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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

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NUMBER 8



Donna Lair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Driftmier, became the bride of Thomas Nenneman on Sunday, May 31, 1959.

MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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Dear Friends:

Here we are, safely back home again after a wonderful, wonderful trip. We've done quite a bit of traveling around our country but we said that in many respects this was just about the nicest trip we have ever had. There hasn't been time yet to get everything cleaned up and put away, but the printers are waiting for me and I don't want to throw things off-schedule, so what isn't done can just stay undone until I write to you.

Dorothy was our driver this trip and it meant a great deal to us that she could get things arranged to go. She is a very good and careful driver and able to figure out exactly how to get to every place we wanted to go. This took a load off our minds, and it was also a big help to Mart that she was able to give a hand with my wheelchair.

We started out on a beautiful June day, almost the first really nice day we had had after months of extremely cold and rainy weather. We crossed Iowa on highway number 2 and all the countryside looked the same as it did around Shenandoah — field after field not yet plowed. Some discing was being done, but most of the activity was in the hay fields.

We didn't see any change until we reached Havana, Ill. where we spent the first night. They told us there that they were having a drought and could surely use a good rain. But the next day when we were driving in Indiana we could see that most of the ground had not yet been planted, and Donald told us that they had had a very wet spring. His house is almost in the country and we could hear tractors working late into the night.

This was our first visit in Mary Beth's and Donald's new home and we found it a very restful and inviting house—more homelike than you'd think a brand new house could possibly be. It is surrounded by big native trees and their shade made it delightful to eat all of our meals on the screened-in porch. Mary Beth is a fine cook and a wonderful manager — had everything planned in advance so we could have time to visit.

Mart and I found it such a pleasure to get better acquainted with dear little Katharine and Paul. They are as lovable as they can be and

the time we spent with them seemed all too short.

Mary Beth's parents and her only sister all live in Anderson and we got together for a delicious picnic breakfast, but I won't go into detail on this for Mary Beth said she would probably mention it in her letter to you.

When we left Anderson we turned north to Goshen, Indiana and stopped to have lunch with a very dear old friend of Dorothy's, Estalene Spears Stafford. Estalene was in and out of our house until she graduated from high school and she seemed like a member of the family. In fact, when I was at St. Luke's hospital in Kansas City for four months in 1930, Estalene stayed at our house and helped Dorothy manage things — she was that kind of a friend. Dorothy hadn't seen Estalene since they spent an evening together in Hollywood, Calif. in 1943, so it was a happy reunion and we enjoyed meeting Estalene's husband and ten year old son.

Goshen, Indiana is just a few miles from the Indiana toll road and it wasn't long until we were on it rolling along smoothly. This was Dorothy's first experience driving on one of these new super highways and she said she was completely sold on them; it's a relief not to have the nerve strain of watching for something to come out unexpectedly from a side road.

There are many new motels at every exit on these big roads, so we turned off the Ohio turnpike at Bryan and found a comfortable place. Most of these motels have adjoining restaurants and this is very convenient since you can walk over to eat and not move your car until you are ready to leave and get back on the road.

The next day we drove across the state of Ohio and found a motel that night at Ripley, the entrance to the New York thruway. Our room was so small that all of us nearly had hysterics trying to get my wheel chair in, but the bed was comfortable and we had a good meal, so we got by.

We got a late start the next morning and didn't try to cover a lot of ground — stopped frequently to get coffee at the service areas and took it easy. Every time Mart and I go on the Thruway to Buffalo we marvel at the engineering skill it took to

manage all those highways that enter the city. Not a single one of them crosses the Thruway — they all go under it or over it. At one point we noticed a double deck of highways above us!

That night we stopped at Canajoharie and found a very comfortable motel on the side of a hill with a wonderful view and a comfortable porch in front where we could sit and look down at the Thruway traffic, as well as the trains on the New York Central lines and the barges on a large canal. The owner of this motel, John Smith, makes such an effort to provide his guests with every comfort that I'm glad to tell you his place is named the Mohawk Motor Lodge. If you leave the N.Y. Thruway at Canajoharie, I can recommend this as a comfortable place to stay.

We had very hot weather from the time we left Shenandoah until we approached Springfield, Mass., and there we ran into rain that scarcely let up for an entire week. Dorothy and I wore our jersey suits rather than summer clothes and felt comfortable in them. Frederick said they had had the hottest and driest spring on record, so I guess we brought our Midwestern rain with us.

When we go to Springfield we stay at the Federal Plaza Motel that is about two miles from Frederick's home. It just so happens that each time we've gotten the same room. No one will think it the least bit strange that we stay at a motel when I tell you that there is no downstairs bedroom and bath at Frederick's house, and their staircase makes several turns that are almost impossible to negotiate with a wheelchair. We found the front steps leading up to the porch all we could manage since Frederick was in a steel brace and unable to lift anything.

Every minute of our stay in Springfield was happy. It always thrills us when we can hear Frederick give his sermon at the South Congregational church, and since we were there on Children's Day, we saw fifteen proud young couples step up to the front of the church with their children to have them christened. Before the church service we listened to Frederick on the radio; he has a program every Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock.

This was the first time we had seen Fritz, the dog. He is large and a beautiful nutmeg brown with eyes the same color. A long leash gives him the freedom of the back yard, and since he is very kind and gentle, all the children in the neighborhood adore him and love to play with him.

One evening while we were in Springfield we went to Mary Leanna's piano recital. Her grandmother Crandall had given her a beautiful new dress and she looked so grown up when she stepped out on the stage that we could hardly believe it. Mary Leanna has genuine talent and plays amazingly well — is what I would call a real natural. Her duets with her teacher were done so well that we were truly astonished. She never has to be driven to practice — in

(Continued on page 20)

THE GATEPOST DINNER

A Real Money Maker

By

Mary Beth Driftmier

In my June letter I told you that our Tri Kappa Chapter was hard at work planning a Meal-On-Wheels, and now I can give you full details on it and report the wonderful results.

We had hoped to make \$500.00 on this project, but when all of the bills had been presented and paid we found that we actually cleared \$550.00. You can see that we had good reason to feel triumphant.

Anderson, Indiana is a fairly sizable city (50,000, give or take) but I can't see any reason why our plan, or some variation of our plan, wouldn't go over in communities much smaller. Tri Kappa is a social organization devoted to civic welfare, yet any church that is trying to get out of an old rut and tackle something new could be very successful with such a project. There would be one major asset right at the outset for a church group: a kitchen in which to work.

This was the idea behind our plan:

We figured there must be a lot of mothers who would be interested in not having to cook supper for one evening and yet felt they really couldn't foot the bill for all the family at a restaurant. We also figured that a lot of people didn't want to go to all the work of getting everyone dressed for a meal in a public place and would prefer to eat at home. We thought too of older people who find it a real chore to eat out when it means driving, trying to find some place to park — and walking a long distance from where they left their car.

We figured right. Our printed tickets numbered exactly 1,084 and they were all sold one week before the dinner. A total of 2,000 people wanted to buy tickets but we simply didn't have the facilities to handle this many.

I would guess that 30 women did the actual leg work on this project. There was no advertising. Our members sold 1,084 tickets and turned in the cash one week before the dinner: this cash was used by the committee for necessary purchases. We were fortunate to be permitted to use the Eagles kitchen free of charge, and this meant adequate stove and refrigerator facilities.

When the tickets were sold we explained that for 75¢ a meal we would bring to their front door hot spaghetti (not highly seasoned lest we drive away the juvenile trade) celery and carrot sticks, Parkerhouse rolls and fruit pie. This menu seemed to have great appeal, as witness the fact 2,000 people would have bought tickets had we been able to manage such a quantity.

The girls cooked spaghetti in the Eagles kitchen all day long, beginning at 7:00 in the morning. By 4:30 in the afternoon the first station wagon was delivering the complete meal to



Here comes the bride! We think this is a good picture of Donna—and also of Howard. (There is just a glimpse of Dorothy at the left.)

someone's front door. From among our members and their friends we were able to recruit 22 station wagons, and each one was equipped with an electric roaster which had been thoroughly preheated at the Eagles kitchen, filled with hot spaghetti and placed in the station wagon just before it started deliveries.

Two women were assigned to work in each station wagon and they filled a tray at each person's home with the number of meals ordered for that household. On this tray went two sticks of celery and two sticks of carrots, neatly wrapped in aluminum foil, a parkerhouse roll tightly sealed in wax paper, a piece of fruit pie slipped on to a small paper plate, and the spaghetti ladled into a sturdy unwaxed cardboard container — the malted milk type; this was in case the people wanted to eat later and heat the spaghetti in the oven.

As soon as all the tickets had been sold, a master plan for deliveries was worked out so that each station wagon had a specific route. This saved both time and gasoline expense because the girls didn't drive from one side of town to the other.

Every member of Tri Kappa was obligated to make two fruit pies and donate them to the project. We offered only cherry and apple, counting on the universally popular appeal of these two choices.

In the Eagles kitchen there was a crew of about nine girls working. They were cooking spaghetti, slicing carrots and washing celery and then wrapping them in aluminum foil packets (purchased very cheaply, incidentally, because it was "seconds"). Others separated the Parkerhouse rolls from the large sheets on which they had been delivered from the bakery, and still others cut the pies into sixths so this operation wouldn't have to be done in the station wagon.

Because the girls thought making meat balls would be too monumental

a task they cooked the hamburger loosely and later combined it with the sauce. We are very fortunate to have some professionals in our membership—two girls graduated in Home Ec from Purdue University, another worked before her marriage at Better Homes & Gardens in the Foods Sections, and another was a former college dietician.

The sauce they worked up was absolutely delicious. I'll give you the recipe they tested, tasted, and then changed over and over until it suited them perfectly.

This sauce was made up in batches that served 50, 1½ cups of Spaghetti per serving.

50 ozs. spaghetti
8 1/3 lb. ground chuck—best quality
125 ozs. Sauce Arturo (made by Naas Foods, Inc., Portland, Ind.)
125 ozs. condensed tomato soup
6 Tbls. seasoning salt

Because of the large amounts of food we bought, the wholesalers and bakery delivered it to the Eagles for us. As you read over these quantities, think of the poor girls who had to peel the carrots!

Spaghetti	70 lbs.
Ground chuck	180 lbs.
Tomato sauce	2,750 ozs.
Tomato soup	2,750 ozs.
Parkerhouse rolls	90 dozen
Celery	1 crate
Carrots	1 bale
Seasoning salt	4 lbs.
Fruit pies	181

These amounts will serve 1,084 people.

Stir all together briskly with the generous and devoted efforts of your members and you will have a thoroughly successful money-making project.

NEXT WEEK

Breathes there the man with soul so dead

Who never to his wife has said,
Next week I'm going to mend that chair

And tack that loose pad on the stair;
And while I'm at it, guess I should
Fill up the bin with kindling wood.

Yes, dear, I'll clean the cellar, too,
And build that shelf I promised you.
What's that you say—the front door squeaks?

The faucet in the bathroom leaks?
Tomorrow night, as sure as fate
(That is, if I don't get home late.)

I'll mend the fence, takes just one board;

And then I'll fix your iron cord.
A couple nails, a little glue
Will make that kitchen look like new!
I'll get those odd jobs all done yet.
Now, where'd you put the sports page, pet?

—Harriet Swayze

Lord, fill my mouth with worthwhile stuff—

Then nudge me when I've said enough!

YOUR LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends,

Last night I listened to one of our government officials speaking out most vigorously against juvenile delinquency. I realize that the problem is a serious one, but when I think back through the years to the days of my youth, I wonder just how much worse it is now than then?

Have there ever lived adults who were not concerned about the delinquency of youth? Denunciation of the young seems to be a necessary part of the hygiene of older people and greatly assists in the circulation of their blood, and this has been so from the time of Socrates until now.

We have a problem here in Springfield, Massachusetts that most of you good friends do not have, and that is not a problem concerning youth, but one concerning airplanes. The largest jet bombers in the world land and take off just a few miles from the heart of the city, and when those big planes climb over our heads, the noise is something quite out of this world, but not so far out of the world that they do not shake our windows and crack our plaster.

But the latest complication is that of the airplane noise upsetting the new summer theater in the community. We have one of those new out-of-doors summer theaters where all the performance takes place on a stage in the middle of a large tent. The audience is seated on all sides of the stage, and the actors and actresses make their entrances and exits via the main theater aisles. The theater just opened this week, and for the first three nights of the opening production the audience has heard only about half of the lines because of the airplanes roaring overhead.

One day last week I spent an entire afternoon going through the factory where so many of our favorite games are manufactured. I watched men, women, and machines making everything from decks of cards to jigsaw puzzles. What an entertaining and interesting experience that was!

If there are times when you get bored with housekeeping, doing the same old things day after day, you ought to take time off to watch some factory workers on an assembly line. I was amazed to see women using their hands with incredible speed in jobs that would have driven me crazy after a few hours of assembly line production. The guide taking me through the factory said that the women were doing piece work and that they preferred to work just that fast. I suppose that there are many people who spend their entire working lifetime doing just such things as putting the lids on boxes — 60 boxes a minute, eight hours a day, five days a week, year in and year out. What do people think about when they are doing such mechanical work?

We hear a great deal about automation, a new and convenient name for progress in technology which shifts the burden of physical — and frequently, mental — efforts from



Donna and Tom cut the first piece of the extra beautiful cake that was served at the reception.

men to machines. But, if we have less need for strong muscles, we certainly have greater need for alert and vigilant minds. I would think that people on assembly line production would need particularly strong minds to stand the boredom of it. Certainly my own mind would crack under the strain of it very quickly.

I don't know if you have much opportunity to study the statistics that come out of our United States Treasury Department Bureau of Labor Statistics, but if you have, you know how discouraging some of those statistics are. Here are some statistics that will give you reason to hold your head:

If your gross income for a family of four was \$1,500 in 1939, today you must have an income of \$3,256 to provide the same amount of purchasing power as in 1939. If in 1939 your gross income was \$3,000, today you must be making \$7,035 to be as well off as in 1939. An income of \$5,000 in 1939 would be the same as \$12,113 of income today. A family with \$10,000 in 1939 would have to be receiving \$25,674 of income today just to be as well off as it was in 1939.

Just the other day a friend of mine said to me: "If this world doesn't accept Jesus Christ pretty soon, we are all going to be bankrupt!"

Naturally a statement like that was a bit startling to say the least, and I asked for an explanation. This is what he said:

"Our taxes are going up every year. Fifty per cent of every dollar we give to the Federal Government is spent on national defense. They tell us that it is going to get worse instead of better. It seems very clear to me that we either have to live like Christians, or we are going to one day bankrupt ourselves buying planes, guns, and bombs." Well, that makes sense to me. It is true that one-half of the total federal budget goes for national defense, and what a terrible, terrible price we pay for not making

Jesus Christ the Lord and Saviour of all mankind.

The next time the neighbors come over for an evening, here are some facts to keep them guessing. Ask them how many persons there are for every car in America? Actually, here in America there are three persons for every passenger car. Now what country in the world ranks next to America for abundance of passenger cars? Canada is next with one car for every five persons, and then New Zealand and Australia with one car for every six persons. Russia has one car for every 500 persons, and India one car for every 2,096 persons. Of the European countries, Sweden is first with one car for every ten persons. The one thing in the transportation field that the Europeans have more of than do we here in the United States is motorcycles; there are eleven million of them in Europe and only one-half million of them here. For that we can be grateful!

Every now and then I put some little bit of interesting information into our church paper, and I find that my people like it. There is no reason for any church paper to be a dull compilation of theological discourses. Even such simple information as the number of automobiles in America has some direct bearing upon the state of our religion. For the people in my church, and countless other city churches, the increase in the number of automobiles is a serious problem, for they all have to drive through miles of traffic to get to the church, and then when they get here they have a hard time trying to find a place to park the cars.

It certainly meant a great deal to have the folks and Dorothy here for a visit in June. Before my accident we had planned to go out to Iowa this summer because Betty and I feel that in one way or another we should manage some kind of a visit each year, but of course these plans all fell to pieces in the split second it took that toboggan to throw me into the air. It looked for a while as if we wouldn't get to see the folks in the summer of 1959, so we were very happy when they decided to make the drive back here. Probably mother plans to touch on the high spots of their visit in her letter — she said that writing her letter was the first thing she planned to do when they got back to Shenandoah.

Betty and the children will be going down to our summer cottage on the lake in Rhode Island before long, and as soon as I have finished with some speaking engagements and special church responsibilities I will join them. It's very tranquil and peaceful at that lovely lake and I expect to put the finishing touches on my full recovery while we are there.

I want to thank all of you who asked about my welfare and remembered me in your prayers. This warm concern made a great difference to me and I will always think of it with gratitude.

Sincerely your friend,

Frederick

SUMMER FUN FARE

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Warm summer months are the time for real fun parties when no one pretends to dress up and refreshments are kept simple, cool and easy. Even though no one wants to tackle elaborate programs or games that are too complicated and mentally tiring, still it's wise for the hostess to have a few tricks up her sleeve when the crowd gathers on her front porch or lawn.

SITTIN' FUN FARE: "Sing-a-long" can be hilarious. Choose some tune such as *Yankee Doodle* and allow ten minutes for the guests to write their own words. Then have them sing their own song.

If the group is large, it should probably be divided into a number of smaller groups and a different tune should be assigned to each one. Two or three people may have trouble thinking of any kind of a parody, but when you get several heads together they're bound to come up with something funny.

NAME THE COUNTRY TOUR: Give each guest a paper and pencil. If possible, have carbon copies made of this quiz; but if this can't be done, have the leader read off the articles and ask the guests to fill in the country that we associate with it.

1. Lantern 2. Cheese 3. Hat 4. Shepherd 5. Doll 6. Pastry 7. Nut 8. Leather 9. Ink 10. Linen 11. Broth 12. Onions 13. Dressing 14. Shorts 15. Rug 16. Weaving 17. Bulbs 18. Prunes 19. Bacon 20. Embroidery

Answers

1. Japanese 2. Swiss 3. Panama 4. German 5. China 6. French 7. Brazil 8. Morocco 9. India 10. Irish 11. Scotch 12. Spanish 13. Russian 14. Bermuda 15. Persian 16. Swedish 17. Dutch 18. Italian 19. Canadian 20. Madeira

YE OLD HOME TOWN TOUR:

Before the party collect a lot of snapshot scenes taken around the home town. Number these and let guests see who can identify the most.

WHERE IS IT? In any community there are people who have quite a collection of postal cards depicting well known places. Paste a piece of paper over the identification if it appears on the front of the card and pass these around, setting a time limit as to how long each person can study the card. Guests will write numbers on a piece of paper and fill in where they think the famous building or scene is located. A good collection of cards can make this a very entertaining contest.

AN ALARMING TRIP: Tell the group that they will all share in describing a grand tour and suggest that the first person begin: "On a hot morning in August we started off to the Grand Canyon in Uncle Frank's car and before we even got out of town . . .". At this point the leader cries "STOP" and the next person describes what happened before they got out of town. Have an alarm clock



Katharine and Paul Driftmier in their new sandbox. It was June before there was enough decent weather for small children to be outside, and once out they went wild with joy.

set to go off in a minute or so — the leader cries "STOP" the moment it starts to ring and each player stops instantly, even in the middle of a sentence. To keep everyone alert don't go around the group in order but have the leader point to the person who is to continue the story. It's a rare crowd that manages to get out of town!

THE GLASS THAT REFRESHES: Everyone knows that glasses are deceptive and sometimes the one that looks as if it might hold the most, doesn't hold nearly as much as a smaller one. Get a large collection of glasses and paste a number on each one. Then ask your guests to write down which one will hold the most? the least? exactly a half pint? exactly one-third of a cup? etc. After everyone has finished writing down his answers, bring in a measuring cup and a pitcher of water. This will settle the answers, and the measuring cup should go to the person who has the most correct answers.

A TREE CONTEST: On hot summer days we think about trees and shade, so here is a contest concerned with trees.

1. The double tree. 2. The tree left from fire. 3. The tree nearest the sea. 4. The sweetest tree. 5. The chronologist's tree. 6. The languishing tree. 7. The tree most warmly clad. 8. The Eden tree. 9. The tree that caused no lie. 10. The tree where ships come in. 11. The tree that's smart and trim. 12. The carpenter's tree. 13. The tree loved by an ill-tempered man. 14. The tree that is a legal declaration and is lacking in height. 15. The tree that made a famous bucket.

Answers

1. Pear. 2. Ash. 3. Beach. 4. Maple. 5. Date. 6. Pine. 7. Fir. 8. Apple. 9. Cherry. 10. Bay. 11. Spruce. 12. Plum. 13. Crab. 14. Willow. 15. Oak.

WHAT SHOULD THEY WEAR? Clothes are a necessity, no matter how hot the day, so the following professions or conditions call for a certain

kind or color of clothing if the person is to be properly dressed.

1. Artist. 2. Gardener. 3. Dairyman. 4. Editor. 5. Banker. 6. Hunter. 7. Scotchman. 8. Prisoner. 9. Government official. 10. Architect. 11. Barber. 12. Girl who loves money. 13. Girl with poor eyesight. 14. Girl on vacation. 15. Woodchopper's wife. 16. Musical girl. 17. Girl who likes to dance. 18. Girl with a cold.

Answers

1. Canvas. 2. Lawn. 3. Cheese cloth. 4. Print. 5. Checks. 6. Duck. 7. Plaid. 8. Stripes. 9. Red tape. 10. Blue print. 11. Mohair. 12. Cashmere. 13. Dim-ity. 14. Outing flannel. 15. Corduroy. 16. Organ-dy. 17. Polka dots. 18. Handkerchief linen.

BURLESQUE OLYMPICS: The following suggestions make good entertainment for a group of teenagers such as a 4-H group or a church class.

Half'n'Half Spring: Contestants run a race with one bare foot and with shoe and stocking on other foot. (For hilarious results, give boys a high heeled shoe!)

Wheelbarrow race. Borrow sturdy wheelbarrows around the neighborhood and then divide girls and boys into couples. For the race, each boy wheels his girl in the wheelbarrow.

The Broad Chew: A large cake cut into slices is placed on a center table. Contestants wear big heavy gloves and at signal must pick up a piece of cake and eat it. See who is first to get his cake eaten.

Watermelon race: Buy a big watermelon for this and split in two. Place each half at opposite ends of the table and pile plastic spoons (or something equally cheap) beside the melon. Divide the gang into two groups and line them up. At a given signal, the first person in each line dashes to the table, grabs a spoon and takes a bite of melon. Then he runs to the end of his line. The line that finishes its melon first is the winner.

DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS?

1. How far is the New Year from summer?
2. What does it take to make a pair of shoes?
3. When does a man weigh the most?
4. What do they call small gray cats in England?
5. What fruit is found upon a dime?
6. Why does a cat first look on one side and then on the other when she comes into a room?
7. How can you prove that every boy is named after his father?
8. What contains more feet in summer than in winter?
9. What is always behind time?
10. What is the hair at the end of a dog's tail called?

Answers:

1. One spring. 2. Two shoes. 3. When he's the heaviest. 4. Kittens. 5. Date. 6. Because she can't look on both sides at the same time. 7. Because in every case the father was born many years earlier. 8. A wading pond. 9. A clock. 10. Dog hair.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is the first time EVER that I sat down at my desk, picked up the letter I wrote to you and reread it—and then tore it up! I just finished doing this and now am starting all over again, an experience absolutely new to me since I have always typed my letter to you and sent it straight to the printers without any dawdling around.

Now I'll tell you why I tore up the first letter. It just so happens that at this stage of the remodeling we're in a poor frame of mind and I'm so sick of the halts and starts and endless delays and layers of old plaster dust over everything that I really don't want to spend much time talking about it.

Aside from a few general points that seem very important to pass on, I'd like to forget the house this month and save my steam for the September issue. For one thing, Mae (Howard's wife) has just finished doing up a real good drawing of the floor plan and expects to get the lines filled in with India ink within the next few days. She had to work from blueprints to do this job and there just plain wasn't time to get it done in time for a picture in our August issue.

We'll get this drawing in our September issue and at that time I'd like to go off on details something like Donald did in our January issue when he drew the plan of his house and furnished an explanation.

I can tell you right now that there won't be any lines to indicate before and after. If we did this you'd have a Chinese puzzle for sure. Even the men who've worked on the house feel uncertain at moments! I am sure the best way is just to show you the final product and let it go at that. It begins to look now as if it will be a long time before that final product is completed, but at least you can see what we're aiming towards.

Because of the fact I get letters from you folks all over the country I'm in a position to hear a lot of reports and pass them on.

I didn't know until I made the mistake in my own room and got the windows too high that this has happened to countless people. Without a single exception, everyone who wrote about those windows said: *change them now*. Well, we did. But all of these letters made me feel that I should say as emphatically as possible: **BE SURE YOU GET YOUR WINDOWS LOW ENOUGH.** (I'm talking now, of course, about windows you want to look out of while you're sitting in a chair.)

There were a lot of letters too about awful mistakes made with installing picture windows. These big windows are stationary, you know, and in countless cases there are small windows used on each side of the big window so they can be raised and lowered for ventilation.

I'd never given any of this a thought



Dorothy and Donald in the backyard at Donald's home in Anderson. That is the big screened porch the folks enjoyed so much when they were there.

until I began reading your letters, and since then I've noticed over and over again how many people have the big solid sheet of window and small windows on either side. It seems that drapes are a terrible, terrible problem in these set-ups. If you pull them back they must move past the windows that open and close if you're going to get any fresh air. This means that the entire big expanse of window is open and the light is blinding. You can imagine what a good scorching summer sun would do to such a room.

We've never had a picture window and don't have one now, so as I said I'd never given it a thought. But from the sad experiences related I feel duty bound to pass on this warning to think it all through very carefully if you're remodeling or building from scratch.

So, I feel I've done my good turn for the day by passing on these strong admonitions to keep a sharp eye out on windows.

One more thing and then I'll stop talking about remodeling.

We've had so many people tell us we would be a lot better off today if we'd just built a new house from scratch that I'd like to point out the facts to mull over in your mind if you are at the place where you must remodel—or build from scratch.

One tremendously important fact to look at is your location. If you like your neighborhood and have reason to think it will not get all run down at the heels in the foreseeable future, then think a long time before you leave it. In our case we had spent years developing a garden that we didn't care to give up. We like everything about our neighborhood. We didn't want to start all over in another section of town.

After you decide this point about your present home, then look at what you already have that doesn't need to be replaced. In our case we had a new basement and foundation (I say

"new" because it was done eleven years ago and that's pretty "new" for a basement) and there would be no expense in that portion. We also had two rooms upstairs that were done completely over, right to the siding, six or seven years ago—time's getting away from me when it comes to specific dates strictly from memory. We also had good floors in all of the house and the only new floors were laid in the new additions. We had staircases and interior walls that didn't need to be replaced.

This is the kind of inventory you should make when you arrive at a final decision. In our case we happen to know that we'd be a LOT WORSE OFF if we had built from scratch!!

One of these days you'll be brought up with a jolt when you realize you must give a club program in September. (When we agree to do such things the exact date always seems at least ten years away and then all of a sudden BANG it is right on top of you.) If you are looking for a book to review I'd like to suggest two that I've enjoyed tremendously; both of them can be handled easily because you can take out any section and read it, something that is frequently hard to do when you're presenting a book for program purposes.

The Autobiography of Mark Twain (arranged by Charles Neider) is absolutely fascinating. Some of the funniest things I've ever read in my life are in this book—in fact, I laughed so hard I alarmed Juliana. But there are some of the most heartbreaking things I've ever read too, and the final portion brought tears to my eyes. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) was a man who knew the most bitter anguish that can come to a human being.

But anyone who loves an account of America will cherish this book, and I hope you make an effort to get it.

The other book I enjoyed so much is *Only In America* by Harry Golden. (When brother Frederick was hospitalized I sent a copy to him because I thought it was something that would distract him from his pain—he reported that he enjoyed every word of it. I also gave the folks a copy and Dad read it out loud to mother; they thought it was a very good book.)

I like Harry Golden because he stands right up and is counted. He isn't afraid to say exactly what he thinks about issues that other people hem and haw about. He doesn't pretend to be anything he isn't—doesn't waste a second trying to impress anyone. If this country had a lot more people with the courage to speak up on their convictions we'd surely be in much better shape today.

Maybe some of you remember the night Ed Murrow interviewed him on *Person to Person*. He told that night how he went to Charlottesville, North Carolina on a shoestring and a dream to see if he could make a go of a little newspaper that was sort of a personal journal. This newspaper, the *Carolina Israelite*, is really something! I subscribed to it after that night because he had my interest all stirred up. (In the last issue, and he

(Continued on next page)

just gets it out once in every two months, he said that his subscription list just about doubled after that TV show, so I guess I had a lot of company in getting stirred up.)

Only *In America* has been a best seller for months and this is still a tremendous shock to its author! He said that when he got the first copies from the publishers he told them that if it didn't "go over" he'd give copies free to anyone who subscribed to his little paper. You can see why it seems like a dream to him that it's swept the country by storm.

Probably you won't agree with a lot of his ideas but that doesn't make any difference—you'll just be mighty happy that someone has written an honest and unpretentious book. I'm looking forward to his next book on the subject of his good friend, Carl Sandburg.

Someone asked the other day what I found to pass the time after we finished our morning radio visit? Somehow this struck me as funny. I haven't looked around for anything "to pass the time" since we first moved to Hollywood, Calif. before World War II and I didn't know a soul and was very lonely when Russell was gone long hours at work.

In the years since then I've had the same problem most of you have: not half enough hours to get everything done. I have only one permanent and chronic regret and I've never found the answer to this and probably never will. I am haunted by the letters I cannot answer. Sometimes at night (I'm not a "good sleeper") I find myself thinking about people whom I've never met face to face and I worry for fear they will feel I didn't really read what they wrote.

Oh yes, I've read it—every word of it. And I just hope and pray that you realize this and understand how it is. I think you do.

As soon as this issue has been put to bed Russell and I are going to make a hasty trip out to Wilson, Wyoming to take Juliana and her "best friend", Suzie Henshaw, to the Crystal Springs Ranch. It's going to be a fast trip for several real good reasons! Next month I'll try and say something about it.

Everyone has left our Kitchen-Klatter office now and it's so quiet my typewriter sounds like a machine gun. The clock says 5:50 and I must call Juliana and tell her I'm ready to have her come down and get me. Thank goodness I have a molded salmon salad in the refrigerator and some boiled potatoes—I'll grab up a package of frozen vegetables and with these things, plus some fresh fruit, and cookies Juliana made this morning, supper will be on in about 15 minutes.

Always your friend . . .

Pucile

Decision is a sharp knife that cuts clean and straight; indecision, a dull one that hacks and tears and leaves ragged edges behind it.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

One night this summer when my mother and father and sister Dorothy were visiting us from Iowa, I came into the house to smell a fine roast beef. We can't afford to have a really good roast of beef very often, but with our family from Iowa as guests we wanted to have something special.

I looked at the kitchen clock and said: "I want to show them how this man in the kitchen can cook. Do I have time to make a Yorkshire pudding?"

It was decided that I could have exactly 25 minutes, so in a flash I grabbed my chef's apron and went to work.

You know, in the old days Yorkshire Pudding was cooked in the pan with the roast, but the method today is to bake it in a separate pan, using the fat drippings from the roasting pan. Betty poured off all the fat she didn't need for gravy into a shallow baking pan and put it back in the oven. Then she covered the roast with aluminum foil to keep it hot while I prepared the pudding.

Yorkshire Pudding

4 eggs
1 cup water
1 cup milk
1 tsp. salt
1 3/4 cups flour

All of these ingredients went into the electric mixer and I ran it at high speed. If time had permitted I would have let the batter stand for a half-hour before putting it into the oven, but on this particular occasion there wasn't a minute to spare, so I poured the batter right into the pan of hot fat and baked it at 400 degrees for 25 minutes.

When done (and it was done at the end of 25 minutes) I cut it into serving pieces and put it on the meat tray around the roast. It was the perfect thing to give a good roast an added goodness.

I think my sister was quite amazed that anything so simple could taste so good! Although she has often read about my fun with cooking or heard me talk about it, this was the first time she had ever had an opportunity to taste one of my finished products. Incidentally, many people use Yorkshire Pudding instead of potatoes when serving roast beef.

No doubt some of you English readers are going to think that my recipe for this excellent dish is out of order. Each one to his own taste, is my motto, and I like the taste of this one. Nevertheless, I am always willing to try for an improvement, and if you have one, let me know.

Just the other day a friend of mine asked me about making gravy. Now I am quick to confess that gravies are not my specialty, but I can make them and often do.

My one sure-fire suggestion for making good gravy is a simple one: Taste it! If it is not good, do something about it. Add a little Kitchen Bouquet, or a little Worcestershire sauce, or

sometimes even a little catsup or a dissolved bouillon cube. If the fat separates from the gravy, add a little cream and stir in slowly. If you happen to have some mushroom sauce on hand, you might try adding a little of that. There are any number of things that can be done to remedy a sick gravy.

ABIGAIL SHARES A REAL SUMMER

TREAT

We had to move to Colorado to find this simple and simply delicious corn pudding. Ruth Wilmore (the wife of Wayne's boss) is the only person I know who will take the trouble and time to make this dish and how her guests rave over it! Preparation is not difficult or tricky — only very messy. (You might guess this if you have ever tried to wipe up splattered, grated corn.) Ruth *never* uses canned or frozen corn. The recipe is one of her treats reserved for summer living.

Ruth's Fresh Corn Pudding

2 cups grated fresh corn. (Use regular vegetable grater and dull silver knife to remove kernels. Do not get any of the corn cob in with the kernels!)

2 cups milk

3 eggs

1 Tbls. sugar

salt and pepper to taste

Beat all ingredients together until thoroughly mixed. Pour into greased shallow casserole. Dot top with butter and bake in 300 degree oven until set and browned — about one hour.

MARGERY'S SPECIAL SHRIMP SALAD

Last summer when we were in Denver, Martin "discovered" shrimp, a food he'd passed up until he saw Emily, Alison and Clark eating it with relish. Since then it's been one of his favorites, so I've searched for new and different recipes calling for shrimp. This is a good hearty salad, and bedded down on lettuce with Mary Beth's wonderful Butterhorns plus a refreshing summer dessert, you have a meal.

2 Tbls. unflavored gelatin

1/2 cup cold water

1 ten-ounce can tomato soup

8-ounce pkg. cream cheese

1/2 cup stuffed olives, sliced

1 Tbls. onion juice

1 1/2 cups celery, cut

2 Tbls. diced green pepper

2 cups shrimp

1/2 cup mayonnaise

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for 5 minutes. Heat the undiluted soup, then dissolve the gelatin in it. Crumble the cream cheese in the soup and stir until completely dissolved. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add the olives, onion juice, celery, diced pepper and shrimp. Stir in the mayonnaise thoroughly. Chill in a mold until completely set.

This amount will serve 12 persons easily, unless you are facing overwhelming appetites. I think it would be ideal as the main dish for a ladies' luncheon.

A TOUR OF LINCOLN-LAND

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Our children recently took us on a short trip through places of interest connected with Lincoln plus a few sight seeing excursions on the side. We didn't plan on the children taking us. We had the idea, you see, that *we* were taking them. But we began to realize how wrong we were the day five year old Jeffrey explained to his Sunday School teacher that we would be away the following Sunday because we were going to visit Lincoln, Kentucky and "welatives" in Illinois.

We started out bright and early with 200 miles worth of carefully selected comic books, sixteen peanut butter sandwiches, a thermos of cocoa, a jar of water, assorted clothes, blankets, pillows, sleeping bags, an ice box filled with edibles and ice, a stove, a dishpan filled with eating dishes and cooking pots, several road maps, one atlas, an accumulation of sun glasses, a box of raisins, one father, one mother, three boys and one grandmother (my mother, Mrs. Mae Corrie, through whose courtesy we have all those "welatives" in Illinois.)

Because we were only taking part of our vacation, the rest being tenderly saved for hay fever days in August, we decided against the "turtle." In the car we could travel faster. This also meant we could take Grandma Corrie with us. For some reason she and the "turtle" have never seen eye to eye and taking a trip with us in its rough interior is hair raising for her even to contemplate. How we got everything into one car trunk and the few spaces left around twelve legs I'm not quite sure. The shoe horn came out second best, but finally everything was grunted into place.

Our early start from the southwest corner of Iowa took us across the northern part of Missouri so as to reach the park overlooking the Mississippi river at Hannibal "just in time" . . . just in time to see a huge barge trudging down the river, three little motor boats flitting up and down, and a big diesel train zooming along the tracks at our feet. Oh glorious spot, it was complete!

For two hours we toured Mark Twain's haunts in Hannibal. Lovingly we disengaged Craig from the big pilot wheel which really turned. We insisted that Bob Jr. could not play the fancy parlor organ built nearly like a pipe organ. Kindly we stopped Jeffrey from running down the back steps from "Tom Sawyer's" bedroom when that proved more fun than looking at old-fashioned trundle beds and antique lamps. Knowing that the two little boys were tired enough to nap, we happily piled back into the car and continued east.

A Lincoln tour, to be really right, needs to start in Kentucky. "Remember," we said, as we turned off the highway and onto the drive which led to the Lincoln National Memorial Park near Hodgenville, Kentucky,



Here is a brand new picture of Evelyn Birkby. Between her contributions to this magazine and her radio visits every week, she seems a lively part of our Kitchen-Klatter activities.

"we read the story before we left home about the little baby who was born in the log cabin and grew up to be president? This is where he was born."

Every eye in the car watched expectantly.

"What's that big granite building over there?" young Bob demanded.

"Where is the log cabin?" Jeffrey wanted to know.

"I want a drink," insisted Craig. We found all three.

Inside the beautiful granite and marble building is carefully preserved the traditional birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. The cabin has only one small window and a leather-hinged door. The chimney from the big all-purpose fireplace was built very low to conserve heat during the hard winter months. This custom caused many a cabin roof to catch on fire from sparks. But even with its limitations it looked homey and friendly.

At the foot of the steps leading to the Memorial building is the sinking spring which gave the farm its name. The spring was the main reason Thomas Lincoln settled in this particular spot. Our boys enjoyed the cool freshness of the shaded, water cooled air. They hopped and skipped up the stone stairs and over to the huge oak tree which was a land mark long before Mr. Lincoln bought the farm.

Leaving reluctantly, we drove north of Hodgenville to stop at the Knoll Creek home, the first place young Abe could remember. What a beautiful place this is surrounded by the green Kentucky hills! It gave me a rich, deep feeling to see my three boys romping on the field where Lincoln planted the pumpkin seeds so carefully, only to have them wash out the very next day. Just a short way up the creek was the place, Bob Jr. remembered, where a neighbor boy

saved Lincoln's life when he fell into the rain swollen stream. Sorrow came to the family here, for while they lived at Knob Creek young baby Tom Lincoln was born and died.

Time insisted that we hurry along. We saw very little in Indiana connected with our search along the path of our great President. He did live in Indiana but time did not allow us to wander from a straight course.

New Salem, Ill., twenty miles north and west of Springfield demanded our attention for almost an entire day.

"Stay out of the puddles." "Don't splash." "Oh for goodness' sake, you got off the sidewalk and into the mud!" were the most frequent phrases heard, for it rained furiously all the time we tramped along the paths Lincoln walked for the six years he lived in New Salem. I was fascinated by the way in which the village has been recreated as nearly like it was in Abe's day as research, antique hunting and dedicated labor can make it.

Imagine, I pointed out, living in one room with several children and a husband; cooking and warming over the fireplace; preparing the food and eating all on the one table; sleeping within the same four walls; and where, for mercy sakes, did they hang their clothes? A few pegs on the wall held a bonnet, a cap and a gun. A trunk under the bed was all I could see in lieu of a closet.

We loved New Salem, rain, ash hoppers, old Lincoln - Berry Store, oxen team, windlass wells, small animal sheds, log cabins, Rutledge tavern and all. The spirit of young man Abe working and struggling and learning and growing wise walked with us.

The town of Springfield is famous for many things. Primarily it is the place where Abraham Lincoln started his law practice and owned his only home and the town he left to become President. Certainly it was a great success to our three rambunctious boys. The hotel carpet was made in giant black and beige checks, just right for playing hop scotch. The State Capital floor was inlaid with diamond shapes just far enough apart to step easily from one to another. Many steps up and down may have been hard for mama and grandma to navigate but they gave excellent running and jumping space for little legs.

Mr. Lincoln's home in Springfield was a delight, a place of strength and dignity and the homey qualities connected with this great man. It has been lovingly restored even to the books on the shelves and the pans on the old black range in the kitchen. Craig, however, took a dim view of the whole excursion when his parents refused to let him climb over the railing and ride on Tad Lincoln's little wooden hobby horse.

We did not get to take this tour in as chronological a fashion as I have described it. Our itinerary called for several side stops and visits with loved relatives.

But I particularly wanted to save until last the story of our trip to the Tomb in Springfield. For this was, at

(Continued on page 17)

WORD FROM OUR DENVER DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

The house is momentarily quiet—for some strange reason the children are all playing elsewhere. Perhaps I can catch my wits long enough to write a few words to you if they don't suddenly charge in with something that demands my attention.

I wonder how many of you have an oldest child who has just completed fifth grade? Have you been struck as I have at the tremendous leap towards maturity that this grade entails? I am amazed at what thresholds open for the fifth grader that I didn't anticipate at all a year ago.

Some aspects of this growth have been delightful. Whole new avenues of activity and skills have been opened to Emily. And it has been a real help to Wayne and me to have her assuming genuine responsibilities in our family and home.

There have been difficulties too. The most difficult problem with which Emily has had to contend is learning self-discipline in the use of time. Doesn't that sound familiar to many of us adults too? Our school system is not by any means geared to the slow students. Fifth graders are expected to complete a great deal of homework and special reports as preparation for sixth grade and junior high. Unfortunately, there are no others in her grade in the neighborhood. Also her best friends are a year younger and didn't have this quantity of homework to cope with. Emily has maintained a high scholastic rating but she has worked hard and played less to do so.

Another less difficult problem has been one of size and age. Emily has always been small for her age group. Because she entered kindergarten at four years of age and the entrance dates are different out here, she is more than a year younger than many, and much smaller than almost all of her classmates. I have been warned that this age difference can be a real headache when the teens are reached.

Fortunately Emily has always gotten along very well with other children and she has yet to develop problems of friendship or happiness. That is one reason we didn't hold her back a year when she entered kindergarten.

My reason for discussing all of this is that I know there are some of you who are debating whether or not to enroll a young or minimum age child in kindergarten this fall. I won't attempt to advise you one way or the other. But I did wish to point out that frequently the handicap of under-age may take several years before showing up. I would suggest that you discuss this problem with an experienced teacher or principal.

Emily's summer activities keep both her and me mighty busy too. So much so, in fact, that we haven't been able to get away for any kind of a trip. During June and July there were daily orchestra practices, and also she



"How do you like to go up in a swing?" is a childhood classic, and every little girl should have her picture taken at least once when she's going "up in the air so blue." This is Katharine's 'swing picture' for her parents' album.

had her first experience at being away for several days from home while attending church camp.

There was the usual weekly ballet lesson besides a weekly tennis lesson with her Girl Scout troop. Currently she is attending Girl Scout Day Camp which will be climaxed with an overnight camp-out in the mountains. Add a half-hour's practice daily on both flute and tennis and it's no wonder that I'm amazed at what a change fifth grade makes!

Alison and Clark are still too young for all these special activities although Alison would like to participate in more than is scheduled for her age group. Through a change in leaders, her Brownie troop missed getting registered for Day Camp, and in addition our church did not have a vacation school this summer. Her new bicycle *does* consume a great deal of energy and we try to get in a daily trip to the swimming pool.

She and Clark have a special activity every Wednesday morning when the three of us spend two hours at a roller skating rink. This session is restricted to children aged two to ten and their mothers. The fee is very reasonable and we all have enjoyed skating in air-conditioned comfort.

Clark started as a rank beginner, and at the end of the first two sessions I questioned whether he could possibly learn to keep his balance before my arms were pulled off trying to hold him up. However, he didn't get discouraged by the continuous falls and is now showing a great deal of improvement and progress.

In reference to my previous remarks about size and age and entering kindergarten, I would like to add the following: Clark will be one of the largest and older members of his class. He will be six in November and is big for his age. Believe it or not, when he enters kindergarten he will weigh more than two-thirds of what his father weighed when he entered high school! Wayne not only entered school young, but skipped a grade

along the way. The result was that he was more than two years younger than his classmates. Moreover he was slow in getting his growth and it wasn't until he was a senior in high school that he began to catch up with his classmates in size. Wayne recalls this wasn't a very pleasant situation, especially for a boy.

July has held several rather special activities for me. I attended two training sessions at the Episcopal Conference at Evergreen. One was for women's work in the church and the other was for church school teachers. We teachers have been on vacation all summer — apparently because our vicar wants us to have a good rest. He predicts it will be necessary to have double sessions of church school next year to accommodate all the children.

The highlight of the Fourth of July weekend for Wayne and me was attending a performance of "West Side Story". The cast is large and expenses so high that the New York company is touring only four cities in the country at this time. We were certainly grateful Denver was chosen as one of the four.

Just a few days later we journeyed back in time to the heyday of Colorado mining history when we went to the Central City Opera House to see and hear *The Ballad of Baby Doe*. This very successful production was returned to its original stage in honor of the Rush to the Rockies Centennial celebration this year. Those of you who visit Colorado in August will be too late to see this opera. However, one of the most successful plays of the past Broadway season, *The Gazebo* will be playing with Tom Ewell in the lead role.

Again in honor of the Centennial an unusually fine variety of productions have been scheduled for the magnificent Red Rocks Amphitheatre just west of Denver. Of course a trip out there is worthwhile at any time regardless of whether or not there is any production on the stage.

Our entire family is eagerly anticipating a visit from Juliana about the middle of August. The children really miss their Iowa cousins and it is a thrilling moment when one of them arrives to share our home.

Cordially yours,

Abigail

WINDY NIGHT

The wind in the night has a lonesome sound,

A twig taps my window pane,
The moon peers out of a broken cloud
And then is gone again.

The windmill's creak is a banshee wail
Mourning a time that is past,
A windy night is a wakeful night—
But morning comes at last.

The sun's first rays are a welcome sight,

Then with breakfast and coffee just right,
With my work to do the whole day through—

Who cares for the lonesome night!

—Lula Lamme

RECIPES OF THE MONTH

It would be my guess that many of you friends who are reading this page have had an experience identical to mine.

For many years I made angel food cakes—beautiful, snowy white, tender, huge angel food cakes. Then I hit a series of failures — never did understand it because I used exactly the same recipe and did everything just the same, but my cakes were a disgrace.

Just about this time the prepared angel food mixes appeared on the market and I gave them a try. The results astonished me! From that day until very recently I simply leaned on the prepared mixes when we wanted angel food cake. It was the only prepared cake mix I used consistently, and by adding my own combinations of Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings we were always well pleased with the results.

But in these last weeks when egg prices have been so low (and I know what a disaster this is to the women who sell eggs) I began remembering my old angel food cake recipe made from scratch and I got a hankering to see how it would taste after several years of the mix variety. I made one, a little fearfully, I'll confess, and it was WONDERFUL. Since then I've made quite a few and we're still enjoying them tremendously. Maybe one of these days I'll have a failure because I never did know what caused all the trouble before I turned to mixes, but to date the following recipe has worked like a dream.

Angel Food Cake

1 cup sifted cake flour
3/4 cup fine sugar
1 1/2 cups egg whites
1 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
1/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
3/4 cup sugar
Combine sifted flour with 3/4 cup sugar and sift four times.

Beat together the egg whites, cream of tartar, salt and flavorings until whites will hold up in soft peaks but are not dry. Add remaining 3/4 cup of sugar, 2 Tbls. at a time, beating after each addition. Fold in flour and sugar combination very, very gently and carefully. Bake in ungreased 10-inch tube pan in a 375 degree oven for about 35 to 40 minutes. Invert pan and cool.

The sugar used in this cake makes a difference. If you can buy dessert sugar, so much the better. Don't overbeat the egg whites — if you let them get dry you'll have a tough cake. And be sure you fold in the flour-sugar mixture in small amounts and very carefully — a lot hinges on this step too. This is one cake you can't put together as if you were killing snakes — an easy hand is of great importance.

And NOW . . . what to do with the egg yolks? Well, there are a lot of



Two sisters, Aunt Martha Eaton and mother (Leanna Field Driftmier) make the best of the fact that their means of getting around is in a wheelchair. This was taken just before Aunt Martha went to Westfield, N. J. to be in her son's home. Mother visited her there very recently and they had pictures taken together in the yard.

things you can do with them, but I've finally found a recipe that is absolutely wonderful — the only cake (aside from Lord Baltimore) that has struck me as being perfect when so many egg yolks are called for. It has a delicate texture, an extra good flavor, and is different enough to make anyone start wondering what in the world is in it. I surely hope you'll get that angel food out of the oven and then put this one in. Believe me, it's a marvelous cake.

Golden Sponge Cake

11 egg yolks
2 cups sugar
1 cup scalded milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup melted butter (not hot)

Beat egg yolks with sugar until very fluffy and light-colored. (Hope you have an electric mixer for the longer you beat this mixture, the better.) Add slightly cooled milk, a little at a time so the egg yolk mixture won't cook, and then add flavorings. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together 3 times and then add. Lastly fold in butter very carefully.

Turn into 3 layer cake pans that have been greased, lined with waxed paper and then greased again. (You'll have a hard time getting cake out if you don't follow these instructions.) Bake in a 350 degree oven and check in about 25 minutes.

I put these layers together with a rich powdered sugar icing and then cover the top and sides with a boiled icing. Whipped cream is equally good between layers and on top.

This cake could be baked in a big sheet pan, of course, and many variations in flavorings can be used, but if you once make it I believe you'll turn to it again and again when you have 11 egg yolks at hand.

A LETTER FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

This has been a summer with things popping up unexpectedly.

Mother spent several days getting everything lined up so I could go to the Church Conference camp, and then the weather turned hot and dry and I was needed to drive the tractor and help with all the things that had to be done at once. Our land was flooded four times and we didn't think we'd ever get crops in, but right after Mother left to drive Granny and Grandpa so they could have their trip they'd looked forward to for so long, it dried up and we could get into the fields. That was surely a big relief.

As soon as this work was done I went to Kansas City to visit my Aunt Ruth Johnson and had a very good time with her.

You'd be surprised how much of my time has been spent making pig formula and feeding some little runts. Just before school was out I visited my Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond and they gave me two little pigs that were about to die. When I took them home I thought my folks would get up every two hours at night to feed those pigs, but they said they were my pigs and I would have to take care of them. It made me proud to see them get strong and fat, so in June I got four more runts from Uncle Raymond and started the formula and feeding all over again. All of those pigs looked like they were dead when I took them over, and now they are coming along fine. I think this work was worth it since I now have six husky pigs.

My 16th birthday was in June and I was lucky enough to have two parties — one at home and one down in Shenandoah when I visited Juliana. I have always looked forward to being sixteen because it seemed like such a magical age for a girl to be. I have my driver's license now and don't have to ask my mother to make so many trips to take me places.

Although I am not in 4-H this year, it is almost fair time and I imagine many girls are getting their entries finished up and ready to judge in local and county competition.

During my first year in 4-H our main project was cooking and it was then that I first learned to bake angel food cakes, make bread, and prepare a whole meal by myself.

The second year we concentrated on Home Furnishings and some of my projects included redecorating my room, refinishing old picture frames and painting two lawn chairs.

My third year in 4-H was centered around sewing. I entered six garments at the fair and was thrilled when all of them got blue ribbons.

It was fun to study food and nutrition again in my fourth year of club work — I entered ten articles in the achievement show and won eight blue ribbons. I was very happy when my clover-leaf rolls were selected to go to the State Fair.

(Continued on page 18)

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter

Family

Chicken 'N Niffles

The name itself prompted me to try this recipe! Now, maybe you had heard of niffles but I hadn't. If you have a nice big stewing hen and like dumplings then I'm sure you will want to make Chicken 'n Niffles!

- 4 to 5 lb. stewing hen, cut in serving pieces
- 3 or 4 slices carrot
- 3 or 4 slices onion
- Few sprigs parsley, or a good sprinkle of dry parsley flakes
- Few sprigs celery tops, or celery seed, about 1 tsp.
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 large peppercorns (whole black pepper buds)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Butter

Wipe chicken with damp cloth and place in a large kettle. Cover with boiling water, add carrots, onion, parsley, celery tops, bay leaf and peppercorns. Cover and simmer for 2 to 3 hours or until meat begins to loosen from the bone. Add salt during the last hour of cooking. When tender, remove chicken from broth, place on platter, brush with butter and keep hot in oven at 300 degrees.

Niffles

- 1 cup sifted biscuit mix
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup cold water

Combine biscuit mix and salt in bowl. Make a well in center and add whole eggs. Pour in water and work with fork to make a soft batter, adding more water if necessary. Drop pieces of batter, about a tsp. at a time, into the simmering chicken broth. Cook for 5 minutes. Take niffles from broth with a slotted spoon and place in a serving dish. You can't make them all at once, but probably half of the batter can be cooked at one time. Thicken the broth with a little flour and serve from a gravy boat.

The seasoning for the chicken is absolutely perfect. These niffles are very rich and take the place of potatoes. The first time I fixed this was for Sunday dinner. I cooked the chicken before church and the niffles were done in no time, so I consider it an exceptionally good dish for Sunday.

SWEET-SOUR CARROTS

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 3 Tbls. butter

Mix together sugar and cornstarch. Add vinegar. Stir constantly while cooking — takes a very little time to thicken and clear. Add butter. Pour over hot carrots. When everyone's tired of plain old carrots, try this.

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KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

HAMBURGERS DELUXE

Meat

- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Barbecue Sauce

- 2/3 cup catsup
- 1 1/2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/3 cup water
- 4 Tbls. minced onion

Dressing

- 4 cups bread cubes
- 1/4 cup warm milk
- 1/4 cup melted drippings
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. minced onion

Add seasonings to meat, mix and form into 10 patties. Combine ingredients for the barbecue sauce and stir. Place 5 of the meat patties in a shallow baking dish. (These patties should be pressed quite thin.) Place the combined ingredients of the dressing on top of these patties and cover each with another thin patty, sandwich fashion. Pour the barbecue sauce over the hamburgers and bake uncovered at 375 degrees for about 30 minutes or until done.

CAULIFLOWER SUPREME

- 1 small head cauliflower
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup salad dressing
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice

Separate cauliflower into flowerets and cook in salt water until just tender—not mushy. Drain. Heat together the soup, salad dressing and lemon juice. Pour over cauliflower and sprinkle with paprika. A tangy, unusual dish and recommended when you want to dress up a head of cauliflower.

DRESSING FOR EVERYTHING

- 1 whole egg
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/4 cup water

Mix all ingredients together well with a beater and cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until smooth and starts to thicken. This is especially good on cabbage for a "hot slaw", on shredded lettuce, for potato salad, bean salad or added to the mashed egg yolks for deviled eggs. You can see how it gets its name for you can use it "for everything". I have used it as a sauce for vegetables and received many compliments on the new taste it gives them.

DELICIOUS SWEET POTATOES

- 3 cups mashed sweet potatoes
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup soft or melted butter
- 1/4 cup raisins
- 1/4 cup walnuts or pecans
- 1/3 tsp. salt
- Dash of nutmeg or cinnamon
- 1/4 lb. marshmallows

Mash the sweet potatoes, add sugar, spices, butter, and salt. Beat until light, then stir in raisins and nuts. Place in greased baking dish, dot with halved marshmallows and bake in a 350 degree oven until well heated through and marshmallows begin to brown. This should take about 20 minutes.

Sweet potatoes is not one of Oliver's favorite foods! When he saw me working at this recipe he said, "Not sweet potatoes!" However, he thought they were absolutely delicious and said he would eat them anytime if I fixed them this way. Now, does that make you want to try this recipe?



This picture of Arleigh was taken recently when she spent a weekend in Shenandoah.

RECIPES FROM ARLEIGH

Minneapolis, Minn. is home base for the Verness family, and living out on 24th Avenue South in the family home is a lively crew consisting of Russell's only brother Richard, his wife, Arleigh, and their five children — Richard Jr., Thomas, Boletta, Terrie and Jimmy, ranging in age from fifteen to three years.

It's highly doubtful that many women do more steady cooking, day in and day out, than Arleigh. In addition to her own family mentioned above, she also has her own mother and Mother Verness on deck, so three times a day there are nine people sitting down at the dining room table.

Lunch is a sketchy proposition, Arleigh says, but Richard does come home at noon (unusual in a big city) and there is always a meal of sorts. Supper is the main event, of course, and there is a huge meal topped with homemade desserts. (Juliana spent ten days there once and returned to report with awe: "You've never seen such wonderful food and so much of it, mother. Aunt Arleigh is a marvelous cook.")

In view of the fact Arleigh does so much cooking for a big family I thought it would be nice if she could share some of her recipes with us every month. I knew it would be quite a chore for her to get them down on paper, but she said she'd be happy to do this and was as good as her word: very shortly she sent the first two and some comments that I'll copy right here.

"We're having very hot weather in Minneapolis this July and I don't like to spend all day in a steaming kitchen, so I try and plan my supper in the morning and fix most of it then. This leaves me the afternoons to spend with the children in our yard or down at the lake.

"So much of the year we have to eat in the dining room that we make an extra effort to eat outdoors during these summer months. We have a picnic table and a charcoal burner and you can guess the number of hamburgers that are fixed by Richard

or the two big boys. I'll send you the potato salad we usually have with hamburgers, and then a goulash that I use all the year around, but is doubly useful these summer days since it can be baked in advance and reheated, or simply fixed on top of the stove and then reheated quickly when it's time to eat."

Potato Salad

6 cups cooked potatoes
3/4 cup salad dressing
1 Tbls. catsup
1/2 Tbls. prepared mustard
1 cup sliced radishes
6 hard cooked eggs
1/2 green pepper, diced
1 medium onion, diced
3 stalks celery, diced
Peel and dice potatoes that have been cooked and cooled. Add sliced radishes, 3 of the eggs finely chopped, green pepper, celery, onion salt and pepper to taste.

Mix catsup and mustard in salad dressing and blend in with the potatoes. Put in dish to serve and slice remaining eggs and lay around the top. Sprinkle with paprika and chill thoroughly.

I often make this and chill for 24 hours. This gives the different flavors a good chance to blend and it tastes better.

Goulash

2 pkgs. of creamettes
1 1/2 lbs. hamburger
3 stalks celery
2 medium onions, chopped
1 large can mushrooms (stems & pieces) drained
1 large can tomatoes
1 green pepper, diced
2 cans tomato paste
Salt and pepper to taste

While creamettes are boiling in salted water, lightly brown the celery, onions, green pepper and mushrooms in a heavy skillet in which you've melted 3 Tbls. vegetable shortening or margarine.

To this mixture add the hamburger, salt and pepper, and fry until the meat is done, stirring now and then to mix the vegetables through the meat. When creamettes are tender, drain and return to kettle. Add meat mixture, tomatoes, tomato paste, liquid from mushrooms, and blend thoroughly.

This is a good filling main dish that satisfies my crowd when I serve it with bread and butter, a crisp tossed salad, and ice cream with homemade cookies for dessert.

A VERY GOOD FRUIT DRESSING

2 eggs
1/2 cup pineapple juice
1 Tbls. white vinegar
1/2 cup sugar
1 Tbls. cornstarch
1/4 tsp. salt

Beat eggs with pineapple juice and vinegar. Then add combined cornstarch, sugar and salt. Cook in a heavy pan, stirring constantly, until thick. Cool. Fold in 2/3 cup of cream, whipped. This has a delicious flavor and is extra fine on any type of fruit salad.

EVELYN'S FAVORITE WATERMELON PICKLES

3 1/2 qts. prepared watermelon rind
Water to cover
8 tsp. alum
1 qt. vinegar
8 cups sugar
1 Tbls. whole cloves
2 sticks cinnamon

Trim off the green and pink parts of the rind and cut into cubes.

When you have 3 1/2 qts. prepared, cover with water and cook until just tender—about 20 minutes.

Add 8 tsp. alum to the water and let stand overnight. (If the weather is extremely hot and humid I keep the pan in the refrigerator.)

Drain, rinse thoroughly, drain and rinse again. Now add to the rind the vinegar, sugar and spices tied in a bag. Bring the syrup to a boil, stirring until the sugar dissolves. Remove from the heat and let stand overnight. Again bring to a boil and remove from the heat. This time let it stand for 5 days.

At the end of 5 days, remove the bag of spices and place cold pickles in jars, cover with the cold syrup and seal. Place a few drops of food coloring in each jar if desired. This is absorbed clear through each pickle. I used yellow, red and green for mine and enjoyed the variety of color.

This may all sound complicated when you just read it through, but each step in itself is very simple, it is not a hard pickle to make at all, and it is perfectly scrumptious.

SUMMER COCONUT BARS

1/2 cup butter or margarine
4 heaping Tbls. powdered sugar
1 cup all-purpose flour
3 large unbeaten eggs
2 Tbls. flour
3/4 cup coconut
1/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 cups light brown sugar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup nuts (optional)

Cream together the butter, sugar and 1 cup of flour and form into a ball. Then roll or pat to fit a 9 x 13 inch pan and bake 12-15 minutes at 350 degrees.

While this is baking combine all of the remaining ingredients. Pour over the crust, return to oven and bake until dry on top — about 25 minutes.

SUPERB DEVILED EGGS

6 hard-cooked eggs
1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
1 Tbls. grated horseradish
1 Tbls. chopped dill pickle
1 Tbls. chopped parsley
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. dry mustard
1/2 tsp. paprika

Halve eggs lengthwise. Mash yolks, add remaining ingredients and blend well. Fill white halves with mixture. Sprinkle a bit of paprika over the eggs if desired.

RUSSELL'S GARDEN NOTES

A famous garden writer once said August was the month to take it easy and enjoy the fruits of your labor.

I agree heartily that is a fine idea — if you have time.

There are important tasks that need attention during hot weather, and most of them should be done in the morning. This is better for the plants, as well as the gardener.

Roses need their last feeding during late July or early August. Then be sure to give them a good soaking afterwards so the fertilizer can get to their roots. All discolored leaves should be removed at this time, and a good spraying for insects and black spot should be done.

Everyone has his own ideas about fertilizers, of course, but I'm convinced that roses must be fed well if they are to produce a big quantity of beautiful blooms. Whenever I've gotten slack about feeding my roses, they show it right away. I can't go along with people who say that their roses do fine left alone. Mine don't.

Pansies and other biennial seeds can be planted now, and then moved to their permanent location when they have formed small bushy plants. Tulips and pansies are always a successful combination. Plant the tulips first, then place the pansies on top and cover them with straw or leaves that don't mat down after frost. This will keep them through the winter.

I try to give my hedges and shrubs their final pruning and shaping at this time of the year. It is usually enough for the balance of the season unless there are early fall rains.

This is also a good time to clean out old or dead canes from your climbing roses, and whatever iris you want to transplant should be moved in August.

But along with these jobs I've found that August is the best month to plan ahead for the next season. I make all my plans for the coming garden year while I'm pruning, spraying, transplanting, fertilizing and planting.

There are a number of things that MUST be planted in the fall such as tulips, hyacinths, etc., but peonies will grow much better if they are fall planted. I think of peonies as the mainstay of the garden. Even the smallest garden is not complete without the big, brilliant blooms of peonies in May and early June.

Red and pink peonies planted with spirea or mock-orange make a lovely combination, and few things are more beautiful than pink, red and white peonies planted with blue iris. The fall blooming *Clematis Paniculata* can be planted along with peonies and allowed to drape over them; this will give you fine bloom in the late season.

Aunt Helen Fischer (who first aroused my interest in gardening) had a beautiful section in her perennial border where she used white peonies and blue iris. I planted my first white peonies and blue iris together

(Continued on page 17)

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A SUMMER REPORT FROM OUR INDIANA DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

I've settled myself on the screen porch this morning with my typewriter and paper. Now if I can manage to keep my mind on this letter and not on the birds and the carpenters, all should go along quite well. Paul is back in bed for his morning nap and Katharine is outdoors scouting around for her daily find of wild flowers. She brings me the loveliest flowers I've ever seen. Some of them are true flowers but the majority are weeds of one type or another. However, we keep a cheese glass full of water on the kitchen window and I keep her loving contributions in this. What I need is a good pocket size guide to wild flowers so I can teach her what they are.

This screen porch is certainly a fine addition to our house. We spend so much time out here that the remainder of the house stays neat and clean. I believe that if Mother and Dad Driftmier had stayed with us for as long as a week this screen porch would have convinced Dad that he should go home and build a house for Mother all on one floor with a large attached screen porch. They enjoyed the porch as much as we do.

Our visit with the folks and Dorothy was too short, but the time they *were* here was lovely. Fortunately we had perfect weather so we ate all of our meals on the porch and then sat and visited the rest of the time. We didn't try to go places or do much while they were here, but the one outing we made was enjoyed by all.

My mother and sister Marjorie invited us to a brunch at Kilbuck Park and this was a rare treat. Not only was it the first picnic for all of us this summer, but it was the first picnic I have ever attended where the food was all laid out on a table and ready to eat when we arrived!

They had fixed orange juice, scrambled eggs and bacon, fried potatoes, Danish pastries, lots and lots of steaming black coffee and elegant coconut bars. These coconut bars are something very special — mother got the recipe from a neighbor whose husband is a retired baker. At least he's supposed to be retired but he just can't tear himself away from his bakery and retire completely. I'll send the recipe along with this letter and believe I'll call it "Summer Coconut Bars" to distinguish it from all the other coconut bar recipes you may have tried.

The four children (our two and Marjorie's two, the only Schneider grandchildren) certainly enjoyed that picnic. Katharine and Denny and Jimmy all ran up and down the hills to play on various pieces of park equipment and behind them, staggering under his thirty pound load, came breathless Paul! Dorothy and I took turns following him around the park while he ran off his energy trying to



Mary Beth's and Donald's new home in Anderson. They are fortunate to have such magnificent trees.

make believe he was also four years old.

I've really had very little opportunity to get to know my sisters-in-law but while Dorothy was here we had a good chance to get acquainted. I hope that the next time I have occasion to be a guest in someone's house I can leave her with the same feeling with which Dorothy left me! Any of you with small children know that having company is a busy time for a hostess and children don't lessen their demands at this particular time. However, with Dorothy Driftmier Johnson in the house I didn't feel the extra work of having company.

Each time a meal was ended Dorothy had the dishes cleared off the table and the washing process already under way by the time I had Paul and Katharine wiped clean. Working together we got the dishes washed, wiped, put away and before I could turn around Dorothy had hunted up the broom and swept away every crumb that had escaped from the table. She was equally helpful when the time came to prepare a meal and as a result we had long hours to sit on the porch with the whole family and visit. Katharine has a huge crush on her Aunt Dorothy now. While they were still here she pleaded with me to let her sleep with Aunt Dorothy and every chance she had to sit on her lap that was where I found her. After they had left Katharine informed me that she was going to be Aunt Dorothy from now on and help me around the house just like Aunt Dorothy.

This has been a time of drastic changes in our children. I mentioned last month that we had finally decided to give Paul a short hair cut but I couldn't seem to find the time to get it done. Finally, one Saturday when Donald was home I asked him to take care of it for me, and in the same breath I mentioned that I particularly wanted him to have a moderate butch cut and not one of these closely trimmed jobs that leaves little or no hair. However, Donald must have fallen asleep while the barber clipped because when I returned from buying groceries I was in for a terrific shock. They were waiting for me outside the barber shop and if they hadn't been standing side by side I would never have recognized my own son!

There stood a big, mature looking, bald-headed boy devoid of any appealing babyish looks. Donald couldn't understand why I felt so violently towards him and the barber. I was really sick. Paul had always had such

a neat looking hair cut with what the barber called a "Perry Como" cut that I was totally unprepared for this Alcatraz look. Fortunately, by the time Mother and Dad Driftmier arrived his hair had had several long weeks to grow out and he looked much less like a "little man" and more like a fourteen months old baby.

Katharine's hair had grown to such lengths that I decided it would be a kindness to her to have it trimmed. Every morning when we took off those rubber bands from her braids she would invariably end up in tears. And the process of washing and combing her hair was equally unpleasant. I took her to the beauty parlor that Katharine's Grandmother Schneider goes to (this is a luxury that I don't indulge in but hope to achieve some day) and the beautician agreed to cut her hair off gradually so I would have no regrets such as those I experienced with Paul. We finally ended up with a beautiful "Pixie" cut that frames Katharine's face with a fringe of short wavy wisps of hair and leaves her neck free of any long hairs. It's a lovely style and especially good for these hot summer days. In fact, I like it so much I'm very tempted to kick over the traces and whack off my pony tail and enjoy a cool summer hair style too! We cut Katharine's hair the day after Mother and Dad Driftmier left for Springfield, so the pictures taken while they were here won't show her "new look".

This time of year is certainly one of temptations in the markets. The fresh fruit and vegetables are so inviting that I have to be careful not to spend too much on groceries. We've been eating fresh strawberries and fresh pineapple separately and mixed together. The pineapples that are being shipped in these days are so sweet that they require almost no sugar, and of course the less sugar we are required to use on our foods, the more nutritious they are to eat. I was reading figures the other day concerning the amount of sugar consumed by the "average" person in a year's time and it was a phenomenal 100 pounds. That includes all the sugar in catsup and prepared cereals and all the other things that most of us wouldn't even consider as being a source of sugar. The more I learn about foods and their particular nutritional values or lack of values the more I wonder just how properly I am feeding my family.

It is nearly supper time. I've interrupted this letter with lunch and dishes and several lively hours of chasing Paul. I believe the fellow who said we should really stop feeding our children vitamins and instead give them to mother knew whereof he spoke. If Paul had less energy and I had more we would be on more of an equal par.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

An educational system isn't worth a great deal if it teaches young people how to make a living and doesn't teach them how to live.

A black and white photograph showing three men. On the left is an older man with a receding hairline, wearing a patterned shirt. In the center and on the right are two younger men, both with short hair and wearing patterned shirts. They are all smiling at the camera.

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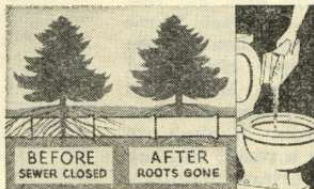
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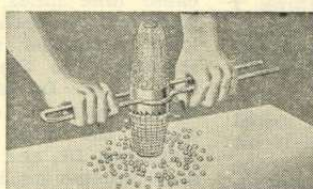
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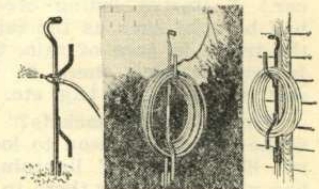
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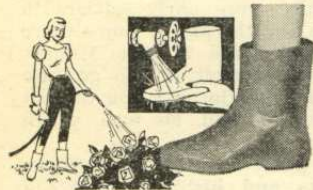
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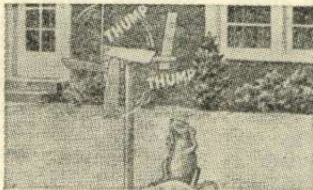
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MARGERY REPORTS ON AN INTERESTING WEEKEND

Dear Friends:

One of the nicest things about taking a trip is the reminiscing that comes afterwards when you drag out all the picture postcards and snapshots and literature and show them to your friends.

Oliver, Martin and I recently took a weekend trip to Keokuk, Iowa and Nauvoo, Illinois which we found most interesting and worthwhile. We are a very "history-minded" family and if you share this interest, then you should plan such an outing one day soon.

I picked up Oliver at his office on a Friday afternoon and we had driven several miles on Highway 2 when he asked me again if I had everything. (This was the first time Oliver had not personally supervised loading the car.) I started listing everything I had brought such as the raincoats in the trunk in case of rain, the heavy jackets hanging there in the back seat in the plastic bag, etc.

"Where are the jackets?" he asked as he turned his head to look. It hit me like a bolt of lightning — the bag *wasn't* hanging there in the back seat. I knew instantly, of course, that it was still hanging on the closet door at home. Fortunately, we hadn't driven very far so we turned around and returned for the jackets. Our neighbor was working in the yard when we first left the house and he was still there when we pulled into the driveway. He teased us a bit about our "short trip" and said that it was even shorter than we told him it would be!

Under way again, we made very good time for there was little traffic on the road at that time of day. As we drove along we ate the lunch I had packed so we didn't stop until the car needed servicing. When Oliver checked the map he remembered staying at a nice motel in Cantril, Iowa so we decided to stay there our first night out.

The next morning we were awake with the sun and on our way again, stopping for breakfast in Farmington, Iowa near the bridge that crosses the Des Moines river.

It must have been about 8:30 when we arrived at Keokuk. We had been informed that Lee County has a very active historical society and cooperates with the Keokuk Chamber of Commerce to offer conducted tours to historical homes and points of interest. We enjoyed our tour tremendously and were grateful to Mrs. Robert Kerr for giving so generously of her time.

Keokuk was established as an Indian trading post and was later named for Chief Keokuk who was friendly with the white settlers. His remains are buried beneath a monument erected in his honor in lovely Rand Park on a bluff edge overlooking the Mississippi river.



Martin and his dad, Oliver Strom, are great baseball fans and sit out many a game via radio.

There was considerable difficulty in navigating the river at this point because of the eleven miles of rapids above Keokuk. It was necessary to unload freight and haul it by wagon or transfer it to smaller boats, and this, of course, was a great hindrance to navigation. Consequently, in 1877 the Federal Government built a canal nine miles long and 250 feet wide with a depth of five feet. Three locks permitted raising boats from the lower to the upper river past the rapids. In 1913 the Mississippi River Power Co. completed the dam across the river from Keokuk to Hamilton, Ill., and as a result Keokuk soon became an important manufacturing center.

A badly needed new lock was completed in 1957. It is the longest on the upper river and will accommodate many barges, thus relieving the serious traffic bottleneck that formerly existed. It can be filled or emptied in only 10 minutes, an operation we watched when a dozen barges were passed through the lock. Martin was so fascinated we could scarcely leave, for another was awaiting its turn and he would have liked to watch the procedure all over again. However, the steamboat, the *Addie May*, was to leave before long for a four-hour cruise on the river and we couldn't be late.

We joined the Iowa State Historical Society for this cruise. Many details of history were announced over the loud speaker as we passed the first Iowa schoolhouse and the historic towns of Montrose and Nauvoo. It was a pleasure to meet Captain Andresen, a pilot of many years' experience on the river.

After docking again a short distance above Hamilton, Ill., we drove up to Nauvoo where we found convenient lodging at a motel and had a delightful meal at the Hotel Nauvoo, a former Mormon home built in 1840. We were weary from the day's activities so we went to bed early.

The next morning we got up again with the sun and since it was so very early we obtained a map and literature and struck out on our own rather than taking the free guided tour of this historical town. However, we don't recommend this idea for some of the homes are open to the public and we regret that we weren't able to go into them on a guided tour.

After a hearty breakfast we drove north of Nauvoo to Fort Madison and

crossed the river back into Iowa. Then we did something we had long wanted to do: visit Bentonsport on the Des Moines river. This little town is 120 years old and was once a thriving community, but today it is almost deserted. Most of the buildings that now stand are in use, and we were particularly interested in the Mason House which was built in 1846.

During the Des Moines river steamboat era the Mason House was a busy inn and as we went through the house we could almost see the old steamboat captains and imagined we could hear the swish of the ladies' skirts as they walked through the parlor. My! such beautiful antiques—I was beside myself with enthusiasm and we were full of a thousand questions about unfamiliar pieces of equipment, especially in the kitchen. Have you ever seen an old copper-lined bathtub that folded down out of the wall? Well, we saw one at the Mason House! Many of the original furnishings are still there. Some of them had been stored in the house all these years and many pieces had been returned to the home by members of the family when they learned that the house was to be a historical museum.

The post office next door (the seventh post office in Iowa) is a fine example of beautiful Steamboat Gothic architecture. It was built in 1852 of solid walnut with vertical siding and was constructed originally as a home.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kelland Redhead bought the Mason house a few years ago and are to be commended on the renovation they have done on the house and the pleasing way in which it has been kept to period. Mr. Redhead's family were early settlers in Des Moines and the family home there is the oldest home in Des Moines. Space doesn't permit me to go into more detail but I do urge you to visit Bentonsport. It will be well worth your while.

When I gave a program on Iowa State parks and historical sights I made a vow to myself that I would do all I could to see as many of them as possible, for it is important to know your own state well. When we planned this little trip we realized that we could also see two more state parks, Lacey-Keosauqua on the beautiful Des Moines river and Lake Wapello, both short distances from Highway 2. We found them lovely parks with cabins, swimming, boating and fishing. We had no time to see all there was to see, of course, but we did stop long enough for Martin to take short swims at each.

It was a short trip, yes, and we came home tired, but with so much to think about for we had seen and learned a great deal. We've added to our postcard collection and our photograph album, as well as to our list of friends; for indeed people are wonderful and helpful and interesting wherever you go. This all makes for pleasant memories for days to come.

Sincerely,

Margery



We laughed when we saw this picture of Scott and Jody Smith of Hastings, Nebr. (their parents are Mr. and Mrs. Mel Smith), because all the youngsters in our family have kept this much "stuff" in their rooms. Incidentally, the kitten is alive!

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

You cannot sprinkle perfume on another without getting a few drops on yourself. Prove this to yourself by doing something nice for some of these shut-ins. It works!

Mrs. Ida Gerard, 119 Edwards St., Kewanee, Ill. is 84. She has arthritis in her hips and legs and is unable to walk but can use her hands. Her hobby is making rugs by crocheting neckties together. She wants oodles of neckties, so this is a good opportunity to dispose of some of the ties your husband doesn't want.

Miss Marie Greiner, 3 Lincoln Way East, Jeannette, Pa. has been bedfast for a long time. She can move very little and is not able to write at all, but loves to get mail.

Miss Leona Mae Hoksbergen, Marion County Home, Knoxville, Iowa is 43. She had polio when she was just a child and has not been able to walk since then. She cannot use her hands much. Mail would be enjoyed.

Mrs. Grace Burt, 10 Main St., Montague City, Mass. has arthritis and is not able to get about at all. She can write a little with a typewriter if someone tapes her wrists to hold them steady. She has asthma and is unable to lie down — must even sleep sitting up. Please write to her.

Miss Odella Roderigues, 167 Davis St., New Bedford, Mass. has had another round of surgery. She needs quantities of old white cloths for bandages. Some of you eastern folks might help with that.

Mrs. Anna Richie, 1114 Hathaway, Yakima, Wash. lost her husband recently. He had been sick a long time and she had the entire care of him until she took sick herself and was in the hospital at the time of his death. She is so lonely now and needs cheery letters.

Mrs. Josie Kelley, Rt. 1, Box 335b, Pine Bluff, Ark. is 71. She fell and broke her hip and will be laid up for some time. Mail would be appreciated.

Miss Ada Lumb, 90 Congress St., Apt. 21, Lowell, Mass. would like to hear from you. She is 65, deaf and does not get out much.

Mrs. J. Leonard, 1728 Second Ave., Minneapolis 3, Minn. is very lonely. She is elderly and alone and recently had to move far from her home and friends. Will you write to her?

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SMORGASBORD

Box 367

Essex, Iowa

RUSSELL'S GARDEN NOTES—Concluded

after I first saw how stunning the combination was in her garden.

Blue and white flowers are about the most refreshing colors you can have in the garden in late summer. Old fashioned larkspur in these shades, plus white phlox and blue platycodon will give you drifts of cool color. White alysium makes the perfect edging plant.

Another combination we've enjoyed for years is the New Dawn climbing rose (a pale pink that is one of Lucile's great favorites) with a large flowered blue clematis. They will both bloom all summer if you remove the flowers when they fade.

If you combine these two beauties, be sure you plant blue and white hyacinths at their base so that you have bloom from early spring on. We've had this combination of hyacinths, pink roses and blue clematis along the back of our house for many years, and plan to duplicate it when the new addition is completed.

A TOUR OF LINCOLN LAND—Concluded

least for the adults of the clan, the highlight of the entire trip.

We were very fortunate to enter the Tomb just as a large group of Negro students from a Chicago school were going in. We listened as the guide explained to the wide-eyed high school class the story of the Tomb's design and later renovations.

When these young colored people entered the tomb room a hush fell; then softly they began to sing. It was a beautiful song, a hymn of liberty; it rose and increased in depth and volume, enhanced by their rich resonant voices. They sang three heart-touching verses and then all was still. One of the girls stepped forward with a beautiful wreath. She expressed their love for Abraham Lincoln and all he meant to their race. To show that appreciation they had come to this hallowed place to bring a wreath.

With expressions of reverence on their young faces the young people turned and, softly humming, left the tomb of their emancipator.

It was a precious moment which we were proud to share.

You cannot teach a man anything; you can only teach him to find it within himself.

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A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

Dear Friends, Old and New:

Every year when August rolls around we like to tell you how things are going with our Kitchen-Klatter magazine. Other magazines don't see any reason for making a report to their readers, but Kitchen-Klatter isn't like other magazines — never has been and never will be.

On the whole, things are humping along on a fairly even keel. We have our problems, of course, and some of them really stir us up. It was a dark day, for instance, when the machine that addresses this magazine finally rattled its last gasp and HAD to be replaced . . . no choice at all.

It wasn't a hilarious day either when postal rates increased. This added expense made a big difference to us since we use thousands and thousands of cards to notify you folks when your subscription expires, to say nothing of paying all postage on premiums, nursery stock, etc. We use a postal meter here in our office and sometimes it seems to us it is just like a big hungry dog — everytime we turn around it has its mouth open for another handout and these handouts each cost \$100.00.

All in all, everything that goes into Kitchen-Klatter has shot up again in price and we're left using our wits to figure out how to pare expenses and not charge anymore for the magazine. (There's a classic phrase used by a lot of people these days when they tote up big price increases and look at the dreary figures: "Additional costs must be passed on to the consumer." In plain, everyday language these high falutin' words boil down to the simple fact that everyone who buys whatever it is, will pay more for it. This seems to be the only answer a lot of people can find to their thorny problems, and I guess we're sort of peculiar because we don't jump into line and follow the leader.)

At any rate, we're plugging away at cutting every possible expense and if you'll pitch in and help us we think we'll be able to keep Kitchen-Klatter going out for \$1.50 per year. That's our big goal. (Confidentially, we'd like to be remembered someday as the family in Iowa that held the fort against inflation.)

Now, the first way you can help us a lot is to get your renewal in before we have to remind you. Maybe you think we've talked about this a good many times, but it makes more difference now than it ever has before.

Every issue of your magazine has on it the date when your subscription expires. Please look at it and take action without waiting for us to stir you up. By the time we've bought the card, paid to have it printed, and met the payroll every week for the girls who work so hard trying to keep everything up to snuff in the files, it costs us close to 12¢ to get that card into your hands. You can see for yourself why we feel we just can't keep sending several reminders—and

how much it would help if we didn't need to send any.

The second fact of life is this:

Everyone reading these words will give *someone* a gift during the year that lies ahead. Now how could you ever send *anything* for only \$1.50 that would give more solid pleasure than a year's subscription to Kitchen-Klatter? If you could read just one day's mail from all over this country, plus many remote countries where missions are established, you'd know how much our unassuming magazine means to people who are homesick for steady, solid things.

(Right here we want to say a very special and heartfelt "thank you" to those of you who have sent in so many gift subscriptions. We have friends who renew every year for their daughters and daughters-in-law, friends who start Kitchen-Klatter for all the young brides they want to encourage in homemaking, and countless friends who see to it that their minister's wife always gets her magazine. We want you to know we're very much aware of your efforts and truly appreciative.)

You might think off-hand that it would just add to our expenses to have more copies printed, but it doesn't work that way. If we had only 10,000 copies turned off the big press every month your Kitchen-Klatter subscription would cost so much you probably couldn't manage it at all. The bigger our mailing list, the better chance we have of getting Kitchen-Klatter to you for \$1.50 per year.

Well, that's the way the picture looks from home base here in Shenandoah.

We're depending on you folks to get your renewals in without being prodded, and we're also depending upon you to give at *least one* gift subscription. We've had some nice cards printed to send to the person who is to receive the magazine, and we write on it exactly what you want us to write — don't use a typewriter for these messages but write them in long hand.

As I said at the beginning, other magazines don't breathe a word to their readers about the way things are going, but we figure that you folks are really interested in knowing what's what. This is why we like to stop in August and bring you up to date. We think you're entitled to know how we're making out.

So . . . can you help us with these two situations we've explained? We feel a tremendous responsibility to get Kitchen-Klatter out to you every month just as long as God grants us the strength to do so, and with your help we're sure we can.

—The Kitchen-Klatter Family

Sufficient to today are the duties of today. Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

LESSON IN LOVE

I once heard tell
of the finding in Pompeii
of a little invalid child
whose body had lain buried in
volcanic ash
for nearly two thousand years.

The mother, a woman of nobility,
had had opportunity to escape and
save herself,
but she had gone back
to rescue her helpless boy,
and all through these years
her mother's arm has lain there . . .
preserved under the child she
died to save.
A mute and tender token
of deathless love.

So, in greater fashion,
through the confusions of the
world,
the din and noise of our busy,
material lives,
the darkness and mystery of time
and space,

The Everlasting Arms of the Love of
God
are underneath us,
And He is with us
in our pains and our struggles,
our follies and our sins,
Striving to put His image on us
And to make us in fact
Children of God!

—Rufus Jones

MY HOUSE

Some folks boast a neat house,
A well-kept and complete house,
With rugs and chairs where they
Belong in apple-pie array.
With every book and every vase
Within its own appointed place,
With every paper folded and not a
one astray.

But my house is a used house,
A battered and abused house;
It isn't gay and shining for stranger
folk to see.

There's a well-worn air about it,
But don't you ever doubt it—
Every scratch and mar and wrinkle
Makes it home, sweet home to me!

—Unknown

KRISTIN'S LETTER—Concluded

My fifth year of club work was highlighted by my trip to State Convention where I said "The Country Girl's Creed" that was written by my great Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh. You may remember reading about this in one of my letters last summer.

I've held many offices during my 4-H work, and each year my record book and expense account book won blue ribbons.

It won't be too long now before I enter the Chariton high school for my junior year. When I write again I'll tell you what courses I am taking.

Sincerely your friend,

Kristin

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 15¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Note changes in deadlines very carefully.

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WRITE for Iris price list. **Mary Hoback**, Avoca, Nebraska.

PRETTY, popular metallic doilies, 1½" wheat-pineapple, \$1.85; 10" strawberry, \$1.25. **R. Kiehl**, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

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Every day I eat the right foods, I know I will be here tomorrow to live the right way another day. Pain is your body talking to you. I learned what foods and drinks caused all my miseries and I knew they were doing the same thing to millions of others who should know. It is so simple.

I did not rest until I found a way of telling others how simple and easy it was to eat my way to wonderful Health I am enjoying.

I was the Guinea pig for 3 years to learn my food facts the hard way. In what I call my 750 word letter, I tell you all the foods and drinks I quit to have such wonderful health, correct weight and eye sight. I never expect to need glasses. No Catarrh or bad breath. Thank the Lord you have read this and write me your ailments, I will explain 750 word letter of food facts and how little it will cost you. Rush your air mail letter to me today and say you saw my ad in Kitchen-Klatter. No post cards please. I can help you.

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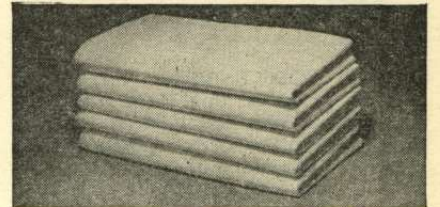
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Send \$1.50 for each one year subscription to Kitchen-Klatter
Shenandoah, Iowa. (Please print names and addresses.)

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Address

Name

Address

Name

Address

TO THOSE I LOVE

If I should ever leave you whom I love
 To go along the Silent Way, grieve not,
 Nor speak to me with tears, but laugh and talk
 Of me as if I were beside you, for Who knows but that I shall be often times?
 I'd come, I'd come, could I but find a way!
 But would not tears and grief be barriers?
 And when you hear a song I used to sing
 Or see a bird I love—let not the thought
 Of me be sad, for I am loving you
 Just as I always have . . . You were so good
 To me . . . So many, many things I wanted still
 To do . . . So many, many things to say to you . . .
 Remember that I did not fear . . . It was
 Just leaving you I could not bear to face . . .
 We cannot see Beyond . . . But this I know:
 I loved you so—'Twas Heaven here with you.

(Note: This beautiful verse was sent to us by a long time friend in Des Moines who found it in her sister's Bible following her death. We do not know the name of the author, but it is a verse so filled with meaning for those who have suffered grievous loss that surely the writer would be happy to have it in the hands of all people who stand so desperately in need of comfort.)

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

fact, it's just the other way around.

On the day before we left Springfield we had family pictures taken and since I saw the proofs before we left I can tell you that the photographer got a very good picture of Mary Leanna at the piano. We'll have these pictures for the September issue—couldn't get the proofs finished in time for this number because the photographer had to leave town immediately after he sent us the proofs.

Next month I'd like to tell you more about our Springfield stop, and then go on with our trip to see Martha at Westfield, our stay in Washington, etc., but I've taken up more space than I should right now and must say goodbye. Dorothy asked me to tell you that she'd write her letter to you next month. She had so much to do when she got back that she said she'd better skip this issue and was sure you would understand.

Always sincerely,

Leanna

It is not doing the things we like to do but liking the things we have to do, that makes life Blessed.—Goethe

YOUR RADIO CAN BRING US TOGETHER!

Tune in to Kitchen-Klatter every morning over the following stations:

WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 730 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
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Leanna, Lucile and Margery

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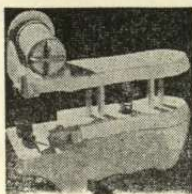
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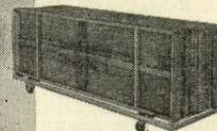
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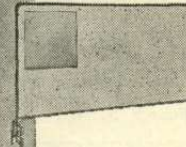
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 Just us four
 And no more.

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