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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

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SEPTEMBER, 1958

NUMBER 9



Photo by Bob Dyer, Anderson, Indiana

*Three years old! Katharine Driftmier and her only cousins on her mother's side of the house, James and Dennis Moroney. This was Katharine's first party and her parents certainly put their hearts into it!*

MISS JOSIE PFANNERBECKER  
RF 1 BOX 146 MAR 59  
SIGOURNEY IOWA





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:

On this page you will read an announcement that we are surely happy to make.

Monday, September 1st, is going to be a real Red Letter day for us because we'll once again be in touch with old friends who say they've missed our daily radio visits, and naturally we look forward to making new friends. If you have friends and relatives whom you think would enjoy listening to Kitchen-Klatter, pass on the word that beginning September 1st they can hear us over KWOA in Worthington, Minnesota.

We may turn out to have as hot and dry an August as it is possible to have in our section of the country, but at the time I am writing this I can say that we've surely had rain, rain and more rain. When I think what has happened in countless towns I feel that we were blessedly spared here in Shenandoah. There was a time when it looked as if the Nishnabotna river would come up into town, but it stopped just about at the city limits.

Many, many of you friends were severely affected by all these floods in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas, and I want you to know that you've crossed our minds many times. I've never had the experience of cleaning up after a flood, but it must be a very disheartening job. And such a dirty job too.

Sister Martha is now at the Mercy Hospital in Des Moines and several times a week I get cheery notes from her. She made the trip up there in fine condition with her son Bob and was soon comfortably settled at the hospital where she could have the daily attention of the Des Moines surgeon who operated on her hip. We don't know how long she will be there, of course, but if it stretches over several weeks Mart and I will try to drive up to see her.

Because of the constant bad weather we finally gave up all plans to go and visit Donald and his family in Anderson, Indiana. Just as soon as it half-way cleared up at this end, they had bad storms at that end, so we decided to stop thinking about it until early autumn.

I made up the lovely sampler that you probably noticed on page 18 of our July issue and had expected to take it with me (I was very anxious to see

with my own eyes how it looked above Paul's crib), but Mart wrapped it and mailed it for me when we came to the conclusion we couldn't go. The colors in it were lovely, and at the bottom I embroidered Paul Martin Driftmier in the space allotted for it. Mary Beth says she considers it a real heirloom for their new baby.

Many of you friends were kind enough to clip from your papers the item about my niece, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger. She was honored as the outstanding garden writer in the nation at a banquet held by the American Seed Trade Association in St. Louis, Mo. In this issue we are using the picture snapped just as True D. Morse, Undersecretary of Agriculture, awarded her the statuette, and I cannot help but think how much pleasure and gratification both Helen and Fred would have felt if only they could have lived long enough to be present when such an honor was given to their daughter.

We expect Gretchen in town shortly to look after details concerned with the family home. She makes many trips to Topeka, Kansas to take care of her responsibilities as garden editor of Household magazine, and although most of the time she takes a plane, there are other times when she drives and then she can stop and see us.

Sister Jessie is now in Palo Alto, California visiting her daughter Ruth and family. Ruth has four little girls and they have a mighty happy time when Grandma Shambaugh comes to spend several weeks with them. Just before Jessie went away she had her other little granddaughters, Cindy and Stacey Shambaugh of Des Moines, with her for an old-fashioned summer visit to Grandma's. Next month we want to show you some pictures of Jessie and her grandchildren.

Recently we had some new wrought iron railings installed beside the front steps at our house. When we ordered them we thought that Fred Fischer would find them helpful, but since they had to be made to fit certain specifications, they weren't delivered in time for Fred to find them useful. But Mart says he'll get a lot of good out of them, and I'm sure he will. I've noticed how many, many homes have these wrought iron railings and it is certainly a big help to people as they get older, or to anyone of any age who has a handicap.

## GOOD NEWS!

Jump up right now and mark your calendar—put a circle around Monday, September 1. On that day we'll start bringing our daily Kitchen-Klatter visit to you over radio station KWOA in Worthington, Minn. (730 on your dial) at 9:30 A. M. We're happy to be in touch again with old friends and look forward to making many new friends. Kitchen-Klatter is also heard over WJAG, Norfolk, Nebr. (780 on your dial) at 10:00 A. M.; KFEQ, St. Joseph, Mo. (680 on your dial) at 9:00 A. M.; KWBG, Boone, Ia. (1590 on your dial) at 10:30 A. M. After Sept. 1st, the Boone station will bring you Kitchen-Klatter at 9:00 A. M.

Margery and Martin had a grand vacation in Denver with Wayne, Abigail and the children—she'll tell you about some of it in her letter. Howard and Mae haven't decided yet where they will go in the latter part of August. Lucile asked me to tell you folks that she had so much to do rounding up things so they could get away that she couldn't write her usual letter this month, but next month she'll tell you about some of their experiences. She and Russell, plus Juliana and Kristin, are now in Nova Scotia with Frederick and his family.

Aside from visiting nieces and nephews, this has been a very quiet summer at our house. One day follows another, all pretty much alike. We're thankful to be able to get up in the morning and take care of things that must be done. And when it hasn't been raining we've enjoyed some nice little drives around the countryside.

Your letters are the high spot of the day for me. I can't write in return as I would like to do, but I'm sure you understand how this is. I hope we can be friends for many years to come.

Affectionately yours,

*Leanna*

## MY ALTAR

I have worshiped in churches and chapels,  
I've prayed in busy streets,  
I have sought my God and found Him  
Where the waves of His ocean beat;  
I have knelt in the silent forest  
In the shade of some ancient tree,  
But the dearest of all my altars  
Was raised at my Mother's knee.

I have listened to God in His temple,  
I've caught His voice in the crowd,  
I have heard Him speak where the  
breakers  
Were booming long and loud;  
When the winds play soft in the  
treetops  
My Father has talked to me,  
But I never heard Him clearer  
Than I did at my Mother's knee.

—Unknown



## DING! DONG! DING! DONG!

By

Mabel Nair Brown

*September and School!* My! it seems as if it's time for school to start before busy mothers can hardly realize summer is here, let alone get relaxed! It's time too for church groups and clubs to begin another round of activities, so why not plan a strictly "for fun" party for the first September meeting? When people have a good time they are also in good spirits, and this sets a happy keynote for the busy schedules that lie ahead.

It would be hilarious if all members came costumed in the school day garb of their youth, or at least a reasonable facsimile thereof. But many groups aren't enthusiastic about appearing in anything but their usual clothes, so in this event perhaps the hostesses can help add spice to the atmosphere by appearing in school day attire.

## Decorations

The things suggested here can be utilized in a church basement or parlor (if your group meets in these places) or in a private home.

Do see if you can possibly locate one of the old bells once used in all rural schools, tie it on a string and hang beside the door. Each guest rings it to announce her arrival, and all guests who are "tardy" will be handed slips of paper with some "punishment" written on the inside. These laggards must stay after school" and do such jobs as carry dishes to kitchen, return chairs to usual place or return borrowed chairs, sweep or vacuum the "school room", etc.

Big strips of black crepe paper or pieces of stiff black poster paper make fine blackboards for wall decorations. Use white chalk to write appropriate assignments (arithmetic problems, English diagrams, etc.) and games such as "Old Cat" and "Tic Tac Toe", etc. Of course you will want a giant sized dunce cap because it can be used in a variety of ways to provide merriment for the party.

Small blackboards, dunce caps, pencils, books and an "Apple for the teacher" can be arranged attractively around a huge bowl of grapes. Miniature black boards or slates are easy to make and are fine tray favors.

To make the slates, cut bias stripes of red and white striped cotton print, or use striped bias tape and glue to bind the edges to black paper slates. Each slate can carry the name of the guest in white ink. Another suggestion is to cut large red apples from art paper, glue on green leaves and stem and use as a cover for a little program booklet. This program can carry the names of the officers with the president listed as Superintendent, vice president listed as principal, etc., and the day's class schedule outlining entertainment. It doesn't take much time to turn out such little details and they add a great deal to the feeling of festivity.

Additional wall decorations can be made by playing up the idea of the Four "R's": *Readin', 'Ritin', 'Rithmetic*



Cousin Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and True D. Morse, Undersecretary of Agriculture. In Mother's letter she tells you why this picture was taken.

and *Romance*. From brown paper you could cut large book covers and put the four titles on them — these can be placed on the wall in such a way they frame a copy of the sheet music "School Days".

## Entertainment

Many groups always have a luncheon (probably covered dish) for their first September meeting; other groups simply have refreshments on their usual schedule after the business and program have been finished.

In any event, ring the bell loudly to announce the program when the right time has arrived.

"Opening exercises" will consist of everyone standing to give the Pledge of Allegiance to our flag, followed by group singing of "America". The "teacher" (program chairman) should not overlook a poor performance and will ask that these exercises be repeated, if necessary!

Following this, the teacher announces that the different classes will now begin.

**READING:** Teacher lines up several of the "star" pupils, calls them to the front and has them repeat after her some tongue-tangling tongue twisters. Other pupils are encouraged to urge them on to greater speed! Those who fail to meet teacher's requirements must be sent to the foot of the class, or sent to stand in the corner with their faces to the wall.

Here are some twisters to try: "Two toads teetotally trying to trot to Trixburg"; "Ten tiny tots trying to train their tongues to trill"; "Sister Susie's sewing several shirts for soldiers"; and the great old classic "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers".

Following this, ask each guest to stand when his turn comes and recite a different nursery rhyme, leaving out every fourth word. If he fails, he must wear the dunce cap. (This will be passed around frequently, needless to say!)

**DRAMATICS:** In advance, assign some member to give with elaborate gestures and great emotional fervor one of the old readings so popular at

the turn of the century. Such material can be located at the public library or in some old school text or book of poetry.

All of the students should participate in "Dramatics", so it is the perfect time to practice coming in right on cue by having "The Fidget Family". This appeared in Kitchen-Klatter four years ago, but we will reprint it here so that no one will need to search around for a copy.

On slips of paper write the names of each person in the story and pass around to every student. The teacher will read the story, and every time a name is mentioned the person (or persons, since several may have the same name if the group is large), stands up, turns around twice and then sits down. The people who get the slips reading "Moll" and "Doll" must stand up, imitate a horse's neigh and then sit down. (People who have used this, report that it was a hilarious success, so be sure you include it in your *Dramatics* lesson.)

## The Fidget Family

Once upon a time there was a family named Fidget. There were Ma, Pa, Pearlle, Freddie, Sammy, Johnny, Bridget, Maggie, the Twins and the Baby.

One day Pa said to Ma, "Suppose we hitch up Moll and Doll to the wagon and go spend the day with Grandma and Grandpa. What would you think of that?"

Ma said it would be all right, and she would get Johnny, Sammy, Bridget, Pearlle, Maggie, Freddie, the Twins and the Baby ready while Pa hitched up old Moll and Doll to the wagon so they could all go to see Grandma and Grandpa.

It took a long time to get everyone ready because the Twins wouldn't put on their shoes and socks, but finally they were all settled in the wagon — and then Ma forgot her pocketbook. So Pa stopped old Moll and Doll, and Johnny and Sammy jumped out of the wagon and ran in to hunt Ma's pocketbook. They soon found it and then they ran out and climbed into the wagon.

Pa started old Moll and Doll again and the whole family headed for Grandpa's and Grandma's, but Pa drove so fast that the Twins fell out, and Maggie and Bridget screamed, and Pearlle and Freddie and the baby cried.

Pa stopped old Moll and Doll and sent Johnny and Freddie back to get the Twins, and there they were beside the road howling their heads off. Johnny and Freddie made the Twins run to get into the wagon and Ma helped them get settled again.

Once again Pa started up old Moll and Doll, and when they finally arrived at Grandpa's and Grandma's house, Johnny, Sammy, Freddie, Bridget, Maggie, Pearlle and the Twins jumped out. Then Ma climbed down with the Baby on one arm and her pocketbook hanging over the other arm.

Grandpa and Grandma came running to meet them. Grandpa helped Pa unhitch old Moll and Doll from

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## THEY HAD A BIRTHDAY PARTY AT NUMBER THREE WILLOW ROAD!

Dear Friends:

Summer is supposedly a time when folks go away on vacations, when clubs and organizations stop meeting and activities slow to a creep to accommodate the heat and humidity, but I'm still waiting for our activities to slow up.

It doesn't seem reasonable that this is mid-summer already. Donald's choir group at church is on vacation until September, but even so we never get a chance to sit down on the back porch and enjoy our yard. Before we know it the time will be approaching when we'll have to start thinking about Christmas and early sewing!

We're having a nice summer right here at home this year. Our landlord very generously agreed to help us paint the living room, so he and Donald undertook the task and we certainly look much nicer now. Mr. Riedner not only came out and spent one whole day heaving furniture and working hard but he bought the paint, which was surely above and beyond the requirements of landlords. We now have a rich dusty-rose color on the walls of the living room with a nice clean white ceiling. There was just enough rose color left that we were able to mix it with lots of white paint and give Katharine's bedroom a coat of delicate, pale pink.

I can't think of any other one thing a person can do to a room that makes it look fresher and cleaner than new paint. I can now boast having two rooms house-cleaned, which is no major accomplishment considering how small our apartment is, but with no guilty conscience on my part I manage to keep good and busy. I have yet to figure out a time to iron Donald's white shirts and the family ironing at some hour other than in the evening. But every week that passes brings fewer and fewer attentions that Paul requires so I feel certain that my schedule will get easier instead of harder.

Paul has started his immunization program and I'm greatly relieved to have his first Polio shot behind us. In the next week or so he will get his first triple shot against Whooping Cough, Diphtheria and Tetanus, and then later his Smallpox vaccination. He has begun to express his approval and disapproval of the variety of foods that I attempt to spoon into him! The sweet fruits and nice cereal he heartily approves of but the grainy texture of the strained meats and unusual taste of vegetables isn't quite as attractive so he blows and bubbles these foods down his chin.

However, despite all the food that never gets into his stomach, he is continuing to charge ahead in the growth department. He is now 5 inches longer than he was on March 25th and he has doubled his birth weight. I've been putting him in the play pen several times each day with the hope that he'll learn to be content in it by the time it is necessary



This is the lollipop tree Mary Beth and Donald fixed for Katharine's party. Those youngsters must have been astonished when they first saw it!

to keep him corralled there for his safety, but bending over the high side of the play pen and lifting 19 pounds of uncooperative weight is beginning to take its toll of my back muscles. I'm certain that before long I will have developed muscles in my arms comparable to those of any professional wrestler.

Paul is developing so rapidly! I know it is no more rapid than Katharine's development, but I suppose I had forgotten how quickly they emerge from the completely helpless state of infancy. I've dug out the little baby rattles and plastic beads and balls and washed them and they provide hours of entertainment. We can hold a small rattle out to him and with the deftness of an expert he flashes a hand out and grasps it securely and pops it into his mouth with a look I'm sure I recognize as "Oh boy, food!". Certainly he chews them as though they were nourishing!

Another of his accomplishments is that of trying to turn over. He works like a trooper getting from this stomach to his back but he has never yet mastered the task. I have to check the urge to give him an assist with my hand because he scoots the end of his nose or cheek all over the mattress as he tries to flop over and almost rubs the skin off. He has apparently decided that the early morning hours when the birds are waking up are the nicest hours in the day so he grunts and groans working to turn over and then begins a period of exercises guaranteed to waken anyone in the same room—namely Donald and me!

At the side of his crib Donald attached a metal elbow which projects up and over the bed and from this hangs on tiny black strings eight bright stuffed plastic birds with shiny wide wings. At the slightest touch they will turn in a complete circle or swing back and forth so these entertain our boy until six o'clock. Nevertheless, all this activity

has been driving Donald from his bed recently. It seems he can't ignore the squeals of delight from Paul as the birds slap and thud against the wall, so he has been greeting the paper boy early and reading the Herald until time to get dressed for work.

Paul now holds his head up well enough without support that I've been sitting him in the baby jumper. By tying a diaper around his tummy and back through the canvas of the seat he is able to sit happily for a surprisingly long time. Katharine enjoys sitting on the floor in front of him and entertaining him with noisy beads. I cautioned her against bouncing him too vigorously but one day while I had stepped out of the room she bounced him harder than I had expected and in true boy fashion he cackled with delight. I forsee a rough-neck boy in the making when I see the pleasure he derives from anything even mildly wild.

We had our first birthday party for Katharine and it seemed to be a successful one. Nobody came down with any communicable diseases the following day, the sun shone bright and beautifully, nobody fell off the climbing tower and Katharine was quite impressed to be in the desirable position of first importance after having relinquished this position to the new baby.

We have an ideal yard for an outside party and I listened closely to the weather forecast in hopes that we could have the affair outdoors. Originally the party was planned for eight children ranging in age from a year and a half to seven and I invited each little child's mother to come so I would not have to supervise all the activities and feeding of the kiddies. As it ended up, the morning of the party there were twelve children coming! A good friend of mine was in town for a visit and I knew she would like to visit with everyone so I invited her and her two boys.

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## FROM MY DESK

By

Leanna

Every now and then a letter comes to my desk that I simply don't feel able to answer in any way, and at such times it seems to me that many heads are better than one. This was certainly true last winter when I felt so perplexed about trying to give my opinion to the very unhappy young woman who had become despondent about her relationship to her husband's mother and sisters. I felt that the various viewpoints you friends expressed gave a far clearer idea of what could be done than only my one opinion could have given.

(Everyone who took such an interest in that situation will be happy to know that things have improved tremendously for the young woman. She put many of the suggestions into action and they worked. It paid, you see, to take time to think about someone else's problem and to write about it.)

Now I have another letter that worries me. I might say too that you'd be surprised how many similar problems occur on every hand. If you could see the letters that have been written to me on this subject you'd realize that comparable situations occur over and over again. But the fact that they do occur so frequently doesn't make it any easier to give advice.

That's why I'd like to have you put your mind to this letter and see what you think is a reasonable course of action. And I'd appreciate it too if you'll write on the outside of the envelope: To Leanna's Desk. It takes time to write letters of this kind and that's why we will pay \$10.00 per letter for any that are printed in future issues. (Needless to say, we won't print your name or address.)

Dear Leanna:

I never thought the day would come when I'd write such a letter but things have reached the point where I just don't know which way to turn. I hope you can help me.

My husband and I are in our fifties and times have been hard for us since we have only 120 acres and went through two years of crop failures. We don't have money to put into big scale farming and my husband's health (he has arthritis) is so poor we can hardly manage 120 acres. Our three daughters are married and live on the West Coast.

I am the oldest of six children, all of them living within 150 miles of our home place. My father died twelve years ago and while he was alive we didn't have any of the troubles that have come upon us. He treated us all just alike and was as honest and fair as anyone could ever hope to be.

After he died, my mother said that she didn't want to live there alone so my brother, next to me in age, said he'd move on to the home place with his family and things would go right along as usual. This seemed to all of us like a good idea because mother wanted to stay on her farm — said she'd want to visit all of us through

the year but wanted her permanent home on the farm. There are 420 acres of good land on the home place and she told us that Ed would operate it on a 50-50 arrangement. This all sounded sensible to the rest of us.

The first thing we knew, a big remodeling job on the house was started — close to \$6,000 was put into it. Mother explained that she paid for all of it because it was her house. The next thing was an expensive car. Mother explained that since she couldn't drive, it was up to Ed or Mabel or one of their three boys to take her where she wanted to go, so of course she paid for the car.

As Ed's boys got old enough, he rented additional land and bought an adjoining 80 to the home place. This 80 is in mother's name because she paid for it. But Ed is the only one who knows anything at all about mother's finances because the rest of us are kept completely in the dark. If we ask her anything she always says: "Oh, I just leave that up to Ed. He's a good business man, you know."

The whole thing came to some kind of a climax about two weeks ago when my sister and other three brothers came to see me. They said Ed had come to see them separately and told them that he wanted to buy the home place for \$100 per acre. This is just plain foolish because it's up in much better condition than other farms in that vicinity that have sold for \$300 per acre. They went all through this with him, of course but he wouldn't budge, so then they went together to see mother. It was impossible to talk to her alone because Ed and Mabel have seen to it that none of us can be with her unless one of them is there. It's been that way since the house was remodeled — none of us has ever been able to visit alone with her or have her in our homes unless Ed or Mabel came along.

She told us that she was leaving everything up to Ed because he farmed the land and knew what bad shape it was in and then she listed all the things that had to be done. My brothers are farmers and they know that very few farms are in as fine shape as our home place. She finished it all by saying that it was only natural Ed and Mabel would want to own the place entirely and said that of course we wouldn't stand in his path and make any trouble.

Now, we don't want to make trouble, Leanna, because we're not quarrelsome people and we've always kept quiet about all the injustice since Dad died, but this is serious to the rest of us children who see mother so completely taken in by Ed and Mabel. We know right now that even if Ed pays mother \$100 per acre, she'll turn right around and spend it on his family. We're not greedy people, believe me, but we're all hard-working farmers who've barely been able to keep afloat and whatever we could have out of Dad's life work would mean a lot to us.

You can see how I wouldn't be able to talk to the minister or anyone else about this. We've kept our family troubles to ourselves. But if we keep

quiet now and let Ed get away with this, it will be the final straw. And if we ask to have the land appraised and a fair sum settled upon, Ed and Mabel will see to it that mother never will forgive us. Our family will be broken up forever and we don't want this.

Please tell me what you'd do if you were in my position. It's more than I can figure out for myself." — Mo.

\*\*\*\*\*

You can see why I feel unable to answer this. What do you think should be done with such a problem?

## A LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

This has been quite a summer for me! I can't begin to cover all the high points, but I would like to tell you about some of my experiences.

At the very first of the summer my best friend, Suzie Henshaw and I, spent four glorious days on Kristin's farm. We fished, went swimming, rowed all over in the boat and took hikes in the timber during our leisure time. In addition to this, we did chores such as slopping the hogs, feeding the banties and giving the motherless lambs their dinners out of bottles. I know these jobs sound very familiar to most of you friends who live on farms.

When we went back home, Suzie stayed with me because her mother went to school in Maryville, Mo. in preparation for teaching in Shenandoah this fall. I had a garden party, a farewell for Suzie, on the evening before she left for California to visit an uncle and aunt. She got to visit Disneyland and had a wonderful trip. By the way, I did almost all the work for that garden party, although a couple of my friends came to help me clean up the terraces and get ready.

After Suzie had gone I went back to the farm, and then there was the excitement of going to Ames for the 4-H convention. Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, Aunt Dorothy and I stayed together during that period because Kristin had to be with the other 4-H girls. I met a lot of very nice people, including Marguerite Tarr, an old friend of Aunt Helen Fischer and Gretchen. In fact, she was a member of Cousin Gretchen's wedding party.

During the time Kristin was very busy with her work, I helped Aunt Dorothy as much as I could — did all the ironing, washed dishes and those things that never stop having to be done. Aunt Dorothy worked in her "pixie factory" (that's what we call the dining room) and we visited while I ironed.

Kristin and I had an interesting experience when we were asked by her Aunt Bernie to work in the cafe. Bernie has this nice little cafe and she couldn't get away for a vacation unless we could pitch in and take charge — not complete charge all day, but from 1:00 in the afternoon until closing time.

We really got to be pretty fast at turning out hamburgers, sandwiches,

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## WE ARE SOLD ON TRAILER LIVING

By

Frances R. Williams

More than six million Americans live in "mobile homes" — the modern term for Trailer Houses. And their number is increasing. More and more people who are looking at the reality of the "golden years" are finding that moving to a warmer climate and living in a home on wheels can provide the answers to the perplexing problems they've faced.

Trailer living is like a contagious disease; most people who are "exposed" find that it "takes" — and they pass it on to others. My husband (who was forced to retire from farming because of ill health) and I were exposed — and we took to this way of life like ducks to water. For the past six winters we have lived in a small trailer house in the vicinity of Bradenton, Florida.

Trailers are made to suit every taste and to fit even a slim pocket-book. There are huge 10 x 50 feet models that have all the comforts of a small modern home. These deluxe models come high — say from ten to fifteen thousand dollars. But on the opposite end of the scale one may buy a small, non-modern used trailer for only a few hundred dollars; like used cars, the price depends upon the year of the model and its condition.

For around \$3,500 one may buy a new, modern, 35 ft. model that is completely furnished aside from linens and dishes. There are facilities for cooking, eating, sleeping and just general living. What more can one wish and need?

The single greatest advantage is this: your home on wheels can be moved. You can skip the snow, bad weather and high fuel bills. Or, if your home base is a warm climate and during hot weather you need cooler days and nights, you can head North as easily as others head South during the winter.

Unquestionably the single greatest advantage of this type of life is health. And since rich and poor are equally interested in health, the day has long since passed when one was regarded as something of a worthless gypsy if he lived in a trailer.

Mobile homes are compact and efficient. Household tasks and worries are reduced to a minimum. One of our neighbors at Bradenton is on crutches because of arthritis, and she is able to do her household tasks with comparative ease in her beautiful new trailer house. People who simply can't cope with routine housework in their later years are well able to manage what must be done in a trailer. It's no wonder doctors declare that the leisurely pace of this mode of living has added years to the life span of many elderly people.

There are all kinds and sizes of trailer parks. Some are owned by municipalities and others are privately owned. The "World's Largest" at Bradenton, Florida (owned by Kiwanis) has a population of more than



This typical trailer and cabana in Florida represent an outlay of about \$4500. The cabana with jalousie windows makes an ideal sunroom, and a few short weeks after this was taken, blooming flowers and shrubs made it most attractive.

3,000 persons, some of whom have no other home. Others spend only the winter months there. This park (and others) admit only retired people; no resident may hold a job. Others admit working people, families with children — and pets. Generally a specific area is set aside for them.

Every trailer park, large or small, is a community in itself with mail, milk and bottle gas delivery; bottle gas is the universal cooking fuel and is often used for heating too. There is also a routine garbage pickup. Some parks have a small grocery store, plus fruit and vegetable stands.

At Bradenton park we have regular city bus service, and located within walking distance are numerous shops, cafes, restaurants, a large supermarket, and a commercial Self-Service Laundry-ette.

Sarasota's Mobile Homes park is near a huge new shopping center.

All parks provide laundry facilities and one may use the tubs and drying lines without cost. There is a charge for use of the machines, both automatic and regular washers. Most cities of any size have self-service Laundromats that are open 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

All parks must provide (it's a law) a utility house with toilets, and hot and cold showers. These facilities are always found even though the park caters only to modern trailers with sewer connections.

The owner provides facilities for indoor and outdoor recreation. Shuffleboard, popular with all ages, is especially attractive to oldsters when played on smooth concrete courts. Every park has them. Many have horseshoe lanes, lawn bowling, picnic tables, barbecue grills, and the like. For those whose hobby is fishing, a good place is provided for cleaning fish.

Most parks have their own community center and recreation hall, and such centers are the focus of social activities. Usually they are furnished with radio, TV, musical instruments, tables and chairs. Here the residents gather for pot-luck dinners, movies, color slide programs, square dances, etc. Many parks, especially the large ones, have regular church services and Bible classes. There are hobby shows, lessons in arts and handicrafts (think of all the things you wanted to do but never had time for earlier!), and those

who enjoy bingo and card parties can always find others who like this entertainment.

Christmas is a joyous time. Everyone puts forth a greater effort to make the holiday one to be remembered for many are far away from home and family. There are turkey dinners, community Christmas programs, carol singing and the like. Trailers and parks are decorated with colored lights, blooming poinsettia, and even artificial snow!

One need not own a trailer to enjoy the casual carefree life. There are rental trailers available and many prefer to rent rather than to own one. The rent will vary, of course, but probably it will run between \$60 and \$100 per month; electricity is additional. One rents the lot on which the trailer is parked and he may pay by the year or by the month. With the trend toward larger trailers, more people simply park their homes the year around and don't try to haul them South in the winter and back North in the late spring. We have never pulled our own trailer.

We pay \$15.50 per month for the seven months we occupy our trailer, and \$3.00 per month when we're not there. (The 50¢ per month is garbage pickup fee.) Rents vary with the location, size of the lot, and the facilities provided. Near the beach you'll find rents higher, and in the interior of the state they are lower.

One privately-owned park in the big Bradenton park charges \$150 per year. Each lot is furnished with a concrete patio and orange tree; the owners cater only to modern trailers. The city-owned park at Fort Meade in central Florida charges as low as \$10 per month for lot rent. On the east coast, north of Miami, parks that are near the beach often charge \$125 per month rent, but this may include a boat slip.

The present trend is towards lot ownership in a development with recreational facilities that are already established. Several of these are located in the Bradenton-Sarasota area. One planned community, highly advertised, has 1,000 mobile homes bordering Sarasota Bay and adjacent to a new shopping center. Others are smaller and less expensive.

A great spirit of competition to beautify their surroundings is found among park residents. They plant shrubs, roses and flowers around their homes, and some even have a tiny garden in a space four by four feet!

Many people start with a small investment. It is an experiment. If they find that they like it (and 90% do), they then go ahead and buy a larger and more modern house on wheels. Often they add a carport, awnings and even a cabana — the ideal outdoor living room.

Friendliness is characteristic of all trailerites, and a stranger will soon feel right at home, a genuine part of the community life. There is definitely a spirit of neighborliness, the "help one another" feeling that seems to be lacking in so many places today. Yet, the right of privacy is always respected too. Above all, there is time

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## VACATION NOTES FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends,

My summer began with a wonderful week in Boston when I attended a national conference of our Congregational churches. There were more than 3,000 persons in attendance, and every single one of them was fortunate to be there.

Like all conferences of that kind, there were many inspiring speeches, concerts, discussions, and pageants. I always attend these national meetings — held every other year — and of course I knew just dozens and dozens of people. As a matter of fact, in more ways than one it was like old home week for me. I was particularly pleased to meet friends of mine from the Hawaiian Islands and Puerto Rico, and oh! what a good time we had talking about my days on the islands. One of the Hawaiian delegates was the godmother of my son David, and when the conference was over I drove her down to our cottage in the Rhode Island woods to spend a couple of days with us.

What do you think our Hawaiian friend was most anxious to eat? Strawberry shortcake! We had strawberry shortcake twice a day while she was with us. She wanted to try some of our eastern seafood — lobsters, swordfish, and thick flounder steaks.

Speaking of food reminds me of an experience I had in Boston last week. One evening we started out to find a good place to eat without any idea in mind of where we would go. As we walked along a lovely tree-shaded avenue, I happened to notice a sign advertising a small French restaurant. Now I learned long ago that some of the best food in this world is to be found in the most out-of-the-way places, and this little restaurant was really out of the way! We went down some winding stairs to the basement of an apartment house, and there we actually found ourselves in another world. It was just as though we were right on the banks of the Seine in Paris. That place was so French the waitresses could not understand our English, and it was all they could do to understand my limited French. But what perfectly marvelous food!

Some weeks ago you read in your newspapers about the crash of an enormous Air Force jet tanker that was taking off to set a speed record to London. Do you remember my telling you how these big jet planes often go right over our home when they land or take off from Westover Field? Well, that particular plane was coming right toward our home when it exploded and fell. Actually, it had another two or three miles to go before it would have endangered our home, but that distance is only a matter of seconds for those fast planes. While we were all terribly grieved by the tragic accident (fifteen men were killed) we are grateful that the plane fell where it did instead of into a neighborhood of homes. Had the plane stayed in the air only a few more seconds it would have crashed into



Kristin, Juliana and Suzie start out in the boat . . . will slowly wend their way through the old bayou, anchor the boat at the far end, walk to the mailbox, and then row home again.

dozens of homes, and would probably have burned hundreds of people.

If you have wild mountain laurel growing in the woods around your part of the country, you know just how beautiful it is. The cold, wet spring was evidently exactly what the mountain laurel needed, for this summer it is more beautiful than anyone has seen it for years. As one drives through the wooded lanes to get to our cottage on the lake, acres and acres of mountain laurel are to be seen. From across the lake, our shoreline looks as though it were covered with deep drifts of snow when actually it is just the laurel blooming along the water's edge! Some of the laurel grows in varying shades of pink, while much of it is snow white. In our woods we have bushes of all heights — some no higher than a few inches, and other bushes growing up higher than my head.

Yesterday we walked from the cottage to a spot around the head of the lake where the laurel is so thick it is almost impossible to walk through it. Now I have seen wild floral growth in all parts of the world from the mountains to the valleys on five continents, but never have I seen a natural extravaganza quite like this laurel. In another week or so it will be gone, but we are hoping that the wild rhododendron will be equally as nice. Since the laurel was better this year than ever before, perhaps the other wild flowers and shrubs will also be better. If so, we are in for a treat, for we are in a part of the East where wild flowers grow everywhere.

Last night I did something that I had never done before — visited a Golf Driving Range. This is the year that I am going to learn to play golf, and the lessons began last night. I can say this much: "It is harder than it looks." I am so stiff today I can hardly move. The professional golfer who gave me my first lesson showed me quite a bit, but he had very little to say. As a matter of fact, the only thing that I can remember his saying was "Relax! Don't fight the club and don't fight the ball. Just relax! Relax. You are trying too hard." I know that he was absolutely right! I was trying too hard, and on those rare occasions when for a few moments I could relax, I did much better. That golf teacher taught me much more than he realized, for I am go-

ing to apply his admonition to relax to many other phases of my life.

I think that one of the troubles with most of us a good part of the time is our trying too hard. We plunge into activities as though we only had a few minutes to live, and then wonder why we are so tense and so nervous. I have a friend who drives his car the way I tried to play golf — every muscle tight and every nerve strung to the breaking point. He says that he hates driving, and I can understand it. He needs to relax and take it a bit easier.

Just before I left for my summer vacation there came into my office a young mother who was looking for spiritual help to save her marriage. As she told me of all that she was doing to try and make of her marriage a success, I was amazed at her attitude. She had a plan and a strategy that was as complete as a war plan from the Department of Defense! Do you know what I think a big part of her trouble is? She is trying to be a good wife in the same way that I am trying to be a good golfer: she is trying too hard. There is no joy in doing anything well if the doing of it makes us completely unhappy, all tense, and feeling like a bundle of nerves. The next time I see her I am going to give her the advice of my golf teacher: "Relax! Take it easy! Stop trying so hard!"

Every summer I make it a point to keep my eyes open for wild birds. I often have taken bird walks through our woods just trying to see how many wild birds I can identify in a given period of time. But this year, I am applying a new bird-watching strategy. Instead of going into the woods to look for the birds, I am sitting on an easy chair out under the trees waiting for the wild birds to come to me. I was absolutely amazed this morning to see how many of the birds would come up to within a few feet of my chair. I saw several thrushes, at least a dozen orioles, a cat bird, a cow bird, several robins, a blue bird, an oven bird, and some humming birds, and all of them were near my chair in one period of thirty minutes. Why go hunting for birds when they will come right to you if you are just patient enough to wait for them?

One particular animal has put me to shame this summer, and that is my dog, Fritz. He had never in his life been near a body of water until we brought him down to the cottage, but within a matter of ten minutes after his arrival he was swimming beautifully. I have been trying to improve my swimming for years without too much success, and in just a matter of minutes my young dog was doing better than I. How he does love the water! He can swim on it, in it, and under it with equal facility. Our big problem with him is making him cease and desist from following the boat when we go off across the lake. He follows in a vain attempt to play upon our sympathies so that we will stop the boat and pick him up.

I have learned a summer cooking tip that I want to pass on to you. Instead of salting your steak or ham-

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## MAKING FRIENDS IS NOT DIFFICULT

By

Jane Laurens

Recently Molly, one of my neighbors, came to call on me for the first time. I had met her only occasionally during our few months' residence in the area, and had gotten the impression that she was a rather reserved woman whose sole interests were centered in her family, home and garden. On these occasions she had always been pleasant, but rather "stand-off-ish", so I had concluded that she wasn't much interested in having me—or anyone else—as more than a casual acquaintance.

It soon became obvious that Molly had a definite purpose in calling, but was having a difficult time coming to the point. Finally it came out, and nothing could have surprised me more. She said, "Jane, we were one of the first families to move into this neighborhood. You have come only recently. And yet you are friendly with almost everyone who lives around here, but I can't really claim a single friend."

"Oh sure, people speak often enough, but they don't stop in at my house for a cup of coffee. Nor do they ask me over unless it's a regular party that includes everyone. Please don't think I've been snooping; I haven't intended any such thing. It's just that I spend a lot of time alone and undisturbed and I can't help but observe the comings and goings around here. I'm not asking for sympathy or pity. I just want to know how you do it because I'm lonely and I'm sure I'm dull company for my husband and family. They are getting mighty bored hearing about my tiny world of self-interest, so after giving the matter a great deal of thought, I've decided to forget my shyness, take action, and ask the advice of an expert. You're the only expert I've got courage enough to ask!"

When Molly finished, I didn't know what to say. Nobody ever called me an expert on anything. To be asked for advice on making friends overwhelmed me—it was a subject I'd never given any thought. It's just something I did instinctively, I guess. After stumbling over my words and thoughts for a few minutes, I told Molly she'd really caught me off balance, but I promised her I'd organize my thinking and retrace my actions and theories on getting acquainted.

I did. And this is what I came up with.

The single most important thing to consider is whether you *really* and *truly* want friends. This isn't as trite as it sounds. There are many people who genuinely don't feel any desire for the companionship of those beyond themselves and their own families. These people should realize they haven't the inclination to meet the demands of friendship—which is always a two-way proposition. In order to have a friend, you must be a friend. Almost everyone would agree it's a fine idea to have friends. Not everyone is willing to devote the time and energy to be a friend.



Just before school was out last spring, the freshmen class had a bake sale and Juliana was appointed official photographer. She had a lot of fun with her camera and really got quite a record. This is a classmate, Dennis Greenwalt, just ready to go inside with a big tray of donated cupcakes. My! the cooking we mothers do for such events!

Friends are wonderful and very important to me as a person. But I wouldn't deny for a moment that there are times when they can make inconvenient requests for time and attention. I know quite well what it is to have an important bit of housework underway, only to be interrupted by a friend stopping by.

If you are the kind of person who can't tolerate any change in your schedule, you will have difficulty being a friend. This is not to say you must forever and always expect to stop whatever you're doing to be sociable. But you should be prepared upon occasion to rearrange your own activity in order to help a friend in need of companionship. Don't feel smugly generous either. There will be times when you will be the one doing the interrupting and inconveniencing.

Now about the techniques of getting acquainted. Friends are always acquaintances whom you have gotten to know well enough to enjoy as individuals. Therefore you must make the effort to meet new people. There are any number of places where you can do this: church, P. T. A., women's clubs, hospital auxiliaries; all such groups welcome new members. (As a rule these are large groups where you may not be able to get to know anyone well.) However, once you become a member, volunteer for a small committee. I'm not talented so I've found the kitchen committee an excellent spot to get acquainted.

Mothers who are free can join a hobby group or adult education class. Even if your children are young, you can probably find one or two evening groups with open memberships.

If you move into a new location there is a good likelihood at least one

or two of the neighbors will introduce themselves. If no one comes to call on you, then introduce yourself the next time you see a neighbor out in the yard. Ask his advice about something even if it's the location of the nearest grocery store. Keep the conversation casual and brief but try to express a personal interest in the neighborhood.

When you are the longer term resident, make it a point to call on each new family. Invite them for a cup of coffee at the earliest opportunity. Take them a plate of cookies or bouquet of flowers and extend a cordial welcome to the neighborhood.

Having made a few acquaintances, there follows a very important phase. You must return the gestures of friendship made towards you. This is the point at which Molly made her mistake. Several women in the neighborhood had invited Molly into their homes for coffee. Two different couples had entertained Molly and her husband for dinner. Yet she had never returned a single invitation. People naturally assumed Molly didn't care to be particularly friendly and so they dropped their overtures.

Molly said she had long intended to repay these courtesies but for one reason or another, she had postponed doing so. She guessed that perhaps she was afraid to be put on the spot as a hostess. Yet she is a good cook and housekeeper. Her home is as nice as any other. Even if it weren't, she agreed that people don't go to see anyone's house unless it is an elaborate mansion or historic relic. The people who live in the house are the important attractions.

Agreeing that she must start someplace, Molly invited all the women in the block for coffee and rolls to "celebrate" the first day of fall. Next she is planning to invite several couples for dessert and coffee. This group will include the two she "owes" and a few others whom she has met and would like to know better. After all, someone has to make the first move, and it should not always be the other person.

After my strong words regarding an unselfish attitude toward friends, Molly hesitated to mention the subject of "pests". Shortly after Molly and her husband married, they moved to an apartment. Next to them lived a woman who became the bane of Molly's life. She would come and stay for hours each day in Molly's living room. After her first baby arrived, Molly didn't have the time to entertain her for hours on end. Neither did she have the nerve to ask her to leave when the woman ignored Molly's hints that she was busy. Molly just endured the situation until they moved to a home a safe distance from the perpetual guest.

Luckily, I've never been victimized by anyone like that. But I do have a system for getting work done while still having time to spend with my friends. I save my "conversational" housework such as mending, ironing, certain types of baking, etc., for such occasions. If I plan to spend the

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## MARGERY TELLS YOU ABOUT PART OF HER COLORADO TRIP

Dear Friends:

This month I promised to tell you about our trip to visit the Denver Driftmiers in Colorado. I emphasize the "Denver in Colorado" because the other night we were studying the big atlas we keep in the den and were surprised to see how many states have a Denver. Martin and I made the trip alone for Oliver was unable to take a vacation this year. We're certainly hopeful we can make a return trip next summer by car with Oliver at the wheel, but this first trip was made by train. The best way to start a story is to start at the beginning, so I will start the day of the trip.

Martin was up at the crack of dawn and even before breakfast he was unpacking and repacking his suitcase for the umpteenth time. The day dragged on for him and finally about 5 o'clock we snapped the suitcases shut for the last time, ate an early evening meal and drove to Red Oak where Oliver put us on the train. Somehow we had the impression that we were on a through train, but found we transferred to another train in Omaha. This gave us a little time to explore every room in the station, buy gum and magazines and watch travelers come and go. The latter has always interested me for I like to listen to last minute instructions—"Do you have your tickets handy?", "Don't forget to tell Aunt Mary about cousin Susie's new baby", etc., etc. Martin was a very tired boy when we finally got settled on the train and it wasn't long until he was sound asleep. Since we were travelling at night there really wasn't anything to stay awake for.

As soon as the sun was up enough that we could see the countryside, Martin stirred from his sleep and we watched western Nebraska cattle and sagebrush slide by and talked about the pioneers making the trek in their covered wagons and where the Indians must have made their camps.

Our train arrived in Denver about an hour behind schedule. Naturally, Abigail and the children had allowed plenty of time to meet the train so they had had quite a wait at the station. My, what a picture those little cousins made greeting each other after the year's separation!

Abigail had put on the coffee before driving to the station so we had breakfast only minutes after arriving at the house. Such a visit we had! Wayne slipped home for a few minutes to greet us but we had a longer visit when he came home for lunch.

That afternoon we were too keyed up to rest from the trip so Abigail took us for our first ride. We drove to Red Rock Park to see the magnificent natural amphitheater and then to Lookout Mountain where Buffalo Bill Cody is buried. A fine museum is there and we enjoyed it very much. Oh, yes, the children *did* throw pennies over the fence as I imagine most of you have done who have visited the scene. In driving back we went down the face of the mountain and this was



Martin has been a great help to his Grandpa and Grandma Driftmier—is always ready to pick flowers, do a little weeding, or sweep the walks.

our first real mountain drive for we took the main well-travelled road up the mountain. I had my first taste of mountain hair-pin curves!

Everyone is up early at the Driftmiers every morning for Wayne leaves the house at 7:30. That gave us a good start for each day of our visit. Martin took his clarinet with him and he and Emily had great fun with clarinet and flute duets—that is, the first day. After that, instruments were forgotten in favor of sight-seeing trips and neighborhood play. That first day, after the housework was out of the way, Abigail took me to see the nearby shopping center. We bought birthday presents for Alison and Martin and bought some items Abigail needed for a wedding shower she and a friend were planning for a neighbor girl. In the afternoon a friend came for coffee and in the evening we took the children to the Lakeside Amusement Park for a few children's rides.

On Friday Abigail invited a few friends in for coffee, and it was such a pleasure to meet her lovely neighbors. She served Brownies with the coffee. I will have to add that that was the only baking we had time to do while I was there and we had foresight enough to make a double batch!

The mountains were very hazy that afternoon so we decided to stay in Denver instead of making a trek to the mountains, and drove to Sloan's Lake to watch the motor boats and water skiing and feed the ducks; this is the big attraction for children. My, such fat, well-fed ducks!

That evening Wayne charcoal-grilled hamburgers. Incidentally, I had very emphatic instructions to see that Dorothy and Frank sent out more hickory chips for the Denver supply was low and Wayne and Abigail had established a reputation for themselves with their wonderful hickory-smoked flavored hamburgers. They wrap these hamburger patties with

bacon around the outside edge and this helps to hold them in shape and not a one is lost to the coals. (A good idea for you out-of-doors cooks). They say that hamburgers are the best to cook over hickory because they absorb the hickory smoke flavor just right.

Wayne took that Saturday off and wouldn't you know it—it rained almost all day! Consequently, we decided after lunch that it would be a fine day to visit the Denver Museum of Natural History. It is one of the finest museums of this type and we enjoyed it very much. However, we didn't try to cover the entire building for that would have been too much walking for the youngsters (the oldsters too, for that matter). The weather decided to cooperate and with the sun finally shining we took the children to the nearby zoo. The most thrilling experience for the children was seeing a kangaroo with a baby in its "pocket" for the first time. I tried to get a picture, but I'm afraid I wasn't close enough to see the baby poking his little head out.

From there we drove to Stapleton Air Field which is one of the busiest in the country. I don't know how frequently planes come in and take off, but as fast as one got out of sight another was landing. We became so engrossed in our watching that time slipped by without our realizing it and suddenly it was after 6 o'clock. At this point we decided to eat in the restaurant at the airport and take our time driving home, since it would give us a chance to take in the downtown district that I hadn't seen as yet. We arrived home with four exhausted children who for once didn't argue about going to bed!

Sunday, as is our custom, was a quiet day spent at home. After church we had a light lunch, spent the afternoon visiting and reading, and had our dinner in the early evening.

Monday was the day of the wedding shower. After our days of being "on the go" and Sunday's clutter we spent the bulk of that day getting the house cleaned and trying to keep the children interested in out-of-doors activities. With this goal in mind we decided to bring out the croquet set I had bought the children, and that seemed to do the trick. They not only played croquet as it was meant to be played, but they made up all sorts of new games! That evening we had a picnic in the back yard and the children played badminton until dark and the guests began to arrive. Then I brought out a new book for each of them to read in their rooms while in the living room we had our party. Yes, we used games and party ideas from *Kitchen-Klatter* and had a very successful party.

Tuesday was Martin's birthday and he was given the choice of how he would like to spend the day. He chose to go to the mountains for a picnic so a basket was packed and off we went. We had planned to go to one of Denver's fine mountain parks, but it was such a gorgeous day that we decided to drive on to Idaho Springs and Central City. Loving history as we all

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## SUMMER IS ALMOST OVER

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

It seems only a week or so ago that Bobby bounced off the school bus and announced happily that he had passed to third grade! Tossing his report card on the kitchen table he dashed outside to grab his bicycle and go tearing up the side road to the west of the house. Now he could revel in all this happy freedom. Morning brought quiet cool hours to sleep late, and evenings were relieved of school day pressures. After all, fireflies do not come out of hiding until dark beckons to them.

Last night I walked out on the porch to find both Bobby and his daddy with their heads close together over some object which I could not see, but when I moved nearer I could discern a quick flicker of light. They had been catching lightning bugs and now were hovering over one of the creatures with a magnifying glass. They were trying, as many have before, to see the wonders of this amazing bug's anatomy. Bobby soon went to bed happily with a small jar containing three of the lanterned insects.

"Just turn the light off and shut the door," he said. "These lightning bugs will keep me company." He placed the jar on the window sill and went to sleep watching the lights flick off and on. Scientists may still be trying to discover the secret of their light but little boys are unconcerned by such details and will continue to enjoy them thoroughly.

The row of tall trees along the creek to the south of the house appear to be lighted Christmas tree fashion when dusk comes. The lights, contrary to the electric variety, move back and forth from tree to tree. It is almost uncanny to see so many lightning bugs in just one place. Probably extra-fine living quarters attract them to this particular stretch of creek, and we are glad to have such happy perky little creatures to brighten the dark of a hot summer night.

This has been the first summer for Bobby to participate in the youngsters' baseball program. Twice a week he goes into town for practice. It gives him a contact with boys his own age which is valuable for summer days when school does not throw them together. On a few wonderful occasions he actually played in a game against a team from another town! It took a bit of convincing to persuade him that the time he walked to first base and stole the rest of the way home was not termed a "home run." Seemingly, any time he makes a score it carries the connotation of this ultimate in batting ability.

Twice a week Bobby joins the bustling, noisy, laughing group of children who pile on the school buses and go to Shenandoah to take Red Cross swimming lessons. This is his third year and he is really beginning to show results from the lessons. He has no fear, only a healthy caution of the water. His knowledge of the strokes is correct, and now the main need is for lots of practice.

How glad I am that these children



Aunt Bertha Field had such a happy visit this summer with her little granddaughter, Jean Ann Bianco of Marseilles, Ill. (Like so many grandmothers, she enjoys sewing for Jean Ann.) Old family friends will remember Jean Ann's mother as Letty Field.

can learn properly and under careful supervision the right way to do these important activities. Sure I worry about the balls and the bats and the water. But I would far rather have my youngsters begin early to do these activities right with good adult guidance, because there is much less chance of them being hurt if they've learned proper techniques rather than left to their own devices.

Meredith Wilson's comment about the impossibility of teaching children good music when they are fed a steady diet of rock-and-roll came to mind the other day when Bobby arrived home from his music lesson with a piece by Beethoven. His absorption with that number is amazing! We looked up Beethoven's life in the encyclopedia and Bobby's sadness when we read the part about the father hitting the young musician when he made mistakes brought real tears to his eyes.

When I was teaching school I collected a few very good classical phonograph records. We have not added many to the list for years, mainly because of lack of storage, lack of a good phonograph and lack of money! But as often as we can we get down the albums and play them on the children's record player. If we ask the youngsters their favorite pieces they inevitably pick one of the classics instead of a more "popular" number. If we give our children a taste of the things that are worthwhile they do get discriminating in their likes and dislikes.

Personally, I think it is time parents began complaining to radio stations and places where rock-and-roll is overwhelmingly used. Someplace along the line we must expose our children to good music or they will never have a chance to develop a sensitivity for the good.

Recently it was my privilege to hear a talk by Sister Thomasita, head of the art department of Cardinal Strick-

College in Milwaukee. Her main emphasis was the fact that each one of us is made creative—a little child desires to create. It is only as we are continually squelched as children that we begin to build up inhibitions about this desire. Adults are far less expressive than little ones. She took her examples from the world of art, showing how a little child will draw a picture only to have some adult come along and say "Why, that's not the way it looks at all." One little boy was drawing happily when the superintendent of schools stopped to watch.

"What are you drawing?" he asked the little boy.

"A deer," the boy replied.

"Why, no one ever saw a pink deer!" the superintendent said in a disgusted tone.

"Isn't that too bad?" the little boy commented and went back to his work.

Another girl in a creative class made a vase which won a prize on exhibition. She proudly took it home, only to return the next day with the vase. She handed it to the teacher.

"Mother didn't want this thing around the house," she sobbed.

The girl never created anything again. We have laws against hurting an individual physically, but when such a crushing experience occurs few are aware of the terrific hurt and cruelty involved.

Sister Thomasita brought out this point of being creative when it comes to our own homes. Too often we decorate our homes in a certain way because we hear it is "being done" or we look in a magazine and see what period is popular this year. We should create our homes the way we want them for our own way of living. When someone comes to see a new home we should not care whether he likes what we have or not. Concern over whether the neighbors will like what we have is silly. When someone comes our attitude should be, "I like my house just the way it is. I have fixed it this way for my way of life. Whether you like it or not doesn't matter. You go home and like your own house!"

She concluded by saying that God has given each one of us the ability to be a unique individual, creative in our own way and with something to say and something to give in this old world. It's high time we got in gear and used these wonderful gifts of ours, getting rid of the inhibitions and the fears which hem us in.

Craig is unconcerned, at two, about any creative development! But he listens happily when Tchaikowsky's recordings are played and enjoys the stories we read together and finds finger paint an exciting way of putting color on paper just the way he wants it.

The summer has been fun. We are anticipating an equally interesting fall and winter.

It may be tough on you keeping up with the neighbors, but think how hard it must be on them to keep ahead.

When you help someone else up a hill, you're that much nearer the top yourself.



# "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

## THERE'S A STORY BEHIND THESE TWO RECIPES

When I looked at this cake recipe from a listener in Falls City, Nebr. who didn't sign her name, I was flabbergasted. She said that it was very unusual and very delicious, but I simply couldn't imagine how such a combination of ingredients could produce a good cake. First thing I knew I was thinking about it when I awakened in the night! At that point I decided to go ahead and try it, because if my "leg had been pulled" — well, all right — the Falls City woman came out the winner. If it *did* turn out to be a fine cake, then I had something different and successful to add to my collection.

Well, everyone who tasted this cake thought it was terrific. It is very unusual and very delicious, just as the friend said. I whipped it up in about three or four minutes, so that's a gain on busy days. I know when you look at the ingredients you'll probably get the same feeling I had when I first studied it, but believe me, they work!

### STRAWBERRY DELIGHT CAKE

- 1 pkg. Betty Crocker white cake mix
- 1 pkg. strawberry jello
- 4 whole eggs
- 3 Tbls. cake flour not sifted
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup drained strawberries
- 1/2 cup cold water

Place all ingredients in a mixing bowl and beat with an electric mixer (if you have one) until completely blended — low speed at first. Then increase speed and beat for an additional minute or so.

Turn into 2 greased 9-inch layer cake pans and bake for approximately 30 minutes.

Now I'd like to make some comments about this cake. I presume that any white cake mix would do, but the friend specified a given brand so I used it. I did not have cake flour in the house at that time and used all-purpose flour. One regular size package of frozen strawberries makes exactly 1/2 cup well drained berries. Fresh berries would be fine, of course, but I didn't have any. (The woman who sent the recipe made it up originally with fresh berries.)

You can do as you see fit about the filling or icing, but I'd suggest a rich butter-powdered sugar icing with the strawberry juice used as a liquid rather than milk or cream.

This cake is pink, of course, very moist, very rich, and completely different and unexpected. Don't you find

yourself lying awake thinking about it before you try it! Incidentally, I couldn't imagine putting undissolved jello into a cake, but evidently the heat takes care of it as it bakes.

A friend in Centerville, Ia. who is an excellent cook said that she much preferred her method of making this cake. I feel that we should give her particular method because I can see how the color would be nicer.

1 package white cake mix, 1 package strawberry jello, 1/2 package (10 oz.) frozen strawberries, juice and all, 1/3 cup liquid shortening, 1/2 cup cold water, 4 egg whites, unbeaten.

Mix together the first 5 ingredients and beat on low speed for 2 minutes. Now add 4 unbeaten egg whites and beat at high speed for 5 minutes. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Note: "I put the frozen strawberries in a bowl to thaw and then measure out exactly half of the berries and juice mixed. The other half I use for icing."

She also says: "I do not like the whole eggs in this cake for it does not give it the vivid pink, but instead a muddy pink. I combine the 4 eggs yolks, beaten slightly, with about 1/3 cup sugar, pinch of salt and nutmeg, 1/2 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring and 2 cups of milk. Pour into greased custard cups, set in a pan of hot water and bake along with the cake. This makes six nice custards, quick and easy."

### Icing

She much prefers this icing for the cake.

1 lb. package powdered sugar, 1/2 cup butter or margarine and the remaining strawberries and juice. Put all in small bowl and beat well until thick and creamy. Spread on cooled cake. A delicious icing.

### GOOSEBERRY CREAM PIE

I think that just straight, plain gooseberry pie is wonderful, but there are a lot of people whose stomachs simply can't take the acid in the fruit. Russell is one of them. He loves gooseberries, so I put together this pie and it turned out to be absolutely delicious — all the gooseberry flavor there, all right, but the upsetting acidity toned down with cream and eggs. Even if you don't have any problems to consider I think anyone who ate this would call it a *fine pie*.

- 1 cup heavy sour cream
- 1 1/2 cups thoroughly drained gooseberries
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 unbaked 8-inch pie shell

Combine heavy sour cream (I didn't use the commercial variety for this) with sugar, eggs, cinnamon, salt and vanilla. Beat until smooth. Then gently fold in the well drained berries — I used canned gooseberries. Turn into unbaked shell and place in a 350 degree oven for about one hour — until a knife blade inserted in the middle comes out clean. This makes a very thick pie.

### CANNED GARDEN SPECIAL

Evelyn says about this: "I find this a wonderful sauce to use for a casserole dish that calls for chopped meat and diced vegetables. It is also very good for spaghetti, and exceptionally fine to bake fish in."

Dice 6 sweet peppers, 1 qt. onion, 1 qt. celery (leaves and all); add 1 qt. water and cook for 20 minutes. Add 4 qts. ripe tomatoes which have been peeled and cut up, 3 Tbls. salt and 2 Tbls. sugar. When it comes to a good boil place in hot jars and process in a hot water bath for 30 minutes, (if qt. jars are used); 25 minutes for pint jars. This makes about 12 pints.

### ADELLA'S TOMATO SOUP

Put in a kettle:  
6 onions, chopped  
1 bunch chopped celery  
Start this cooking.

Now cut the stems and white parts from 3 qts. of tomatoes. Add to the celery and onions and continue cooking. Put through the food mill or sieve.

Add to the pulp:

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup salt
- Combine:
- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup flour

Cream the butter and flour together until completely blended. Add to the boiling hot pulp and stir it, cooking, until it is thickened a little. (I'd suggest, about as long as you cook gravy.)

Pour into hot sterile jars. This may be sealed and stored, but "just to be sure" you can process it in hot water or pressure cooker in the usual way.

### BEST YET SALAD

- 1 can chunk pineapple
  - 2 scant Tbls. flour
  - 1 Tbls. sugar
  - Pinch of salt
  - 1 beaten egg
  - 1/4 lb. cream cheese (cut into pieces)
  - 1 pkg. miniature marshmallows
- Drain off juice and heat. Mix together the flour, sugar and salt, and then add beaten egg. Stir this into juice and cook, stirring constantly, until thick. When a little cooler add cream cheese, pineapple and marshmallows. Mix together well and chill.

This recipe went to Ladies Aid in Belleville, Kansas. It really is delicious, sort of a relative to the famous 24-Hour Salad, but not as rich and expensive. We strongly recommend this.

### LEMON-ORANGE CHIFFON

Prepare a package of lemon chiffon pie filling according to package directions, substituting for cold water 1/4 cup cold water and 1/4 cup frozen orange juice concentrate. Pile into dessert dishes. If desired, 1/2 cup fresh orange juice may be used. This is a nice new twist to a packaged mix.



**EVELYN'S PICKLE RELISH**

Chop together:

- 3 lbs. green tomatoes
- 3 lbs. red tomatoes
- 1 medium head of cabbage
- 3 sweet red peppers
- 3 green peppers
- 1 qt. onions
- 1 1/2 bunches of celery

Add:

- 9 Tbls. salt

Let stand overnight; drain and place in a big kettle.

Stir in:

- 1 1/2 qts. vinegar
- 4 1/2 cups brown sugar

Place in a cheese cloth bag and add to the mixture:

- 4 1/2 inches stick cinnamon
- 1 1/2 tsp. whole cloves
- 1 1/2 tsp. dry mustard

Boil all ingredients together for 30 minutes. Remove the bag of spices, put into sterile jars and seal at once.

**NINA'S SHRIMP THERMIDOR**

4 ounce can mushrooms (The original recipe calls for mushroom buttons, but stems and pieces are all right and would be cheaper.)

- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 can cream of shrimp soup
- 1 pkg. frozen shrimp
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- Dash of cayenne or black pepper
- 1 Tbls. grated cheese

Peel and cook shrimp if it isn't already prepared. Add milk to soup. Season with mustard and pepper. Add mushrooms and shrimp. You can add the cheese to the mixture or sprinkle it over the top. Bake in casserole for 15 minutes at 400 degrees.

**HOT POTATO SALAD**

- 6 large potatoes
- 8 strips of bacon
- 1 small onion, minced
- 4 Tbls. mild vinegar
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley

Cook potatoes in jackets; peel. Fry bacon until crisp. Remove bacon, add potatoes, sliced, to fat in pan. Turn over a bit, add vinegar, parsley, sugar, salt, pepper, minced onion, and lastly, the bits of bacon. Serve warm. Serves 5 to 6. This is a delicious new way to serve potatoes on these first nippy fall evenings.

**BIRKBY'S FAVORITE PICKLES**

10 medium sized cucumbers  
Cover with boiling water and let stand until morning. Then drain. Repeat this process three times.

On the fifth day drain and slice the cucumbers into 1/2 inch pieces.

Combine:

- 8 cups sugar
- 2 Tbls. mixed pickling spices
- 5 tsp. pickling salt
- 4 cups cider vinegar

Bring the syrup to a boil and pour over the cucumbers. Let this stand for two days. On the third day bring to a boil again and seal in hot sterile jars.

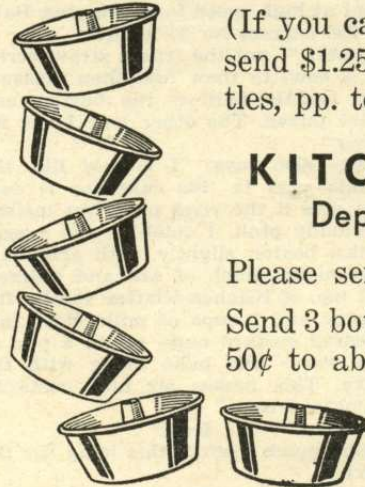
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**PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES**

These are a favorite with most children.

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar (firmly packed)
- 1 egg
- 1/2 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup flour

Mix well. Arrange by spoonfuls on buttered sheet. Press flat with floured spoon and mark with floured fork. Bake at 350° about 10 minutes.

—Mrs. Mildred Cathcart

**BESTEVER OATMEAL COOKIES**

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 2 cups flour
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs and flavoring. Beat well. Add rolled oats. Let stand while you sift the flour with the soda. Add to oats mixture. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, about 12 minutes, or until lightly browned.

**A NOTE FROM LUCILE**

I have a goal! I want to find THE ONE PERFECT CHOCOLATE CAKE.

I've tried dozens of recipes but I'm still not completely satisfied. The \$100 cake has a marvelous flavor but it has the disadvantage of being tricky and almost too delicate to handle with ease.

Now what I have in mind is a cake that is very rich, very moist, not black in color, and with body enough to cut without a tendency to fall apart. I can't see any advantage in striving to make it look a deep red.

As I say, I've tried dozens of recipes and the people who've sent them swear by them, but there is still in my mind the nagging feeling that there must be the one perfect chocolate cake. I think a *dry* chocolate cake is an abomination, and so many of the ones I've eaten haven't been sweet enough. Maybe what I have in mind is beyond the realm of reason. At any rate, I have this certain image of what I'd like to turn out in a chocolate cake, and after I get back from our trip and settle down into the usual routine, I'd like to study the matter carefully and see what can be developed.

Would you like to express your opinion on this cake proposition?

"The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find, lies through their mouths or I mistake Mankind."



## IT SOUNDS AS IF KRISTIN HAS BECOME A REAL "FIXER"

Dear Friends:

It simply doesn't seem possible that another month has rolled around and again it is time to get out the typewriter and write a letter to you!

Frank and I have just returned from spending the day at Allerton with Frank's sister and husband, Edna and Raymond Halls. Raymond called early this morning and said that he needed some help today and could Frank get away to come down? Just as soon as Frank had finished his chores we took off. Of course I left my work undone, but it is always here when I come home, so I took the opportunity to have a nice visit with Edna.

I remembered to ask Edna today some of the questions that you friends have been asking me in your letters. You will remember that I told you the Pixie Tree on the cover of the May issue of Kitchen-Klatter was an arrangement that Edna had made. When I asked her today where she got her driftwood she said she couldn't remember the exact spot, but she found it several years ago when she was out hiking in the timber. She accidentally stumbled on to this piece of dried wood and thought it was such a beautiful shape that she took it home and waxed and polished it. So those of you who want a piece of driftwood real cheap, just take a walk in the nearest timber and keep your eyes open.

Edna was also telling me today about an interesting object she had seen in a home where she was a guest. She had commented to her hostess about the beautiful fall arrangement and particularly admired an unusual base it had. Her hostess asked her if she had any idea what it was—Edna couldn't even guess. Believe it or not, but it was the hip bone of a cow! This woman and her husband loved to hike around the countryside in their spare time, looking for the unusual—driftwood, etc., and one day they came across this skeleton of a cow. Immediately they could see possibilities with that large hip joint, so they took it home and painted it entirely with black enamel except for the curved part where I expect the socket had been. This she enameled cream color and has used it ever since for her fall and winter flower arrangements.

I am just full of information that Edna has given me today! We always have such a good time when we are together. She said she would have given anything if she had had a camera with her the other day so she could have gotten a picture of a flower arrangement she knew I would have loved to see. She was a guest at the annual Rose tea which is put on every year by the Eden Garden Club of Corydon, Iowa. The church was full of beautiful flower arrangements, all made with roses, and brought by the members of the garden club. Several years ago they used to give prizes for the best arrangements, but it was so hard to pick the best that now



Aunt Jessie Shambaugh and Kristin. This picture was taken at Ames when Kristin gave the Country Girl's Creed at the 4-H State Convention. Aunt Jessie wrote the Creed many years ago when she lived in New York and was lonely for the Midwestern countryside.

they all bring as many arrangements as they please and do it just for the enjoyment they get out of it. Edna said she could readily understand this because they were all just beautiful.

The one she saw when she first walked through the door was the one she knew would take my eye. Mrs. R. E. Merrick of Corydon had used a low flat vase with a piece of driftwood in the center. All around the base of the driftwood were roses, and coming right up out of the roses and climbing to the top of the driftwood were (you've guessed it) peanut pixies!

We have had rain, rain, and more rain, but so far we have been lucky—no floods on our bottom ground, but I will say that it has been far too close for comfort. Since it has been too muddy to do anything else, Frank has been spending his time getting some much needed fencing done. We now have a new white picket fence across one side of the yard and around the garden. Kristin has been busy working on her 4-H projects for this year, and I have just been plain BUSY.

Last Fall Kristin started to refinish an old tea cart that we had, but she got involved in so many other activities during the school year that work on the teacart was stopped very soon after it was started. Winter activities were nothing compared to the merry-go-round of summer activities for her, so now the time was upon her that she simply had to get things done for the 4-H Achievement Show. The first thing she thought of doing was something for her own room at home. Her new wallpaper is light blue, her curtains and bedspread white, so she made a white bulletin board with just a tiny touch of blue to put on the wall above her desk.

The other things that she has done have been for her Aunt Edna, as well as for herself. In a recent issue of Kitchen-Klatter you saw a picture of Kristin in her room at Aunt Edna's. The headboard on the bed in this picture was an unfinished one Edna bought specifically so that Kristin could finish it for 4-H. It is now finished and looks just lovely. Kristin spent a week with Edna and Raymond this summer and worked on it most of the time.

Another big project that Kristin put a lot of hard work on was a dressing

unit for another of Edna's bedrooms. This room has beige walls and the studio bed has a tailored fitted turquoise blue corduroy spread. We had one of these old-fashioned commodes out in our wash house—one of those with a long drawer across the top, two small drawers down one side and a small door on the other side. Kristin left the long drawer at the top and took off the other two drawers and the door, leaving it open at the bottom under the long drawer. I won't go into detail about all the sanding and repairing that was done, but she painted it a turquoise blue which exactly matches the bedspread, then put new handles on the drawer and had a real nice looking dressing table. She painted an old dressing table bench the same color and covered the seat with beige plastic. We had an old mirror that used to be on an organ at one time and this she painted to match, so Edna now has a nice three-piece dressing unit.

All of this has taken a lot of time and a lot of elbow grease, but Kristin is real proud of her finished products. Of course our house has had papers down in almost every room for days, with something sitting on the papers in some stage of the process. Frank said the other day it was a good thing we only had one girl in 4-H or we would just have to move out for a month before the Achievement Show!

Tomorrow is another day with a full docket so I must close and get to bed. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

## FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

burgers before putting them on the broiler, just paint them lightly with soy sauce. The soy sauce gives the meat all of the needed salt plus a delightful flavor that accentuates the charcoal tang. And here is another tip that I have found most helpful: before putting chicken on to broil, cook it wrapped in aluminum foil in the oven for several minutes. After it is already good and tender take it from the oven and place on the charcoal broiler. The meat will have all of the flavor of the open fire plus the tenderness that is not easily obtained out of doors.

I wonder if any months of the year fly by as rapidly as the summer months? It seems only yesterday that the children had their last day of school and we packed the car for our annual trip to camp. It won't be long until this summer will be just another page in our book of memories. May your memories be good ones that you will want to treasure through all the winter months to come.

Sincerely,  
Frederick



## JULIANA'S LETTER—Concluded

sundaes and things like that. I developed a chocolate sundae that really looked scrumptuous! One day we had full responsibility because Myrtle (who does the heavy cooking) couldn't be there. That day we served a ham dinner, made the pies and everything else. I'm afraid when my mother reads this she'll get ideas about how much more I could do in our kitchen at home.

The only really bad catastrophe we had was the time we unknowingly served cold coffee. I wonder what those people thought of us anyway? But we tried hard to do our work just the way it should be done, and we washed mountains of dishes, and we certainly had a nice time meeting people. Kristin and I both think maybe we could help out a lot with our college expenses because of this experience we had in the cafe.

I think the most fun of all this summer was the time I spent on the farm. I just love animals and the two bottle-fed lambs became so friendly and tame they followed me all over—even when they weren't hungry. Also the little kittens were so much fun to watch. I could almost see them grow.

I'm writing this at Aunt Dorothy's house and she says that you will read it the last part of August. By that time I'll be at home again after our summer trip. Kristin is going with us and every letter I get from Mother and Daddy they print in big letters: NO FULL PETTICOATS ON TRIP. They still remember how Grandpa had such a time getting our petticoats into the car last summer when we went to visit Aunt Mary Beth and Uncle Donald in Anderson.

As soon as we get home I must start working on my school clothes because this is a job I can do and Mother has enough without thinking about buttons, zippers, snaps, seams that need mending and things like that.

Next month Kristin will write to you and by the time I write again I'll be back into school activities full force.

Always your friend . . .

*Juliana*

## TRAILER LIVING—Concluded

for relaxation, for the common little courtesies that so often are forgotten in the stress and strain of making a living.

It is certainly like "old home week" when residents return in the fall! Often the same neighbors return year after year, and enduring friendships are formed. Letters go back and forth telling about summer activities in places far away from the "second home", for these friends made in later years truly enjoy each other and anticipate the reunion ahead when autumn is over and the signs of approaching winter appear.

How does one get started? Well, in our case we visited friends who were "trailerling" and I guess in most cases the same thing has happened. But even if you don't know anyone who is "trailerling" you can get information from almost every city large enough to have an active Chamber of Commerce.

For those who are facing the sunset years with doubts and fears that physical ills and infirmities will curtail their activities, do consider the idea of spending the winter months as residents of a Mobile Homes park. We farm people of Kansas really like it!

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**DING! DONG!—Continued**

the wagon. Ma went with Grandma up the walk to the house, and Grandma offered to carry the pocketbook so Ma could manage the Baby. Bringing up the rear were Freddie, Sammy, Johnny, Bridget, Maggie and Pearlie.

When Grandpa and Pa came in, Grandma had dinner ready. Then Pa told Sammy to go out and feed Moll and Doll, and Grandpa told Johnny and Freddie that they could feed the chickens. The whole family had a fine time, and that was the end of a perfect day for Grandpa and Grandma, Sammy, Johnny, Maggie, Pearlie, Bridget, the Twins, the Baby, Freddie, Pa and Ma, and Moll and Doll.

**GEOGRAPHY:** Letters of the alphabet are put on slips of paper, one letter to a slip, and dropped into a hat. The teacher moves to each student and tells him that when he draws a slip he must give the name of a city, state or country (these can be alternated) while she counts to ten. Students who fail to beat the count of ten get a zero that is called out while the bell is rung sharply.

**Recess**

Students all do the familiar "Turn, Rise, Pass" routine and then march around in a circle to music as they get ready for recess. "Fruit Basket Upset" is a good recess game. Then the bell rings, recess is over and the pupils march back to their seats.

**'RITHMETIC: PUPIL WITH "THE MOSTEST":** The teacher reads off this list as each pupil keeps track of her score on a piece of paper, or the list may be on the paper with a space by each thing so the total points can be added to see who wins. Allow one point for each thing listed as indicated:

1. For each son-in-law you have.
2. For each red-headed grandchild.
3. If you have a birthday in May.
4. If you are youngest person here.
5. If you wear red shoes.
6. If you are wearing a hair net.
7. If you are wearing green earrings.
8. If you are wearing a suit.
9. If you are wearing a red dress.
10. If you are wearing a bracelet.
11. For every grandparent you have living.
12. If you are carrying aspirin in your purse.
13. If you wore pink gloves to this party.
14. If you can write down your correct car license.
15. If you can tell the person on your right something to make her laugh.

**SPELLING:** No school day affair could ever be wholly complete without an old-fashioned spelling bee, so divide the crowd into equal teams and have one. When compiling the list of words to be spelled, begin with terms so familiar to group activities such as bazaar, donations, missionaries, deficit, etc.

**MUSIC:** The entire student body should join in group singing and if the crowd can be divided into three sections for some of the old-fashioned (Continued on page 17)

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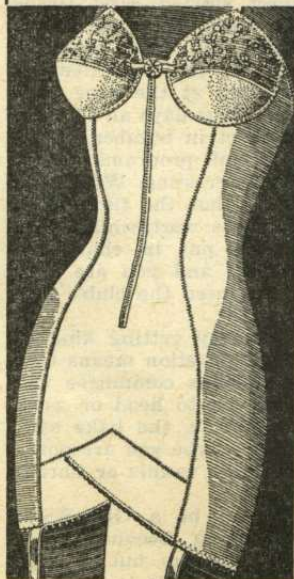
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## RECIPE OF THE MONTH

One of these days you'll probably answer the telephone to hear that your church Circle or club is getting all sails set to start another busy season — expect to get underway with a covered dish luncheon or supper. When you get through talking you'll have discovered that you're supposed to bring a meat dish of some kind — and those words "some kind" give you so much leeway you're confused right at the beginning.

Well, here is a chicken casserole recipe that seems to us exactly the ticket for such an occasion. It tastes extra good (remember what you put in it because you'll be asked for the recipe), it looks good, it serves eight nicely (probably ten if people have a lot to choose from), and it avoids that unfortunate impression of a dish that's been stretched to make the chicken go as far as possible!

Most of us want chicken to stretch — most of the time — but when you're taking such a dish to any kind of a gathering it's wise to keep your sense of economy under control and close your eyes to the "extras" that are called for. I once knew a woman about whom there was a standing joke — never, *never* had anyone had the good fortune to run across a real bite of chicken in any of her chicken concoctions. Now you know and I know that we don't want to fall into this gloomy bracket, so let's do our chicken dish up right when it's headed for places other than our own tables.

### SUPER CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 1 large stewing hen
- 1 sizable onion, chopped, or
- 2 cloves of garlic
- 2 cups uncooked noodles
- 3 hard-boiled eggs
- 3 Tbls. pimiento
- 1 cup mushrooms (stems and pieces)
- 1/3 cup liquid drained from mushrooms
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- Equal amount of rich milk
- Buttered crumbs

Cover chicken with water; add salt, pepper and chopped onion or garlic. (The garlic gives a wonderful flavor — not too strong. Whenever I've served this, people have asked me what gave it the good, "different" flavor and I've explained that it's garlic.)

When chicken is tender, remove pieces to a bowl to cool. Then allow cooled broth to stand in the refrigerator until all the fat is congealed. Remove almost all of it — leave only a small amount. You should have two cups of this broth that is almost without fat. Add the noodles, a thin-type noodle, and cook, covered, for about 12 minutes or until tender. The noodles should absorb all the broth.

Butter a long baking dish (8 x 12) and first spread over the bottom exactly one-half of the cooked noodles. It will be a thin layer and that's the way you want it. Over this scatter 1/2 of the mushrooms, 1 1/2 hard-boiled eggs sliced thin, and about 1 1/2 Tbls. pimiento. Now use half of the chicken to make a layer, and if

it was a nice big chicken you'll have enough to make almost a solid layer.

Use remainder of noodles, mushrooms, egg, pimiento and chicken to fill casserole.

Empty cream of mushroom soup into bowl and rinse out can with rich milk. Add slowly, beating well. Then add the 1/3 cup liquid drained from the mushrooms. Pour this over the ingredients in the casserole.

Over the top scatter bread crumbs, not too fine, that have been mixed lightly with approximately 1/4 cup melted butter.

Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 25 minutes.

Anyone who eats this will have the happy impression that he's run into a really wonderful chicken dish — and there won't be any searching for the chicken in a sea of noodles!

## "HOW TO BE A COMMUNITY WHEEL"

By  
Esther Sigsbee

September is a wonderful month! There's a nip in the air and there are still days of bright sunshiney weather. The kids are back in school and most people have an energy rise after the hot weather. But as sure as September comes, the club and community activities begin again and though I must admit I am not happy unless I am up to my neck in several projects, I often wonder how I get myself so involved.

It seems to me that if a gal could manage to keep absolutely quiet she wouldn't have to do much outside of her housework. At least my big mouth is always getting me into something. Somebody is always looking for "volunteers" for club work and no matter how private you think the conversation is, you are almost sure to make a remark that someone will interpret as an indication that you are a candidate for a job. However, some remarks are more potent than others in getting you involved and here are some of them.

"My youngest started First Grade this year. Just think, the whole day to myself without any kids around!" This statement is the equivalent of waving a red flag at the nose of a gentleman cow. Your days all to yourself are very short in number.

"I think our club programs should be made more interesting. We should go home feeling that the time spent at the meeting was worthwhile." You are going to be put in charge of the next program and you are very likely to be appointed the club's program chairman.

"Isn't our treasury getting kind of low?" That fatal question means that the Ways and Means committee will put the bee on you to head or work at the rummage sale, the bake sale, the silver tea or maybe you are going to have to sell more vanilla or Christmas cards.

"I didn't get to be a Girl Scout when I was young because there weren't enough leaders but I hope my daughter will be able to be one."

In the near future you are apt to be the leader of your daughter's Girl Scout troop.

"Mary was so sweet about being one of the solicitors when I was Red Cross Chairman for my township." Mary has news for you. She is going to be Chairman for the Cancer Drive and you can't very well turn her down when she asks you to be one of her solicitors.

"Parents and teachers should work together." You are going to be a home-room mother, a community school committee member or, if your school has one, some sort of Big Wheel in the P.T.A.

"I don't sing good, but I sure sing loud and how I do love to harmonize." Choir practice is every Thursday evening and you will be invited to show up there.

My personal Waterloo when it comes to getting involved in projects is my susceptibility to flattery. Let a chairman imply that the job she has waiting is one that I can do better than most people and I find myself licking envelopes or ringing doorbells.

A few remarks beamed my way about talented people and I take it personally and start writing a skit to order or doing research on such subjects as the Life of Primitive Peoples in Outer Mongolia for a talk. The fact that I know absolutely nothing about what I'm doing makes no difference so long as somebody tells me I'm just the gal for the job. And if someone says, "I know you are busy, but do you suppose you could squeeze in just one more job?" I can't resist proving what a regular powerhouse I am at getting things accomplished.

On the other hand, there are several excuses to give when you want to say, "no", to an extra-curricular activity. They can be used very successfully, if not by me, at least by somebody who has a little skill in the delicate art of the graceful negative.

The first and most successful way to get out of doing club and community jobs is to take full time employment. For a wife and mother to do this, she must be expert at washing, ironing, cooking and cleaning at odd hours and she must have a cooperative husband and well-trained youngsters. But some women feel that working outside of the home and keeping house too keeps them very little busier than they were when they were merely home-makers and served on all those committees. And that paycheck every Saturday is extremely enticing.

Another legitimate excuse to say "no" is a forthcoming blessed event, for almost everybody respects the stork. I don't know whether or not anyone has ever added a baby to her family with the express purpose of getting out of outside activity but it makes an effective excuse if you are expecting anyway. It lasts for a couple of years after the child is here, too, for most people understand the baby sitter situation. But if you use this same excuse year after year, you are not only in a rut, but you also get a pretty big houseful of children.

(Continued on page 18)



**DING! DONG!—Concluded**

"rounds" such as "Row, Row, Row Your Boat," it will be a lot of fun.

**GENERAL KNOWLEDGE:** The following quiz is a nice way to end the busy school day. And the teacher can point out that it is also helpful for those having trouble with arithmetic!

Write opposite each item listed below a word which begins with the same letter — whatever letter the teacher assigns.

For example, if letter "F" is assigned, the first answer might be "Ford," the second one "Arlene Francis," the third "Florida," etc. Any letter may be selected. The object of the game is to make your answers as different as possible, for in scoring if no one else has given the same name as you, you get zero; if just one person has the same you score one point; if two people have given the same it counts two, etc. For each one you cannot answer add ten points. The person with the lowest score wins. You might go through the game two or three times using different letters.

1. Automobile
2. T.V. actress (female)
3. State
4. College
5. T.V. star (male)
6. Foreign city
7. College in U. S.
8. Song
9. Magazine
10. Tree
11. Game
12. Musical instrument
13. President of U. S.
14. Flower
15. Vegetable
16. Street
17. Famous woman in history
18. River
19. Article of wearing apparel

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS:** Most school days are concluded by the teacher mentioning important things for the students to remember. This is the time to mention all details connected with the next meeting, appoint committees for specific work, etc.

After this, the entire group should join in singing "School Days" and then the bell rings the final time for dismissal.

**EMPTY NESTS**

There is a brown leaf in the cardinal's nest,

In the fir tree by the door.  
I watched the young ones fly away  
And knew I would see them no more.

There is an old sweater, a ball and bat,

And a few of our boy's old toys;  
He has left the home for a man's life work —

It is the way of both birds and boys.

—Charlotte Romine

Every day something gets done that "couldn't be done."

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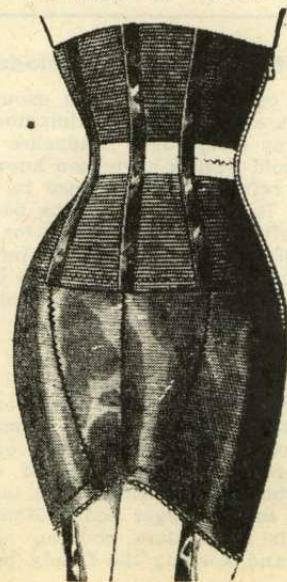
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**MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded**

do, you can imagine how thrilled we were to see this vicinity, with evidences of old gold mines (many still in operation), the old buildings and everything so fascinating that Martin and I decided that we will simply have to spend more time there next summer. Abigail said that she and Wayne hope to drive back soon and *really* explore.

As we passed each turnoff we said "Where do you suppose *that* road goes?" and this was said frequently all afternoon. We did take one little trail which led us to Glory Hole, an open mine of tremendous size. If I'm not mistaken it is 500 feet across and 900 feet deep—almost too scary for me! We headed north from Central City, stopped to eat our lunch at a roadside park before we got to Rollinsville, and then on to Nederland. Along Boulder Creek Canyon we stopped to let the children play in the mountain stream, and since the water was very shallow going over the rocks, the children spent over an hour happily building dams and making new channels. Sometime during the afternoon my watch stopped without my noticing it and we were late arriving home. You can imagine the state Wayne was in knowing that we were driving mountain roads! We promised him faithfully to double-check the time on the car radio the next day when Abigail and I planned to drive to Colorado Springs on the Rampart Range Road.

Martin was just in here reading over my shoulder and said: "Mother, you didn't tell them about taking wrong turns and how everytime we had to turn around you wanted to get out of the car."

Yes, I'm afraid I did! I keep telling everyone that it was just to help direct getting the car turned around on the narrow mountain road, but they don't believe me! Next time I will tell you about our trips to Colorado Springs and Rocky Mountain National Park.

Sincerely yours,

*Margery*

**MAKING FRIENDS—Concluded**

morning ironing, I'll invite a friend over for coffee, tell her what I'll be doing and suggest she bring along something to finish at the same time. It's surprising the amount of work that can be accomplished under such circumstances.

There is another valuable habit to establish. Whenever I'm in the mood to get out of my house for a while, I phone ahead to see if a visit is convenient. If the answer is "yes", then I always request that my friend feel free to accomplish her chores while I'm at her home. If she says she's cleaning or working on some other job that would be disrupted, I just plainly state that I'll make it at another, more convenient time. This establishes a precedent easily and most people return the courtesy.

When a friend stops at a very busy time, just meet the situation cordially



The big chair at the left is where I sit in the evening and read your letters, and I told Russell that it was a blessing you couldn't see how badly both chairs need upholstering! This is the Verness living room—you saw the outside view of that window in a recent issue. Incidentally, one of the few things I've just plain up and bought is the carved figure (done from one solid piece of wood) made in Java—I found it in a Chinese shop in Los Angeles in 1940.

but frankly. Say plainly that you are sorry, but you are busy with a job that cannot be delayed. Tell the friend that you'll phone her to come another time when you are free. Then do just that—don't forget—and there won't be hurt feelings.

If you are plagued by calls from someone you really don't enjoy at all, try meeting this person at the door with the firm statement that you're busy—period. Skip the part about inviting her back and the idea will get across eventually.

There is one final caution. Be tolerant and gracious toward everyone you meet if you wish to be treated in the same manner. Friends don't always behave in a perfect way; neither do we. Those whom you treat with interest, warmth, and kindness will find you a fine friend. Your life will be more interesting and happy for having known them.

**COMMUNITY WHEEL—Concluded**

Health can be used for an excuse. Symptoms, either genuine or imagined, all the way from slight headaches to hot and cold flashes have been known to cause refusals of assistance to be accepted. But a person has to be a little careful in pleading illness for it is not going to be taken very kindly if a woman says she can't help because of poor health and then is discovered out playing bridge three or four times a week.

Life would be pretty dull for most of us if we didn't have interests outside of the home. And I'm not so sure that all of the things we deem outside interests are really so far divorced from homemaking if we take the term in the larger sense. Homemaking is more than cooking and cleaning and keeping the family presentable.

We are all better wives and mothers for listening to and taking part in informative and interesting club programs and certainly anything we can do to help the school, Scouts, 4-H and church youth work is part of our job in child rearing. Good government is good housekeeping on a larger scale and we have better homes as a result of well run public affairs. And what, in the name of Sweet Charity, would the Red Cross, the Hospital Auxiliary, the Cancer, Heart Disease and Children's Home Societies and others do if it were not for female fund raisers?

The problem is not that the outside activities are worth our efforts — it is that the average woman is in danger of spreading herself so thin in her interests that she cannot do justice to any of them and at the same time keep in first place, as she should, her duty to her home, husband and youngsters.

If a gal could figure out a way to say, "no", to just enough things so that she could still have time to herself and say, "yes," to enough things to keep life interesting and pay her rent for the space she takes up in a community, it would be a pretty good balance.

**NEW TIMES**

New times demand new measures and new men;  
The world advances, and in time outgrows  
The laws that in our fathers' day were best;  
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme  
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,  
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.

—James Lowell.



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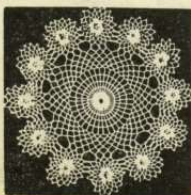
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**MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded**

Refreshments consisted of ice cream, cake and red fruit punch which one small boy managed to slosh down the front of his white shirt and trousers! We bought 40 assorted sizes of balloons and strung these around the yard and then as the kiddies were leaving we gave each one a big balloon to take home; I don't believe more than half of them got down the driveway and into their cars with the balloons unbroken. Then in the Five and Ten cent store I found a rope of 29 cellophane sealed suckers which we cut apart and hung on strings from the lower branches of one of our cherry trees. The lollipop tree was Donald's idea and it was very cute, but the tree's branches were weighed down with huge, bright red cherries and this helped to make it a thing of beauty. Katharine had gone to Grandma Schneider's for her lunch and nap before we put up any decorations, so when she came home at three o'clock she was wide-eyed. I believe she had as much fun as at Christmas time. Of course, with the little presents the children brought it really was Christmas all over again.

After her cousin, Jimmy Moroney, got his jungle gym for his birthday two weeks earlier, Katharine set her mind to the fact that this was just what she wanted. I thought this present a fine thing for Jimmy but Katharine has never been able to master climbing equipment when we have gone to parks so I didn't consider it seriously. Wise mama thought she had her child all figured out as wanting strictly girl-type presents!

However, Jimmy's jungle gym was all she talked about and every day she asked to go and play with Jimmy and his wonderful new toy. After watching Denny and Jimmy on the jungle gym she soon was hitching up her skirt and climbing clear to the top with apparent safety. So, after considerable thinking and figuring on how we could afford such a big present we decided to pool the money from her Schneider and Driftmier grandparents, the Moroneys, plus Mother and Daddy, that would ordinarily be spent on small gifts and go ahead and get the climbing tower. In addition to this she did get a lovely powder-puff muslin dress which Grandma Schneider made for her. It is a heavenly blue with tiny white flying doves on it and goes beautifully with her blue eyes.

The party guests stayed only two hours. We planned no games for them because of their ages, and as it worked out any efforts in this direction would have been in vain because the kiddies played on the climbing tower almost exclusively. I had been very doubtful about the wisdom of this gift even as Donald assembled it just before the party, but I must say I was really mistaken! Not only did the children have loads of fun on it, but Katharine is still excited about having it right at home and spends many happy hours on it.

The only near catastrophe we had at the party was when one little toddler was discovered eating his dessert in the sandpile. The dessert was sand! And he was chewing and swal-



Here is the climbing tower Mary Beth thought about with such mingled feelings!

lowing each mouthful with real pleasure. I was glad I had included the mothers because I was busy helping Katharine open her presents and dishing ice cream and cake, and the children were definitely at an age to require considerable watching.

Donald and I said we worked as hard at having this party as we ever did to entertain our own friends! We were just plain exhausted by the time Paul and Katharine were put to bed in the evening and a mountainous pile of dirty dishes waited for us in the kitchen. But we thoroughly enjoyed everything involved with it, and Katharine was so thrilled with all the excitement that it was well worth the work.

It's time to head for the kitchen and open two cans of milk and prepare formula before supper time, so I must run this minute.

*Mary Beth*

God bless my little kitchen,  
I love its every nook,  
And bless me as I do my work —  
Wash pots and pans and cook.

May the meals that I prepare  
Be seasoned from above,  
With Thy blessing and Thy grace,  
But most of all Thy love.

As we partake of earthly food,  
The table for us spread,  
We'll not forget to thank Thee, Lord,  
Who gives us daily bread.

So bless my little kitchen, God,  
And those who enter in,  
May they find naught but joy and peace  
And happiness therein.

(Lucile's note: The above verse printed on a plaque was sent to me for Christmas by Mildred Cathcart. It hangs directly above my sink and is a constant inspiration.)



# ONCE-A-YEAR NIRESK SALE

## 54 PC. SOLID STAINLESS TABLEWARE



Regular \$1995

**\$9.95**

COMPLETE  
54 PIECES

### GUARANTEED 65 YEARS

Any piece that has defects due to workmanship or material will be replaced within 65 years without charge.

### FREE!

- 4-Piece  
HOSTESS SERVING SET
- Cold Meat Fork
  - Gravy Ladle
  - Berry Spoon
  - Pie Server



## 54 PIECES

Service for 8

- 8—1-Pc. Forged Dinner Knives
- 8—Dinner Forks
- 8—Salad Forks
- 16—Teaspoons
- 8—Oval Soup Spoons
- 2—Serving Spoons
- 4-Piece. Hostess Set

**RICH-ORNATE-PERMANENT MIRROR FINISH WON'T RUST OR STAIN—Never Needs Polishing**

NOW you can enjoy the thrill of owning the aristocrat of fine solid stainless steel tableware at amazing **FACTORY-TO-YOU** savings! The delicate, deeply sculptured pattern has been created for you by world famous silversmiths.

## 10 way WONDER FRY COOKER-FRYER

Equipped with Westinghouse Automatic Thermostat

- \* French Fries \* Roasts
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Just Set the Dial—PRESTO!  
It's Done for You  
AUTOMATICALLY

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



List Price \$2995

**\$6.95**

Includes  
Cooker-Fryer  
French-Fry Basket  
Oven-glass Cover  
Free Recipe Book

## Automatic DE LUXE ELECTRIC Skillet



List Price \$2995

**\$9.95**

INCLUDES  
COVER

### Specifications

- Automatic Controlled Cooking
- GE Heating Element
- Cooking Guide on Handle Shows Right Heat to Use
- Extra Big Size—4-qt. Capacity!
- Includes Cover

### COMPLETELY IMMERSIBLE

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

## 3-SPEED HEAVY DUTY ELECTRIC FOOD MIXER



Head lifts off  
for use as mixer tool



Stands on heel—  
keeps counter clean



- Head removes for use as mixer tool!
- Powerful, guaranteed AC-DC motor

Exceptionally fine food mixer that beats heaviest batters as easily as it whips an egg! Powerful motor covers every job efficiently—beats, mixes, whips, mashes! Kitchen tested for dependability and precision. Newest, most modern design lets you use it as a hand mixer anywhere at all—stove, table, counter...lets you stand it on its winged heel (just like an iron) so that your counters keep clean. Features an open handle for comfort gripping...two chromed steel, non-splash beaters that snap out for easy cleaning—rinse 'em off, snap 'em back in. Comes with stand and base and 2 handy opal mixing bowls. Completely guaranteed. 110-120 volt, AC. UL approved.

Regular \$2495

**\$11.69**

with G.E. Cord

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

**NIRESK INDUSTRIES, Dept. AEC-7**  
2331 N. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

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

- |   |         |
|---|---------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 54-Pc. Tableware           | \$ 9.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 10-Way Cooker-Fryer        | \$ 6.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Automatic Electric Skillet | \$ 9.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Food Mixer        | \$11.69 |

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Enclosed find full payment of \$\_\_\_\_\_

☐ Ship C.O.D. Plus C.O.D. postage charges.



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If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Note changes in deadlines very carefully.

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December ads due October 10.  
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The Driftmier Company  
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**BABY'S SHOES BRONZED** \$2.00 a pair. Bronzers, Circleville, Kansas.

**LEARN PROFESSIONAL CAKE DECORATING**. Details free. Deco-Secrets, Venice 8, California.

**JUMBO** 13 x 18 plastic bags 5¢. Free folder useful household items. Wenonah, Box 195K, Winona, Minnesota.

**CROCHETED BABY SETS**, \$4.00 postpaid. Hazel Price, New Virginia, Iowa.

**CROCHETED HAIRPIN** pillow slip edgings 42" \$1.00 pair. State colors. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

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**ATTRACTIVE** crocheted tablecloth for \$100.00. Also, African Violet leaves, rooted leaves and small plants. Lydia Alm, Adams, Nebraska.

**LOVELY PILLOW SLIPS** with crocheted pineapple lace \$4.00. Also, embroidered Lady's in flowers \$3.50. Set 7 Dish towels embroidered \$3.00. T. V. Doilies 23" crocheted with gold or silver metallic thread in colors \$2.00. Orders good anytime. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

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**OCCASION AND BIRTHDAY CARDS**—16 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

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**AFRICAN VIOLETS**—three hundred varieties, newest and best, window grown. Leaves only mailed. Send 5¢ for descriptive price list and leaflet on violet culture. Mrs. Tom Hardisty, Corning, Iowa.

**FOR SALE**: Crocheted bedspread, natural color, large size, popcorn stitch pattern. Mrs. Ed Beck, Wilber, Nebraska.

**OVERWEIGHT**—reduce quickly, no drugs, exercising, or dieting. Famous formula \$1. National, K7, 6709 East End, Chicago.

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**SELL ROYAL JELLY VITAMINS** spare time. Details free: Address: RJV Room 305-B, 5325 Blackstone, Chicago 15, Illinois.

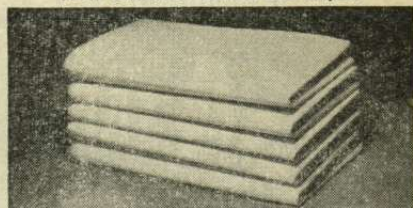
**I WOULD LIKE TO FILL OUT MY BAVARIAN CHINA**—white with an old-fashioned rosebud design. On the underside are the words: Made in Habsburg, Austria. Stamped into the china on the luncheon size plate are these letters: N. 680, 116, 21. Probably manufactured about 1900. Please write to: Lucile Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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# 50 LARGE NEW 2¢ TOWELS ea.

NEW Unwoven Cotton and Rayon



Unretouched Photo: Our 50 Towels for \$1.00 Offer

ASTONISHING BUT EVERY WORD GUARANTEED TRUE! World's greatest towel offer, bar none—50, yes 50, marvelous, large, brand new (not seconds) in beautiful colors and white... only \$1.00 (plus 25¢ for postage & hdg.) or \$1.25 in all! We sell at staggering low price because we buy huge quantities direct from MILLS—more than 23,650,000 Towels since 1953! If you're not thrilled and delighted, return Towels—keep 10 Free for your trouble—and we'll cheerfully refund purchase price. Order NOW before offer is cancelled. No C.O.D's.

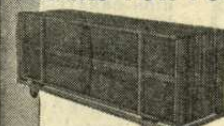
50 TOWEL CO. Dept. A-93 Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.

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Direct Prices & Discounts to Churches, Schools, Clubs, Lodges and All Organizations

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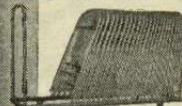
Monroe TS (transport - storage) Trucks make handling and storing of Folding Tables easy and quick. See catalog pp. 20-22

### STEEL FOLDING CHAIRS



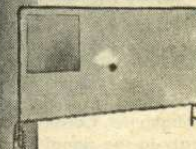
Monroe Steel Folding Chairs in attractive range of styles, sizes and prices. Excel in comfort, easy handling and durability. Also full line of non-folding chairs, desks and combinations for classroom, cafeteria and church school use.

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Monroe Folding Chair Trucks for moving, handling and storing chairs. Also table-and-chair trucks.

### PORTABLE PARTITIONS



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

THE Monroe COMPANY  
51 Church St. Colfax, Iowa

The most utterly lost of all days is the one in which you have not once laughed.

Make a success of today, and you need not worry about tomorrow.



# 53 PCS. UNBREAKABLE *Service for 8* Lifetime DINNERWARE

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED MOLDED OF GENUINE

*Spaulding* Copolymer AND MELAMINE

PLATTER

VEGETABLE BOWL

8 DINNER PLATES

8 SOUP PLATES

8 SALAD PLATES

8 DESSERT DISHES

8 CUPS

8 SAUCERS

**LOOK AT THESE FEATURES!**

✱ Won't CRACK  
 ✱ Won't BREAK  
 ✱ Won't CHIP  
 ✱ Won't FADE  
 ✱ Won't STAIN

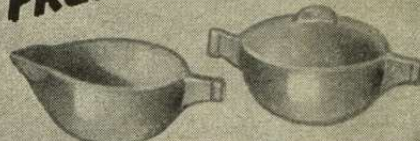
Amazing! The gay colors are guaranteed to stay bright. This dinnerware can be washed in BOILING water and ALL MECHANICAL DISHWASHERS.

**LIST PRICE \$29.95**

**\$14.95**

**FREE!**

Beautiful Matching Creamer and Covered Sugar Bowl.



## GUARANTEE

Any piece of this dinnerware that becomes broken, cracked, crazed or shows signs of defects during normal use in the home will be replaced. *Niresk Industries.*

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

### SERVICE FOR 8—53 PIECES UNBREAKABLE DINNERWARE Includes:

- 8 Dinner Plates
- 8 Soup Plates
- 8 Dessert Dishes
- 8 Cups
- 8 Saucers
- 1 Platter
- 1 Vegetable Bowl
- 1 Creamer
- 1 Sugar Bowl
- 1 Sugar Lid
- 8 Salad Dishes

A complete dinnerware service for 8 people in Nationally Advertised Melamine and genuine COPOLYMER. Extra-heavyweight rainbow dinnerware fit for a queen! All pieces are in rainbow assortment of pastel colors—yellow, gray, coral, and turquoise. Permanent satin gloss finish and china-like textured. Even the hottest water used in a dishwasher won't harm this set.

**NIRESK INDUSTRIES Dept. GM-41**  
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Chicago 47, Illinois

Please send me the complete 53 pc. set of unbreakable Spaulding Dinnerware on money back guarantee of \$14.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

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☐ Enclosed find \$14.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

☐ Ship C.O.D.

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**NIRESK INDUSTRIES, CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS**



Rooted  
Washable  
Hair

Including  
**6 COMPLETE OUTFITS**

# 22 INCH BIG SISTER TEEN AGE DOLL

\$9.95 VALUE

**\$ 4<sup>95</sup>**

Plus 50c shipping  
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Shorty Pajama Outfit



Rain Cape



Fur Stole



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KICKS HIGH DOES SPLITS SHE EVEN SITS BENDS KNEES

- Wears High Heels
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- Completely Washable
- 100% Vinyl Plastic
- Guaranteed Unbreakable

## New! Glamorous HIGH HEELS

The most breathtaking new doll of the year! "Big Sister" is a gorgeous young lady wearing her first high heels and first jewelry. She'll steal the show in any dolly parade and dance right into your heart. Talented as she is beautiful, she sits, stands, bends her elbows and knees. Gorgeous big blue eyes (with thick, real lashes) close when she's sleepy. Her permanently rooted, glossy hair can be washed and set in all the new styles. She bathes from head to toe because she's all satiny, peaches 'n' cream vinyl plastic. She has manicured her hands and feet with pink polish. Her white dress is heavy-weight, imported Swiss cotton with a lovely ribbed texture and embossed-embroidered circlet pattern. Completing her costume: brass-buckled belt, ribbon-trimmed crinoline petticoat; lace-trimmed panties. Her good looks and clothes are made to stay fresh thru countless hours of joyous little-girl play. Lustrous pearl earrings and bracelet. *Plus 6 complete outfits.*

NIRESK INDUSTRIES, INC., Dept. DKA-11, Chicago 47, Ill.

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

NIRESK INDUSTRIES, INC., DEPT. DKA-11  
2331 N. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Please rush at once \$9.95 value **BIG SISTER DOLL** at \$4.95 plus 50¢ postage. If I am not 100% delighted purchase price will be refunded.

☐ Send prepaid. I enclose  
50¢ additional for shipping  
and handling

☐ I will pay postage  
Send C.O.D.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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