master of the sea,

Master of earth and sky,

Yet hears our faintest whisper,

Watches o'er with loving eye.

Learn from this solitary flower, or  
blade of grass, or leaf

The lesson of this hour —

To open thine eyes to beauty of life, to  
joy, and

Humbly bless thy Creator's power.

—Paraphrased from poem by G. Adams

Let all stand in a circle for the closing song and benediction.

**Song:** "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee".

**Closing Prayer:** O God, Who hast made this fair world and given to all men richly to enjoy, help me never to grow dull to all its wonder. Because so many of its glories are familiar, let me not forget how wonderful they are. Keep my eyes open to the blue sky, to the changing pageant of the clouds, to the silver mystery of the moonlight and to the majesty of the silent stars. May I feel every sunrise a miracle of life and light renewed, and in every sunset a pledge of Thine unfading light without which we cannot face the dark. So may no single day be common, but may each one bring the benediction of its immortal brightness to my soul, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen

—William Russell Bowie

(Note: For this service, it would be well to have the songs mimeographed onto song sheets, so that everyone has the words at hand. Also the leader will want to have the flowers, leaves and grass ready beforehand, along with the paper or chalk board and other props, with an able assistant ready to help with them during the service so that all goes smoothly.)



The feather clouds in a faultless sky,  
The new-risen sun with its kindly eye  
And the woodland breezes floating by,  
Are the joys of a summer morning.

—Henry Wise Wood

## NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT CREEPING RED SEDUM

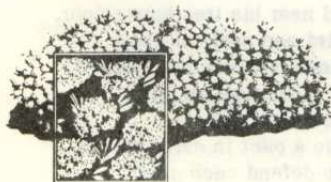
**An extraordinary ground cover for masses of  
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(Sedum Spurium, Dragon's Blood) Rock gardens, borders, edgings, under shady trees, and steep banks will be alive with carefree color when you plant this Creeping Red Sedum. Just place these hardy, northern nursery grown plants about one foot apart and watch them take over! Fill troublesome areas with a neat 3-4" tall cover that spreads fast, yet doesn't need pruning. Depend on it for bright red, star-like flowers from June through September — attractive, thick, semi-evergreen foliage the rest of the year, even in sub-zero weather!

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These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. Thousands have already been mailed, so write today to Dept. 4606, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.

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417 W. Sheridan

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when right, to be kept right;  
when wrong, to be put right.

— Carl Schurz

"Every man is guilty of all the  
good he did not do."

— Voltaire

### TERRIBLE-TWO'S

What can you say

Of the "Terrible-Two's"?

Forewarned by experts

You try not to lose

Your patience or sanity,

Hoping you'll find

Your good sense of humor

Won't leave you behind.

It's a tug at your sleeve

And a tug at your heart.

It's crises and kisses

And then with a start

You find the year's over.

The truth seems to be:

The "terrible" thing is

Too soon they are Three.

—Carol Kosek



With the abundant runoff in the mountains this year, James and Katharine had the special treat of a spring running right under their picnic table!

### LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

through many a scalding Iowa summer without air-conditioning, goodness knows, but I look back and wonder HOW! I can remember everyone just about sick with the heat when the thermometer hit it up well above 100 degrees, and not a breath of air stirring. But with a big family we had to have those three meals a day, and I can still recall how hard it was to head for the kitchen and think about supper with everyone just about panting for breath.

At this particular point in time (I guess I've looked at a lot of the Water-gate hearings!) we don't have any family visits scheduled until Frederick and Betty arrive the latter part of August on their return from New Mexico. As far as I know, Juliana and the children will not be here this summer since Jed's two weeks' vacation is being spent on this trip to Woods Hole. I hope to make it out to Albuquerque with Eula in early September, but as yet we haven't been able to make final plans. Like most other people I feel a little nervous about getting stranded somewhere without enough gas to make it to the next point. This gasoline shortage, plus the forecast food shortages, remind me uncomfortably of World War II when we had a world of experience in making do and getting along without all kinds of things.

Well, I've glanced at the clock now and then while I've been writing this, and if nothing untoward has happened James and Katharine are now trudging along to the next plane at O'Hare. I'll be glad when the phone rings tonight and I'll know they are safely there. You see, I really am old-fashioned — I just can't take these huge jets for granted!

Until next month . . . . .

*Lucile*

### FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

to the purchase of another one, is the school situation for our associate minister has two young children.

I have been doing a great deal of reading this summer, and I have observed that so much of the modern literature emphasizes the longing people have to feel needed, to feel loved, to feel useful. Thank God you and I are saved from that kind of longing, because as believers in the Christian way, we know why we are here. We know that God needs us. We feel ourselves to be a part of God's eternal struggle to build His kingdom on this earth. In a book of quotations called *The Choice Is Always Ours*, I found a beautiful statement of our kind of faith. These lines were written by a Mr. John Elov Boodin, and I hope to find out more about him and his writings, for he certainly says what I believe.

"We are the fruition of a process that stretches back to stardust. We are material in the hands of the Creator of the universe, material for a still larger destiny that we cannot see in the everlasting rhythm of the worlds. Nothing happens but that somehow counts in the creative architecture of things. We fail and fall by the way, yet redeeming grace fashions us anew and eliminates our failures in the larger pattern. For us the pangs of pain, of failure, in this mortal lot, are birth throes of transition to better things. We are separated for a time by the indifference of space and by our blindness which particularizes and isolates us. But in us is the longing for unity. We are impelled by a hidden instinct to reunion with the parts of the larger heart of the universe."

Isn't that a great statement? That is exactly what we who love Jesus Christ believe, and that belief is for each of us a saving grace. I must remember to preach a sermon about that next fall. During all of July and August I do not have to preach, but I shall be all ready to begin preaching again in September.

Sincerely,

Frederick

### SMALL FRIENDS

I am standing in my garden

Where hummingbirds are singing near  
the rambling rose.

A small brown squirrel splashes in  
The morning bath I drew for him.

When he is finished,

He will come and eat the feast  
I layed near his tree house door.

Both bird and squirrel know  
They need not fear my company,

Nor will I let another lift a  
Hand to harm them.

We made a pact in early spring  
To help defend each other.

—Don Beckman

## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 20¢ 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.  
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**HOUSEPLANTS:** 12 for \$4.50. Old books. Stamp for list. Winkler, 5700 14th Ave., Hudsonville, R. 4, Michigan 49426.

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**INTERESTING COOKBOOK** from Kanawka Christian School, 400 recipes. \$3.00 postpaid. Mrs. Ella Ruter, Kanawka, Ia. 50447

## Warning!

Recently a radio listener wrote about her concern over children's clothing that was not flame resistant. She was personally acquainted with a sad accident in which a young child was seriously burned when a garment caught fire. It is the time of year when mothers are buying school clothing, so we decided to share a few thoughts on the subject.

When buying back-to-school clothes for their children, mothers have to make several decisions about the garment they choose. But one question, often unasked by shoppers, is of vital importance. Is the garment relatively flame retardant?

Many clothing items are potential fire hazards — and many people have died or been seriously injured as a result of clothing fire burns. Estimates of the flammable fabrics problem indicate that there are annually 3000 to 5000 deaths and 150,000 to 250,000 injuries from burns associated with flammable fabrics.

A mother can help protect her children from clothing ignition burns by selecting garments that are least likely to burn. Choose clothing made of fabrics that are closely woven, of a heavy weight, and with a smooth surface, says the National Safety Council. Wool is an example of such a fabric.

In general, close-fitting garments are less likely to catch fire than loose-fitting ones. Avoid buying garments with flared skirts, blousy sleeves, or ruffles and frills. The farther the garment is from the wearer's body, the greater the chance of ignition. That's why the close-fitting garments worn by men and boys are usually safer than clothes worn by girls and women.

In addition, all family members should know what to do if their clothing does catch fire. Never run. Running fans the flame and accelerates burning. Drop into a horizontal position wherever you are. Remaining in a standing position allows flame and smoke to rise upward over the face and to get into the lungs. Remove clothing if possible. If indoors, roll a rug over yourself, or any other heavy fabric. If outdoors, roll on the ground. Anything that can smother or extinguish the fire — such as water, sand, or a heavy fabric wrapped around the body — will help to minimize the extent of injury.

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## TRAVEL FUN

by  
Virginia Thomas

If you're planning a trip which means long hours in the car, do plan ahead so you're prepared to come up with something to break the monotony for the children. Have a special bag, or box, in which you have pencils, paper and other items needed for some games, as well as a few little surprises — snack treats, new puzzle, color books, etc. Here are a few ideas for some travel fun.

**Catch a Color:** Provide the children with paper and pencil. Assign each player one of the popular car colors and have them mark down the ones they see. The first player to see 75 cars of his color wins.

**Sing-along:** The whole family can have fun singing well-known songs. To make it more fun, you might have the rule that the song is continued until you meet (or see) a red car, when you then switch to another song. Or you could say the song is changed whenever you come to an interchange on an interstate, or to a brick building, or whatever seems logical where you are traveling.

**Here!:** Players look ahead and spot some specific object in a distance down the road in front of the car — a tree, a distant farmstead, a water tower, etc. Then all close their eyes and keep them closed until each player thinks the car has reached the object, then he cries "Here". The winner is the one who comes closest to saying "Here" when the car reaches the designated object.

**"I Spy":** Mother makes out a long list of objects which it is expected might be seen from the car as you travel along — a yellow house, a herd of cows, a historical marker, etc.; then awards a point to the player who first spots each item. When list is completed, total each player's points to find the winner.

**Animal Chorus:** Make a list of animals, fowls and birds that might be seen from the car. If a player sees the object he must not say the name, but make the sound of the object, such as bray like a donkey, baa like a sheep, tweet-tweet for a bird, etc. A point is given for each player who is first to "sound" the animal, bird, etc.

**My Project:** Before leaving home, take a sheet of paper for each child and write a subject at the top of the page. Perhaps you'll need to consider the age of the child and the area in which you'll be traveling. During the entire trip the player writes down each time he sees his subject and any interesting information he cares to write about it. One might have "Makes of

Foreign Cars", and would list approximate location (nearest town) where seen. Or the number of people observed in the car, or its color, etc. Another player's list might be headed "Historical Spots", or "Kinds of Work People Are Doing". This is fun and helps teach children to be more observing of what they see.

**My Name's the Thing:** The player tries to spot an object whose name begins with one of the letters in his name. The first person to find an object for every letter in his full name wins. You may make the rule that they must find the object in the same order as the letter appears in their name.

### THE RULE OF THREE

Three things to govern:

temper, tongue, conduct.

Three things to love:

courage, gentleness, affection.

Three things to hate:

cruely, arrogance, ingratitude.

Three things to wish for:

health, friends, a cheerful spirit.

Three things to fight for:

honor, country, home. —Anonymous

### BACKDOOR NEIGHBORS

We're backdoor neighbors, you and I.  
We've watched the marching years go by,

Held little sessions o'er the fence  
When life was getting strained and tense,

Talked over problems and our fears,  
Shared happiness throughout the years.  
We've shared each other's ups and downs,

Admired hats and new spring gowns,  
Settled the nation's big affairs,  
Joined hands in small heartbroken prayers,

Loved, laughed, and sorrowed down the years,

Companioned by our joy and tears.  
I do not know what I would do  
Without my backdoor neighbor — you.

—Unknown



### HOMEMADE ICE CREAM

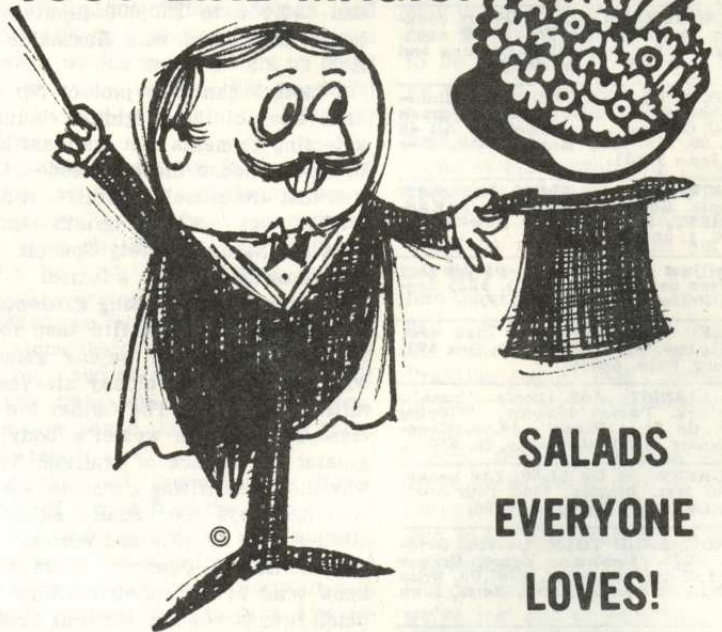
Licking the spoon

So that none goes to waste

Is very bad manners —

But such good taste! —Anonymous

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