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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo by Stern

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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My dear Friends:

There is an old saying that time and tide wait for no man. The wheels turn and life unfolds before us. We cannot see what lies ahead, and the wheel of life will not turn backwards. I, for one, am glad of that. We do not grow old if we keep looking ahead, for the best of life is always farther on.

When our children were all at home friends would tell us "These are the happiest days of your life." Yes, they were happy days but we are even more happy and thankful that we have been given the joy of seeing them all married and to be able to visit them in their own homes. A turn of the wheel of life and these little chubby girls are gracious and poised young ladies, those mischievous little boys are assuming the responsibilities of paper routes and part time jobs!

No matter how the years stack up old age is always at least ten years older than we are. That's what I always remind myself as the years sweep by.

We have been very happy here in our part of Iowa that the farm outlook is so much better this fall. August rains came just in time to assure a better than average corn crop, and hay and grain did very well. I hope you have been able to can and freeze a good supply of fruit and vegetables. We have a large freezer with room in it for each of the Driftmiers here in Shenandoah to have a shelf to use and by the end of the season it looks as if we should have even a larger one. Since I use a wheel chair I find the freezer most convenient because my family has always been afraid I would be burned when putting food in fruit jars. However, I do make some preserves and jelly. There are some things we like very much that you don't find in stores.

Martin, our ten year old grandson, recovered from his bad fall from his bicycle in time to go on a vacation trip with his parents before school started. His face still showed the results of the bad bruises when they left, and the dentist did not want to do the work on his broken teeth until they were well settled. The doctor said he would be quieter riding in the car than playing in the neighborhood, so there was nothing to prevent their

departure on schedule. Small boys have to learn some lessons the hard way and I'm sure Martin will take corners more slowly after his lesson!

We did have a lovely visit with my niece Faith Field Stone and her husband who traveled from California. It was fortunate she had her visit with her brother Frank soon after they arrived for he was rushed to the hospital for surgery and was still there when they left. I'm glad to report Frank is feeling better than he has for a long time. Men are apt to put off having medical help until sometimes it is almost too late for complete recovery. I think men are more inclined to do this than we women are.

We plan to spend my husband's birthday with our son Wayne and his family in Denver where Wayne is with the Wilmore Nursery Company. Abigail, his wife writes:

"Everything was finally unloaded from the truck and of course there was much shifting of furniture. The house is working out very well. The rooms are all nice in size, although the kitchen lacks the cupboard and specialized storage space I was used to. However, it is big and roomy. The bathroom is large with lots of built-in storage space. I will not miss a basement and once we get rid of all the cartons we will have lots of room in the garage. We have to buy rugs and drapes so you see we are living in a fish bowl and sound really carries. The neighbors have all been very friendly. Lots of nice children come to play in the yard and already our youngsters have been invited to a birthday party."

Sometimes it can be very hard for children to move far away into a strange new neighborhood and a lot of tears are shed before they slowly get adjusted, but Abigail has always been a mother who believed in letting her children have a big neighborhood crowd to play with just as soon as it was safe for them to be outside without constant supervision.

Emily, Alison and Clark all learned very early how to get along with other children. They were friendly, ready to try anything that came along, and never shy and timid about new situations. This has surely stood them in good stead now that the big University street "gang" is only a mem-

ory. At one time there were around 25 children in that one block on University, so you can see how much experience they had in getting along.

We took some pictures just as they were leaving for their new home in Denver, and if any of them come out sharp enough we'll have them in the next issue. Wayne bought a station wagon two years ago and it was a real Godsend for that trip. They fixed up the back of it into a play area and the children had room to move around as they drove across Nebraska on a very hot day. Their household goods went out in a big van and everything seemed to be timed just right—I believe the van got there only an hour or so before the family.

My sister Martha was 79 years old on September 3rd. I had a birthday dinner for her, including our other sister Jessie and brother-in-law Fred Fischer and sister-in-law Bertha Field. We had chicken chow mein, rice, rolls and fresh fruit salad plates. Jessie made and decorated the cake.

I'm writing this at the dining room table. I wish you could see my chairs. This walnut furniture is at least 25 years old, but is still strong and sturdy. The chair backs and seats were upholstered in dark grey plush and through the years I have made several sets of slip covers. Last month I finally had them re-upholstered in a colonial pattern tapestry which is greyish tan background to match the carpet with an all-over design in dark red and green—a very cheerful pattern. Our home is old-fashioned but I like the dining room big enough to stretch the table out without crowding the buffet and china cupboard and room for my wheel chair to roll around.

These days I'm working on my cross-stitched bedspread. It is such fun to see the flowers bloom in reds, blues, orange and yellow that I find it hard to get my house work done. I think I'll keep this one for my old antique bed upstairs. The spread is made in three strips the length of the bed so it is not hard to handle.

This is the first chance I've had to thank you folks for the wonderful letters you wrote about what you want to have in Kitchen-Klatter. We will try our very best to follow through on your suggestions, and it means a lot to know that you look forward to finding this plain little magazine in your mailbox every month. So many of your names are as familiar to me as the names of the people right here in our neighborhood. When we first got acquainted you were busy raising your families just as I was, and now your children are scattered as our children are scattered, and many of you have grandchildren exactly the age of our grandchildren. The world has changed so unbelievably in these past thirty years that it hardly seems like the same world at times, so it's good to have bonds of faithful friendship to serve as an anchor.

Mart wants me to come ride to the farm with him and on a lovely fall day like this I need no coaxing. Good-bye until next month.

Leanna

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR PLANTING SPRING BULBS

From now until the ground is frozen fairly solid, a lot of us will be taking every spare minute we can find to tuck bulbs into the ground.

People who visit our garden in the spring tell me frequently that they can't have this and that because they don't have a green thumb. There are some flowers where it's helpful to have a green thumb, but the bulbs we plant in the fall for spring bloom can be managed by anyone who is able to get outside—green thumbs don't enter into it.

Crocus are the very first to bloom and I like to plant them in clumps of three, about six inches apart right in the lawn or to edge a flower border. They spread rapidly and their blooms increase in size, so in only a few years you'll have large clumps of brilliant flowers.

Red Emperor tulips are a wonderful sight no matter where you plant them. I like to use them with Scillas to edge our walks in the garden, and they also give a fine splash of color in our west perennial border. I plant these in groups of three or six, four to six inches apart. We've noticed some beautiful displays here in Shenandoah where they are used against stone-faced houses or in planters.

Darwin tulips and hyacinths bloom just about the same time, and a little later than Red Emperors. Our favorite way to use them is in clumps of mixed colors with grape hyacinths planted at their feet. These make a lovely show against evergreens and at the base of spring flowering shrubs.

All spring bulbs thrive best if given at least a half day of full sun. I once tried to make some Darwins perform in almost total shade, and although they bloomed very well (eventually) they had very long, twisted stems for they had tried desperately to reach the sun.

All bulbs must have a good soaking in order to anchor themselves and produce deep roots. I fill the bottom of the hole with sand, then put in the bulbs, cover them over, and then give them a good soaking. If we have fall rains we don't need to pour on additional water, but be sure you have ample moisture in one way or another if you expect gorgeous blooms in the spring.

After experiments of all kinds we've come to the conclusion that sand and sand alone is the best way to grow hyacinths for indoor bloom. Keep the sand moist and keep the pot in a dark, cool place until the bulb shows about an inch or two of green growth. Then bring it up to the light. More people fail with hyacinths indoors for lack of moisture than any other one thing. If you use only sand you won't have the trouble of rot produced by too much moisture in dirt, so I hope that this fall you will try this method and see if you don't agree that it's the easiest and the best way to produce beautiful hyacinths indoors.

—Russell



It's hard to get detail when you photograph flowers from a distance, but I wanted you to see this section of our garden as it looked in May. Those are Lily-Flowered Tulips in rainbow colors at the right, and along the brick path are big Darwins.—Russell.

KRISTIN WRITES HER FIRST LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

What a wonderful summer this has been for me!

Juli and I spent the first three weeks visiting Uncle Don and Aunt Mary Beth in Anderson, Indiana. We certainly had a good time playing with Katharine and helping around the house, to say nothing of all the activities Uncle Don and Aunt Mary Beth had planned for us.

My cousin, Steve Lombard, arrived by bus on June 20th. It has been quite an experience having a "big brother" around the house. He is leaving for home tomorrow, but he said he would like to stay three years because he's had so much fun.

Juli spent about three weeks with us this summer. I always look forward so much to her visits for we are just like sisters and have a lot of fun together hiking, boating, horseback riding and talking until late at night as girls will when they stay together.

Aside from all these things I have been doing lots of cooking for 4-H. I entered 10 things at the Local Achievement Show, 8 at the County Achievement Show, and was thrilled beyond words when my clover-leaf rolls got to go to the State Fair.

To wind up the summer, Aunt Bernie, Mother, Steve and I spent a day at the State Fair and had a real good time.

The last couple of days I have been cleaning my room and closet in preparation for starting back to school. The bus will be here to pick me up at 7:49 on five mornings a week, and I'm excited about school this year because I am a freshman at Chariton High School. I have looked forward to high school since I was in the 6th grade. The first day I will wear a new

blue dress that mother made for me the last week in August.

Our school takes up at 8:45 A.M. We have three periods in the morning, an hour for lunch, and three periods in the afternoon. School dismisses at 3:30. I am taking four subjects: Latin, English, Science and Algebra. I will have vocal music twice a week and Physical Education three times a week. I will also have five study halls.

Juli will be writing to you next month and when it's my turn again I'm going to tell you about my 4-H activities for the past four years. 4-H is one of my favorite topics, as you will soon find out.

It gives me a real happy feeling to write a letter to you. I've wanted to do this for a long, long time and when Aunt Lucile asked me to send something for the October number I was awfully excited.

Sincerely yours,
Kristin

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A NEGRO PREACHER

A Prayer

Slow me down, Lord! Slow me down!
Ease the pounding of my heart by the quieting of my mind. Steady my hurried pace with a vision of the eternal reaches of time.

Slow me down, Lord!
Give me, amidst the confusion of my day, the calmness of the everlasting hills. Break the tension of my nerves and muscles with the soothing music of the singing streams that live in my memory.

Slow me down, Lord!
Help me know the magic restoring power of sleep and Faith in God. Teach me the art of taking minute vacations . . . of slowing down to look at a flower, to chat with a friend, to pat a dog, to read a few lines of the Good Book.

Slow me down, Lord!
Remind me each day of the fable of the hare and the tortoise that I may know that the race is not always to the swift; that there is more to life than increasing its speed.

Slow me down, Lord!
Let me look forward into the branches of the towering oak and know that it grew because it grew slowly and well.

Slow me down, Lord!
And inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of Life's enduring values that I may grow toward the stars of a greater destiny.

Slow me down, Lord!

—Amen

COVER PICTURE

Just a day or two before Wayne and his family moved to Denver we had Emily, Clark and Alison make their last trip to the photographer here in Shenandoah. This is a good picture of all three youngsters and we've been enjoying it.

FROM MY DESK

By

Leanna

Once again we are turning over to you readers a problem that we think calls for more than one head to answer. In my own experience I've never run into anything like this and therefore I'm troubled as to what I could say that would be of constructive help.

Among our big number of readers there must be someone who has been up against such trouble or who has a good friend with this kind of difficulty behind her. We'd welcome an expression of opinion from anyone who can suggest a remedy. Please write at the top of your letter: "From My Desk" so it can go into a special file. We will send \$2.50 to the people who write letters that will be used in a forthcoming issue. (As always, we will not identify the writers in any way.)

Dear Leanna:

You are the only person I can write to about this and you'll understand why when you read my letter.

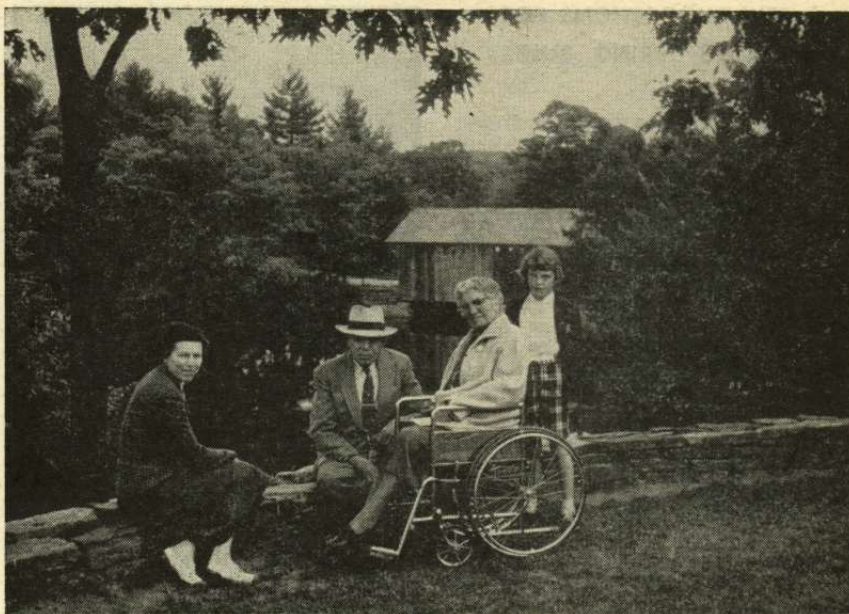
Three years ago I came to this community as a bride. My husband and I met when we were going to college at the same school in Pennsylvania and although I am an only child my parents were happy to see me marry a fine, solid young man and move to the Midwest.

My husband's parents have a big farm on the homeplace and they built a nice five room house for us not far from their big house, and it was understood that my husband would take over the active management of the farm since his father is getting on in years.

I said right at the beginning that I didn't know how to do all of the things that were expected of me, but that I'd try my best to learn and hold up my end. My husband was far too busy to give me any help so I felt free to ask his mother and his three unmarried sisters who all live at home. I had the peculiar feeling right at the very first that they didn't want to give me any advice, but I tried to overlook their sharp remarks. No matter what I asked about—gardening, chickens, the cream separator, etc.—they'd laugh and say: "Why, don't you know how to do *that*!" as if I didn't have good sense or something.

I kept thinking that they'd change in their feeling toward me as I worked and learned, but now I realize that they really dislike me and will never be kind and accept me into their family. My husband is the only son and I suppose in a way they all spoiled him and wanted him to marry some girl from their neighborhood, someone they'd always known.

I've tried to talk to him about this but he just shrugs his shoulders and says: "Oh, don't pay any attention. They don't mean anything by it." But I'm alone here all day and he doesn't realize how it preys on my mind to hear them say loud enough for me to



When the folks were in New England they took many colored pictures, so we had a black-and-white print made of this particular scene. Betty Driftmier (Frederick's wife) is at the left, then Dad and Mother, and Mary Leanna is standing behind her Grandmother Driftmier. That's a famous covered bridge in the background.

hear, "Well, look at that wash—wouldn't you think anyone could do a better job on sheets and towels?" Or, "We'll all end in the poorhouse if she can't grow vegetables that are worth picking."

They never come to my house unless I get back from town with groceries. Then they all come in and want to know what I bought and how much I paid for it and why did I need it anyway? I feel that I'm being spied on all the time and would like to hang out the washing at night and ask my husband to buy our groceries when he is in town on business.

I feel worse about it all the time and don't know what to do. Please don't tell me not to pay any attention to it because they're so close I just can't get away from hearing them. I couldn't talk to our minister about it or anyone else here, and I couldn't write to my folks about it because they'd worry and be so unhappy—and they couldn't do anything to help.

I think that divorce is a terrible thing and I don't want to leave my husband and go away, but I've gotten so blue and discouraged that I don't see how I can go on like this. We want children, but I know that when we do have a baby I'll never hear anything but how I do everything wrong, and what a poor mother I am.

If you can think of anything that would help I'd be so grateful and would try to follow your advice. I keep thinking that there just has to be some way out of this unhappiness, but I can't find any way no matter how hard I try."—Mrs. L. G.

Question: "Will you please say something once again, Leanna, about this matter of rural children being excluded from so many social activities? I'm certain that many mothers must have this problem now that countless youngsters attend town schools. My own two daughters are

very unhappy because they have just school-room friends—nothing beyond this. I've bent over backwards to entertain these town children in days gone by but have just about reached the end of my rope since none of the hospitality is ever returned. It's no excuse on their part that the country children ride a bus and therefore aren't around outside of school hours. There are the weekends, and we'd be glad to take them back to town if they ever were invited. Anything you can say will be appreciated."—Mrs. C. F., Ia.

Answer: I hope that every mother who reads this will stop right here and now and think back about the hospitality that has been extended to her children. This means mothers of town children too—I know of cases where children have been entertained over and over and over again without their mothers once asking the other child into her home. Children are never going to learn the give and take of social behavior if they don't become accustomed to returning hospitality. Make up your mind right now not to let this week end without taking action if you are one who has failed to do your part.

Question: "Do you approve of all this early dating that is now going on? In our school some of the nicest girls are dating in the 7th and 8th grades. This seems to me far too young, but so few mothers seem to share my opinion that I thought perhaps I was just old-fashioned. What do you think?"—Mrs. A. L., Nebr.

Answer: If you're old-fashioned, then I am too for I share your feeling. I still think, no matter what the present situation is, that a girl should be at least a high school student before she dates—and the second year of high school seems time enough. Most mothers don't seem to feel this way, but you asked what I think—and that's what I think.

HOME AGAIN!

Dear Friends,

As I sit here in our lovely little cottage by a quiet Rhode Island lake, I have to pinch myself to make certain I am not dreaming when I think of the fact that only a few weeks ago I was in London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Helsinki and a dozen other wonderfully exciting cities.

You will remember that I last wrote to you from Finland, a country that I liked more than all the others. Of course I have so many things to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. But since so few Americans have had an opportunity to visit Russia, I really ought to tell you something about that enormous country behind the Iron Curtain.

You realized, of course, that the letter I wrote to you from Leningrad had to be written with a certain amount of reserve, and even at that I was afraid to mail it from Russia, but carried it in my pocket until we were safely across the line in Finland. If, at the border, we had been required to turn over all printed and written matter in our possession (and we had been warned of that possibility) I would have had to give up that letter and Kitchen-Klatter would have gone to press without word from me.

We flew from East Berlin to Moscow in a large Russian airliner, and what a flight that was! At no time were we higher than 600 feet off the ground, and this meant that we were low enough to count the planks in every country road bridge. We could even see the bells on the necks of the cows! Time and time again the pilot had to take the plane up a little to get safely over a rise of ground, a small hill or knoll. At that altitude the trip was very, very rough, and there were times when I thought that it would surely bounce me right through the roof.

When one flies that low it provides a great opportunity to see the countryside, and we saw Poland as few people ever see it. Poland is a beautiful country, very much like Wisconsin or the lake country of Minnesota with many lakes large and small, lots of small farms and timber areas between the lakes.

After flying all morning we stopped for lunch at a small airfield in what used to be Esthonia but is now a part of Russia. The Russians have had built there an enormous air terminal building, most of which stood empty or was only half-used. The furnishings of this building were very ornate and elaborate in the style of 1890. Just imagine oriental carpets and great crystal chandeliers in an airport!

We were ushered up a wide flight of marble stairs to a restaurant where again we found the furnishings, the draperies and even the table service to be exactly the way things used to be in the more expensive hotel restaurants in this country sixty or seventy years ago. Now mind you, the Russians aren't using old things; they are making new things on old pat-



Many small youngsters are terrified of big dogs, but not our little Katharine! Juliana snapped this as the next-door pet came around to make a friendly call. Donald and Mary Beth don't have a dog, but there are many in the neighborhood.

terns. The food was very good, and we could have all we wanted of it.

As I sat there in what was the first Russian restaurant I had ever visited, I found many of the fears and worries that I had had about this expedition behind the Iron Curtain rapidly dissipating. Without exception, the Russians were friendly, cordial, and in every way hospitable. It was obvious that all of the Russian people with whom we came in contact during our entire stay in their country were exceedingly nice to us. From the first meal I ate in Russia to the very last breakfast in Leningrad before leaving for Finland, the table waiters were more polite, more anxious to please than in any other country in Europe. And they were the only waiters in all of Europe who refused to take a tip.

When we landed at the Moscow airport at the end of a long day of rough flying we were met by our two Russian guides who were with us during most of the daylight hours the rest of our stay there. Just as soon as I had unpacked my bags and enjoyed a delicious dinner, I went for a walk about the city all by myself. Everywhere I was met by friendly people, and it was then that I had brought very forcefully to my mind the fact that the Russian people are like people everywhere else. The only difference is that they probably have more reasons for hating a communist dictatorship than do any of us.

Until I made this trip to Russia, I always thought of the Russians and the tyrants in the Russian government as the same people. Well, they are not! The Russian people are the slaves of a government that has been as ruthless and blood-thirsty as any government that ever existed. Millions of Russians have known the horrors of a labor camp in Siberia. Millions more have lived in constant fear of betrayal—betrayal even by their own children. Millions of them live in awful poverty. None of them have known real freedom for at least 40 years. The amazing thing is that in spite of

all of their trouble and all of their grief, these suffering people can smile, and can be just as happy as many of us.

Part of the explanation for this is the fact that as bad as conditions are today in Russia, they are much better than they were five years ago. We were told by Americans living in Russia and by the Russians themselves that there is a little more freedom and a little less fear since the death of Stalin.

Let me tell you about our visit to a Baptist church in Moscow—the only Baptist church in the city. It is a small building with a seating capacity of about 600, but the morning we were there—and they were not expecting our visit—there were 2,000 people present. They were using every possible inch of standing room and packed in so tightly that when two women fainted in the crush they did not fall to the floor. They couldn't fall; there wasn't room for it. Out in the street there were another thousand people waiting to get in. And all of that for a two-hour service with two long sermons!

In the afternoon there was another two-hour service, and still another in the evening, and each of them had as many people present. Never in all of my life have I seen such devotion, and never have I seen such faith. Many of the people had been in prison for their faith, and the minister had just returned from five years in Siberia.

When all 2,000 members of the congregation sang "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" the tears streamed down my face. If they can testify to their Christian faith right in the heart of Moscow, how ashamed most of us should be for our poor witnessing to our faith. At the close of the service, the Russians pressed forward to shake hands with us. One said to me through an interpreter: "You don't know Russian. I don't know English. But we both know Jesus Christ."

There is no real freedom of religion in Russia. The church people are not allowed to discuss their religion outside of the church. The churches cannot advertise their services and cannot give any religious education to their children. No Christian is allowed to ask or invite anyone to attend his church or to join his church. In the schools the children are taught that the Christian religion is merely a superstition. Yet today the few churches that remain open for worship are always packed with people who yearn for the comfort of the Gospel.

I am much more confident and hopeful about the prospects of peace than I was before my trip to Europe this summer. We visited with dozens and dozens of national leaders in seven different countries, and not once did we hear anyone say that there was bound to be another great war. As a matter of fact, all the Europeans seem to be completely confident that Communism is on the way out. Most seem to think that in another twenty-five years Communism will be a dead issue.

Again and again we were asked, "Why are you Americans so afraid? Why do you act as though you thought

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SHALL WE HAVE A FAMILY NIGHT?

By

Mabel Nair Brown

It is too bad that we have allowed so much of the hustle and bustle of modern day living (or racing!!!) to crowd out good times together as families.

Any churches and other organizations that make a planned effort for *Family Night* soon see great dividends reaped in strengthened home ties and good fellowship among friends. The fall and winter months ahead offer a perfect opportunity to establish family night gatherings in your church, so don't be misled by those who argue that you can't mix age groups successfully for entertainment, that the youngsters won't want to come, that there are too many other activities going on which will cut down attendance, etc. *Just try one genuine old-fashioned family night supper*, with the young folks taking an active part in planning the program, the games; let all the Moms and Dads join wholeheartedly in the fun and you'll have them asking for more!

At a recent party given by our sixth grade Sunday School class for their parents (naturally, most of the games were the ones they liked to play such as "Musical chairs," "Wink 'em," etc.) I overheard one youngster saying to a classmate, "Gee, I never saw my Dad play like this before! And look at Mom, will you? She's having a whee of a time playing 'Telegraph'. Boy, you could knock me over with a feather! But aren't we having fun?"

We have indeed reached a sad state in family life if our children have not known the joy of having fun with us!

Some groups like to make these suppers pot luck affairs; others prefer planned meals. Why not try a variety of meals? One month might be pot luck. Another month have a committee solicit different families for the meat, salad, dessert, etc. Why not let one evening be *Dad's Night* and let the men folks (perhaps fathers and sons) take over the meal? This could be an oyster stew or a waffle or pancake supper. Let the "kids" take over the kitchen one night. They'll love serving a menu of "Sloppy Joe" sandwiches (hamburger mixture), potato chips, pickles and an easy dessert. Or they might manage a chili supper. In our church, we even decorate the tables for the special days or seasons.

Do urge that the *whole* family turn out. Perhaps someone will have a play pen, some toys, or even a crib they could loan or give to the church so that the small babies could be made to feel happily at home tucked away in a corner of the fellowship hall. Most of the programs can be planned so that all ages will enjoy them. However, there may be occasions when it would be better to ask a couple of teen-agers or young mothers to take the toddlers into another room to play with toys.

Entertainment Suggestions

Start off the first family night with your "theme song," so to speak, — Family Fun. The table committee can set up centerpieces suggesting good times or hobbies which families might share together. For example: roller skating or ice skating, swimming, reading aloud (books), a collecting hobby, compiling a family history, traveling, games such as baseball, croquet, tennis, family picnics and home barbecues or various crafts.

Perhaps some families have interesting hobbies which they can display or can tell about. Home movies and travel slides could be included here, too. Have some families gone all out for riding and a saddle club? Ask them to tell something of the fun and experiences they have had. (One of our local families has designed and made beautiful riding habits, saddle blankets, etc., which would make a highly attractive exhibit for such an evening.)

Few and far between are the folks, young and old, who do not love good group singing. This is where the young folks will shine if you let them teach you songs they have learned at church camps, "Y" camps, or comparable places. And be sure to join in wholeheartedly on the "action" songs. They are real fun and act as a fountain of youth for those of us who are on the other side of forty!

There are many games which a mixed group can enjoy. (Look through back issues of Kitchen-Klatter for a wide variety.) "Take-offs" on some of the famous T.V. and radio quiz and panel shows always seem to make a hit. We have had request repeats on such stunts as our home talent (all ages participating) presenting "What's My Line?", "Name That Tune" and "I've Got A Secret." We have also done a repeat program featuring a "Guess the Tune Sketch" where volunteers from the audience drew pictures on a large blackboard that suggested familiar song titles; the rest of us tried to guess the title illustrated.

Musical numbers and humorous skits can add great variety to the program.

Carrying out the theme of "family fun together," how about dividing the group into families and letting each one act out a favorite family hobby for the rest to guess? Can't you hear the youngsters howl at a charade depicting "Teaching Mother To Roller Skate," "Father Barbeques His First Meal," or "We All Learned To Hammer and Saw?"

Take Home Thoughts

Scripture — Read from Proverbs, Chapters 1, 13 and 14, some of the verses pertaining to parenthood and family life. Or, read some of the verses on "Love" found in 1 John, 4th chapter.

Group singing of two or three family hymn favorites as asked for by families in the audience. Some favorite Sunday School songs sung by the children.

Prayer by one of the teenagers, or

by a group of children repeating in unison a prayer learned in Sunday School.

Reading — *The Beatitudes for Parents*.

Blessed are you when God gives you a child, for you are then numbered among the fortunate.

Blessed are you when your child sees beauty, love and loyalty in you, for he will develop these characteristics and you will be blessed.

Blessed are you when your child confides in you, for then you have established a relationship that is good.

Blessed are you when a child can trust you, for he will live that others may trust him.

Blessed are you when you are able to understand your child, for with understanding and affection you give him the feeling of security.

Blessed are you who set a good example for your child, for then you have the determination to keep striving to become a better parent.

Blessed are you when you do not demand perfection in your child, for with proper guidance he will develop the traits and habits that lead toward perfection.

Blessed are you when you grow up with your child, for through laughter, fun and fellowship you gain his companionship.

Blessed are you when you trust in God for guidance in rearing your child, for faith in God will help you to mold a life of love and good will.

Blessed are you when your child shall grow up and call you blessed. (Taken from a church bulletin.)

Form a friendship circle of clasped hands and sing "Blest Be The Tie That Binds." Following this, repeat in unison the benediction used in your church.

DAYS TO REMEMBER

Quiet streets, bare footprints in the dust,
Back yards big enough for apple trees,
Little boys in overalls with lust
For grapes, and honey from a hive of bees.
A rope swing hanging from the old, bent oak,
A tree house for a secret hideaway,
Great-Grandpa with a corncob pipe to smoke,
And Grandma come to pass the time of day.

Small fragments of these days, like some sweet song,
In quiet moments drift across my mind.
Would you go back? I would, but not for long.
Though ever sweet the memories, I find
That living in the past is not for me.
Each morning brings a new day to unfold,
For life's a promise of what's yet to be.
Today, you can make memories of gold!

—Kathleen Sexton

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

It is six o'clock on a brilliant early autumn morning and I have just finished an ironing that seemed to drag on forever. Last night I faced the fact that if I didn't get up at five and wind up some shirts and blouses, I'd probably have to start from scratch and wash them over again. This seemed downright ridiculous, so I just set the alarm for a few minutes before five and got right up and at it. Now the last shirt is done and I am free to sit down and visit with you.

Well, we *finally* achieved it! After many false alarms and many dashed hopes, we at last have the house painted. Russell and I both felt very foolish through the spring and summer months just past because I had definitely indicated that when you came to Shenandoah and stopped by our garden you would see a fresh paint job on the old house. Many of you must have had your own ideas on this whole thing, but not a soul came right out and said: "Didn't you say you were going to get your house painted?"

At any rate, it's now done and we like the color very much. To the best of our knowledge this fifty-seven year old house had always been white and ten years ago we stuck with white when we painted, but now we have made a drastic change. It's difficult to describe the color but it's sort of a cross between gray and navy blue—definitely dark and not leaning toward a pastel shade.

Perhaps you may think that it is too dark, and I'll say frankly that I'd hesitate to use this dense a color on a house that had very little trim. But we have a lot of white trim, and then the white shutters that will soon go up will make a great deal of difference too.

This paint was mixed (by Russell) to get just the shade that we wanted. He tried many combinations and let samples stand for a couple of days in the sun to see how they looked when they were thoroughly dried. This seems to me a sound idea, for one color that looked almost perfect at the outset definitely verged on a pastel shade when it was completely dry. We looked at our final sample for a week before we made a decision and the entire quantity of paint was prepared.

Russell has this formula written down, and if anyone wants to know exactly what's in it I'll be glad to copy it off if you'll send a self-addressed postal card or a stamped envelope.

Our neighbors across the street are on a slightly higher elevation and therefore look down at our house—just can't avoid seeing it, no matter what! We were genuinely appreciative when both of them called and said that they like the color very, very much. After all, we'd feel uncomfortable if their eyes were dislocated every time they glanced our way.

Now and then I get fits of thinking how wonderful it would be to have a brand new house where you could



I thought of a famous short story titled "Young Girls in Summer Dresses" when I saw this picture of Juliana, Kathy Bunch of Phoenix, Arizona and Kristin as they got ready to leave for Sunday School.

actually take a good long breath without contemplating major plumbing expense, rewiring, redecorating . . . you name it. Anyone who lives in an old house knows that just the minute you get one urgent thing accomplished, something else rears its head. But brand new houses eventually become old houses, so perhaps the only conclusion to draw is that if one has a roof there are always things to be done.

We live in a day and age when everything is being studied, dissected, analysed and otherwise scrutinized—I can't think off-hand of anything that escapes the eagle eye of experts. A friend of mine in the East wrote the other day and said that probably someday soon one of these big Foundations would be compiling a history of radio in the United States, and I thought to myself that when this day comes there really ought to be *something* said about the early days of radio in our Midwest.

I don't pretend to know very much about anything, but I *do* know that we Driftmiers saw the real pioneer experiences in radio . . . and countless people reading these words lived right through those pioneer experiences with us. I've always wished that I could find time to sit down and write about those early days, and perhaps in one way or another I can get this done "some day." (Would it interest you folks—an article on this subject?) Well, one thing is certain: radio has changed enormously as far as what the experts call "listening habits" are concerned.

I can remember when it was a tremendous thrill to keep a list of stations from coast to coast, and everyone was so envious when someone reported that he'd "pulled in" a station down in Georgia or a station out in Washington. Back in 1923 when we had our first crystal set with earphones we could hardly get to bed because it was so exciting to hear call letters from stations far, far away in cities that were only places to be studied in geography.

Those days are gone, of course. There are thousands of radio stations today

and the air-waves that were once uncluttered are now filled to the hilt. All in all, it's a big problem to know just how to go about reaching people. We wish you'd write and tell us what stations you listen to. Is it true (as the experts say) that you just leave your radio dial tuned to one station? In my own case it isn't true because I have favorite programs that I switch around on the dial to locate and I certainly don't leave the radio chained to one station. But it's possible that I'm the exception and not the rule.

If you listen entirely to your own local station (and this could be a very small station, you understand, and not a big city station), we wish you'd write and tell us the name of the station. If you live in a big city but stick with one station in that city, please tell us about this too. We want to get back in touch with you friends who can no longer locate Kitchen-Klatter, and your letters will make a great deal of difference to us.

This month you'll see Kristin's first letter in Kitchen-Klatter, and it appears exactly the way she wrote it—I didn't lift a pencil to do any "editing." Next month Juliana will write to you and I'll let her letter stand exactly the way she writes it. In other words—no "fixing up." They can just say what they please in the way they please.

This past month I came across two things that seemed to me of real importance. To begin with, I had a very troubled letter from a mother whose daughter has shown a brilliant flair for a scientific career—there's no doubt but what that girl can really do important work in her field if she is equipped with the necessary education. And that's where the trouble comes in. They don't see how in the world they are to help her with this education and there were circumstance explained that made it very clear to me exactly what they are up against. If they were to take the necessary steps to educate her they would be jeopardizing their own future, and with her father 61 years of age it is a terrible reality for them. At the same time, they have a most exceptionally gifted daughter and somehow she *must* be given her chance.

It occurred to me that there must be many, many scholarships and grants and awards and fellowships that most of us know nothing about. In fact, I read someplace how many funds of this kind have accumulated by leaps and bounds because they simply aren't known about by the public at large. You might think, off-hand, that any superintendent of schools could supply you with such information, but this isn't necessarily true at all.

That's why I made some investigations of my own and turned up the fact that the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare has published a thick catalog listing all Scholarships and Fellowships available at institutions of higher education; this is a reprint done in 1957 so it must be pretty much up to date.

You can get a copy by sending 70

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DOES YOUR HOUSE NEED A FACE-LIFTING?

By
Margery

Many of you are thinking about house-cleaning this month. Will it be a routine cleaning job or are you giving some thought to a few changes in color scheme but holding back because you feel you can't afford new curtains, bedspreads, throw rugs and slip covers? There is a very inexpensive way you can bring about terrific changes and with very little time and effort. Buy some packages of dye! I have had marvelous results with less than a dollar bill—results that brought compliments from my friends.

I started with my bedroom. I had a lovely new pale yellow wallpaper and used brown and turquoise in the bedspread but when spring came this year I wanted something more summery. Back on a high shelf in the linen closet I found a plain white bedspread and a pair of white organdy pillow shams. Without hesitation I took down the white organdy curtains from the windows and was on my way to my big adventure in dyeing.

I wanted all of these things dyed a pale turquoise. I used a package of turquoise dye, dissolved it first according to the directions on the package and then added it to the water in my automatic washing machine. I turned on the machine for a few minutes, then added the wet curtains and pillow shams, turned on the machine and let it run its cycle. When I opened the machine I was delighted with the results.

Next I dyed the bedspread. I used two packages of the same color dye for the bedspread for it was heavier. Lastly, I dyed my two white shag rugs, using three packages of the same color. When all the dyeing was finished and the curtains back at the windows, the "new spread and pillow shams" back on the bed, the rugs down on the floor, I felt as if I had a completely new room and had spent so little money that I felt I had the right to feel as proud as I did. You too could transform a bedroom as easily and as cheaply.

It might be that you aren't as fortunate as I in having some all-white items to start with. However, you can still achieve terrific results with some colored linens. For instance, one of our bedrooms upstairs has a small figured grey wallpaper with a bit of dark rose and green as colors. I had a blue bedspread that just plain didn't go with the paper for there was not a speck of blue in it, so I bought two packages of dark rose dye and dyed the spread. I anxiously waited for my washing machine to complete its cycle so I could take out the spread and see what color I had. It turned out to be a lovely shade of plum that went beautifully with my wallpaper. I have white dacron curtains at the bedroom windows and it makes a lovely room. On the floor I have the rug Mother



This is the parsonage of the Wesley Methodist Church at Saint Joseph, Missouri that Mildred Grenier tells us about.

braided for me in shades of rose and green.

Do you wish you had some colored sheets and pillow cases instead of the all-white ones you now have? I had an ample supply of sheets and pillow cases but they were white—not a single colored one to my name. I dyed two sets in yellow and one set in rose to use in these two rooms I have described. They turned out beautifully. One thing I do want to warn you about, however, is that they do lose a little color when they are laundered—at least mine did—not enough to matter to the linens, but enough that if you washed other things with them they would pick up a bit of the color. Consequently, I always wash those things alone—all yellow together and all rose together. Don't forget that.

I've had a lot of fun with blouses, handkerchiefs and old white gloves. For instance, I had a white blouse that I decided to dye pink to wear with a grey suit. I "threw in" a white linen handkerchief and a pair of white gloves and everything came out in one matching color to give me a new outfit.

I think the most fun comes from dyeing one color to another. When you are dyeing a white item to a color, you know for certain what color you will get, of course, but when you have a brown blouse and use a green dye you will produce a beautiful olive green which I think is a very attractive color. You will notice with your package of dye there is a color chart that will tell you what colors you can change successfully. It will also tell you how many packages of dye to use and, in other words, give you complete instructions.

Be adventurous! When you are doing your fall housecleaning see what changes you can make with a little dye. It will give you a lift, I guarantee you!

No one is useless in this world who helps to lighten the burden of it for anyone else.—Dickens.

TEAM WORK MEANS SUCCESS

By
Mildred Grenier

The attractive, modern parsonage of the Wesley Methodist Church, Eleventh and Sycamore Streets, Saint Joseph, Missouri, is concrete evidence of the fact that "where there's a will, there's a way."

The members of this church had been aware of the need for a new parsonage for a long time, and in the summer of 1954 they voted to build one on the church property. A member of the congregation drew the plans, and work was started that fall.

Men, women, and sometimes even the children, donated their time and talents to make their dream of the new parsonage a reality. Most of the work was done by men in the evenings after they had completed a full day's stretch on their own jobs. Lights were strung in the yard and many times midnight found them still working. (Incidentally, only a few of the men are carpenters by trade.)

Women members of the church served lunch for the men who worked on Saturdays, and a committee of women helped with the interior planning and decorating and selected kitchen appliances. The parsonage was completed in the autumn of 1955, approximately one year from the time the work was started.

This one-story house, valued at \$20,000, was completed for a cost outlay of slightly more than half that figure. It has five rooms and a bath, three bedrooms, a long living room with picture window and dining area, a beautiful, well equipped kitchen, and a minister's study. This study is 17x15 with one entire wall devoted to book cases. Closets are equipped with space-saving sliding doors. The house has a full basement with garage space and a gas furnace. Walls throughout are plastered, floors are of oak, the structure is fully insulated and there is an attic fan.

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A DAY OF CAMPING

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Usually when I write my monthly article for Kitchen-Klatter I am sitting at a big table in front of the large window in the dining room. Looking to the south I can see a typical Iowa landscape with sturdy cottonwood trees stretching high above a small winding creek.

But the scene I am looking at this morning is far different than the Iowa countryside, and far away in miles. In front of me stretches a wide vista of blue water, clear and cool and fresh. The waters of Lake Superior make up the largest inland fresh water lake in the world. It does seem strange to sit here at Gooseberry Falls State park far north of Duluth, Minnesota and write to you. Perhaps it will provide a good change of pace in subject matter, however, so come and spend a day in camp with us and either relive a like experience you have had or see what it is like if you've never yet gone camping.

Morning

After a week of perfect weather we awakened this morning to a cold wind. Tucking the camp stove under one arm and the dishpan containing food and dishes under the other arm, I went to the shelter house across the road (this is called "roughing it!"). While Bob dressed the children I was glad to have a place out of the wind in which to prepare our breakfast.

Before we had finished eating the shelter house was filled with people getting in out of the wind. It was just like a big party as people wearing a variety of early morning expressions, with circles under their eyes and hair both combed and uncombed wandered in to find warmth. One jet pilot from an air line company in Minneapolis came looking hopefully at the stoves. Not one was warm. As soon as our food was cooked we turned our stove over to him.

"My, I'm grateful to you," he said as he turned the bacon. "This is the first camping trip my wife has ever been on and she's not particularly sold on the idea."

When their breakfast was almost over I sat down beside the wife with my cup of coffee. "The first camping trip is the hardest," I said. "You get it in your blood after that and it becomes exciting." She looked at me as if she didn't believe me.

"Really," I urged, "some of the moments that seem most uncomfortable and hard to take are the ones you'll enjoy telling your friends about when you get home. And just think how wonderful it is for your children to get in such close touch with Nature!"

"I don't mind the children getting in such close touch," she said acidly, "but when I'm trying to sleep in a sleeping bag on a cold hard ground the touch is a lot too close for me!" Her husband watched hopefully for

signs of relaxation in his wife's face, but they were not there.

At the next table sat a woman from Ohio with her little eight year old daughter. Her husband and son were up in the wilderness area on portage for a week. This mother and her little girl were camped here at Gooseberry Falls having a wonderful time getting acquainted with everyone and seemingly not one bit concerned about being manless for a few days.

The woman who shared the sink with me during dishwashing said in astonishment, "This is the first year we've every camped and we love it! We've met the nicest people of our entire lives here. Why, college professors, preachers, teachers, executives—just everybody goes camping."

As the day progressed it grew warmer. The room with the big wash tubs and the hot water became the busiest place in the camp. Big deep wash tubs with built in washboards may not seem like the latest convenience, but after washing baby's diapers in a big kettle over the open fire in some of the undeveloped camp sites, these tubs seem luxurious. The hot water was very hot and before long the clothes, while not advertisement clean, were blowing in the sunshine. When I returned to camp Bob was eager to be away and swimming.

"Fine," I urged, "you take all three children so I can get some typing done." Not one to stand in the way of progress, he took the boys, donned bathing suits and off they went to Agate Beach. They had gone six steps when the neighbor's three children came rushing from their tents. "Are you going swimming? Can we go along?"

"Sure," Bob said as the three fell in line behind him.

Four camps nearer the beach a lovely lady and two boys stopped the group. "We don't know where the beach is, may we go with you?"

What a funny looking procession wandered down to the beach! And what a good time they had splashing and swimming and looking for the beautifully marked agates which give the beach its name. Craig, at twenty months, was the youngest of the group and quite content to shovel rocks into his bucket. Jeffrey, next in age, thought only of tossing pebbles in the water. All the other children were old enough really to hunt for the brightly marked rocks with great enthusiasm.

The morning passed rapidly. Then the children hurried home for a lunch of hot soup, peanut butter sandwiches and canned fruit.

Craig could hardly stay awake as he ate, so he was soon tucked into the back of the pick-up with its built-in bunks just right for camp living . . . and napping.

Afternoon

The two older boys and their daddy headed for a hike to the Upper Gooseberry Falls. Back up from the highway and away from the lake went the hikers into a mountain timber of spruce and elm and maple. Over new

seedlings and past evergreens hundreds of years old they walked. When they reached the beautiful tumbling water with caves dug into the lava rock on each side they found a good place to stop and rest. Soon Jeffrey's three year old passion for swimming drove them into the clear cool water that stands in quiet pools at the base of the rapids.

What a strange feeling to be walking on rocks made millions of years ago by a hot volcanic lava flow! How small man seems when the majestic aged trees of the forest tower overhead! How soft we have become in civilization when we taste the thimble berries and ponder on the earlier inhabitants of this area who had to live entirely from what the land produced!

In the stillness of the birch tree woods it is easy to imagine a soft moccasined Indian stalking a deer. Only one hundred years ago (a bare second as time is measured) these first Americans had their villages right here along Lake Superior. The fur traders and the early settlers were just arriving. Some were not even sure where the Canadian and the United States border might be. It is interesting to remember that only a map maker's mistake gave to our country the arrowhead of Minnesota with its huge timbers and tremendous iron deposits.

Dusk

It is easy to lose track of time in a place such as this. Now it is early evening and the sun has gone behind the tall trees to the west of our camp site. It is difficult to write, also. Friendly folk stop by to see what I am doing and stay to visit. A woman from Canada just paused for a moment to tell me how friendly people have been to them on this, their first trip to the United States. "I only hope Canadians are as friendly to you folks when you come to our country to visit," was her parting comment.

My own family just came rushing in from their hike, not full of the story of Gooseberry Falls as I had thought they might be but, of all things, stories of Alaska. Very near to us is camped a family enroute home from that far off outpost of the United States. "You must see it at least once," they insisted. And Bob's itching campers' feet were tempted by the stories of the country to the far north.

Supper time comes early at camp and by five o'clock everyone has been seated around the big picnic table. It is fun to cook over the camp fire even though everything has a pine-smoked flavor, including the tea; but it is interesting to concoct hearty meals for outdoor appetites.

The camp quiets quickly at the close of day. Only an occasional novice camper stays up late. But even he becomes quiet after a day or two and settles down when the stars come out and the camp fires burn bright in the darkness.

With a big pan of popcorn, a steaming hot kettle of cocoa and a few new-

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MARGERY TELLS YOU ABOUT PART OF THEIR VACATION

Dear Friends:

Several months ago I wrote in my letter to you friends that Oliver, Martin and I planned to take a vacation to Hannibal, Missouri and Springfield, Illinois this summer. We were delighted when Oliver's sister Laura wrote from Chicago that she planned to visit Iowa about the same time we planned our vacation for it worked out that she could have her visit here and go with us on our little trip, winding up in Chicago where we would return her to her home. As we got our heads together and started planning our schedule, we decided we could drive as far south as Camdenton, Missouri, so we could see some of the Lake of the Ozarks.

On a Sunday morning we packed a picnic lunch and headed south. When we reached Maryville, Missouri Oliver remarked that as many times as he had driven through Maryville, he had never driven out to the college to see where I had gone to school. I hadn't seen the campus for several years myself and was amazed at the buildings that had gone up in that time. Between St. Joseph and Kansas City, Martin saw his first fields of tobacco and the huge drying sheds. As nearly as I can recall these were the only tobacco fields we saw.

In Independence, Missouri we stopped for coffee and, noticing that we were only a stone's throw from the new Truman Library, drove over to see that and take pictures of it. We were sorry that it wasn't open, but like the other sight-seers we peered through the front windows to see as much as we could. It is certainly an impressive building and we will try to stop there another time to go through it.

I have a very dear friend living in Independence and tried to call her but it was church time so I presume they were in church. We drove past President Truman's home and then back to the highway. We attended a church service by way of the car radio as we drove on to Warrensburg, Missouri where we stopped in a lovely park for our picnic lunch.

After a little rest stretched out on a blanket under the shade trees we started on to Sedalia, Tipton and down to Versailles. Not long after we left Versailles we saw the lake, and oh such gorgeous scenery unfolded as we wound around the hills, crossed two bridges spanning parts of the lake and drove into Camdenton. We had made reservations in advance at a nice motel. By the time we finished unloading the suitcases Martin was in his bathing suit, and although it was late afternoon and the air was getting a bit chilly for swimming, he said the water was warm enough to make his dip enjoyable.

We ate dinner that evening at a very interesting cafe called the Night Hawk. On Sunday evenings they serve smorgasbord in the Rodeo Room, and the western type decorations were very unusual. The first thing that caught Martin's eye was horns from



When the tulips bloomed last May we had a chance to get this picture of Gertrude Hazlett, your Good Neighbor friend, and mother. Gertrude lives in Los Angeles, but returns almost every year for a visit in Shenandoah.

Texas Longhorns hanging on the walls. The chairs were upholstered to look like steer hides with different brands on them. Coathangers were made of horseshoes, wagon wheels were used for light fixtures, and not only were little covered wagons hanging on the walls, but cowboy scenes were painted here and there. I enjoyed meeting the manager, Mr. Buford Foster, who sponsors the Ozark Jubilee from Springfield, Missouri. The food was delicious! We certainly will stop there again the next time we visit the Lake of the Ozarks.

The following morning after breakfast we drove over to Bridal Cave. This was my first experience in a cave, and Martin's first experience too. Laura and Oliver had been in several other caves in various parts of the country but they both agreed that this was one of the most beautiful they had ever been in. We had a guide, of course, and he pointed out all of the interesting formations. This cave is unusual in that no colored lights are needed because the colors are all natural. Those of you who have visited this cave will agree that it is an exciting experience.

From Bridal Cave we drove to Bagnell Dam and marvelled at man's ingenuities. We noticed many signs advertising boat rides on the lake and of course Martin was very eager for a boat ride. There were various types of boats taking passengers but we decided on a cruiser. The trip covered twenty miles and took thirty-five minutes.

Heading northeast we drove to Jefferson City where we visited the state capitol building. We spent considerable time in the first floor museum and then took pictures around the capitol grounds before driving to Fulton, Missouri to spend the night. We had time before our evening meal to drive around the town and see the campuses of Westminster College for

Men and William Woods College for Women. Also at Fulton is the State School for the Deaf where we noticed considerable improvements were under construction. I think right now would be the ideal time to mention how impressed we were with the construction of new schools throughout the territory we covered. Town after town had new schools either completed or under construction.

As we approached Hannibal our traveling conversation was centered around Mark Twain. It has been many years since Laura has read the Mark Twain books, but of course Oliver and I have re-familiarized ourselves with them through Martin's reading this past year. Martin entertained us along the road telling about some of Tom Sawyer's adventures.

We had made reservations for our motel in advance so when we arrived in Hannibal we unloaded the car and headed for the museum and Mark Twain's home. We were impressed with the throngs of vacationers with children, certainly evidence of the constant interest and enthusiasm for the writings of Mark Twain. There is so much to see in Hannibal—Becky Thatcher's home, Twain's father's law office, Cardiff Hill, the beautiful park along the Mississippi River, as well as many other interesting things.

We had stopped in Florida, Missouri that morning to see Twain's birthplace. We took quantities of pictures around Hannibal as we did every place we visited and hope that we can share some of them with you from time to time. As we stood at the lookout in the park we saw a huge barge going down the river, and were very interested as the bridge opened up and let it through. This was a most fascinating procedure to Martin and we couldn't leave the spot until the bridge had closed up again! Martin was in hopes that a train would come along and have to stop while the bridge closed, but unfortunately none came.

In the afternoon we drove down the river to Mark Twain's Cave. This was probably the highlight of the visit to Hannibal for we always considered the references to the cave in the Mark Twain books as the most exciting reading of all. I had no idea that the cave was so large—I believe the guide said we walked 3/4 of a mile in the cave. I could certainly believe it when he also said that during the early years after the discovery of the cave it was not unusual to call out the townspeople several times a week to search the cave for lost children. For a time the cave was barred up to prevent children from entering it. My, it was exciting and something I wouldn't have missed for the world! That evening Martin crawled into bed early to read his Huckleberry Finn book that he had brought along with him and read over and over again the parts mentioning the cave. It was a thrilling experience for him and one he will long remember.

After leaving Hannibal we headed east toward Winchester, Illinois. We wanted to stop here for this is where Stephen A. Douglas was born and in

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A COOKY EXCHANGE

We're heading straight into the season when cooky baking is a real project, so here are recipes put together for a special purpose that we'll let Mildred Cathcart describe in her own words.

"Twelve of us women (with some 27 children to our credit!) decided that it would be fun to have a cooky exchange at one of our club meetings. We chose November for this affair, and since our club night fell the Tuesday before Thanksgiving we all felt that extra cookies on hand would be fine, plus the fact that new recipes would help us through the Christmas baking rush.

"Each member took a *large* batch of her favorite cookies, along with copies of recipes for the members. There were enough cookies so that all of us could take home several of each kind, and with twelve varieties it certainly took care of our baking problem for several days. Then, of course, the hostess had to make an extra pot of coffee because we had to do our "sampling and discussing" right there where we could ask questions.

"Anyway, it is a lot of fun and an excellent way for any club to find new recipes. Different families have different preferences, and it gives a person a chance to find the type of cooky his family likes best without having to try out all the recipes herself."

MOLASSES CRINKLES

Mix together thoroughly:

- 3/4 cup soft shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup molasses
- Sift together and add:
- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ginger

Chill dough. Roll into balls size of walnuts. Dip tops in sugar. Place about 3 inches apart on greased cookie sheet. Sprinkle tops of cookies with water to produce "Crinkled" surface. Bake at 375° about 10-12 minutes.

—Mrs. Bonadene Hefner

SUGAR COOKIES

(With four small children, decorating cookies is a pleasant pastime. This cookie is not too rich for tiny tummies.)

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 3 3/4 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons cream tartar
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 2 teaspoons Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Mix thoroughly in order given. Chill dough. Cut on very lightly floured pastry cloth. Decorate according to the holidays. Bake at 350° until lightly browned.

—Mrs. Helen McElvain

VARIABLE CHOCOLATE CHIPS

- 1/2 cup butter
- 6 tablespoons brown sugar
- 6 tablespoons white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup flour plus 1/8 cup
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1 package chocolate chips
- 1/2 cup nuts

(These cookies may be varied by adding coconut or by substituting dates or raisins for the chocolate chips.)

Mix ingredients in order given. Bake at 350° until lightly browned—about 12 minutes.

—Mrs. Catherine Mallett

PUMPKIN COOKIES

These cookies are an easy way to use the left-over pumpkin when making pies.

Sift together:

- 2 1/2 cups flour
 - 4 teaspoons baking powder
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1/4 teaspoon ginger
 - 1/4 teaspoon allspice
 - 1 teaspoon nutmeg
 - 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- Cream and add to dry ingredients:
- 1/3 cup shortening
 - 1 1/3 cups sugar
 - 3 eggs
 - 1 cup pumpkin
 - 1 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Add:

- 1 cup raisins
 - 1/2 cup nuts
 - 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- Drop by spoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375° until no imprint is left when touched lightly.

—Mrs. Beverly Redford

BROWNIES

- 4 eggs beaten lightly
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup melted butter
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup nuts
- 4 squares chocolate melted in the butter

1 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
Mix all together. Spread very thin in pan and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

—Mrs. Alta Seals

CONGO SQUARES

- 2 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 1/4 cups brown sugar (1 lb. package)
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup nuts
- 1 package semi-sweet chocolate chips

Melt shortening and cream with sugar. Cool slightly and add eggs one at a time, beating well. Add sifted dry ingredients. Add nuts and chocolate. Pour into a large greased cookie sheet with sides on it. Bake at 350° for 25-30 minutes. Cut when almost cool.

—Mrs. Darlene McElvain

BLONDIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 cups light brown sugar (packed)
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 teaspoons Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup chopped dried apricots

Mix in order given. Grease pan, add dough and spread. Bake at 350° for 35 minutes. Let stand for 10 minutes; then cut in squares.

—Mrs. Reavis Beer

COCONUT BARS

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1 1/8 cups flour
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup nuts
- 1 1/2 cups coconut

Cream butter and 1/2 cup brown sugar. Blend in 1 cup flour. Spread mixture in greased cookie sheet. Bake 15 minutes at 325°. While this is baking prepare: 2 eggs, beaten, remaining 1 cup brown sugar, vanilla, then remaining 1/8 cup flour, baking powder, coconut and nut meats. Beat well and spread over baked mixture. Return to oven and bake 25 minutes longer. Cut in bars.

—Mrs. Deloris Foster

BROWN SUGAR CHEWS

- 1 egg
- 1 cup brown sugar (packed)
- 1 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon soda
- 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Mix in order given. Bake 18-20 minutes in an 8 inch square pan. Bake at 350°. Cookies should be soft when taken from oven. Cool in pan. Cut into squares.

—Mrs. Helen Loofbourrow

PIN WHEEL COOKIES

These are very attractive and are excellent made in colors to carry out a particular decorating scheme.

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup confectioner's sugar
- 1 large egg
- 1 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour

Divide dough into three parts—make each a different color such as 1 yellow, 1 red, and 1 green.

With covered rolling pin, roll each portion on sheet of heavy wax paper to measure about 4 inches by 10 inches. Then put the three layers of dough together, and press tightly. Roll from long end. Wrap tightly in waxed paper and chill. Slice crosswise about 1/4 inch. Put on greased sheet.

Bake about 325° for 15 minutes, turn off heat and leave door ajar for about ten minutes. (Overbaking will ruin the color.)

—Mrs. Mildred Cathcart

DANISH WHITE NUT COOKIES

- 1 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup chopped blanched almonds
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 4 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/2 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks and mix. Add flavoring, flour and almonds. Knead. Roll and let stand until chilled. Cut thin and bake at 350° until browned slightly.

NOTE: Sliced, split almonds may be placed on each cookie before baking.

—Mrs. Myrtle Felkner

ORANGE COOKIES

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 3 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons grated orange rind
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Mix in order given and drop by spoonfuls on baking sheet. Bake at 350° for 10-12 minutes. Spread this icing on warm cookies:

- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Juice of one orange

Heat juice and butter together, add sugar, and spread on warm cookies.

—Mrs. Ruth Clark

MARGERY BROUGHT THESE RECIPES HOME FROM HER TRIP!**\$200 FRENCH DRESSING**

When we visited Oliver's sister Viola who lives near St. Charles, Illinois she gave me this recipe for French Dressing. I wonder how it got its name. Maybe it has a history similar to the \$100 Chocolate Cake! Anyway, it is a delicious dressing and one you will want in your files.

- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. paprika
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 cups salad oil
- 2 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 tsp. celery seed
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 2 Tbls. grated onion

Beat with rotary beater. Keep in refrigerator. Shake before using. All ingredients must be at room temperature for dressing to thicken.

STEAK CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. steak, cut in serving pieces
- Raw potatoes

Brown steak on both sides. Slice raw potatoes in baking dish, cover with a layer of steak, and then a layer of potatoes. Pour water (to which you've added the grease the steak was fried in) over the casserole. Salt and pepper to taste. Bake until potatoes are done, about 45 minutes in a moderate oven, or a little less time if cooked on top of the stove.

HERE'S A TERRIFIC NEW PREMIUM
Regularly Priced at 98¢

It took a lot of searching, but we finally located these highly unusual individual tubed cake pans of polished aluminum and bought in such a large quantity that we can send you a set of **6** for only **50¢** and **3 BLACK STARS** from the back label of any Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring, or the bottom line of our new label.

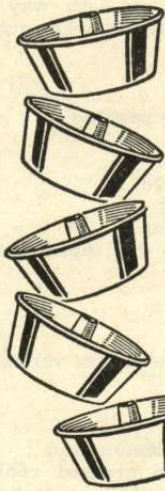
These make charming individual birthday cakes. You can put a candle in the middle or a little flower. Juliana and Kristin love to decorate them. Also wonderful for molded salads.

Order now for your own use and to put away for Christmas gifts and shower gifts.

DON'T MISS OUT ON THIS GREAT BARGAIN!

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The Flavoring With The Quality You Can Taste

ESCALLOPED CHICKEN DELUXE

(The most delicious escalloped chicken I have ever eaten!)

- 6 cups cooked chicken, diced
- 6 cups cooked rice
- 4 cups chicken broth
- 3 cups milk
- 6 Tbls. butter
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1 cup blanched almonds
- 1 small can pimento, cut fine
- 2 small cans mushrooms, drained
- Salt and pepper to taste

Into your large casserole, or two 9-inch casserole, put a layer of rice, then a layer of chicken and cover with gravy made from the broth, milk, butter and flour, salt and pepper. Dot with pimento, almonds and mushrooms. Repeat with a second layer of each and sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and paprika. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. Take this to the next covered dish dinner you go to and everyone will be begging for the recipe!

COCONUT FINGERS

Cut slices of pound cake into strips. Brush with honey mixed with a little grated orange rind. Sprinkle with coconut and toast in the oven heated to 400 degrees for about 5 minutes.

POLISH BEETS

At last I've found another way to prepare beets so my family will ask for second helpings. I ran across this recipe in Illinois.

- 1 can beets or 1 large bunch of beets, cooked
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- Salt and pepper

Grate the beets and put them in a saucepan with the butter, sugar, salt and pepper. When the butter is melted, add flour and blend, then the vinegar and cream. Heat thoroughly before serving. Serves 4.

TOMATO MEAT BALLS

- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 small onion chopped
- 1 cup rolled oats
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 can tomato soup

Mix all ingredients as called for except tomatoes. Form into balls, dip in flour and fry until brown. Place in roaster, add soup and bake in moderate oven for 40 minutes or put in a heavy skillet, cover tightly and simmer on top of the stove.

DOROTHY'S VISIT WITH YOU

Dear Friends:

When I heard it pouring down rain in the middle of the night last night I thought about the washing I had planned to do today. Ordinarily I don't give a washing a second thought because if it isn't nice one day there is always tomorrow or the day after. But this morning I felt it was imperative to wash because I wanted to get all of Steve's things cleaned up before he leaves tomorrow for his home in Redlands, California. (In case you haven't seen my two previous letters, Steve is the 15-year-old son of my cousin, Mary Conrad Lombard, and has spent the summer with us.)

Mary had written and told me not to try to get his clothes done up before he came home—said that she would wash and iron them after he got there, but I just couldn't let him pack his dirty clothes in the same suitcase with his clean clothes. When we got up this morning the sky was threatening and it looked as if we could have another downpour at any minute. But I decided to take a chance on the clothes getting dry and went ahead and washed. It cleared off by eleven and we have had a perfect wash day.

When I wrote to you last month we hadn't yet had our County 4-H Achievement Show, so I can tell you now that Kristin was a mighty happy girl when the judge picked her clover-leaf rolls to go to the State Fair. She has learned and accomplished so much in 4-H this year. I know that every Mother can teach her daughter to cook and to sew, but I also know that if Kristin hadn't been a member of 4-H she wouldn't have done half as much cooking as she did this summer. Kristin, Bernie, Steve, and I spent one day at the State Fair, and Kristin and I could have spent the entire time in the girls 4-H building.

When you see all the gorgeous furniture that these teen-age girls have refinished by themselves, and think of all the hours of work that have gone into the finished product, you can really see the values that they have gained in their 4-H work. It makes me feel rather ashamed of myself that I don't accomplish as much in my spare time.

I sincerely wish that every girl could be a member of some 4-H club somewhere, and that she had the encouragement and cooperation of her parents.

When the Achievement Show was over, Kristin and Steve accompanied Juliana home for a week's visit with her and the rest of their Shenandoah relatives. I had planned to get a great deal done during the week they were gone because I thought I would have so much time with just Frank and I here by ourselves, but the day after they left I developed a bad ear infection and didn't feel like doing anything. I was certainly disgusted.

Kristin spent the last two weeks of her vacation before school started helping her Aunt Bernie at her cafe which is located at the intersection of highways 65 and 34. They have been doing construction work on both roads



Kristin takes out the Graham Muffins that were headed for the 4-H Achievement Show.

this summer and most of the men eat their noon meal at Bernie's, so Kristin went in to help out during the noon rush hour. She enjoyed it and we felt it was good experience for her.

While Kristin was staying with her Aunt Bernie, I left my two men to batch for themselves and ran off to Shenandoah for a few days. I was sorry to miss Margery and Oliver who were on their vacation, but Mother and I had a real nice time together. We went shopping a couple of afternoons, and in the evenings some of my friends came to call.

While I was gone Frank and Steve were busy putting in new fence here and there. Steve gave the wagon a couple of coats of paint and also painted the inside of the jeep. Today they have been getting some more space ready for the corn to be harvested this Fall. We have had just enough rain this summer, and no floods, so it looks as if we will have a bumper crop. Of course we are still keeping our fingers crossed until we have the corn in the cribs, and I guess we always will as long as we farm bottom ground.

What time I could spare this past busy month has been spent trying to get Kristin's clothes lined up for school. She had a couple of new corduroy skirts that were Christmas gifts a year ago but too big for her when she got them, and since she didn't need them too badly at the time I just put them away. This year they had to be taken up only a little in the waist, so it wasn't much of a job to take the waist bands off and make the darts a little bigger in the back.

I have made just one new school dress. The material is a cotton print—small red tyrolean figures on a bright blue background. I made it with a fitted waist and full skirt with a long zipper up the back. It has a high round neck edged in white eyelet with a row of black rick-rack just below it. The plain short sleeves are finished the same way. There are four

rows of black rick-rack around the bottom. The pattern we had called for black velvet ribbon for trimming, but I didn't know how this would wash on the cotton, so I used the rick-rack instead and it is just as effective.

Frank's sister and her husband, Edna and Raymond Halls, who live on a farm near Allerton, Iowa, drove up to see us the other evening and brought us a big box of acorn squash. This is one of our favorite vegetables and I don't know how we happened to forget to plant any this year. Edna was glad we did because she said it gave them someone to give them to since they had far more than they would use for themselves. They also brought us a box of muskmelons which we have enjoyed tremendously the last few days. We have a few of our own but they aren't quite ripe enough yet. Edna and Raymond haven't had near the rain we have had so their tomatoes didn't do very well and we were glad that we could send them home with a big box of tomatoes from our garden.

I must go out and bring the clothes in off the line before they gather the evening dampness. Frank and Steve will soon be in and it will be time to get supper. They have been catching a few bullheads off and on and I have been freezing them until we had enough for a meal. Tonight is Steve's last supper with us so I'm going to fry the fish.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

BLESS THESE FRIENDS

Bless these friends, O Lord, we pray,
Keep them safe by night and day,
Bless their house so firm and stout,
Keeping want and trouble out.
Bless their children, one and all,
Let Thy peace lie over all,
Bless their doors that they may prove
Ever open to joy and love.
Bless their windows shining bright,
Letting in God's heavenly light.
Bless their hearth ablazing there
With smoke ascending like a prayer.
Bless these friends who dwell within,
Keep them pure and free from sin.
Bless us all that we may be
Fit, O Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Bless us all that one day we
May dwell, O Lord, with Thee.

—Tilford Peterson

(These words to be sung to the tune "Bless This House" were composed by Mr. Peterson for the 40th wedding anniversary of friends.)

WHEN I GROW OLD

As I grow old, a prayer I pray
That those I love won't rue the day
When I grow old and can't recall
The things I loved when I was small.
O, Lord! Please see that I shan't be
A care to those who still love me;
But see to it, that I grow old
By staying fine, like ancient gold,
Or see that old age comes to me
As years make wine the sweeter be,
Or let me age in rich degree
As silks or lace or ivory.

—Unknown

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TO LIVE AGAIN By Catherine Marshall. It is the enthralling story of a woman who, with God's help, created from a personal tragedy a life of outstanding achievement and profound spiritual reward. Published this month at\$3.95

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ATTENTION!

For a very limited time we can send out back issues of this magazine—15 for \$1.00. Nothing before 1953 and nothing after 1956. Some issues are entirely gone, so it must be our choice—don't ask, please, for any particular number. But we'll put together 15 and they'll all be different. For only \$1.00 you'll get a lot of good reading and wonderful recipes! Address your order to Kitchen-Klatter, Dept. R., Shenandoah, Ia.



These darling little girls are Ronda and Linda Griswold of Duncombe, Iowa. Their grandmother, Mrs. Lucian Griswold of Jolley, Ia., said that in October, 1929 we used a picture of her two children, Zane and Glatha—and now, 28 years later, here are Zane's two youngsters!

NAME THESE BIRDS

Here are descriptions of the names of birds. See how many you can identify.

1. A gentle person?
2. A lifting device?
3. A person in low spirits?
4. To take a liquid?
5. A war auxiliary?
6. Machinery used at harvest?
7. A high ranking churchman?
8. A blue wrapping for baby?
9. A merry adventure?
10. A domestic animal?

Answers

1. Dove; 2. Crane; 3. Bluebird; 4. Swallow; 5. Wren; 6. Thrasher; 7. Cardinal; 8. Indigo Bunting; 9. Lark; 10. Catbird.

—Betty Cooper

START NOW TO EARN EXTRA MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS—

Sell *Graceline* Christmas Napkins

• Here's the item churches and homes in your neighborhood are waiting to buy for Christmas! And year after year thousands of church groups and individuals profit from this tremendous demand. You can, too . . . quickly and easily! Start NOW!

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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

Vacation time is a thing of the past and I hope you all had a good rest and a lot of fun. Now it is time to forget ourselves and think of ones who were not able to get out and enjoy a vacation. Will you do something nice for one or more of these shut-ins, as a sort of thank-you for the nice time you had?

Maude Knecht, c/o Rest Home, 642 Diagonal Rd., Akron 20, Ohio had her left arm and leg fractured. She is in casts and will be until November. She has had 68 broken bones in her 59 years, caused by some imperfection in the bone development. Letters would mean so much to her.

Mrs. Nell Chiles, 1711 E. Alton, Independence, Mo. is 82. She lives with her son and his wife but they both work and she is alone all day and gets very lonely. Arthritis makes it impossible for her to write.

Mrs. Grace Brockman, 193 Brookview Rd., Medford 55, Mass. has been shut in for three years and in bed most of the time. She has bursitis now and anyone who has suffered from this knows how painful it can be. She is able to read, can write and likes to do puzzles. Perhaps you have some jigsaws you can pass on to her.

Mrs. Arthur Cutts, 612 E. Jefferson St., Waupun, Wisc. is bedfast as the result of a stroke. She is not able to write but will enjoy mail. Age 60, plus.

Miss Velva Floyd, 12883 Sussex, Detroit 27, Mich. has been shut in for many years. She has had arthritis for 35 years and is almost helpless. She has started collecting postmarks now and would like some help from you. She wants the upper right corner of envelopes, showing the stamp and post mark. Cut them at least 4 inches across top of envelope and 2 inches deep. It is interesting to see how many towns you can get postmarks from and I hope you will send her a lot. Don't bother with ones from big towns like Chicago, New York and such. Small towns are harder for her to get.

Mrs. Olive Noble, Box 32, Niota, Ill. was 52 last month. She has been an invalid since 1940, and is in a wheel chair or in bed. She cannot turn herself in bed, or get from the bed to her chair without help. She collects stamps and would enjoy hearing from all of you.

Mrs. Florence Pitt, 717 W. Second Ave., Indianola, Iowa is not well and has been very lonely since she lost her husband last January. Cheery letters have been asked for her.

Mrs. O. M. Neuman, P.O. Box 8707, Memphis 8, Tenn. was injured four years ago when a mule jumped into their car. Her shoulder and arm were broken and she suffered other injuries. She has never fully recovered and can get about now only when someone helps her. She does handwork to sell and would appreciate mail.

Mrs. Lizzie Rennick, 1401 First St., Perry, Iowa has been unable to walk for 10 years and is in a Nursing Home. She sits on the side of the bed most of the time, and although her hands are getting bad she can still write and would like to get some mail.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

cents to the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. and asking for Bulletin 1951, No. 16. I think that a copy of this should be in every school and every public library. Who knows—it might be the key that would open a whole world to more than one talented, eager student who needs so badly to get a chance.

The other bulletin is a directory of 3,300 16 mm. films—tells you what they are, where they are available and the circumstances under which they can be used. I thought it would be wonderful help for PTA groups, church groups, etc. This bulletin is 70 cents too—same address as the one listed above in Washington; the Bulletin is No. 1956, No. 12. In writing for these I think you should state the subjects as I have given them here: Scholarships and Fellowships, and 16 mm. films.

We're certainly happy to be back with what we've always called our "Saturday friends." So many, many women are working now that Saturday is the only day they have a chance to let us come in for a visit; thus we're glad we could figure out arrangements to permit this even if it does mean juggling around our own Saturday baking and cleaning.

One of our long time Omaha friends wrote and said that they found a terrible complication in church activities because so many of their members were employed a straight five-day week that it left only a handful, so to speak, to work on important projects. This must be true pretty much all over. And perhaps it means that eventually most church affairs will be scheduled for the evening rather than the afternoon.

I know that when we moved here from San Francisco in 1946 I was asked to join a club that I enjoyed very much—a study club. There were about twenty-three or twenty-four members and only two of us had responsibilities outside our homes—I was one and Adella Shoemaker was the other. Well, it finally got to the point where I couldn't carry on as a dependable club member because the twice-a-month meetings fell exactly when I had to read proof on this magazine, or "make up the dummy" (get everything down to the printer in final shape for the big press). The membership was restricted to a given number and it didn't seem right to keep someone else out when I couldn't attend, so I resigned to make way for another woman who enjoyed a study club.

The other day one of my good friends in this club told me that it was quite a tussle to get people out to meetings because over half of the members were working full time down town. So you see, the situation my Omaha friend described is also true in a town the size of Shenandoah, and probably true almost every place today.

But Mother, Margery and I are rearranging our Saturday morning work, and beginning September 28th we'll be back again with you "Saturday

TO ALL GARDEN LOVERS

This fall we are not sending out a nursery circular, but we ARE selling the same superb quality imported Dutch bulbs—the very finest available. Only famous name varieties go into all these collections. Complete color range carefully balanced. Shipments begin when bulbs arrive from Holland. Our prices are pared right to the bone. We pay all postage charges.



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PEONY-FLOWERED TULIP COLLECTION:	\$1.75 per dozen
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(Long stemmed tulips with huge blooms	2.25 per 25
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1 each of blue, red, pink,	\$1.10 per 5
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SPRING BEAUTY BOX	
1 dozen Grape Hyacinths	\$1.75 per collection
1 dozen Scillas	of 3 doz. bulbs
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GLORIOUS REMBRANDT TULIPS	\$1.75 per dozen
	3.00 per 25
RED EMPEROR TULIPS	\$1.55 per dozen
	2.85 per 25

ORDER TODAY FROM

The Driftmier Company, Dept. 913, Shenandoah, Ia.

friends." We're very happy about it.

I've taken far too much space right now, so I must snatch a second cup of coffee and then light into the day's work.

Warmest wishes for
a happy October ...
Lucile

Call for the grandest of all earthly spectacles, what is that? It is the sun going to its rest. Call for the grandest of all human sentiments, what is that? It is that man should forget his anger before he lies down to sleep.

Use taste and discretion in furnishing your mind. Remember, you have to live with your thoughts for a long time to come.

TEAM WORK MEANS SUCCESS—
Concluded

Painted gold siding gives the exterior of the parsonage a strikingly attractive appearance against the background of the beautifully seeded lawn, shrubbery and plants. Many of these plantings were donated by church members.

In May, 1955 the parsonage had its first occupants when the Reverend and Mrs. Solomon F. Walter arrived from Dallas, Tex. Reverend Walter is a graduate of the Perkins School of Theology, Southern Methodist University. Now there is a baby in the house for Andrea Joy Walter was born one month after her parents moved into the parsonage.

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

the next war is just around the corner? Have you no faith?"

People who live so close to the Iron Curtain that they can hear the hinges squeak each time the gate is opened or shut, show an amazing lack of fear and a great deal of hope and courage. They seem to have a faith that is unrelated to any creed, over and beyond any doctrine new or old, that speaks of mankind's eternal yearning for peace and deep longing for a world where all men and women are brothers and sisters, children of God. I am going to place my hopes in that faith. For me that will mean a greater trust in God. It will mean really believing that love is stronger than hate, that the light must win over the dark, and that one day all warfare must surrender to peace.

Before I close this letter, let me tell you of a surprise I had last Sunday. Betty and I took the children back to Bristol, Rhode Island to attend church where I used to be the minister. We were so anxious to go to church when we could once more sit together as a family, for most often I am in the pulpit, and it is a rare treat to be in a pew. When it was time for the service to begin, the Senior Deacon came down the aisle and whispered in my ear: "Will you please get up and lead the service? Our visiting minister has not arrived."

Of course I had to do it, but the disappointment of not being able to sit with my family was more than compensated for by the fact that it was a joy to speak once again to the many people whom I so very much love.

Sincerely, Frederick



No picture could begin to do justice to these perfectly unbelievable dolls that arrived in our house on a hot August day when Mrs. V. R. Stenger of Lake Crystal, Minnesota stopped by to call on us.

The incredible detail in these dolls must simply be seen with your own eyes to appreciate the work involved.

Both Grandma and Grandpa have heads made of dried apples, and their hands are made of dried apples too! They both wear tiny, tiny shoes—Grandpa's are leather and Grandma's are felt. Every stitch they wear (and this includes fancy underclothes for Grandma!) is done with the most exhaustive care. The white-checked dimity apron has the loveliest tatting edge that I have ever seen, and just how Mrs. Stenger ever turned out such a tiny but beautifully tailored shirt is more than I will ever know.

They sit on a hand-carved bench that is white pine—I think, and never have we had anything in the house that called forth as much comment from everyone who's entered our door. Truly, these dolls are unique and by rights they should be kept under a glass dome to protect them from dust and dirt. I'm going to see if I can locate such a dome someplace because these dolls are of museum caliber and deserve real protection.

Not many people have the ability to turn out things that can really be called "art objects." (I could no more make one of those dolls than fly!) But it must be an engrossing hobby for Mrs. Stenger, and an interest that is wonderfully rewarding.

—Lucile

ATTIC MAGIC

A slender wasp-waist gown
In an old horse-hair trunk
Among the baby things
And kids' discarded junk . . .

The thought that I've gained weight
O'er these swift years is bunk.
Locked up in tissue folds
That wedding gown has shrunk!

—Mildred Grenier

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When you buy 50 spools of thread for only 99¢, we'll send you 50 MORE SPOOLS for only 1¢, or \$1.00 for 100 spools of wonderful mercerized thread! Comes in black and white and every color you can think of. 16 shades of blue alone! Now you can match any color under the sun! Perfect for mending, darning, sewing, patching. Three orders or 300 spools, only \$2.89! Immediate delivery. Send \$1.00 today—Needle Threader FREE with order!

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We're closing out our Lace supply. Comes in enchanting patterns and designs. Vals, edges, insertions, etc., in beautiful colors and full widths. For women's, girls' and baby dresses, pillow slips, decorative edgings on many articles, etc. Pieces up to 10 yards in length! No small pieces. **200 Buttons FREE! 200 BUTTONS!** Beautiful, expensive quality. All kinds, all sizes and colors. ALL NEW. No culls. For everyday use—also some for collectors! Includes many complete sets of 6 to 12 matching buttons! You get the 200 Buttons FREE of charge when you order the Lace—none without Lace. But order TODAY as supplies are limited to Two sets per customer. Money-back guarantee.

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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

A DAY OF CAMPING—Concluded

found friends, the evening ends with calm talk around the flames. As I sit near the fire tonight I sincerely hope the wife of the young Air Force man discovers the beauty of Nature in the blue of the lake, the green woodland paths, the haunts of the raccoon and chipmunk and grows in appreciation of people. The friendliness and honesty of neighbors is reaffirmed when we camp so close to our fellow men and see them as they really are without the trappings and artifices of society. A knapsack, a pan, a cup and a sleeping bag will start anyone on a long life of adventure, for trails lead far and wide once the camping bug "bites."

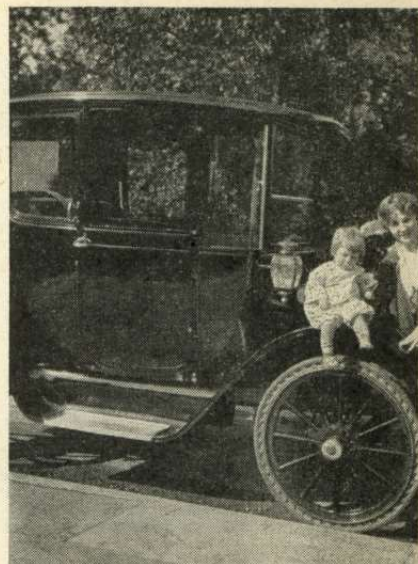
LIVE BINGO!

Did you ever play Live Bingo? Its a good mixer game for any time of year.

Give each contestant a sheet of paper marked in squares—how many will depend on the size of your crowd; 4x4 or 16 players would be the smallest group you could use; 3x3 is hardly enough to be interesting.

The players are asked to get a different person's signature in each square on his paper. When this is done and all squares filled, contestants sit in a circle and some object such as a small ball, is passed around while music is played. When the music stops, the person holding the ball is "it" and everyone having his or her name on their card marks it with an X. The music continues and stops until someone has "Bingoed" (succeeded in getting a complete line of names marked X in any direction.) He wins a prize and is out. The game continues as long as the hostess cares to furnish prizes.—Muriel R. Razor.

A good thing to remember,
 And a better thing to do
 Is to work with the construction gang
 And not with the wrecking crew.



At the time we had a lot of fun reminiscing about old cars I couldn't find a picture right at hand, but the other day I came across this and thought you'd be amused when you hear that the little child is Russell Verness at the age of 13 months. His Aunt Boletta is beside him, and her electric car (complete with a rosebud in a vase!) was mighty fancy back in those days. This was taken in Duluth, Minn., Russell's childhood home.

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MAKES ANY CLOTH
ABSORB DUST
ASK YOUR
LOCAL GROCER



Frederick said that Mary Leanna handled a boat very well, and almost ran a ferry for these two little friends from Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT GOES WITH WHOM

Many old nursery rhymes had something to do with food or with living creatures. The first column lists the names of seven nursery rhyme characters; in the second column are things connected with them; and in the third column are foods or creatures also connected with them. Can you arrange columns two and three so that each line across will refer to the same rhyme? For example, the first one will then read:

Jack Spratt	Platter	Fat.
1. Jack Spratt	Cupboard	Plum
2. Tom, the Piper's Son	Pail	Dog
3. Miss Muffet	Calaboose	Water
4. Little Boy Bue	Thumb	Fat
5. Mother Hubbard	Horn	Pig
6. Jack and Jill	Tuffet	Sheep
7. Jack Horner	Platter	Spider

Answers

- Tom, the Piper's Son Calaboose Pig
- Miss Muffet Tuffet Spider
- Little Boy Blue Horn Sheep
- Mother Hubbard Cupboard Dog
- Jack and Jill Pail Water
- Jack Horner Thumb Plum

—Grace Stoner Clark

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A beautiful life is a sermon, Though lowly it often may seem, Good deeds are its eloquent language, And the true love of God is its theme.

It speaks out with far-reaching power Above the world's tumult and strife; And many a soul finds new courage Just because of some beautiful life. —Mary Hamlett Goodwin

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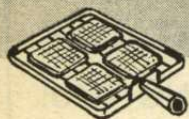
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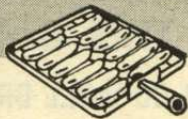
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MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

the town square there is a monument of him. Also there is a rock with a plaque indicating the old room in the courthouse where Lincoln made his famous speech on the Kansas-Nebraska question in 1864. This was in a way preparing us for the visit to Springfield, Illinois where Martin was to gain much in education on Lincoln. It was of great advantage to us that Oliver has visited Springfield several times in his travels. It was as if we had our own personal guide along.

The first thing we were anxious to do was to drive out to Oak Ridge Cemetery to Lincoln's tomb. We all felt very reverent and humble as we stood before the last resting place of this great man. It is an indescribable feeling to have the past rush up to meet the present, as if you lived then and now and what is TIME?

Our next stop was at Lincoln's home. It was in this home that Lincoln was notified of his nomination to the Presidency. Most interesting to us were the items that actually belonged to the Lincoln family and the piece of the original wallpaper under glass. Much could be said about the home and what it contained, as those of you know who have been there, but space won't permit me to go into detail about each room.

Across the street from the home is the museum. Here were hundreds of items of interest—documents, letters, clothes, etc. I couldn't begin to itemize everything we saw. We all said we could have spent hour upon hour looking for there was so much to see. Some day we hope to go back and spend more time.

From the museum we drove to the State Capitol Building and the Centennial Building. Then we went through the Illinois State Museum which we

thought was exceptionally fine. Our afternoon was passing much too quickly and we still had to find lodging for the night, so we drove to New Salem State Park and rented a cabin at the New Salem Lodge across from the State Park. It was too late to try to visit New Salem Village so we ate our evening meal and decided to get an early start on the village the next morning when we could take our time and not hurry through it. We bought some books and pamphlets reading up on what we would see the next morning and called it a day.

The next morning we were the first to arrive at the village which lies on top of a hill overlooking the Sangamon River valley. Lincoln lived here for six years as a young man. It was a growing town when he arrived, but the county seat was established at the nearby town of Petersburg and gradually the residents of New Salem moved their families to this faster-growing community; thus, two years after Lincoln moved to Springfield, New Salem was almost a ghost town.

In 1906 steps were taken to recreate New Salem and restoration still continues. At present there are thirteen cabins, the Rutledge Tavern and ten shops, stores, industries and a school where church services were held. The furnishings are authentic with the period, some of them the original pieces. It is one of the most important historic shrines in America and I wish every one of you could visit it. Mother and Dad stopped here once as you will recall from her letters and were so grateful that a wheelchair could be managed there without difficulty.

I've already taken more space than usual, so I must close my letter and tell you more about our trip next month.

Sincerely, Margery

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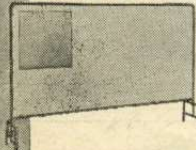
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with G.E. Cord

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

NIRESK INDUSTRIES, Dept. AEA-35
2331 N. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Please rush on a Money-Back Guarantee the following items:

<input type="checkbox"/> 54-Pc. Tableware	\$ 9.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 10-Way Cooker-Fryer	\$ 6.95
<input type="checkbox"/> Automatic Electric Skillet	\$10.95
<input type="checkbox"/> Electric Food Mixer	\$12.95

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue.

November Ads due October 1.

December Ads due November 1.

January Ads due December 1.

Send Ads Direct To
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa

WEAVE RUGS — MAKE BIG PROFITS —

No experience necessary! Free Catalog, sample card, and low prices on carpet warp, rug filler, looms, parts, inexpensive beam counter. If you have loom—give make, weaving width please. OR. RUG COMPANY, Dept. 9791, Lima, Ohio.

GOOD MONEY IN WEAVING. Weave rugs at home for neighbors on \$89.50 Union Loom. Thousands doing it. Booklet free. Caricraft Co., Kaye St., Boonville, N. Y.

CASH FOR FEATHER BEDS. New and old feathers—goose or duck—wanted right now! For TOP PRICES and complete shipping instructions with free tags, mail small sample of your feathers in ordinary envelope to: Northwestern Feather Co., Dept. 6, 212 Scribner NW, Grand Rapids 4, Mich. (We return your ticking if desired.)

HIGHEST CASH FOR OLD GOLD. Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE information. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

FREE CATALOG, showing complete equipment for CAKE DECORATING and UNUSUAL BAKING. Ateco tubes and syringes, many outstanding instruction and recipe books, pans and molds to make your baking really different! A new customer writes, "I'm thrilled to death with your catalog — by far the most interesting Wish Book I've ever seen!" Baking makes perfect hobby or profitable home business. Maid of Scandinavia, 3245-KK Raleigh Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

24 BOTTLETOPS GENUINE IMPORTED FRENCH PERFUMES only \$1.00 ppd. Samples from world renowned Perfumers. Supply limited — this offer may never be duplicated at this low price. Order several sets NOW for GUARANTEED PROMPT delivery! Perfume Importers Co., Dept. P-154-I, Farmingdale, N. Y.

WIVES — Increase your family income sewing babywear for stores. Write Tiny-Tot, Gallipolis 56, Ohio.

STAMPED LINENS FOR EMBROIDERY OR PAINTING. Buy direct from manufacturer and save. Send for FREE catalog. MERIBEE, 16 West 19th St., Dept. 536, New York 11, N. Y.

HEALTH BOOK by retired nurse. Arthritis "flare ups" overweight, bloated, food allergy, 50¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

QUILT PIECES — Large lovely colorfast cotton prints. Patterns, charts. 1½ lbs. \$1.25. S. Howard, Adah, Pa.

JUMBO 13x18 clear plastic bags half price! Regular 10¢ seller now 5¢ each postpaid. 120 for \$5.00. Free literature on complete line of bags and everyday household needs. Wenonah Sales, Box 195KK, Winona, Minnesota.

MAKE MONEY; 47 EYE-CATCHING housewares, gifts. Sell like wild. Work home. Spare time. Samples sent on trial. KRISTEE 112, Akron, Ohio.

DESTROY ROACHES quickly and safely with nonpoisonous bait. 2 boxes postpaid only \$1.00. Refund if not effective. Goldwyn Smith Co., P. O. Box 11242, Tampa 10, Florida.

WOOL QUILT BLOCKS. Uniform size sample suit swatches make super warm quilt top 70x80 inches. \$3.98 per box. Three \$10.00 postpaid. QUILT BLOCK HOUSE, 801 No. 49th, Omaha 3, Nebraska.

BUY Wholesale! Discounts to 80%! Appliances, housewares, tools, clothing, watches, etc. Rush postcard! Midwest, KK156, Pontiac, Illinois.

CARD READING (By Mail) Your past, present and future, 5 questions answered \$1.00. George, 3933 K South Homan, Chicago 23, Illinois.

CROCHETED DRESSES — 1-3 years \$4.95. Fancy Aprons \$1.00-\$1.25. Fancy Hankies 50¢-\$1.00. Hemstitching, Hosemending, GUARANTEED, BEULAH'S, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebr.

LINEN HANKY'S, Lovely crocheted edges — 50¢ & \$1.00. Crocheted Holders — 50¢. Mrs. C. W. Carlson, Rt. 2, Humboldt, Iowa.

HEALTHY AFRICAN VIOLETS WILL BLOOM if fed Roigina African Violet Plant Food. A fair trial will convince you. 54 capsules \$1.00 postpaid. Free copy of Care and Culture of African Violets included. Write CORLEE, Box 308, Dept. 7, Lincoln, Nebraska.

STORIES, PEN-PALS, HANDMADE PATTERNS, Sample 10¢, year \$1.00. Nealcraft Magazine, Box 3666, Station F, Columbus 6, Ohio.

TATTING ORDERS for doilies, handkerchief & pillowcase edging appreciated. Ida Briggs, Smithshire, Ill.

HEMSTITCHING. Pillow cases 35¢ per pair, straight work 10¢ per yard. Postage extra. Mrs. M. Rosencrantz, 2765 Capitol Ave., Omaha 2, Nebr.

MATERIAL for Quilt Blocks. Mrs. Ed Hageman, 421 W. 5th St., Wayne, Nebr.

TATTED BOOTIES, white with pink or blue — \$1.00. Mrs. E. Comer, Skidmore, Mo.

GREETING CARDS — All Occasions 21—\$1.00, plus postage. Margery Gingerich, Kalona, Iowa.

McGUFFEY'S READERS — ORIGINAL COPIES of the famous 1879 Edition, For Sale. Complete, Primer through Sixth. Write: FAMOUS TEXTBOOKS, 1021 West 12th, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

FOR SALE — Colonial style braided rag rugs. Completely hand made. Make nice gifts. Approximate size 45" by 25", \$5.50 post paid. Mrs. Leonard Benesh, Chelsea, Iowa.

SOUTHWESTERN STYLE JEWELRY. Beautiful Turquoise and Sterling Silver. Authentic Indian symbols. Catalog free. MARALCO, Dept. A, Box 1172, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

GUEST TOWELS decorated in colorful Swedish embroidery \$1.50 pair. Excellent gifts. Louise Fowler, 4027 Lafayette, Omaha, Nebr.

PETTY PRINT HALF-APRONS, \$1.00. Mrs. Nedrie Pflughaupt, Coggon, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL CROCHET BABY ITEMS, 3 piece sweater set \$3.98. Sweater \$1.98, Cap \$1.00, Booties 75¢, Bib, ribbon trimmed 50¢. Hankies 2 & 3 rows crocheted edging 3 assorted \$1.00. Lovely embroidered potholders 3 assorted \$1.00. Good mixture of holders, crocheted, embroidered, woven 10 for \$3.00. Nice print half-aprons \$1.10. Alma Kracke, Hope, Kansas.

QUILT TOPS large size. Double wedding ring, Flower Garden and Dresden Plate. Margaret Miller, St. Marys, Iowa.

MAKE FIGURINES; Pleasant Home Work. Rubber For Molds. Catalogue Free. W. Wooley, 1016-KK Donald, Peoria, Ill.

EMBROIDERY PILLOWCASES and other needlework. Lena Wachs, Sylvan Grove, Kansas.

FREE CHRISTMAS GIFTIME CATALOG on request — makes armchair shopping easy and fun. THE ART GIFT SHOP, 304 N. WESTERN AVE., PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

CLOSE OUT SALE: cards and gifts. General box assortments—3 boxes — \$2.20. Christmas cards assortments—3 boxes — \$2.50. Perfumed beads/earrings—2 sets — \$1.25. Surprise toys or house hold gifts — 2/\$1.50 — while supply lasts. Viola Miller, Elmwood, Nebraska.

REPAIR DOLLS; Make Rubber Stamps; Invisible Reweaving; Catalogue "45 Ideas" Free, Universal, Box 1076-KK, Peoria, Ill.

BEAUTIFUL 11" ROSE DOILIES. White metallic thread. Any color roses, \$3.00. 13" Ruffled Doilies, any color, \$2.00. 17" Metallic T.V. Doilies, Black with rose or yellow, \$2.00. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

LINEN HANKIES with beautiful crocheted edges, 50¢ each. Mrs. Paul Kaiser, Preston, Nebraska.

"CHRISTMAS DOLL CLOTHES" — write Mrs. Howard Vanbaale, Prairie City, Iowa.

FOODS, COSMETICS. Low prices. Pricelist free. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

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AMAZING RELIEF & COMFORT



Adjustable AIRFLOW ARCH EASERS

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

Deluxe Cuboids \$5.00

A blessing for foot sufferers. Relieves weak arches, callouses, tired, aching feet. Unexcelled cushion-comfort! Adjustable, soft, flexible. Metatarsal and longitudinal arch easily adjusted. No metal. ORDER TODAY! Give shoe size and width. If for man or woman. Money back guarantee. Postpaid except CODs. STEMMONS MFG. CO., Box 6037, Dept. KK10 Kansas City, Mo.

TOYS at WHOLESALE!

Hundreds and hundreds of standard toys at tremendous discount prices. Send 25¢ for large catalog, refunded on your first order.

WESTERN STATIONERY CO., Dept. 537 Topeka, Kan.

CROCHETED pineapple popcorn stitch doilies 12" \$1.00. Hairpin or tatting pillow slip edgings 42" \$1.00 pair. Tatting hankie edgings 46" 60¢ strip, 2 for \$1.00. All any color. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

PETTY WINDMILL DOILIES — Metallic thread 15" — \$1.50. Variegated 13½" — \$1.00; 4 crocheted flower cornered linen hankies \$1.00, 2 — \$1.95. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N.W., Canton, Ohio.

CROCHET EDGED EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES, \$3.25; Crochet edged handkerchiefs, 85¢; Booties colored or white, 80¢; White tablecloth 54x65, \$9.50. Irene Allen, Corydon, Iowa.

GIFT SUGGESTION—EUB CHURCH COOK BOOK. 225 Favorite Recipes. \$1.10. Harriet Whaley, 838 Cedar, Webster City, Iowa.

RUG WEAVING: \$1.20 yd. if prepared. I cut, sew, weave \$2.00 yd. Sale: rugs 27x50, \$2.00. Rowena Winters, Route 1, Grimes, Iowa.

BAZAAR GIFTS \$1.00 each. Prettily trimmed aprons, Boys suit or Girls dress, clothespin bag, Humpty Dumpty "jama" bag. Matching Doll 50¢, Duck Handy Bag 75¢. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Missouri.

PURITAN CROCHET THREAD 27¢ a ball, nice colors. Ruth Hershberger, Kalona, Iowa.

ROSEGAY READICUT GIFT APRONS — enchanting, clever. Easy—do kit 80¢. Rosegay, Box 156, Fairbury, Nebr.

QUILT PIECES — COLORFAST COTTON PRINTS. Makes 2 full-size quilts, 3 pounds and quilt pattern \$2.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Hester's, Box 261C, Tusculum, Alabama.

CROCHETED BUNNY RABBIT BOOTIES, white with pink ears and tail, \$1.35 per pr. Mrs. D. L. Raher, 1423 W. 20th St., Sioux City 3, Iowa.

PRE-CUT CHILDRENS WEAR AT MONEY SAVING PRICES. Catalog for stamp. Hester's, Box 261C, Tusculum, Alabama.

HOUSEPLANT SLIPS rooted, labeled, Ten different \$2.25 postpaid. Geraniums, Begonias, Coleus, Vines many rare. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Mich.

CHRISTMAS CARDS 21 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

DAINTY TATTED EDGED LINEN HANKIES & book marks, \$1.00 each. Assorted colors. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Missouri.

LEATHERCRAFT Tote Bags, Large \$10.00; Small \$7.50. Handbags \$12.00, Billfolds \$5.00, Belts \$5.00. Disabled. August Head, 2508 Madison St., Bellevue, Nebr.

MEN and WOMEN — A profitable business can be operated in your home, write at once for information. G. W. Walker, Box 34 Stuyvesant Sta., Brooklyn 33, N. Y.

FOR SALE OR TRADE — tooled purses one black and white hair. Drapes to trade. Make offer. Mrs. Emil Fuchser, Gordon, Nebr.

HAND PAINTED MATERIALS. Beautiful designs on tea towels, lunch clothes, aprons, pillow cases and other linens. Write for price list. Ideal gifts for Xmas. Order now. Alvina M. Parker, Rt. 1, West Des Moines, Iowa.

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67 PIECES *Solid* STAINLESS ENGLISHTOWN TABLEWARE

Guaranteed 65 Years!

REGULAR ~~\$39.50~~ VALUE

ALL 67
PIECES \$14⁹⁵

67 Piece
SERVICE FOR 8
INCLUDES:

- 8—1-pc. Serrated Dinner Knives
- 8—Dinner Forks
- 8—Salad Forks
- 16—Teaspoons
- 8—Iced Tea Spoons
- 8—Soup Spoons
- 8—Sheffield, Hollow ground, Serrated Steak Knives
- 3-pc. Serving Set

**RICH • ORNATE • PERMANENT
MIRROR FINISH • WON'T RUST OR STAIN • NEVER NEEDS POLISHING**

Once in each generation comes a silver pattern so beautifully designed, so exquisitely made, so perfect in every way as this homemaker's dream. And it can be yours at a once-in-a-lifetime low price! Stunning Mayfair Pattern gleams with a mirror finish that lasts forever. It embodies all the characteristics of truly fine HEAVY-WEIGHT tableware—perfect proportion and flawless detail. Every piece is a work of art from the one-piece forged, serrated knives to the delicate, flowery open-work and deeply sculptured pattern. You'll be proud to enhance your most elegant dinners with Mayfair... yet it's rugged enough to take every day use. A prized possession for yourself or for a very special gift. Guaranteed for a lifetime!

FREE!

3 piece
HOSTESS SERVING SET
with every set ordered, includes:

- 1 Large Salad Fork
- 1 Large Serving Spoon
- 1 Pie and Cake Server

Here's an amazing offer made only to Niresk customers in order to introduce this new Englishtown Mayfair Pattern.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Niresk Industries, Inc., Dept. GG-1
2331 N. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago 47, Illinois

Please rush 67-Piece Englishtown Stainless Tableware at \$14.95 plus C.O.D. postage. Full purchase price refunded if not 100% satisfied.

- ☐ I enclose \$1.00 deposit—ship balance C.O.D. plus postage
☐ \$14.95 enclosed—ship prepaid

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(please print)

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CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

(In Canada \$19.95.) Niresk, 214 Main St., Toronto 13, Ontario

**Save AT NIRESK
WORLD'S LARGEST
DOLL HEADQUARTERS**

The Most Wanted DOLL in America
Miss Glamour Ann

Including 22-Piece Wardrobe

**ROOTED
SARAN
HAIR**

BIG! 20-INCHES TALL!

- TURNS HER HEAD AS SHE WALKS
- LIFELIKE VINYL FACE
- COMPLETE WITH 22-PC. WARDROBE
- WASHABLE, JOINTED PLASTIC BODY
- Genuine SHAMPOO AND SET ROOTED SARAN HAIR

Never before have you seen such an exquisite doll outfit at so low a price! Gorgeous "Glamour Ann" is the proud owner of a trunk packed full of new and stylish clothes for 'round the clock wear. Little Mothers will have thrills galore changing her many outfits. She suns in her matching strapless dress and stole, visits in a pastel striped frock, lounges in red velvet dandy pants and white jacket, attends parties in a dreamy gold trim, dotted blue gown and closes her eyes in a filmy Ninon nightgown. She has a coat, stunning purse, 2 pairs of shoes and socks, sun-glasses and hangers. Her walking mechanism is fully GUARANTEED! You get "Glamour Ann" and her 22-piece wardrobe—all complete at this LOW PRICE!

NIRESK INDUSTRIES • CHICAGO 47, III.

regular \$14⁹⁵ value

\$7⁹⁵

Including Glamour Ann 22-Pc. Wardrobe
With Trunk and Wardrobe, \$8.95

**Sold On
Money-Back
Guarantee**

WE PAY POSTAGE

**Niresk Industries, Inc., Dept. DN-1
2331 N. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago 47, III.**

Please rush glamorous "Glamour Ann" and her 22-piece wardrobe on money-back guarantee.

- ☐ Glamour Ann and
Wardrobe at \$7.95
- ☐ Payment enclosed.
Ship prepaid.

- ☐ Glamour Ann, Wardrobe
and Trunk at \$8.95
- ☐ Ship C. O. D.,
plus Postage

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(In Canada \$12.95; with trunk \$13.95—Niresk, 214 Main St., Toronto 13, Ontario)