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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 21

AUGUST, 1957

NUMBER 8



Photo by Bob Dyer

MISS JOSIE PANNESCHER
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

Subscription Price \$1.50 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

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At Home

My dear Friends:

Yes, here we are, home again, from our wonderful trip East where we visited two of our sons, Frederick and Donald and their families in Massachusetts and Indiana. I will try and cover some of the highlights of our visits, but first I want to tell you of our arrival home.

We had planned to stop and have dinner with Dorothy and Frank and deliver Kristin safe and sound, but there had been a heavy rain and the road from the gravel highway to the farm was knee-deep in mud. All we could do was to leave Kristin at her Aunt Bernie's where she would wait for her father to come for her. As we drove up to our own back door Margery was coming in the kitchen with a big sack of groceries that contained the things we would be needing immediately such as milk, butter, eggs, bread and coffee. She helped her father unload the car and the suitcase that contained the little inexpensive gifts I had brought to the grandchildren. We opened this at once for I knew that when I called to tell them we were home they would be scampering over. The rest of the luggage was not unpacked until the next day.

As I had expected, I missed seeing my iris, peonies and roses in full bloom, but now the day lilies in shades from dark red and bronze to golden yellow are the glory of our yard. Our roses are full of buds again and soon the hardy phlox will be in bloom. I have a bowl of large Shasta daisies here on the table, and they are surely fresh and cool looking on this hot July morning. We are also enjoying the purple Clematis Vine that is on the back porch trellis where the blooms can peek in the dining room window.

I finished a big job yesterday, one I have known I had to do but dreaded getting a start made. My husband's hobby for several years has been taking colored slides and he has at least six or seven hundred of them. At one time all of our Florida pictures were together; the California and Colorado slides properly separated and filed too, but alas and alack! they had become badly mixed up. It took hours and hours to regroup them, but now that job is *done*. I might pass on just a little advice to you friends who take

colored slides: don't neglect to write on the little frame the subject of the picture and the date it was taken. We fell down on this detail and certainly regret it.

I was glad to find on my return that sisters, Jessie and Martha, both look well and are happy in their plans for the summer. At this time Martha is in Estes Park, Colorado with a sister of her husband (the late Harry Eaton) who has several cabins there. She will also visit her only granddaughter and get acquainted with her great grandchild in New Mexico. My brother Henry's wife, Bertha, has had visits from their children this summer so she has had a happy, busy time.

Now, about our visit in Massachusetts. Because of the difficulty I have in getting upstairs at Frederick's house, we stayed at a motel which was not far from their home. After breakfast in the nice coffee shop we read or wrote letters until Frederick came for us. He had every day planned so that we could spend some time with Betty and the children, visit with friends and take short trips to interesting historical spots. There are so many of these in New England that it would take many years to see all of them. Each day had its "high spots," and I will try to tell you about some of them.

On the first day we called on a cousin, Mrs. Gladys Wirt in Holyoke, Mass., and from there we drove to the summit of Mt. Tom and had lunch at a restaurant overlooking the valley. This was a lovely spot. In the evening we attended a "Strawberry Festival." At the height of the strawberry season New England churches have these suppers with a menu that consists of a first course of cold sliced ham, cabbage slaw, potato salad and buttered buns. As a second course they serve a huge piece of strawberry shortcake with a generous helping of whipped cream. Of course there was plenty of coffee!

On the second day of our trip we were up bright and early and took the Massachusetts Turnpike to Boston where we visited with the Reverend Allan Keedy, his wife and their three children. (Reverend Keedy was the pastor of our Shenandoah Congregational church when our children were in their "teens.") It was wonderful to see them again.

When we got back home we found that Frederick's son David had chicken pox, and although it was a mild case it kept him from going to Old Sturbridge Village with us the next day.

This village is a recreated country town of 150 years ago and is a living museum of the way people lived, worshiped and worked at that time. It covers 200 acres and is made up of more than 30 buildings that have been moved in from all parts of New England and carefully reconstructed on the banks of the Quinebaug River. In these buildings there are women and men, all of them skilled craftsmen, who demonstrate candle-making, rug weaving, glass blowing and other early American skills. There is also an old country store that sells old-fashioned candy and print goods, so you can see what a wonderful chance it is for children and grownups to learn how people lived in the early 1800's.

We had looked forward to attending a Sunday morning service in Frederick's church, but since it was Children's Day there was no regular sermon and we heard instead, a wonderful talk that Frederick had prepared for the young people. There were twenty babies baptized—maybe more. It was hard to count them! This is always an inspiring ceremony. In the evening there was an ordination service for a young man who is now going into his ministry. This was followed by a reception, so we had a full and happy day.

On Monday we drove to Ashaway, Rhode Island to see Betty's parents. David was feeling fine (he had a very light case of chicken pox) so Betty decided to take him with us. It is always a pleasure to visit with the Crandalls and our stay at their home was all too short.

Tuesday we rested! I needed to have my hair given some attention so Betty arranged an appointment for me. It was nice to have nothing special to do but just to rest and visit with the children.

On Wednesday Frederick took us to lunch at "Old Deerfield Inn," in the town so familiar to my father when he was a young man. From there we went to call on our friends, Ethel Wells and Mr. and Mrs. Gene Benjamin. This visit was all too short, but we couldn't linger longer because we had been invited to a barbecue supper high up in the Berkshire Mountains.

On Thursday we left Springfield for the return trip to see Donald and his family in Anderson. Betty found a woman to stay with the children so she and Frederick could be with us on the first day of our trip. We planned to call on my nieces and nephew, whom they had not seen for some time.

Our first stop was at Greenwich, Conn. to see Ruth Shambaugh Watkins, sister Jessie's daughter. She is the busy mother of four little girls and in addition to their needs she finds time to do clever sketches and illustrations for the Ladies Home

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This is the Eisenhower family home in Abilene, Kansas.

THE EISENHOWER MUSEUM IN ABILENE

By
Frances R. Williams

Planning to take a trip this summer?

Then by all means include Abilene, Kansas in your itinerary. You will find much of interest in this Cowboy town of the Old West where the famous Chisholm Trail first met the railroad; where the President of these United States grew to manhood, and where the Eisenhower Museum is located. This is the first nationally supported World War II memorial.

Abilene is in central Kansas and may be reached by U. S. Highway No. 40, a main east-west route or by Kansas No. 15, a north-south road.

Located in the wide fertile valley of the Smoky Hill river, a spot favored by early Plains Indians, Abilene first came into prominence as the terminus of the Kansas Pacific railroad and the Old Chisholm Trail from Texas. The influx of cowboys turned the sleepy frontier town into one of the wildest in the West. Gunmen like Tom Smith and Wild Bill Hickock were hired to keep law and order. During a five year period from 1867 to 1872, approximately 1,100,000 cattle were shipped from Abilene to eastern markets. When the railroad at last moved westward, the town settled down.

Few signs remain of the wild and turbulent Cow-town days aside from markers which point out important places and historical events. This county seat town of about 6,500 inhabitants is similar to hundreds of towns all over the country except that Abilene has no parking meters.

Now, all roads lead to that area of town "across the tracks" where a white, square, frame, two-story house stands shaded by tall spreading elms. There is parking space at one side and a flag flies from the pole in the front yard. A sign states that this is "The Boyhood Home of President Eisenhower."

In the Eisenhower family home, a typical middle-class home of the 1900 era, six boys grew to manhood. Each one became prominent in his field of endeavor—banker, lawyer, druggist, publisher, educator and one who became not only a General of great renown but also serves as the President of our country.

The house is just as Mother Eisenhower left it when she slipped away one day in September, 1946. (The year before she had been honored by her fellow Kansans as "Mother of the

Year.") The curtains are freshly laundered, the old-fashioned clock ticks away, there are house plants, including several African violets.

"We haven't lost a single plant," the guide tells us.

Crowds file silently through the house. The kitchen is without any modern labor-saving equipment. A dainty Battenburg cloth, an example of her skill with the needle, peeps from a half-opened drawer in the sideboard. The ebony upright piano (purchased with her dowerly money) is the one on which all of her six sons were taught the rudiments of music. Her wedding dress is spread on the bed in the front bedroom and even her dust cap hangs on the closet door knob. On the parlor stand table is a Bible opened to the pages of the family record. Certainly the indomitable spirit of this Mother lingers here! The scuffs and scars made by six boys still remain on the staircase that leads to the second floor.

With the death of Mother Eisenhower the heirs deeded the house, its contents, and the ground on which both it and the Museum stand, to the Eisenhower Foundation. This non-profit organization, chartered in 1945, has had charge of preserving the Home and building the Museum. The plaque on the cornerstone carries the legend that it was laid in 1952 by General Eisenhower shortly after he had announced his intention to seek the nomination for the office of the President.

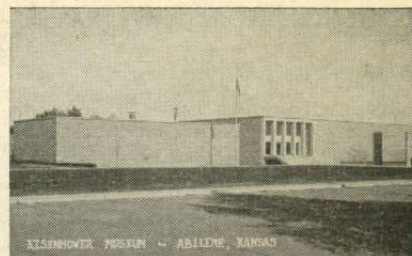
The plaque reads:

"Upon this homestead, a gift of the Eisenhower family, this Memorial building is erected by a grateful people of the United States in honor of Veterans of America's Wars, the Eisenhower family and the Leadership of Dwight D. Eisenhower."

The Museum is built of native limestone that was quarried in the area and faces south. It is approached by a wide walk flanked by six granite pylons, sixteen feet in height, which rise from the reflecting pool; the pylons were a gift of the Kansas D. A. R. and are dedicated to Mother Eisenhower, to the family, and to the men and women who served in the Armed Forces during World War II.

The Museum building is of contemporary architecture with two large wings that are connected with a glass-fronted lobby. Six large murals depicting events in the life of President Eisenhower and dedicated last November, adorn the lobby walls.

The West wing completed and opened in April, 1954, is devoted to "Eisenhower the General." It contains his vast collection of medals, trophies, mementoes and gifts from governments and individuals. A very conservative estimate of the value is placed at \$1,500,000. Displays connected with his ancestors, his life from early childhood up through the years to the inauguration are shown. Special emphasis is placed on military campaigns. A case of West Point uniforms attracts attention, uniforms worn by Cadet Dwight D. Eisenhower and by Cadet John Eisenhower. These



The new Eisenhower Museum, a National Memorial.

uniforms of father and son are identical in material, style and size.

The East wing, opened in November, 1954, is known as the "President's" room. A bigger-than-life oil painting of the President dominates the front wall of this room which is filled with thousands of items, gifts received since his election. The exhibits are changed often and more are added continually. Of interest to women is the petite "Mamie" doll, a replica of Mrs. Eisenhower as she appeared at the first Inaugural ball. The pink gown of the doll is fashioned from a remnant of the gown worn by the First Lady and is exact in every detail. In contrast there is a suit of Japanese armor, 750 years old, which weighs 120 pounds.

Between the Home and Museum are the famous tulip beds and the rose garden. In April the tulip beds make a show worth driving hundreds of miles to see. These tulips, thousands of the choicest varieties, were a gift of Mr. John Res of Sussenheim, Holland, who was active in the Dutch Underground during the War. This gift was made in appreciation of the leadership of General Eisenhower. John Res has since passed away, but every autumn his son, Bernard, sends an additional 10,000 bulbs to add to the collection.

From May until freezing weather the rose garden is a thing of beauty and joy. More than 1,000 of the very finest rose varieties are arranged in beds. There are roses of every color in bloom at all times, and we recognized Mirandy, Sutter's Gold, Peace and, of course, the dark red beauty—"President Eisenhower," to name only a few.

Among the half-million persons who visit Abilene during the year one visitor has said: "Every American should visit this place. It makes you realize that America is truly the Land of Opportunity and renews your faith in the Future of our Nation."

Editorial Note: We are happy to share Mrs. Williams' article with you friends because we have long felt that all homes of all Presidents, irrespective of political parties, should be preserved and maintained for the generations to come. In a new country such as ours it is easy to tear down things that seem to have so little significance at the moment. But the only way our future citizens can understand the various ways of life known by past Presidents is to keep their homes as

(Continued on next page)

FREDERICK BEGINS HIS TRAVELS

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you from England, a wonderful land that has been the home of some of the world's most wonderful people.

During the years of World War II I came to know the English very well as I traveled in some of their colonies, and now I am delighted to be in their homeland. So many Americans have an absurd, stereotyped picture of the typical Englishman that is pure travesty. The haughty, snooty, sunken-chested, monocled, stammering chap in golf socks and plus fours just isn't to be seen here, and in the past two days I have seen literally thousands of Englishmen. That deadly sneering superiority that the musical comedies have associated with Englishmen is seen on occasion, but always it is a formalized, hollow, false front.

The average Englishman, like the average American, is a very decent, honorable, friendly and humble person. My, I don't know when I have been with friendlier people! We Americans can be very proud of the fact that more than 25 of our presidents have had English blood in their veins and that our American culture is basically and essentially British.

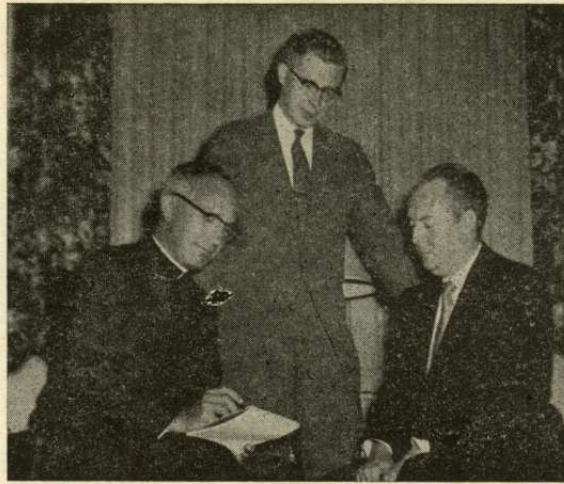
It may seem strange to you that one who has seen so much of the world is only now making his first trip to England, so perhaps an explanation is in order.

Back in the summer of 1939 as my ship worked its way into the harbor of Southampton, England I made a hurried decision. Friends abroad wanted me to go to France with them. Since I intended to study in England during the summer of 1940 I reasoned that I might do well to spend some extra time on the Continent and so I ordered my bags back aboard the ship and went right on to France. Then came World War II, and I never did get to England in 1940 or in any year after that. As I sit here looking out of my hotel window at the maze of London traffic, I have to pinch myself to see if this is all a dream, or if I really am here.

My associations with English people out in the African colonies taught me to respect their courtesy, but here in London I have once again come to see how seriously the English take their etiquette. For national good manners they are without a doubt the most courteous people in the world. And I am taking the people of the Far East into consideration when I say that!

The English philosophy of life is a simple and gracious one. Their training courtesy must start in the cradle, for their children are exceptionally well-disciplined. Several times today I had to ask directions of children playing along the edge of the street, and without exception they addressed me as "Sir," and even bowed from the hips when I thanked them.

Now that I am right in the heart of this wonderful and thrilling city of London, it is easy for me to believe that it truly is the largest city in the world. London is 691 square miles in



This very recent picture of Frederick (at the left) was taken as he conferred with two of his assistants. Standing near him is the Assistant Minister of South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., Reverend Frederick R. Strasburg. At the right is the Minister of Music, Mr. Robert S. Swan. The faithful help contributed by these two men means a great deal to Frederick as he serves the members of his parish.

area, or just about twice the land area of New York City, and London has one million more people than New York. Finding one's way about is frightfully difficult here in London—the streets go in every conceivable direction, even in complete circles! Indeed, the traffic situation here is actually worse than in Boston, and that is going some! London streets must have been laid out by the Mad Hatter himself.

Handling British currency has been no problem for me because it is just the same as Bermuda currency—pence, shillings, and pounds. The old idea that many Americans have about low-cost living in England is completely false. Inflation has hit this country too, and I have found prices here very comparable to American prices. A good hotel room is at least ten or twelve dollars a night for single occupancy, and a decent dinner in a good restaurant is anywhere from three dollars up.

In the shops there are some things that are lower in cost than at home—particularly cashmeres and hand-woven tweeds. Some of my friends are having a wonderful time shopping in a number of the famous London tobacco shops, but since I do not smoke, that is not for me.

I think that the most interesting shops I have seen have been the sport shops. The English are great sports fans, and in their sport shops they have a glittering array of sport paraphernalia for every sport you or I have ever heard of plus, many known only to Englishmen. Just for fun I stopped in several English stores to ask for a brown leather shoe, size 12A. The clerks always look at me as if I were a freak. The largest I have found has been a size 10½. Englishmen obviously do not have large feet.

Just as in every other large city, here in London one must guard against being "taken for a ride" by the sharp practices of those who are out to "get" the unwary tourist. Cockney guides can on occasion lie with all of the artistry of a Baron Munchausen. Any old antiquated house becomes a "famous castle", and any picturesque street becomes a street "where Dickens played as a child." If one is not careful it is an easy

thing to pay plenty of money and yet see and learn nothing. Just because it can happen in London is nothing against the English people, for the same things happen the world over.

I must close this letter for now and begin working on my sermon for next Sunday. There are seventeen in our party, and two of us have been asked to preach in English churches this Sunday. I am to preach in the Congregational Church at Lesminster. I plan to speak on the subject "What is America's Faith?"

I did not wait until I got here to prepare my sermon, of course, but it does need some brushing up here and there. To all of you at home I send my very best wishes.

Sincerely,
Frederick

THOSE WE LOVE

They say the world is round—and yet I often think it square,
So many little hurts we get
From corners here and there.
But there's one truth in life I've found
While journeying East and West,
The only folks we really wound
Are those we love the best.
We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those we love the best.

—Unknown

THE EISENHOWER MUSEUM (Concluded)

nearly intact as possible, and to regard them as national monuments.

Incidentally, we had quite a surprise when we read that the beautiful Tulips planted at the Eisenhower Memorial were a gift from Mr. John Res. We have always purchased our wonderfully fine Driftmier Tulips from Mr. Res, and were saddened to hear of his passing a few short years ago. Now his son, Bernard, has taken over his father's responsibilities, and this autumn we will know that along with our own bulbs from Sussenheim, Holland will go bulbs to Abilene from the very same famous bulb farm.

He who loses money, loses much;
he who loses a friend, loses more; he who loses courage, loses all.

HOW TO STAY YOUNG

By

Dr. R. K. Bliss

To my desk comes oodles of literature, suggestions, advice, admonitions and even preachments on How To Grow Old. For the most part it is good advice. The age group to which I belong, that is the 14,000,000 people in this country who are 65 years or over, is of great interest and concern at present to social workers, specialists in geriatrics, sociologists and even politicians (there are so many of us) all giving advice and help on How To Grow Old.

We seniors deeply appreciate this concern for our welfare. We would in no sense belittle it, but really we are making steady progress every day and every hour and every minute in growing old. *What most of us want to know is not how to grow old but HOW TO STAY YOUNG.* It's easy to grow old. All one has to do is to fold his hands and sit and nature does the rest. But keeping young—"There's the rub." How are we going to do that?

I will be frank with you and make it clear that I have no special training in geriatrics or sociology that qualifies me to discuss how to stay young. What I have to say will not be based on a scientific study of the behavior and performance of oldsters under varying conditions. I have only ideas which I have acquired and several years of experience and observation upon which to draw. With this understanding which I trust will cause my hearers to take a charitable view of my remarks, let us examine the problem of HOW TO KEEP YOUNG from the following viewpoints: (1) The need for work; (2) Living with friends; (3) Being as independent as possible; (4) Care as to food; (5) Regular physical examinations; and (6) Keep on enjoying life.

The Need For Work. The best advice I can give to those 65 years of age and older in order to keep young is to keep working as strength will permit. I know that some are not able to work. This difficulty, however, is not restricted to those over 65. It occurs in all age groups and is an ever present problem. I know, too, that the "cards are stacked" against those who are retired because of age. Society decrees that our appointed public servants including school teachers and professors should retire at a given age regardless of their physical or mental condition. Our large business concerns follow much the same rule although many of them are now finding it profitable to make exceptions. After being retired it is difficult for the one retired to get another permanent job. Society says you are too old. The big task is to change the public attitude in regard to older people. Nevertheless, if you want to stay young you must have work, preferably along the line for which you have a special talent but be sure to do some kind of work. Perhaps if you have been retired you can start work of your own which you manage. This work may be

either physical or mental or both. It may be a garden or flowers or wood work or writing or community work or something else. It may not pay much in money but it is far better to work for nothing than not to work at all—that is if you want to keep young. We keep strong physically by exercising our muscles. We keep alert mentally by continuous study and thinking. *To keep young one must exercise both the muscles and the brain.* Of the two, in my opinion, reading current events, study, thinking, keeping up with the times is the most important.

Being As Independent As Possible. This, I realize, is quite difficult to do with many elderly people, especially those who are short on funds or those who have lost their mates. Our social security laws have made it possible for an increasingly large number of elderly people to be independent and at the same time maintain their self-respect. If one cannot be independent and rely on himself as oftentimes happens, then accept the situation genially. This usually requires a good sense of humor.

Living With Friends. Keep on living with your longtime friends, if possible. For this reason I think it best to stay in the community, locality and among the social groups with whom you have lived and worked heretofore. Moreover, the community in which you have lived and worked knows you best, needs you most and is the one in which you can live and work with the greatest satisfaction. As one grows older it becomes more difficult to make new friends and the old ones keep slipping away. Therefore, keep active the connections which you have had—your church, your organizations, political party, etc. It is my observation and experience that the church supplies one of the best opportunities for older people to maintain contacts in the community. I was talking with a friend of mine, 84 years old and still working, who said in regard to keeping young: "Associate with young people but don't try to keep up with them." That's good advice. One has to use judgment.

Care As To Food. The importance of an intelligent selection of food in keeping young is in my opinion very important. Be sure to get plenty of protein and not too much starches and fats. Calcium or bone building material of which milk is by far the best source is very important. Old bones get brittle and break easily. That's why there are so many broken hips. Keep your bones as strong as you can by consuming at least three glasses of milk a day or getting digestible calcium in some other way. Be sure to eat protective foods and those that furnish the Vitamin B Complex. Watch your waistline. Old hearts should not be required to carry an additional load of work. If any change is made it should generally be to a lower weight. Remember that you are not exercising as much as you used to, therefore you should eat sparingly and be wary of heavy meals and heavy fat producing foods. If you are overweight, eat less. That's the best

remedy. I take multiple vitamins each day as a precaution against vitamin shortage.

Have Regular Physical Examinations. Disease has a way of creeping up on elderly people unbeknown to them. That is to say, there is quite often little advance notice in the way of pain in elderly people such as would be quickly evident in younger people. Therefore have a physical examination at least once a year and oftener if you think something is wrong. Usually when you think you have something wrong an examination will show your fears unfounded. In order to keep young one should relieve the mind of disease fears as far as possible. Preventive medicine or regular physical checkups are much to be preferred for elderly people.

Keep On Enjoying Life. Get all the satisfaction you can out of life as you go along. Dress as others dress, if you can afford it, and also in order not to be conspicuous. Why do elderly people often wear dark, somber clothes thus advertising their age? Don't do it. Wear cheerful clothes, nice neckties, nice necklaces. Don't, if possible let yourself be set apart but continue to be a part of the community in which you live. In short, don't, if possible, let yourself run down at the heel. Make it a point to look your best—powder your nose and put rouge on your cheeks if you want to. Be one of the group. Personally, I do not like to be segregated because of my age. I want to go on being a part of the community and doing my part in the community and being accepted by the community regardless of age. This concept is not always easy to carry out. We live in a young country, as countries go. We glorify youth, physical strength as witnessed by the attendance at athletic events. We encourage the strenuous life. We are living in a young people's world as shown by our retirement regulations which in general makes the decision as to whether one is able to continue working or not by checking one's birth certificate and taking a look at the calendar.

Actually we are not now making the best use of the experience and judgment of our senior citizens. When a person reaches retirement age he is generally 'dumped' regardless of his talents and ability. Only in event of war or other great emergency do we make good use of the experience and judgment of our senior citizens. If Churchill had been subject to retirement under present day retirement rules, the free world would not have profited from his tremendous services. Good judgment, sagacity, and common sense are the virtues most needed in this country and they are generally acquired through long experience. They are the distinctive attainments of our senior citizens who have managed to keep young in thought, mind and spirit. I have given a few ideas and observations. Will someone enlighten us further on HOW TO KEEP YOUNG?

(This article appeared originally in the Bulletin "Adding Life To Years" published by the State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.)

WEDDING TIME IS MEMORY TIME

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Dear Friends:

Through the years I feel that you long time Kitchen-Klatter readers have come to know me and my family as well as I have come to know you through your letters and personal visits. This is why I would like to share with you the wonderful experiences we had in planning for our daughter's marriage at 7:30 in the evening on Sunday, June 23rd. Perhaps some of you are also planning such an event and it's possible that a number of the things we did to make this a genuine family event might fit into your plans. Now that it is all over we can truly say that a wedding in the family provides some of the loveliest memories of good times shared together that a family could ever know.

BUT IT DOES TAKE PLANNING!

Over a year ago we began to plan and to think about this wedding day. From the very first, Regina said, "This happiest day of my life I want to enjoy to the fullest with our two families and all of our close friends and relatives. I want to plan it all so that from beginning to end it will be *our* wedding, in that we have had a hand in every part of it." And that is the way it has been.

When we first began planning we knew that Regina would be a senior at Iowa State College and consequently very busy right up until a week before her wedding day, so we decided that last summer and early fall was the time to make her wedding gown. What joy can equal that of putting the loving stitches in your wedding gown? For this summer wedding she chose sheer white satin embroidered nylon organdy for the gown, with a slip of white taffeta. The dress had points all around the long torso waistline and at the neckline. The very full skirt ended in a chapel train. The points at waist and neck and the matching mitts were all embroidered in white iridescent sequins and pearls. (This embroidery was my contribution to the gown that Regina designed). We made a head covering of white covered wire fashioned with three points across the front. This was covered with the nylon material and then embroidered in sequins and pearls. From this crown her veil of silk illusion showered to fingertip length. We had her Grandmother Brown's ivory silk wedding fan which Regina wished to carry, so the florist arranged pink rosebuds upon it and this served as "something old." Oh, yes, we made the traditional blue garter of blue satin ribbon, edged on either side with white lace, and added a tiny pink ribbon bow! This she will keep and pass on to her sister, Sharon, when her own wedding day comes.

With the bride's dress finished and tucked away in a box, we concentrated upon the attendants' gowns. Regina did most of the work on these dresses in the evenings and any spare moments while at school, since she was fortunate enough to have a room-mate who had a portable machine at school!



Regina Brown, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Brown, Ogden, Iowa, became the bride of the Reverend Kenneth A. Fineran of Evanston, Ill. in a beautiful evening ceremony on June 23.

These gowns were made of pink eyelet organdy worn over taffeta with each girl wearing a different shade of taffeta to carry out the chosen colors of petal pink, pomeranian rose and American Beauty. They were street-length princess style gowns with V-neckline and short sleeves. Thus the girls will find them suitable to wear on many other occasions.

We made little half-hats to match each girl's dress of the same eyelet and taffeta, and these had a matching taffeta bow across the back. These hat frames were also of the white covered wire with tabs at either side of pink chenille covered wire (to hold them on). We purchased white filligree plastic fans upon which we had the florist arrange their bouquets of the "painted daisies" in the three shades of pink with tiered pink net ruffles over the top of the fan.

These four bouquets, plus the hostesses' corsages and men's boutonnières, were the only florist's flowers purchased. We used garden flowers profusely in the sanctuary and in the church parlors. Herein lies more planning! Since we knew our peony season would be long past when the wedding day arrived, we inquired of a horticulturist at the college as to how we might preserve some of the blooms for the wedding. His suggestion was to pick them while still in quite tight buds (yet with color definitely showing), and then to wrap bunches of them tightly in brown wrapping paper (leaves, too). Then we were to take them to our local locker where they kindly consented to store them in their cooler room (temperature around 50 degrees). These were not put in any water!

We experimented with rosebuds in the same way. Five days before the wedding we brought them home and immediately put them in buckets of hot water. This hot water helps to

force the buds open faster and to freshen them. The lower leaves which get in the hot water cannot be used, of course, since they wilt, so these were stripped off. The blossoms were not quite as large as ones left to mature on the clump, but with some entirely open and others in various stages of opening we felt that they turned out very satisfactorily. We kept these for three weeks and would hesitate to recommend any longer period. Basket arrangements were made with more leaves from the peony clumps for added greenery, and these were placed about the reception parlors.

Madonna lilies and regal lilies were the flowers we wanted so badly to use in the sanctuary, but they were not going to be in full bloom for the big day. Here again we lent Mother Nature a hand. Two days before the wedding we picked the bud stalks which had one blossom open. These we put in deep pails of hot water. Like magic three and four buds on each stalk burst open to full beauty! We used these to make up large basket arrangements for the chancel, combining them with white hydrangea, and long fronds of garden fern (also given the hot water treatment before being used in the bouquets). Be sure not to put fern stems too deeply in water or they will "cook". Lilies and ferns were used in altar vases. Vase arrangements of white daisies stood in all the side windows of the sanctuary to give a lovely all-white setting, and oh, the lovely perfume of the lilies! As one entered the church it was as if one had stepped into the fragrance of a flower garden.

Climbing roses, ranging in shades from lighter pink to American Beauty, were used along with the peonies in the reception rooms. These were picked the day before and given the hot water treatment. We arranged these Sunday morning in our basement at home and transported them to the church in the afternoon by car. I'm firmly convinced that the hot water prolongs the keeping quality of the flowers and ferns. We are all very amateur florists so it was strictly trial and error! We did try keeping peony buds in our basement at home, but it was too warm and they disintegrated. Neither did the refrigerator do the trick properly. As you can see, we tried all kinds of methods.

However, we loved working with these flowers and called them "friendship" flowers for they came from the gardens of our dear friends, in addition to our own. Anyone who has had occasion to buy baskets of garden flowers knows how the bills can mount up, so by using homegrown flowers we cut down greatly on the expense!

For the reception, Regina thought it would be nice to make all kinds of dainty tea cookies. Since we have a home freezer, we began making these months ahead whenever we had a little extra time. One of our friends who runs our local movie theater gave me several large flat cans which movie reels are shipped in. These were perfect for storing cookies since they stacked so nicely in the freezer. We

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JUST VISITING

As a rule there isn't anything at the top of "my" page except the words: *Letter From Lucile*, but this month I feel like having what I'd call a good rambling visit, and consequently I'm going to write whatever comes into my mind and tuck it in wherever I can find room.

I can't give you earth-shaking news of any kind for the best reason in the world: I don't know any. All of the days that have passed since I last wrote to you have been filled with a pattern of work that simply repeated itself between each sunrise and each sunset, so if you've also followed a set routine you know exactly what I mean.

But August seems to me a time for taking a deep breath and doing what Russell, Juliana and I laughingly call "sit-work." But "sitting" is a figure of speech for most of us in this day and age, so perhaps it is better to think of it as a time when one begins bracing himself for the busy months that lie ahead. That is why Mother and I have tried to fill these particular pages with material that doesn't challenge us to be up and at it!

This brings me to a frame of mind that might be called troubled, perplexed, and verging close to a sense of nostalgia that has its elements of sadness.

I'm thinking now, on this summer evening, about the history of the magazine that you hold in your hands. How did it ever happen to get started? What purpose does it serve? And what can it mean to you friends in the years to come?

Well, the beginning goes back to a time long ago and far away—and I use the words "far away" in the sense that events of earlier years always seem far away; it's not a question of miles. Some of you have the very first copy of Kitchen-Klatter, now yellow with age. It was titled "The Mother's Hour Letter" and was succeeded by a number of issues carrying the same title. This was probably the most casual publication ever turned off the press! Whenever mother accumulated enough material to make a little leaflet she simply took it down to the printers—and that was that. In this completely erratic pattern we continued for a long, long time.

All of these memories are very vivid to me (I typed up the material that went to the printers!), but for my younger brothers and sisters I would say that Kitchen-Klatter really came into their lives full force when Mother started collecting material once again after a long period when nothing had appeared because our home was clouded by the results of a tragic car accident. During that hard period there was no question of "getting out" a magazine.

But one day back in the early thirties Mother looked at a huge stack of letters from friends who hoped there could again be a magazine, and decided to take action. There was no such thing as a mailing list back in those days. People sent a stamped, self-addressed envelope so their copy

of Kitchen-Klatter could be put into it and mailed back to them. Every night after supper our family sat around the dining room table and folded magazines to put into these envelopes. How happy we were when people sent nice big envelopes, and how we groaned when they sent little tiny envelopes—practically the size you'd use to send out birth announcements!

We never went to bed until the last envelope on the table had been filled. Then it was Donald's job on the following day to come right straight home from school, put the sealed envelopes carrying Kitchen-Klatter into a basket with a handle (it probably came originally with green beans in it or sweet corn), and walk down to the postoffice with his mail. I don't believe that Donald ever failed to carry through on his responsibility, just as the rest of us never went to bed until the last envelope had been filled.

One day a big decision was made. People said they wanted Kitchen-Klatter to arrive on schedule and were willing to send in money for future issues. Printing has always cost a lot of money and we were people who didn't have any fancy notions as to where money came from. But we knew one thing about money and knew it very well: you worked hard to make it.

If we accepted money for future issues, then the issues had to be produced and sent to the people who expected them. I recall very well indeed the hours and hours of discussion about this. It seemed to us a very dangerous thing to do! How could we be sure (not having a money tree in our own yard) that we'd be able to live up to our obligations and responsibilities?

Well, you're reading a copy of Kitchen-Klatter this very moment so you know that the decision was made.

At first the whole thing was carried on right in our house—mostly in the little room where we still broadcast, but also on the sideboard and the dining room table! (I used to think it would be so nice if we could just walk in and set the table without moving boxes and boxes of papers and magazines!)

Before long we were in the place where nothing more could be managed—every single inch was occupied. At this time, too, it was more than we could manage as a family even though we all put our shoulders to the wheel, so the answer was to move out to the garage and hire one person to help us.

All of this time, you understand, the magazine was getting out right on schedule every other month, and more and more people were becoming acquainted with it and telling us that it meant something to them. I mention this in such a way because right from the beginning we made no attempt whatsoever to turn out a magazine that could "hold its own" with the other magazines that arrived in your mail box. The same thing is true today—we don't have any fancy ideas about Kitchen-Klatter.

But during these years that I've

described we weren't standing still as individuals, and time brought great changes to our family as we seven children grew up, tried to get at least something in the line of a college education, worked hard . . . and married. All of you folks seemed so close to us, so well known, that it wasn't until we were far, far away (measured by miles) and much older that we discovered how "different" our experiences had been.

All of us found along the road that we had to explain to new friends that we knew many, many people very well whom we had never met face to face. It was so hard to make this clear! In fact, not until they had read Kitchen-Klatter over a number of months could they understand what we were talking about!

Probably the most clearly I have ever been able to express any of this is what I wrote for the final page of "The Story Of An American Family." I know that many of you have a copy of this book in the house, but many others do not, so perhaps old, old friends will be patient while I recopy what our family signed as the closing page of our family history.

"When we were all much younger and just beginning to go out into the world in various ways, Mother would always say to us the night before we started: 'Now go out into the office and get down the boxes of names for all of the towns you'll be passing through. Copy off at least one name for each town, and then if you get into trouble of any kind all you'll have to do is get in touch with them and they'll help you out.'

Because we were young we didn't think that anything could really happen, but to ease Mother's mind we always went out to the office (garage) and dutifully traced out our route on the roadmap, consulted the files for each town we expected to pass through, and copied down the names. Then we took it back to Mother and she studied it thoughtfully.

'Now, let's see, in Creston you can call Mrs. A. L., in Greenfield, Mrs. J. F., in Des Moines, Mrs. J. J., or Mrs. S. C., in Marshalltown, Miss A. M., in Grundy Center, Mrs. H. F. . . ' and so forth through the entire trip. At the time we thought that it was just a "notion" of Mother's. Now that we have children of our own we understand the limitless trust and faith she placed in family friends who would not fail us if we were in need. You didn't know this, of course. You had no way of knowing that some car on the highway carried young people who had your name tucked into a coat pocket.

"We grew up on stories of pioneer days when covered wagons stopped for help at our grandparents' farm, and the friendliness of Midwestern people became very real to us. Perhaps that is why we started out on our journeys with the feeling that we could turn to family friends, that they stood ready to help us if we were in need.

"There are no balance sheets kept in friendship of this kind. Occasionally opportunities arise when we can be
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THESE ARE MIGHTY BUSY DAYS ON THE FARM!

Dear Friends:

Another month has rolled around and time for another visit with you.

Frank is busy these days cultivating corn, while Kristin and I have been taking care of the peas and the cherries. Kristin is doing all of our canning for us this year. Her 4-H project in Lucas County for the summer of 1957 is cooking and she wants to get as many jars of food put up as possible as she will get credit for it in her record book. So far she has 33 pints of peas to her credit.

The first part of this month Kristin was in Anderson, Indiana visiting her Uncle Donald Driftmier and his family. During this time I had a few days' visit in Shenandoah, going to have a visit with my cousin Louise Fischer Alexander and her two children, who were visiting from California with Louise's father, Frederick Fischer. Louise and I were always such good friends during the years that we were growing up. There is the same difference in our ages as there is in Kristin's and Juliana's.

Kristin asked me one day if Louise and I had ever quarrelled like she and Juliana do once in awhile. I had to admit that we quarrelled very frequently indeed! In fact, we had our last quarrel when we were just the age that our girls are now. I will never forget it as long as I live. Mother and Aunt Helen had finally gotten so sick and tired of our fighting that they forbid us to play together or speak to each other for six weeks. About the first week of our punishment Aunt Helen bought Louise a small trailer-house from a man who was working with a road crew just outside of Shenandoah. Since Louise and I weren't allowed to see each other I couldn't go to see the "caravan." I have never been so crushed. The separation was more than either of us could stand. After two weeks we finally were able to persuade our mothers that we had learned our lesson and would never quarrel again.

The day after Kristin arrived home we drove to Des Moines to meet Stephen Lombard, who was arriving from California to spend the summer with us on the farm. Steve is the 15-year-old son of my cousin, Mary Conrad Lombard, (Aunt Susan Conrad's daughter), whose home is in Redlands, California. He made the trip by bus, travelling on one of the big new Scenic Cruisers.

I hadn't seen Steve for three years, and knowing how much children change in size and looks in that length of time I wasn't sure I would recognize him, so I had written to Mary and told her that I would wear my purple squaw dress when I met him. The dress is so bright that I was sure he could spot it in any crowd, and sure enough, he walked right over to me! I was amused that night when we were sitting at the supper table talking about the day's events. Steve said that he knew me by my dress because the night before he left his



Stephen Lombard is spending these summer weeks helping his Uncle Frank Johnson on the farm. Mother and Dad snapped this picture when the hibiscus at Lombard's home in Redlands, Calif. was in full bloom.

mother had taken him to the home of one of her girl friends to show him what a squaw dress looked like. The friend had a squaw dress.

We are enjoying having a big boy around the house. It has been especially good for Kristin who has never had any big brother to tease her. I am also learning what it is like to cook for a husky growing boy. Although we have added only one member to our family I find that I am cooking twice as much as I have previously, and still we have no leftovers.

Steve is a big help to Frank. He has been keeping the yard mowed, cleaning out the barn, and working in the garden when it needs attention. We don't believe in "all work and no play," so there has been plenty of time for horseback riding and boating. In fact, he and Kristin have been having a wonderful time.

Right now Juliana is with us too, and the three of them make quite a trio. They found a wonderful place in the new channel to go swimming and enjoyed it for a couple of evenings; then a big snake decided to slide down the bank and go swimming with them, so it didn't take the girls long to get out of the water and come home. Of course Steve, who likes snakes, enjoyed it.

A week ago last Sunday Frank's sister Bernie and I drove to Kansas City to spend a couple of days with Frank's other sister, Ruth. She came back with us Monday night and spent Tuesday here. Tuesday evening we all drove to Allerton to have dinner with Frank's sister Edna and her husband, Raymond Halls. This dinner was in honor of Kristin's 14th birthday.

The next morning bright and early brother Wayne called to see if it was convenient for him and Abigail and the children to come up for the day. The roads were muddy so Frank

hitched up the team and went out to meet them in the wagon. Of course the children got a thrill out of this mode of transportation. We had a good fried chicken dinner and everyone had a wonderful time. Clark got a big thrill out of his ride on the tractor with Uncle Frank. Our horse Bonnie was saddled all day and Kristin took turns taking the children for rides. All in all, it was a very eventful day.

On Sunday morning Mother, Dad, Margery, Oliver, Martin and Juliana arrived to spend the day. We had a good visit and Juliana stayed to spend several days with us.

Yesterday we had an all-day 4-H meeting here at our house. The girls came at 9:30 and cooked their own dinner. I was a little staggered at the thought of having 15 girls all in the kitchen at once to get a meal prepared, but it worked very smoothly and I'll tell you how we did it.

We had outlined our menu and made each girl responsible for some part of the meal. They brought the food and cooking utensils they would need to prepare their part of the dinner. Early in the morning Kristin and Juliana made cookies so that the oven would be free for the meat loaf and escalloped potatoes. Shortly after the girls arrived, two of them made tapioca cream pudding so that this would be cool by dinner time. The girls who were to make the meat loaves got these ready next and into the oven. Then it was time to fix the potatoes and get those into the oven.

While these things were baking there was time for the girls to take a boat ride. We next called in the girls who were to fix the fresh green beans. This didn't take long because we cooked them in the pressure pan. While two girls each made a batch of baking powder biscuits and got them ready to pop into the oven as the other things came out, one girl made a tossed spring salad and another girl made the cold drink. Everything was ready at the same time and was served buffet style from the dining room table. This dinner tasted very good and the girls had so much fun that we are planning another cooking day in two weeks.

After dinner the girls went back for more boat rides until we called them in for their business meeting. About 4:00 o'clock they all went home and I believe it was a day they will always remember happily.

It is time for me to start thinking about what to feed my family this noon, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

A SECRET

There's something in our back yard
That's pretty dear to me:
'Tis not the garden—not a shrub
Or stately maple tree.

It isn't even beautiful —
But oh — my full heart sings
At thought of happy hours that made
Those bare spots 'neath the swing!
—Lola Taylor Hemphill

CHILDREN, CHILDREN EVERYWHERE

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

The other day a newspaper article offered some sage advice. The writer stated that whenever life becomes boring or children get out of hand, the parents should "whoop it up" with the youngsters. Now I'm never one to ignore such counsel, so I took the words seriously. The next morning when the cocoa boiled over, when Jeffrey and Craig both wanted the little rubber train, when Bobby was complaining loudly because he had misplaced a shoe, and simultaneously the dog began barking just as a freshly washed sheet tumbled out of the basket, I remembered the advice of the newspaper.

A fast rendition of "Horisticato" was placed on the phonograph. I picked up Craig, grabbed Jeffrey's hand and did a fast cross between an Indian dance and a cowboy polka around Bobby. Craig squealed. Bobby yelled. Jeffrey laughed. I whooped (just as the article said I should). And at that moment Husband Bob walked in the door!

Surely the most calloused family man would have been non-plussed at such a scene. Bob was no exception; only a family which had taken leave of its senses could produce such bedlam. But he didn't have a chance to muse long on the situation for I tossed Craig to his daddy and did a fast two-step into the bedroom with Bobby and Jeffrey. We fell, laughing, on the bed.

Strangely enough, however, the recipe worked! The baby gurgled happily. Bobby and Jeffrey did their own version of a whirligig while I went back to wipe up the cocoa and explain that really, this was only the latest theory in child psychology. We concluded that it is a fine technique when a family lives two miles from town and a good half-mile from the nearest neighbor.

Speaking of children reminds me of a letter which came last week from a farm woman who is concerned about her youngsters because they live so far from the city and cannot get to the zoo, museum, concerts and other centers of education. Yesterday our two little cousins from the city came to visit the farm and they gave me her answer.

The farm is simply abounding with wonderful opportunities to observe at first hand the things which the city children can only see on TV, read about in the newspaper, or travel many miles to view. Helping feed baby lambs, holding a tiny squealing pig, watching the cows as they are milked, and gathering eggs were totally new experiences for our tiny city visitors.

On a recent trip to Chicago Bobby found it funny to see such ordinary and familiar animals as baby chickens, ducks, pigs and sheep in the animal room at the Museum of Science and Industry. We pointed out to him that many city children would never see a live farm animal if the exhibit were not prepared for them in the museum.

They found domestic animals just as fascinating as Bobby found the big jet airplane and the German submarine.

We can get the music and art into our lives in various ways in the country, but the great love and understanding of nature comes to children through actual experience. Those who live on the farm are raising their children in the world's greatest class room.

The heat of summer is upon us. On the very hottest day Craig took the best nap he's had for some time. Perverse, perhaps, but he commandeered the only fan in the house, and slept with only the "bare" essentials.

Why is it always steaming hot when the hay must go into the barn? It is the hottest job on the farm, yet it is nearly always the humid, searing days that find the farmer sweating it out to get his barn well filled for the coming winter.

If only someone would invent a way to make green beans mature in the middle of January when we have a big roaring fire in the kitchen they would make a fortune. Until then we'll just steam ourselves right along with the beans for they always seem to come into full production when the "dog days" of summer start.

If you cautiously enter a dark room in your house, knowing that you are risking life and limb on a forgotten marble, broken toy truck or discarded skate . . .

If you find that the task of redecorating the wallpaper is a continuous process involving the use of crayons and grimy fingers . . .

If the lovely vases and china lamps which are in your room are located at eye level, or above . . .

If your laundry consists of one pair of wash trousers, one pair of overalls, one work shirt, one white shirt, one house dress and a huge assortment of diapers, stockings (small size), bibs, shorts, shirts, small dresses, myriads of towels and washclothes . . .

If the most indispensable article in the home is a safety pin for use on baby pants, for fastening a doll's dress, for holding a recalcitrant sun suit strap, for pulling a worn sweater together . . .

If the house after a rainy day takes on the appearance of a giant bowl which has been roughly stirred by a giant hand holding a giant spoon . . .

If making a batch of rolls becomes a major project involving constant supervision, removing articles quickly from the counter as they are used, and the constant admonition, "no, it is not time for the eggs, no, you cannot put in any cleansing powder, now really, that is all the flour the recipe calls for!" . . .

If clearing the table after a meal must be done quickly and in one fell swoop before little hands can begin to scavenge left-overs . . .

If hunger between meals is always ravenous, while meal time finds appetites lagging . . .

If doing the dishes has many stops and starts involving drinks of water and coping with helpers who have far more enthusiasm than efficiency . . .

If going outdoors in winter is a process of forcing wiggly arms into heavy sleeves, rebellious legs into contrary trousers, five-thumbed hands into one-thumbed mittens and a head which refuses to be confined into a stocking cap . . .

If the aforementioned stocking-capped head takes the rest of itself out the back door, makes a quick exploratory trip around the house and comes in the front door announcing . . . "I'm going to stay in the house now, I'm all done playing outdoors" . . .

If going outdoors in the summer is accompanied by a sigh of relief as only a bright colored sun suit or pretty plaid shorts are needed for attire . . .

If going to church, or club, or town or visiting the neighbor is such a chore of washing, scrubbing, dressing and keeping clean you almost wish you'd never planned to go in the first place . . .

If housekeeping schedules look fine in the books but never seem adequate to cope with all the unexpected upheavals and emergencies which come along constantly . . .

If the most widely used item in the bathroom is a bandage . . .

If the least used item in the bathroom is the soap . . .

If the most constant path in the kitchen is to the peanut butter jar . . .

If the least used path in the kitchen is around the shoe cleaning rug . . .

If every fly in the neighborhood has a personal invitation inside the house via a wide open screen door . . .

If the sand in the sand pile eventually moves inside via shoes, overall cuffs, and toy tractor wheels . . .

If the only time your old house and your creaking bones can settle down to a semblance of peace and quiet is late in the evening when the tenth glass of water has been taken into the bedroom and the final, "No, you can't come out into the living room and kiss daddy goodnight again!" has been said . . .

Then you, my friend, as I, are the parent of one who fills your life with pride and joy . . . of one for whom you would lay down your life and die, (and sometimes think that is just what you are about ready to do!) . . . of one who fills your life with laughter and fun . . . of one whose very presence makes life more meaningful and worthwhile . . . of one . . . or two . . . or three . . . or maybe even more!

WHICH FATHERS?

1. What President never saw his father?
2. What President was the father of a President?
3. What President received the oath of office from his father?

Answers

1. Andrew Jackson. His father died before his birth.
2. John Adams. He was the father of John Quincy Adams.
3. Calvin Coolidge, at his father's Vermont home.

—Grace Stoner Clark

SUMMER IS IN FULL SWING AT MARGERY'S HOME

Dear Friends:

As I climbed out of bed at five o'clock this morning to iron before the day became too hot, I wondered how many women in the middlewest were doing the same thing?

This day promises to be a hot, sultry one and certainly when there is ironing to be tackled the sensible thing to do is to get it done as early as possible. Everything is finished now but it is still too early to put it away for Martin is sleeping soundly upstairs. We had such a warm evening last night and the upstairs was so hot that we let him stay up past his usual bedtime until things cooled off some. Since I don't want to disturb his sleep, I'll let household chores wait for a while and write my letter to you good friends.

I'm hoping that my session at the ironing board will help take the kinks out of my sore muscles. Martin is playing Pee Wee baseball this summer and last evening Oliver and I gave him a practice session in batting and fielding. Throwing a baseball is not a usual activity for me and I wondered as I got out of bed this morning if I could lift the iron!

Most of Martin's practice sessions have been in the neighbor's back pasture. The boys have mowed a diamond there and almost every evening they gather for a baseball game. I don't know who has the most fun, the boys or their fathers! I'm glad they have moved from our side yard, for although we hadn't experienced any broken windows such as you see in cartoons, the balls had come too close for comfort at times.

Like most of you who have to watch your weight, the first thing I do every morning is get on the scales. This morning I made a very sincere vow to myself—absolutely no more pie and homemade ice cream until I had taken off the four pounds I had gained! Our neighbors across the street had a very luxurious crop of cherries and we were urged to pick all we wanted. Martin and I became very good cherry-pickers and what is better than cherry pie except cherry pie a la mode? Certainly it's no mystery where those four extra pounds came from. At the present time it looks as if we are going to have a very good peach crop, but believe me, I'm going to be more careful. It will have to be plain sliced peaches for me instead of peach pie!

I always look forward to summer time and friends returning to Shenandoah for visits with relatives. We have had more than usual this year for there have been several class reunions. Our cousin, Louise Fischer Alexander, and her two children were here for a nice visit. Louise came for her class reunion and stayed, for a visit with Uncle Fred. Dorothy was able to come for several days. She was in the class ahead of Louise but they have many mutual friends.

Almost every evening these friends were dropping in and I'm sure that I enjoyed the reminiscing as much as



Most of the time Martin's electric train is in his room or down in the basement, but when his father (Oliver Strom) comes back from business trips they enjoy "working" with that train right in the middle of the living room!

they did. Dorothy and I had a morning coffee for Louise while she was here and the girls had hardly arrived when it started pouring down rain. As a matter of fact, the only thing Louise found unpleasant about her stay in Iowa was the constant showers. We kept remarking that this was "most unusual weather" which only brought gales of laughter from her for she said we sounded just like Californians! (You know, any unpleasant weather they have they jokingly refer to as "unusual.") Louise and the children had brought their bathing suits but there were very few times they could go swimming because of the rain.

Of course, as some friends are coming to Shenandoah for vacations others are leaving for trips elsewhere. My, how much I am missing our good neighbor, Eltora Alexander. Many of you old friends will remember seeing pictures in the magazine of the two Alexander girls, Mona and Mary Ellen. Mary Ellen was married last year and makes her home in Tucson, Arizona where her sister and family live. Recently she had her first baby, Kathleen Ann, so Eltora has gone to help out in the house and become acquainted with her first granddaughter. We are eager for her return so we can hear all about the new baby. The last thing she bought before she left was a package of gum for her little grandson, Gary, who is the small son of Mona and Gordon. Everytime she mails a package to the girls Gary looks for gum in the package. She knew that the first thing he would mention when she arrived was gum and naturally she couldn't disappoint him.

Mr. Alexander didn't go this time, for they both plan to make a trip to Tucson later. While his wife has been gone he has done considerable fishing, much to the good fortune of the neighbors since he catches more than he can eat himself and is glad to share his catch with us. Some day we hope to visit his favorite fishing spot in

Minnesota for apparently it is a choice location with extra good fishing.

Mother and Dad celebrated their 44th Wedding Anniversary the 25th of June. We helped them celebrate by having them and Uncle Fred to our house for dinner. Just after they got into the house we had one of our big rains. You can't maneuver a wheel chair very fast in the rain and it looked as if Mother and Dad would have to stay over night with us, but much later in the evening it subsided long enough for them to get home.

Oliver and I have recently celebrated a wedding anniversary too. We spent that day with Dorothy, Frank, Kristin and Steve Lombard from California who is spending the summer with them. Mother, Dad and Juliana went along also, so we had quite a gathering to help celebrate the day. The first thing the children like to do when they get to the farm is take a boat ride on the pond. They were very excited when they got back for they had caught one turtle and spotted another very large one that had stayed safely out of their clutches. After dinner they spent considerable time looking for him again, but it appeared that he was a very smart old turtle and knew when to keep in hiding!

The rest of the afternoon they spent playing in the creek. Martin said that by far it was the most fun he had ever had in his life. He thought a creek "had it all over a city pool." From his appearance when he came in I believe that the mud is the extra attraction!

We are looking forward to our trip to Springfield, Illinois and Hannibal, Missouri. Martin has been re-reading his Mark Twain books and can hardly wait to see the cave and the fence. Speaking of the fence and how it got painted reminds me that boys are still the same and I guess always will be. Mother asked Martin to dig out the grass that was growing over the side of the front walk. She left him alone

(Continued on page 16)

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

LEMONADE SYRUP

- 4 cups sugar
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 1/2 cups lemon juice

Dissolve sugar in boiling water. When cool, add lemon juice. Pour in fruit jar and seal, or put in refrigerator. Keeps indefinitely. Dilute with cold water to suit taste.

CHOCOLATE CHIP ICE CREAM

- 1 1/3 cups evaporated milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Few grains salt
- 4 ounces sweet chocolate, shaved or grated
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Chill milk thoroughly, then whip until stiff. Beat eggs; add sugar, salt, chocolate and vanilla. Fold into whipped milk. Pour at once into freezing trays of refrigerator and freeze until firm. Serves 6.

BUTTER PECAN ICE CREAM

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/3 cups milk
- 1 cup broken pecan meats
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Dissolve sugar and salt in milk. Brown pecans in butter, cool. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Whip cream until thick enough to hold a soft peak; add vanilla and fold in egg yolks, egg whites, milk and pecans. Pour into freezing tray of refrigerator and freeze, stirring every 30 minutes until the mixture will hold its shape, then freeze until firm. Serves 6.

GRAHAM CRACKER ALASKA

- 1 chilled graham cracker pie crust
- 1 pint vanilla ice cream
- 1 can frozen orange concentrated juice

Soften ice cream and put in crust. Pour on 3/4 of juice and swirl around a little and freeze. Beat 2 egg whites and add the remaining 1/4 can of orange juice concentrate. Take out pie and cover with the meringue, being sure to spread to crust to seal. Bake in a 475 degree oven until meringue browns. Serve at once.

BANANA ICE CREAM

- 2 cups milk
- 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 2 cups whipping cream
- 3 bananas

Combine sugar and flour and make thin paste with small amount of milk. Scald remainder of milk and stir into paste. Cook mixture until slightly thickened. Add salt to slightly beaten eggs and pour hot mixture over them slowly, stirring constantly. Place in double boiler and cook until mixture thickens. When cool, fold in stiffly beaten cream to which vanilla has been added. Add bananas, which have been run through colander. Pour mixture into freezing tray and freeze. Stir every half hour until frozen. This can be frozen in a freezer.

CINNAMON NUT SQUARES

(No shortening in these. They stay moist a long time.)

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/4 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 egg
- 2/3 cup milk

Sift dry ingredients together into a bowl and add dates and nuts. Beat egg, add egg, milk and vanilla to the mixture in the bowl and beat well. Pour into 9x13 greased pan and bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool and cut in squares.

COFFEE AND SPICE DROPS

Mix together in large bowl:

- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs

Stir in 1/2 cup coffee

Sift together and stir in:

- 3 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Chill dough 1 hour at least. Drop round teaspoonfuls about 2 inches apart on lightly greased baking sheet. Bake 8 to 10 minutes in a moderate oven.

COCONUT-ORANGE JUMBLES

- Cream: 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- Add: 2 beaten egg yolks
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- Sift together: 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda

Add dry ingredients alternately with 3/4 cup orange juice and a little grated orange rind. Drop by teaspoon onto an ungreased cooky sheet and bake for 8 to 10 minutes in a moderately hot oven.

JEWEL SALAD

- 1 cucumber, diced after paring
- 1 cup diced pineapple
- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. vinegar or lemon juice

Dissolve the gelatin in hot water and let cool. Add pineapple juice, salt and lemon juice and when it starts to set add cucumber and pineapple. Turn into individual molds and chill. This salad is very refreshing.

ELAINE'S SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 3/4 cup hot water
- 1 pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup grated cucumber
- 1/2 cup cottage cheese
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup chopped cashew nuts
- 1 tsp. grated onion

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Turn into bowl and chill. When it starts to thicken, whip with rotary beater or electric mixer. Then add remaining ingredients. Turn into a large mold to chill. Unmold and serve on crisp lettuce.

MARGERY'S PERFECTION SALAD

- 2 pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 4 cups boiling water (Use pickle juice for part of liquid.)
- 3 cups shredded cabbage
- 1 cup celery, pickle, stuffed olives and small amount of green pepper

Pour into individual molds and when set, serve on lettuce, with dab of mayonnaise on top.

BEAUTY SALAD

- 2 pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 3 cups hot water
- 2 3-ounce pkgs. cream cheese
- 16 marshmallows, cut very fine
- 1 9-ounce can crushed pineapple. (Do not drain.)

1/2 cup salad dressing
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 pkg. cherry gelatin
1 1/2 cups hot water
Pour hot water over lemon gelatin and dissolve. Add cream cheese, marshmallows, pineapple, salad dressing and nuts. Stir thoroughly. Pour into a 13 x 9-inch pan and chill until firm. Make up the cherry gelatin with the 1 1/2 cups hot water. When cool, pour over the firm lemon gelatin layer and chill. Serves 12.

EGG SALAD

- 6 hard-cooked eggs
- 8 anchovies
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Few grains of pepper
- Lettuce

Slice eggs; chop anchovies. Combine with celery, mayonnaise or salad dressing, salt and pepper. Serve on lettuce.

CHICKEN PIE WITH SWEET POTATO CRUST

- 3 cups diced cooked chicken
- 1 cup diced cooked carrots
- 6 cooked small onions
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper

Arrange chicken, parsley, carrots, onions in layers in casserole. Combine milk and chicken broth. Add slowly the flour, salt and pepper, blending well and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour over chicken and vegetables in casserole. Cover with sweet potato crust. Bake 40 minutes.

Sweet Potato Crust

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/3 cup melted butter
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup mashed sweet potatoes
- 1 egg, well beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Work in mashed sweet potatoes, melted butter and egg. Roll 1/4 inch thick and cover chicken pie.

CARROT CROQUETTES

Carrots are one of our cheaper vegetables and one we have with us the year around at usually reasonable prices. Since they are such a rich source of vitamins we should serve them often but "plain carrots" can become tiresome! For this reason we have tried to bring you some new and different ways to serve carrots. We hope you will try this new recipe.

- 4 cups cooked carrots
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 Tbls. butter, melted
- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- Fat for deep frying
- Parsley

Mash or press carrots through coarse sieve. Add salt, egg and butter and mix thoroughly. Form shapes resembling carrots, roll in bread crumbs and chill for several hours. Fry in deep hot fat, 380 degrees F., until browned. Drain on absorbent paper. The parsley is to be tucked in at the top to resemble a fresh carrot. Serve at once. About eight servings.

MEATLESS MAIN DISH

- 2 cups boiled potatoes
- 1/2 cup cooked peas
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 5 hard boiled eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons butter

Make a white sauce of butter, flour and milk. Add 1/2 cup cheese. Chop eggs, dice potatoes, mix all vegetables with the white sauce. Put in buttered baking dish and cover with remaining cheese. Cover dish and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Cooked macaroni or noodles may be substituted for potatoes.

YOU ASKED FOR IT!!!! WE FOUND IT!!!!

Yes, Folks, when we asked you what you'd like for a new premium you said that you needed good quality food saver bags. We knew just what you meant because our own supply was practically exhausted—and we were downright shocked at how much they cost in most places.

It took a lot of figuring, but here's what we came up with and we think it's a terrific bargain—don't know where you'd ever turn to equal it. These are good sturdy plastic bags that will hold up for a long, long time, and here's exactly what you'll get:

For only **50¢**, plus **3 BLACK STARS** from the back label of any Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring, you'll get **20** plastic bags in the following sizes: **2** (4x2x12); **4** (9x15); **3** (6x3x15); **4** (12x15); **4** (8x4x18); **3** (10x8x24).

HURRY! DON'T MISS OUT!

Send to KITCHEN-KLATTER, Dept. 92, Shenandoah, Iowa

WHAT ALL GOOD COOKS KNOW

Just a *little* difference in ingredients can make a **BIG** difference in results.

USE LEANNA'S *Kitchen-Klatter* FLAVORS

- ★ Vanilla
- ★ Lemon

- ★ Maple
- ★ Almond



Look for Leanna's favorite Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring on your grocer's shelves. If he doesn't have it, send \$1.25 for any 3 flavors postpaid, to Kitchen-Klatter, Dep't. 92, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Unconditionally Guaranteed — Kitchen-Klatter Flavors will not bake out or freeze out.

The Flavoring With The Quality You Can Taste

SHRIMP PIE

- 1 can Celery soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped fine
- 2 cans (5 3/4 oz.) shrimp
- 1 cup green peas, cooked
- 1 tsp. curry powder (optional)

Mix milk with soup and add eggs and curry powder. Put alternate layers of sauce, shrimp and peas in baking dish. Cover with crust and bake in a 400 degree oven for about 20 to 25 minutes, or until crust is done. Serves 4 to 6.

TWO-IN-ONE HAMBURGERS

- 1 pound ground beef
- 2 cups coarsely grated raw potatoes
- 1/4 cup grated onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper.

Combine all ingredients and form into patties. Fry as usual or you can broil these. Makes 8 medium sized hamburgers.

HONEY BUTTER

- 1/2 cup butter, room temperature
 - 1 cup honey
- Cream the butter and add honey gradually, beating until light. Add 2 tsp. grated orange rind. Serve with hot biscuits or waffles.

SWEET-SOUR CARROTS

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Pepper
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 cup hot water
- 4 cups cooked carrots

Brown butter, blend in cornstarch and continue browning, stirring constantly. Add seasonings. Combine sugar, vinegar and water and add to first mixture, gradually. Cook slowly until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour over hot cooked carrots. Serves 6 to 8.

APPLE MACARON PUDDING

- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 6 Tbls. butter
- 4 apples, medium sized
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Sift flour, measure and sift again with baking powder and salt, and cinnamon. Beat egg until light, add 1/2 cup sugar, beat well. Peel, core and quarter apples. Place in deep well-greased baking dish. Cover with rest of sugar and dot with 3 Tbls. butter. Pour batter over apples and dot with remainder of butter. Bake at 400 degrees for about 30 minutes or until apples are tender. Serves 6 or 8.

CIDER APPLE BUTTER

By

Josephine Boring

A bracing chill was in the air and the fragrance of ripe apples floated up from the orchard. It was time for apple butter making!

If the farm orchard had a surplus of apples they must be put on the market. In addition to this, the family supply of winter apples must be packed ready for storage in the cellar. But when all of this was done, there were bushels that did not belong in either lot. Some were too small; some imperfect for the market; some were of varieties that did not keep well. So all of these would go into the apple butter kettle.

The butter would be cooked out of doors. In the shade of the backyard trees a huge copper kettle was swung over some carefully prepared fire wood. Unless there were several adults in the family who were available for peeling, quartering and coring the apples, help would be accepted from one or more willing neighbor women for the tedious, monotonous job. In that case it was a day so pleasant that no one felt a tedious job had simply been accomplished. The favor would probably be returned in the yard of the neighbor in a day or two.

Cider had been made at the neighborhood cider press and had been boiled long and slowly on the old, black stove in the summer kitchen. It was now a thick, dark liquid ready to go into the apple butter kettle.

When it began to boil, a few quarts of prepared apples were added to it. If there were some that were known "not to cook up easily," they were used first. Little by little, cider and apples were added to the bubbling mixture until the kettle was as full as it could be without fear of its boiling over. (A kettle allowed to boil over was a major disaster.) A yield of eight or ten gallons was common. Sugar was not needed for genuine cider apple butter, but some cooks preferred to use a small amount, and a few other cooks added spices.

Certain jobs were never missing from the day's work. Some one with know-how must keep the fire going, not too high and not too low. Steady boiling was best for good results. Hedge wood was first choice because it made the steadiest heat, but it had its disadvantages. When the fire was replenished or stirred, sparks rose thickly around the kettle and the fireman must look out for his hands and arms and his flimsy, cotton clothing. Oak wood was a second choice. Its drawback was that it gave off much stinging smoke that was hard on the eyes.

Some one must keep up the supply of apples and some one must stir, stir, stir. Stirring soon became a tiring task. The stirring paddle was long enough to reach from the bottom of the kettle to a little above the top. At the small end it was attached at a right angle to a handle long enough to allow the stirrer to do his work without being too near the fire. There were holes at intervals through the

lower end of the paddle, and constant motion forced the liquid through them—thus insuring thorough mixing for smoothness. Good apple butter must not be lumpy.

Push, pull, push, pull, the work went on. It must not become so mechanical that the paddle failed to scrape the bottom of the kettle. As the butter thickened, pulp settled to the bottom. Failing to scrape it loose allowed a hard crust to form there, and in a few carelessness minutes the mixture might scorch and be ruined. A kettle of scorched apple butter was not only a food loss, but was also a hard blow to someone's cooking prestige.

When one of the younger members of the party took a hand at the stirring, it was common to hear, "Stir hard. Don't let it stick." Stirrers changed places often. Despite the breeze it was hot near the fire. A sudden change in the direction of that breeze brought a stinging to the eyes and tears started as one made a hasty move from the side toward which the wind was blowing.

As the mixture thickened, bubbles rose stiffly to the top and burst over the surface like tiny, brown, volcanic craters. From each little crater shot up a jet of steam and a spurt of boiling liquid. Woe to anyone bending too near to see how the cooking was coming on! Blisters on face and hands were likely to be the result if one were that careless.

At last the fire tenders were released and the flames burned low. On the big stove in the summer kitchen thick squares of muslin had been boiled for sterilization. The hot butter was ladled into stone jars, and a piece of the hot muslin was pressed gently down upon the top of the hot fruit. It flared over the edges and made a slight depression; in this was poured a layer of melted sealing wax. Another layer of the cloth and another layer of the wax completed the process.

Jars were allowed to cool until the next day. Then they were inspected carefully for any cracks that might appear on the surface of the wax. If some were there, another layer must go on with another layer of the cloth. When the jars were ready to store, another stout cloth was tied over each top. (Paraffin was not a common article on the farm pantry shelf in those days.) The whole procedure sounds very primitive today but, like many another primitive procedure, it worked.

Lined up on the shelf there was fruit "spread," thick, sweet and rich enough to add zest to many a winter meal. Apple butter on pancakes made a delicious breakfast. On home-baked bread it made a good pick-up when hungry children came home from school. And what could be better for supper than apple butter on hot biscuits?

One part of the whole job that might be looked upon as drudgery was cleaning the kettle. Smoked on the outside, sticky on the inside, it was too hot to handle when the other work was finished. It must be filled with water and allowed to soak until morning.

Unpleasant as it was, this cleaning was looked upon as something of a ritual. Not every family owned such a large kettle, but they were passed around freely as they were needed. If you were cleaning your own kettle, you wanted to put it away bright and shining. If you had borrowed it, there was even more reason for hard labor. It must go home polished and gleaming.

There were always a few minor casualties . . . burns on faces and hands, a few holes showing up where sparks had threatened danger for a moment, a few blisters where fingers had pushed hard too long on the paring knife. But the strenuous day was over and the women looked upon their work "and saw that it was good."

Lloyd Douglass in his book describing his father's life as a country preacher, tells of one of the donation parties which the family experienced. On the morning of the next day Mama arranged the donations on the pantry shelves. When the work was done she came to the door of the study to make the startling announcement that they had five gallons of apple butter.

Papa, always indomitably resourceful, looked up to reply cheerfully, "Have to paint the barn with it, I guess."

COVER PICTURE

Three cousins (Juliana, Kristin and Katharine) . . . a swing . . . a hot summer day . . . my! what a classic combination this is for happiness, for memories.

Juliana and Kristin said that every moment of their trip to Anderson, Indiana was so wonderful they could never forget any of it. Their Uncle Donald and Aunt Mary Beth were unbelievably thoughtful and kind. It was the first time Juliana and Kristin had actually gone on a trip together, and the first time they had ever visited in the home of an uncle and aunt who lived in another section of the country.

Since both of the girls are only children it has meant a great deal to their mothers that they've had the experience of being around much younger cousins. Katharine is absolutely adorable, they tell us, and not at all spoiled.

"I just hope I was that good when I was two years old," Juliana said.

"Well," I said, "from your reports I would say that Aunt Mary Beth and Uncle Donald are a little more sensible than we were when you were two years old!"

And that's the way we left it!

—Lucile

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and some absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

"FINANCE AND THE SMALL FRY"

By
Esther Sigsbee

I am a complete stranger in the world of high finance and it's beginning to look as if I always will be.

I don't know the difference between a bear and a bull market, and clipping coupons from gilt-edged securities takes up absolutely none of my time. But being treasurer of three youngsters' monetary affairs keeps me constantly involved in financial matters and just because the sums handled are all nickles, dimes and quarters instead of millions doesn't make it any less complicated.

Last week when we returned from our vacation the kids were broke. The savings and allowance money had all gone for such necessities as pop and ice-cream bars. Mamma was feeling pretty poor herself; Dad wasn't about to shell out with money all around, and no matter how hard the piggy bank was shaken it wouldn't even jingle.

Now the Fair, with those tantalizing rides, the cotton candy and the ice cream cones, was only a week off. And, as everybody realizes, that's no time for a young sprout to be without financial resources. A conference was called on the subject of acquiring ways and means.

On the theory that the youngsters wouldn't spend money quite so lavishly if they found out where it comes from, I suggested a work, earn and save policy. This went over fine with the children, but they informed me they already knew where money comes from—"that little red coin purse in your pocketbook, Mamma, and you get it by having change left over when you buy groceries." This was news to me because I'd always suspected the kids thought that money grows on trees.

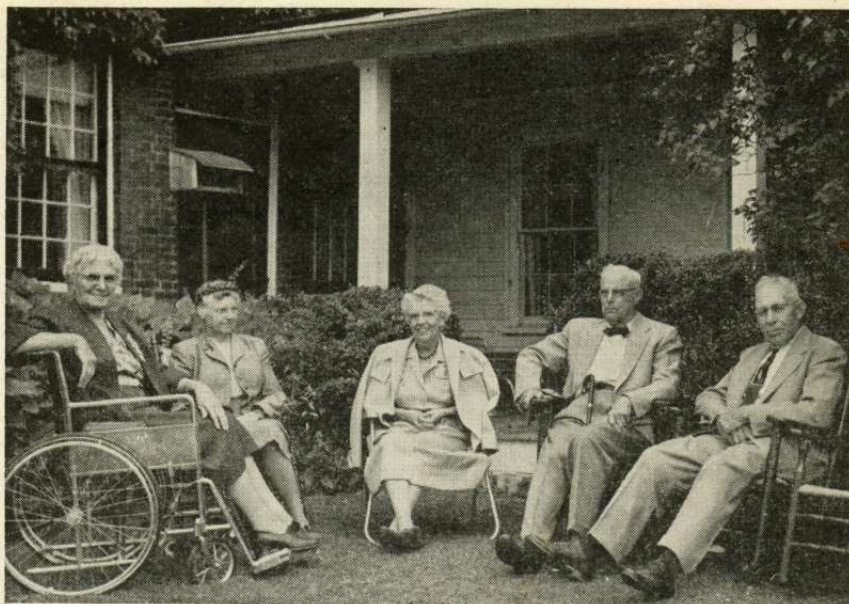
People get lots of money by selling things, concluded the daughters, recalling that their brother Bill had been quite affluent earlier in the summer from selling night-crawlers for fish bait. A Kool-Ade stand was decided upon and they knew just the backer for it.

"We'll wash all the glasses and do all the work, Mamma, and all you have to do is give us four or five packages of Kool-Ade. And a little sugar, of course."

The price decided upon was three cents for an extra-big glass since it's a well-known fact that a satisfied customer always returns. (That is, if he isn't already running his own lemonade stand!)

Somehow during the negotiations the sisters had a falling out, so the older one, Mary Ann, drafted her friend Nancy as her new partner with a plan to share both the work and profits 50-50. However, the backer remained the same.

The younger sister, Jeanie, was left out in the cold by this development and she protested the fact very heartily. The first thing I knew, I was financing a second project, a popcorn stand. Jean's friend, Sherry was her partner in this venture. After the



During these years that Mother and Dad have been free to travel they have made some very warm friends in both the East and the West. This picture was taken last month when they visited Mrs. Ethel Wells at her lovely home outside Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts. From left to right you'll see Mother (Mrs. M. H. Driftmier), Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Gene Benjamin, Mr. Benjamin, (residents of Shelburne Falls), and Dad (M. H. Driftmier). The folks met Mrs. Wells during the first winter they spent in California, and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin during the first winter they spent in Florida.

work was done and before there were any profits to share, Sherry was called home. Jeanie considered this quite a lucky break.

Nobody can say that our front yard wasn't commercial enough that day. On the right hand side we had Mary Ann calling, "Ice Cold Kool-Ade For Sale!"; on the left hand side was Jeanie advertising, "Hot Buttered Popcorn!"; and just to keep up with the family tradition, Bill yelled, "Nice Fresh Worms!"

There is a limit to the number of patrons with pennies to spend at refreshment stands, so following our one-day market the daughters went into domestic service to earn the money for the Fair. They charged me a nickel apiece for washing and drying the dishes, two cents for small errands and five cents for errands involving a trip downtown. A trip upstairs to put their own socks and underwear in their dresser drawers cost me a couple of pennies, and placing their parents' socks and underwear in our downstairs dresser drawers, one penny. Picking up comic books from the living room floor demanded a bonus. It got so they were expecting me to pay them for breathing!

They saved their change in empty bandage tins and there was quite a bit of squabbling when one sister would get a few cents richer than the other. There were also some accusations of thievery when one or the other would misplace her bandage box.

Today they went to the Fair. They had their spending budgets carefully printed on paper—15¢ for a hot dog, 10¢ for chocolate milk, several rides on various contraptions and a generous margin for cotton candy and miscellaneous. Any leftover funds were, according to the plan, to be brought home and used as seed for

the next savings project.

When they arrived home, I asked how much money they had left and I found out they had spent every single cent, and more. They saw Grandpa at the Fair, he had given them 15¢ apiece and they each owed the Price kids a dime to cover a loan they had floated with them.

This experience with the economic system has been very educational. I learned lots by it and I wish I could say the same for our youngsters. Teaching the facts-of-life about sex poses quite a problem for some parents. But I'm finding it doesn't hold a candle to teaching our kids the facts-of-life about solvency.

TREASURED THINGS

Shoes are a badge
Of the man's profession;
Whether they be polished kid
Or toughened hide,
They indicate.
But to a lad of three,
A pair of shoes
Are treasured, personal things!
Thin soles are overlooked
By such as he.
When night draws nigh,
In silent words they say . . .
'A world is yet to be explored,
The time is short . . .
A bit of rest,
And we'll be on our way!'

—Gladys Niece Templeton

He who is silent is forgotten; he who abstains is taken at his word; he who does not advance falls back; he who stops is overwhelmed, distanced, crushed; he who ceases to grow greater becomes smaller; he who leaves off, gives up; the stationary condition is the beginning of the end.

A HOBO PARTY

By

Mildred Cathcart

This is just the ideal time of year for a Hobo Party and if you are crowded for space, such a party may well be given outdoors. You will find this type of entertainment adaptable to larger church groups, or equally fun for a family night stunt.

Invitations

There will be nothing fancy about this kind of a party, so print your invitations on pieces of brown sacks or wrapping paper. And be sure to tell your guests to come in a hobo outfit.

Games

Of course you will select your games to suit the particular group you are entertaining, but these ideas will help you with your planning.

A Hand Out. Hoboes must often ask for a hand-out, only this time you will send them out by pairs or teams. Each carries a list of things he asks for as he goes from door to door. Or if you wish, you may hide the various items and send them searching about your yard for the objects. You might include a coin, a stick of kindling wood, a tin can, a paper sack, and so on. The one with the most complete list at a given time is winner.

Mean Dog. Form a circle and stand a blindfolded hobo in the center. When he points at someone that person bark viciously three times! If the hobo identifies the "mean dog" the players change places.

Feeding The Hobo. Choose couples and blindfold each. One holds a sack with twelve pieces of small candies such as candy corn or red hots. The other player takes a spoon and tries to feed his partner. The couple who "eats" the most in a designated time is declared winner.

Cops Are Coming. This is like old-fashioned black man only the hoboos stand on base and the cop, who is IT, stands in center. When he calls, "Cops Are Coming" all the hoboos must run to opposite bases. When all are caught, the one caught first becomes IT for the next game.

Hit The Road. This is a quiet game for a change. Players form a circle. The first player says, "I am hitting the road for —" and he must name a town beginning with "A". The next player repeats the phrase but names a town beginning with "B". When a player fails to name a town, he must drop out of the game.

Hop A Train. The train is a group of chairs and the person who is IT carries a whistle and becomes the Engineer. All the hoboos move around the chairs until the engineer blows his whistle; then all must try to hop the train. The one who fails to hop aboard removes a chair and the game continues. The player who is left standing alone may be engineer for the next game.

Prizes

If you wish to give small prizes collect such appropriate items as a fancy tin or plastic drinking cup, bandana handkerchiefs or head scarfs. Such

DON'T SKIP OVER THIS ! ! ! !

GORGEOUS HYACINTH COLLECTIONS

Massive spikes of big gorgeous flowers in glorious colors . . . haunting, spring-like perfume—that's what our super-quality bulbs will give you. Order enough to have thrilling beauty in the house during the dead of winter, and a spot of heaven outside in early spring.

Sold only in a collection of these colors: 1 violet-blue, 1 brilliant carmine-red, 1 lemon-yellow, 1 clear rose-pink and 1 pure white.

Collection of 1 each of colors listed — \$1.00 postpaid

Collection of 2 each of colors listed — \$1.85 postpaid

SPRING BEAUTY BOX

Grape Hyacinths Scillas Crocus

This is your chance to get a wonderful price on these very early spring beauties. Our imported bulbs, the very finest grown in Holland, will produce bigger blooms with every year that passes. They all multiply rapidly, demand no care, and will last a lifetime.

Sold only in this collection. 1 dozen Grape Hyacinths (intense dark blue), 1 dozen Scillas (clear sky blue), 1 dozen Crocus (mixed jewel-like colors).

\$1.50 per collection, postpaid

All bulbs will be shipped in the autumn when they arrive from Holland.

These prices good **ONLY** until September 1, 1957

Order today from

The Driftmier Nursery, Dept. 911, Shenandoah, Iowa

small gifts should be presented in brown paper sacks.

Refreshments

At a Hobo Party refreshments are no trouble at all. You may wish to pass out sack lunches and serve drinks in paper or tin cups. Or an outdoor bonfire with wieners and marshmallows would be fun. If you must serve indoors, use checkered tablecloths or cover the tables with heavy wrapping paper. Serve the food in paper plates or pie tins. No napkins, please!!

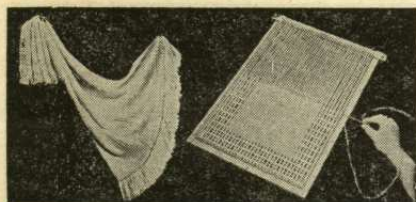
If you sit around a bonfire, sing a song or two before you hit the road for home.

There are two good rules which ought to be written upon every heart. Never believe anything bad about anybody, unless you positively know that it is true. Never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.

TO HELP YOU REMEMBER

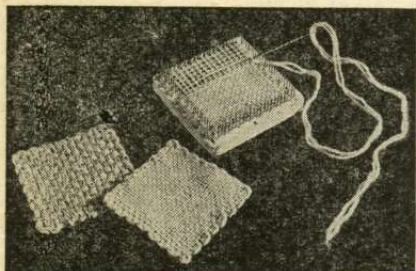
Often when you are planning a party, a year book, a club program or special entertainment, you wonder about the birthstones and flowers for each month. It's true that the lists do change occasionally, but this includes most of the recent revisions.

Month	Birthstone	Flower
Jan.	Garnet	Carnation
Feb.	Amethyst	Violet
March	Bloodstone	Jonquil
April	Diamond	Sweet Peas
May	Emerald	Lily of the Valley
June	Pearl	Rose
July	Ruby	Larkspur
August	Sardonyx	Gladiolus
Sept.	Sapphire	Aster
Oct.	Opal	Calendula
Nov.	Topaz	Chrysanthemum
Dec.	Turquoise	Narcissus



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KRVN—LEXINGTON, NEBR. —
1010 on your dial 10:30 A.M.
KFNF—SHENANDOAH, IA. — 920
on your dial 9:00 A.M.
KFAB—OMAHA, NEBR. — 1110
on your dial 1:00 P.M.
KFEQ—ST. JOSEPH, MO. — 680
on your dial 9:00 A.M.

THE SURE PROMISE

What may be on the morrow
Our foresight cannot see;
But be it joy or sorrow,
We know it comes from Thee.
And nothing can take from us,
Where'er our steps may move,
The staff of Thy sure promise,
The shield of Thy true love.
—Burns

BEAT THE HEAT WITH A PICNIC

By
Mildred D. Cathcart

About this time of the year we begin to think of short cuts in our cooking that will save us time in the kitchen. Picnics seem to be the natural solution to this problem. My idea of a picnic is one with very little work and effort. We like to keep our picnic basket packed with essentials so that we can take to the outdoors with little preparation.

The right kind of a fire seems to be the secret for good outdoor cooking. If you have inveigled your husband into building you an outdoor fireplace you are a step ahead of me. Or if you have an outdoor grill you are *still* ahead of us. But I have found that a few bricks turned lengthwise, plus an old rack from an even older oven, serves very well as a grill. Just a small fire to begin with is best, and then fuel can be added as it is needed. You will find that hickory logs chopped in small pieces give an excellent flavor to barbecued meat. Spread the bed of coals evenly under the grill so the meat will cook all over. Or if you build a bonfire as we often do, remember that kerosene or any other substance used to start the fire may give the food an unpleasant taste unless you begin quite some time before the cooking is started.

Hamburgers, wieners, chicken and steak seem to be the old stand-bys for picnics. For a change, try barbecuing the chicken and when you are grilling hamburgers, place pineapple rings with them for a tasty dish. If you want garlic bread for sandwiches, mix a clove of minced garlic with one-fourth pound of butter and spread on crusty slices of bread.

A backyard supper may be as fancy or as simple as you wish, but it is sure to be fun for the family. Somehow eating outside seems to be more relaxing when you get away from all the household chores.

And do take advantage of today's work savers. Use paper plates and napkins, disposable cups, and even knives and forks that can be gathered up with the other things and thrown away.

Beat the heat with picnic suppers. You will find it fun for the whole family.

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

with his task, but he wasn't alone for long because the next time she looked out there were four little boys digging grass. The only difference seemed to be that Martin *was* working along with them, but his line of chatter to keep the boys on the job was really something to hear. Well, boys don't care much about doing a job alone so it comes to them naturally to call in help and share the money.

Mother said it reminded her of the time she was about twelve years old and took her first trip alone on the train. In those days you had to depend upon open windows for fresh air, and if the day was hot, as that one was, you were apt to stick your head out the window. She did just that and as



Our Indiana Driftmiers—Mary Beth, Donald and little Katharine.

the train was pulling into Van Wert, Iowa, she lost her hat. Fortunately she spotted where it landed and the minute the train came to a full stop she called to a little boy who was standing at the station and asked him to run back and locate the hat. He seemed reluctant until she said that she would pay him 50 cents for his errand. The little boy started out, calling to a friend as he took off, and soon they were back with the hat and collected the reward — which they promptly divided.

Mother recalls that the hat probably wasn't worth the fifty cents, but her mother had told her that all *ladies* wore hats on trains and she would have felt most uncomfortable finishing the trip without her hat. One day as we were driving through that town, Mother pointed out the place where she had lost her hat, and recalled her agitation as she waited for the boys to return before the train could pull away.

I hear Martin stirring around upstairs so I must fix his breakfast. Oliver and I planned to work in the garden, but now it is raining so *that* changes *that*. It looks as if it would be a good day to clean the basement, so that's where I'm heading right now!

Sincerely,
Margery

JEWEL CHEST

A jeweler hid certain of his gems in words made up of the letters of the jewel all mixed up. Can you find them?

1. Red meal
2. Bury
3. Did moan
4. Thy steam
5. T range
6. Hip spear

Answers

1. Emerald
2. Ruby
3. Diamond
4. Amethyst
5. Garnet
6. Sapphire

—Grace Stoner Clark

JUST VISITING—Continued

of help to you, and we are grateful for them. Certainly Frederick felt that it was a privilege to visit the graves in distant lands of the boys who went from your homes never to return. In his letters to us he expressed the happiness that he felt in being able to take photographs and write letters to the old friends who had turned to him for help. And we understood how he felt."

There is more, of course, on that page, but I have put down here the expression of our family feeling towards the unseen friends whom we feel we have come to know so well through the years.

Now another generation is coming along, and as long as any of them are alive they will never be able to recall a time when they didn't know about our Kitchen-Klatter friends. They, too, will someday try to explain to new friends far away how it happens that they know so many, many people whom they've never actually met face to face.

At the very outset of this letter I told you that I felt like writing whatever came into my mind, so now I would simply like to forget all space limitations and continue to "think outloud" about these things that concern you and concern us.

We outgrew the garage, of course, even though additions were put on, and eventually the day came when we had to face the fact that it made no sense to have six or seven people stand up and squeeze against the wall if one person needed to walk through. (If you've ever tried to serve a huge crowd in a dining room where it was impossible to get around the table unless everyone jumped up, you'll know what I mean.) Every inch of space in that double garage, plus its additions, contained boxes and boxes of cards with names—your names. Every month Kitchen-Klatter was addressed by using those cards and when we looked at the towns and the states we realized that we'd gotten acquainted from coast to coast—plus foreign countries, as well.

In addition to the fact that we didn't have a fraction of an inch to spare, there was the complication of hauling heavy mail sacks back and forth. Your copy of Kitchen-Klatter was printed down on Main Street, taken up the long hill in big boxes packed into Dad's car, addressed, and then put into mail sacks and taken back down the hill to the postoffice. It made for a great deal of running and heavy lifting.

All of these stark facts made us decide that we had to do two things: get enough room so people could sit down at desks or tables, and move closer to the printer. Right at the climax of our problem the solution turned up: space (enough space for our needs) was available in the same building with our printer. He could take your copy of Kitchen-Klatter off the press and walk right through his back door and into our office. Can you imagine what this meant to us?

So . . . we've been here now for a

long, long time, your copies of Kitchen-Klatter have been trundled right through the back door, and then they've been addressed by our faithful girls and taken out of here in a big truck on the 26th day of every month. (A few times we've been a day late—a lot of sickness in our office, for instance, or something equally beyond our control. But certainly everyone who has anything to do with Kitchen-Klatter feels a tremendous moral obligation to see that it gets to you right on time.)

During all of these years we have increased the price once. Long, long after other magazines had increased their price a number of times we were still trying to break by the way we started out—\$1.00 per year for 12 issues. If you'll stop for a moment and think back to what it cost you to live ten or twelve years ago compared to today, you'll know what kind of a problem we had with Kitchen-Klatter. The price of paper went up and up and up. Our printer increased the wages of his employees to try and help them meet their added expenses. We tried to do the best we could for the faithful people who worked with us. And finally it all came to the point where we had our choice of giving up Kitchen-Klatter or increasing the price to \$1.50. The decision to do this was almost as hard as the original decision to pledge ourselves that Kitchen-Klatter would be published every other month, come what may.

In fact, I shouldn't say that the decision was "almost" as hard—it was harder. We had sound reason for believing, because of your letters, that Kitchen-Klatter meant something to you. We tried our best to find material that would be helpful, that would solve a real need. We felt that with our monthly letters we were keeping in close touch with you. And that is why we didn't want to make it impossible for anyone to have Kitchen-Klatter because \$1.50 was totally beyond his reach.

You can see why it was a hard decision. And it helps you to understand what we are up against today.

Again paper has gone up in price. Again there have been wage increases for the people next door in the print shop, for the people who help us in our office. I don't think I need to say one more word about the current situation—you've heard too that all we have to anticipate (according to all business authorities) is another dreadful round of higher prices for everything. The brightest brains in our country today say very frankly that they can't see the end to all of this. Goodness knows I'm not about to advance any answers or make any forecasts.

But I do know this. We don't want to raise the price of Kitchen-Klatter. We know how rough it's been through our Midwest these last few years. We know how many places there are for every penny and what a struggle it is to keep going. If Kitchen-Klatter means something to you, then the last thing in the world we want to do is to put it beyond your reach.

So that brings us right down to this:

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Adjustable AIRFLOW ARCH EASERS

\$2.95 { DIRECT FROM FACTORY
Per Pair Sizes for Men and Women

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Send chest measurement. 3 for \$6.75

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE . . . if not satisfied. Order TODAY! Send \$1.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders. Add 25c for postage on pre-paid orders.

GALCO SALES CO. Dept. D-8
7120 Harvard Ave. • Cleveland 5, Ohio

what does Kitchen-Klatter mean to you? We're just plain, everyday people and sometimes when we sit down to think about the next issue we wonder, truly wonder, what we can put into it that will serve a useful purpose and justify your subscription. Do you want more space devoted to entertainment? Do you want more recipes? Do you want to read some of the interesting letters written by old people and young people—letters that we read out loud to our own families because we find them so full of human interest? Would you rather have most of the space we now devote to our own family letters used for articles on various subjects?

Really, these are the things (just a few of the things) that we'd like so much to know. If there is a place in our atomic age for a plain, unpretentious magazine such as Kitchen-Klatter, we'd like to be reassured about it. And if there is a place, what do you want us to put in these pages?

There is only one way we can find out—you must tell us. Please don't depend upon your next door neighbor (Continued on next page)

Good Summer Reading

NOTHING WHATEVER TO DO by Elsie & John Masterton\$3.50
 AMERICA REMEMBERS by Rapport & Schartle\$3.95
 TO MY SON: Faith At Our House by Dale Evans Rogers\$2.00
 ANGEL UNAWARE by Dale Evans Rogers\$1.00

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**GIVEN TO YOUR CHURCH
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Amazing! Just add cold water and
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 perk. Brews 48 cups automatically.
 I'll send this Percolator to your
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20 LARGE NEW TOWELS 5¢ EA

Incredible, but true! 20 large-size, new towels in colors
 and white—for only 5¢ each! Minimum order 20 for
 \$1.00. (Pls. include 15¢ extra for postage and handling,
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 only FIVE unwoven cotton and rayon towels like these but
 we made a terrific purchase and are passing savings on to
 you. Limit—2 orders per customer. Money-back guaran-
 tee. Order TODAY! Make wonderful gifts.
 NICKEL TOWELS, Dept. 34 Box 981, St. Louis, Mo.

JUST VISITING—Concluded

or mother or best friend to answer
 this very troubling problem that I
 have taken up with you so frankly
 and honestly. Please consider this as
 direct a request as though I had walk-
 ed right into your front room (pro-
 viding you'd asked me in!) and said:
 "Now look, what do you think about
 the situation?"

I'm sure that without exception
 every single person gives at least one
 gift a year. We've been told through
 the years that no gift was ever more
 appreciated than a subscription to
 Kitchen-Klatter. Right now I can turn
 my head and look at a huge case of
 files—every name in that case came
 originally as a gift subscription. At
 the end of the year we'd made real
 friends and they've been with us ever
 since.

If every person who is now a sub-
 scriber to Kitchen-Klatter sent in just
 one gift subscription we would have
 made giant strides towards realizing
 our dream. And if every person who
 is now a subscriber to Kitchen-Klatter
 sent in his renewal without being re-
 minded we'd take another giant stride!
 You can stop and figure real fast
 what it must cost in printing, postage
 and our girls' wages to send out all
 those notices that your subscription
 has expired.

Well, that's about the story . . . and
 I can never remember writing such a
 long, long letter as this has turned
 out to be. But as I said before, I'm
 troubled and perplexed and the only
 place in the world where I can turn
 to find an answer to these problems
 is to you old friends.

I know you're busy. I know you have
 your own problems. I know that you'd
 be mighty happy if you could some-
 how find the answers to the things
 that move beside you like a shadow.

But I'm turning to you now in the
 same way that we took your names
 out of the files and tucked them in
 with our belongings before we started
 on a long journey—years ago—when
 we were young. Please tell me if
 Kitchen-Klatter means something to
 you. Please tell me what you want to
 find in its pages. And please help us
 to get it more widely circulated—and
 thus not beyond the reach of people
 who need whatever we can bring to
 them that lifts some of the burdens
 that all human beings know.

—Lucile

FOR OUR FRIENDS

It is my lot in life to find
 At every turning of the road
 The strong arm of a friend who's kind
 To help me onward with my load.
 And though I have no gold to give,
 And love alone must make amends,
 My only prayer is while I live—
 God make me worthy of my friends.

Man does not need much, but he
 cannot do without love and the con-
 stancy of those he has chosen and
 who are pledged to him.—Goethe.

WEDDING TIME IS MEMORY TIME

(Concluded)

made 1000 cookies and kept all of
 them small and dainty; this allowed
 enough for each person to sample sev-
 eral kinds. Pink and white pinwheels
 and checkerboards, butter creams (cut
 in many fancy shapes and decorated
 with nut halves), pecan balls, spitz,
 sugar cookies (iced in white and de-
 corated with tiny pink rosebuds and
 green leaves), black walnut ice box
 cookies—these are a few of the kinds
 we made. They were very easy for
 our kitchen hostesses to serve for we
 took them to the church in the after-
 noon and the women simply took them
 from the boxes and arranged them
 like flower gardens on clear crystal
 plates.

We also made pink and white round
 wafer mints and stored them in the
 freezer in more of the shallow tin
 cans. We used this recipe for un-
 cooked mints: 2 Tbls. butter, 2 Tbls.
 vegetable shortening, 2 Tbls. warm
 water, 2 cups powdered sugar (per-
 haps more). Cream butter and short-
 ening; add water and beat well, flavor
 as desired (we used peppermint in
 white ones and wintergreen in pink
 ones), add sifted powdered sugar
 gradually until stiff enough to form
 in small balls. Flatten each mint with
 tines of a fork. We allowed these to
 stand several hours to dry a bit, then
 they were stored in the freezer and
 they came out tasting as soft and
 creamy as fresh mints—and so inex-
 pensive!

The groom's aunt made the beauti-
 ful all-white wedding cake. We asked
 her to make it in a tiered clover-leaf
 design which is very pretty, can be
 made large enough to serve a large
 group and yet can be transported to
 church easily. This one traveled about
 60 miles or so. She had the three
 frosted white cakes to form bottom
 clover leaf base with each on a sepa-
 rate board to move it to the church.
 Then the center one, frosted likewise,
 and the top one and centerpiece with
 sugar bells and all was on another
 plate. When she arrived she assembled
 the whole cake and then, using the
 decorator tubes and icing she had
 brought with her, she put on the frills
 and festooning. She had also made
 the sugar bells and rosebuds and
 leaves (all white) in advance and thus
 could just place them on the cake
 after she had it assembled. Then we
 wreathed the base in fern, lemon
 leaves and added shaded daisies and
 pink nylon net tufts around the base.

So you can see that from the be-
 ginning to the end, relatives and
 friends had a finger in this wedding
 pie and we all loved every minute of
 it, even if there was a great deal of
 work involved. Another friend whose
 hobby is photography took the pic-
 tures. Another thing that we particu-
 larly appreciated is the fact that our
 church has a tape recorder, so we
 had a recording made of the entire
 service. My husband and I are pre-
 senting this recording to Kenneth and
 Regina so that they will have a lasting
 memento of their happy, happy day.

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Regular \$19.95
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Just Set the Dial—PRESTO!
It's Done for You
AUTOMATICALLY

Magic Even-Heat Westinghouse Corox automatic control and easy-to-see signal light eliminate all guesswork in preparing meals deliciously, quickly and easily. Of gleaming, seamless copper lustre with shiny black enamel base... Stain proof finish wipes clean or can be rinsed under faucet. Big family size: six quart capacity... correct temperature fries foods to golden, greaseless perfection. Complete with spatter-proof see-through Oven-glass cover, fry basket, cord and plug. 1150 watts, 115 volts, AC, full guarantee.

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Specifications

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COMPLETELY IMMERSIBLE

Big, beautiful electric skillet... like having a portable range—you cook and serve tempting meals right at the table (no-mar, stay-cool legs). It stews, cooks, braises, bakes, chafes and casseroles. Fries ham and eggs, makes 8 servings of chicken, braises 4-lb. roast. Automatic temperature control. Free recipe book. Made of heavy, mirror-polished cast aluminum. Special silicone-treated interior prevents sticking, makes cleaning quick, easy. Powerful 1100-watt sealed-in GE element. High-dome copertone cover included free.

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Due to these low sale prices please add 80c per item for handling and postage.

Name _____

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☐ Enclosed find full payment of \$..... ☐ Ship C.O.D. Plus C.O.D. postage charges.

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Chew all kinds of food! Komfo Dental Pads bring you blessed relief from pain and soreness caused by ill-fitting false teeth—or your money back. Plates hold TIGHTER—won't slip or click.

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Monroe TS (transport - storage) Trucks make handling and storing of Folding Tables easy and quick. Combination offers.

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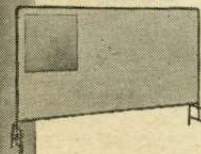
Monroe Steel Folding Chairs in attractive range of styles, sizes and prices. Excel in comfort, easy handling and durability. Also full line of non-folding chairs, desks and combinations for classroom, cafeteria and church school use.

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Monroe's new movable partitions change idle space into useful areas. Smooth Masonite panels, tubular steel frames. Swivel pedestals, casters or glides.

THE Monroe COMPANY
51 Church St. Colfax, Iowa

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

Thank you for the nice things you have done for the shutins I have been telling you about all these months. Your letters have really helped them. Here are some more who need you.

Mrs. Evelyn Swearingen, County Home, Spirit Lake, Iowa has been a shutin for more than twenty years. She has an unusual disease which allows her bones to break very easily. Her legs are in splints all the time, and she must lie perfectly rigid. The only parts of her body she can move are her left arm and the thumb and forefinger of her right hand; her right arm is ten inches shorter than her left one. All the work she does must be done as she lies on one side, but you would be amazed at what she can accomplish in this position. Just recently she sent me four of the most beautifully knit blocks for our afghan project. She collects dolls and repairs and dresses them. Writing is the hardest thing she has to do and she is seldom able to write at all, but loves to get mail. Why not send her a card each month?

Mrs. Earl Hollabaugh, Rt. 1, Stark City, Mo. suffers from arthritis. She has been in a wheel chair or in bed for nearly twenty years. She can't dress or care for herself and is in dreadful pain constantly. She makes beautiful crocheted holders to sell, so when you write, why not ask about them and send her an order?

Mrs. M. E. Herndon, Cumberland, Va. is 78. She is completely shutin and cannot even write, but looks forward to the mailman's visit every day. Let's see that he gets there with lots of letters.

Mrs. Fred Deffke, 134 Trier St., Brillion, Wisc. had a birthday June 2. Send birthday cards and letters. She has had arthritis for a long time, and it is in the painful stage. Her eyesight is now affected.

Mrs. Anna Richie, 1114 Hathaway, Yakima, Wash. needs cheery letters. She is not very well herself, and her husband is a total invalid. She stays with him all the time and doesn't get out at all. The Richies are Minnesota people, and perhaps some of you who read this may know them.

Mrs. Dora Beaudette, Pender, Nebr. is alone and sick very frequently. She seldom gets out and would enjoy receiving mail.

Miss Bessie L. Wilson, 611 N. Centennial St., Kirksville, Mo. has arthritis and I doubt if she will be able to answer letters, but you won't mind that since you understand that she really isn't able.

Mrs. Mary Elmora, Climax Springs, Mo. is past 90. Her sight is poor and it is impossible for her to hold a pencil to write. She lives alone and loves to get mail.

Mrs. Conrad Carlson, 302 Prospect St., Red Oak, Iowa is another elderly woman who will not be able to answer. She is past 79, lost her husband last December, and is now living with a daughter. Please send cards.



This picture of Uncle Sol Field gave us quite a start for he looks so VERY much like his brother, the late Henry Field. (The clock you see here is the one Dad enjoys so much.)

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

Journal. We had lunch on a picnic table in their lovely shaded yard which is enclosed by a real rock fence—very typical of New England. Ruth has always loved the natural world so their house stands at the back of a two acre lot that has been cut right out of the timber. This gives the children plenty of room to play and romp with their big dog. They have a cat and hamster too. It was hard to conclude this happy visit but we had other calls to make so it was necessary to be on our way.

By three o'clock we were at the home of Mary Fischer Chapin, another niece, who lives along a country road out from Glen Gardner, New Jersey. We found her busy in her dress shop, "Mary's Clothes Line." When they moved from New York to this wonderful old country house they found in the side yard a long low stone building which had served originally as a chicken house. Mary has refinished this and made it into a lovely, cool sales room; her customers drive for many miles to buy the exclusive sport and casual clothes that she stocks. Through her yard runs a little stream and there her customer's children can wade and fish for trout! In addition to the stream she has furnished play equipment and picnic tables, so many mothers come and spend most of a day since it is a wonderful place to relax and shop and give the children an outing! James Chapin, Mary's husband, is one of America's leading portrait painters. We had a real thrill when we visited his studio at a time when the cover picture of Birdie Tebbets which appeared on the July 8th issue of Time Magazine was drying on the easel.

I see my letter is getting too long, so I will continue the account of our return trip in next month's magazine.

Sincerely,
Leanna

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MAGIC WORDS

"Thank you" and "please," "thank you" and "please"—
I can think of no nicer words than these.
I like to hear them, and use them, too; It's almost like magic the things they can do!
For they open doors, bring surprises and fun,
And even help when there's work to be done!

—Ida T. Wagner
from Sunshine magazine

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

RIDDLES

1. What part of a chicken is found in every parade?
2. Why are lollipops like race horses?
3. What parts of the body are most useful to a carpenter?
4. How much earth is in a hole six feet by three feet wide?
5. What is the difference between a hill and a pill?
6. What is always behind time?
7. Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in the desert?

Answers

1. Drumstick. 2. Because the more you lick them the faster they go. 3. The nails. 4. None. 5. One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down. 6. The back of a clock. 7. Because every watch has a spring in it.

TRY IT!



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No more sore stiff joints, muscles, aches or pains. Send for my 750 word easy to understand letter. Cured all my aches and pains with common kitchen foods. Without doctors, drugs or medicines. Greatest health blessing you may ever receive. I will explain low cost letter which is a valuable schooling on foods any one can afford. Write me your troubles.

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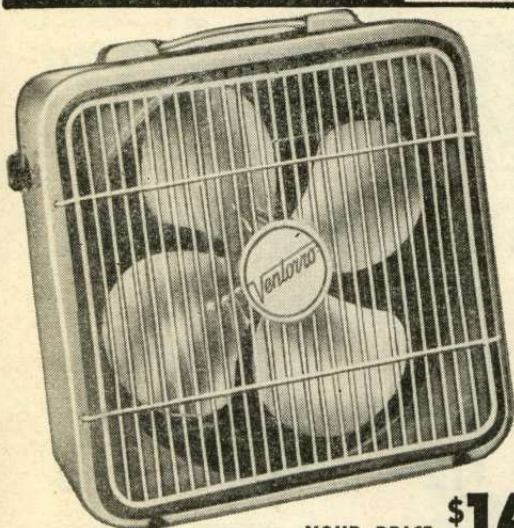
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Why suffer in stuffy, muggy rooms when you can relax in cool, refreshing comfort. This modern fan is the most advanced design on the market! Four balanced blades and efficient, powerful motor change air in room in 3 to 4 minutes; exhaust stale air at same speed. Just dial for fast or slow speed. Ideal anywhere: home, attic, office, store. Completely portable—convenient handle. Clips quickly in and out of window panel (included) for use as window fan (panel adjusts from 25½" to 34½"). Four rubber-tipped feet make it a floor or table model—won't mar, tip or "walk." On-off switch. Quiet, dependable motor. Double guards enclose both sides of fan, complete protection even for small prying fingers. Attractive, chip-proof turquoise finished all-steel cabinet with white grill. 13 x 14 x 6" deep. AC. UL approved.



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- Uses ordinary tap water
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- Big 34 sq. in., 9-vent soleplate

With Alcamatic you get professional results. It dampens thoroughly, presses quickly with big 34-square-inch soleplate. Turns ordinary tap water into vapor that steams gently, continuously. No need to keep expensive distilled water on hand. Easy-to-fill reservoir holds enough water for an hour or more of steam ironing. Automatic fingertip Safety-Set Fabric Selector dial for all fabrics. Weighs just 3½ lbs. Cool handle with double thumb rests. 110-120v, AC.

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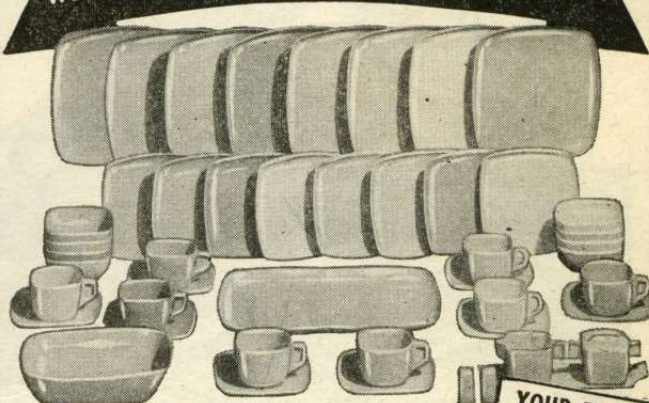
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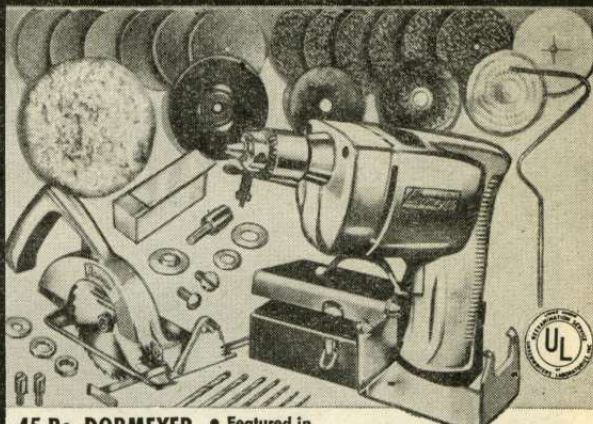
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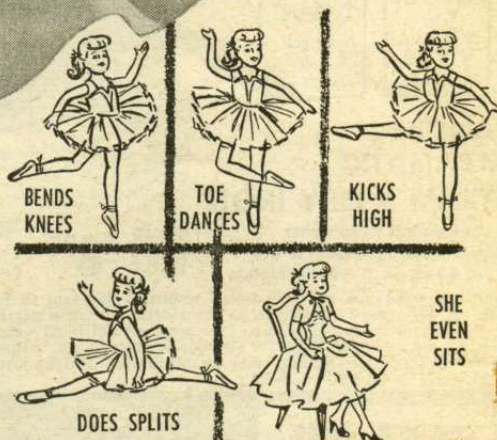
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