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Kitchen-Klatter!

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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Photo by Stern



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

This much of the summer has certainly given us all kinds of exaggerated extremes in the weather.

One day we can be mighty thankful for our Amana air conditioner, and the very next morning we can be equally thankful for automatic heat! At least we've missed (to date) some of the severe storms they've had elsewhere.

As a matter of fact, these severe storms elsewhere have made a big difference in our plans to drive to Anderson. The sections through which we would be driving have been hard hit and we've just about made up our minds to stay right here at home.

However, the trip to Anderson doesn't begin to call for all the packing and preparations needed for a long winter trip to Florida or California, so we may up and decide to go at the last minute. Some people could cover this many miles in one day, but we take it easy and make a two-day trip out of it. Both of us are very anxious to see our newest grandson, little Paul Driftmier, so if we *do* get to make the trip I'll tell you about it next month.

I guess there are a lot of people who never pay any attention to storms, but at this house we've always kept a sharp eye on the sky. All of our children remember exciting trips to crawl under the big table in the Southwest corner of the basement, and we felt better down there even though Fred Fischer always said that the house might come down on top of us. Mart always reminded him that this was possible, but at least we wouldn't be blown into the next county!

I remember one particular time when a terrible storm came up about five in the afternoon and we all went down to the basement just in case there should be a tornado in that seething greenish-black cloud. All of a sudden Frederick scrambled out from under the table and went running upstairs, paying no attention to all of the yelling that he should come back instantly. Old Trixie hadn't gone to the basement with us and Frederick was determined to save him at any cost. I can still see him urging that old dog down the cellar steps just as the wind struck and we could feel the whole house shake.

We were reminiscing about this when Frederick was here—he recalled all of it just as clearly as we did. Mart and I drove up to Omaha to

meet him at the airport and on the drive back to Shenandoah we saw an ugly looking cloud that started us recalling the old days.

Frederick's visit went so fast it seemed to us he had only arrived—and was then gone again. I hadn't been in our high school auditorium for many, many years, but the night he gave the Commencement address our Superintendent of Schools, Mr. L. A. Logan, assigned some husky young students to carry me up the two long flights of stairs. We appreciated all the effort made to see that I could be there—and we also appreciated the lovely reception held later.

Sister Martha is making a fine recovery from her broken hip and is now up most of the day. Mart and I went over to stay with her for two days and two nights while Jessie went to Ames to the 4-H State Convention. We hadn't spent the night in Clarinda for many, many years—almost thirty two years or so—and it gave us a good opportunity to see old friends whom we knew when we lived there. Many of them are gone, of course, but this is to be expected when you reach our age.

Bertha Field is having a wonderful visit with John Henry and his wife Ethel at their home in Denver. She was able to get rid of the heavy brace she had worn for almost three years, and all of us were happy about this since Bertha's favorite love is gardening—and it's hard to do much gardening when you're coping with a heavy brace. I'll be anxious to hear about her trip when she gets back in a couple of weeks.

We've had exceptionally good fruit to work with this summer and I put down many glasses of strawberry preserves and cherry preserves. As soon as peaches are in the market I want to make up some glasses of these using a recipe that calls for maraschino cherries. Probably I'll put down some sauce too because we still think you can't beat some canned peaches. I always freeze some too and we enjoy them, but a few jars of canned sauce certainly hits the spot.

Margery and Martin are packing their suitcases and getting ready to board the train in Red Oak for their trip to Denver. They can get on a night train and get off the next morning right in Denver, so that seemed easier than driving. Abigail and Wayne will have their car to take them sight-

seeing, and I guess they have all kinds of things lined up. Margery will have a chance to tell you all about it in her letter next month.

Howard's wife, Mae, says that ever since Donna came home from college for summer vacation she has felt almost as if she were on a real vacation. Anyone who works knows what a scurry it is to get lunch at noon, clean up the kitchen, and then come home tired after a full office day and start another meal. If you have this kind of a routine you know how much it means to Mae to go home at noon and find a nice meal on the table, and Donna does all of this, plus cleaning, laundry, keeping up the yard, etc., so I can see how Mae feels that she's on a vacation.

Both Mae and Donna enjoy sewing and handwork. Donna has just finished a beautiful embroidered tablecloth, and Mae always has something of this kind underway. Both of them sew beautifully, and when Donna was here for dinner the other day she had on a dress that looked as if it had come from a very expensive shop. She made every stitch of it herself in April when she was in college.

So many of our friends have wondered why we don't move from this big house and settle down in a new house all on one floor, but if they could see the company that comes and goes all summer they really wouldn't wonder why we stay right here. I think when you live in a place so many, many years it seems hard to imagine any other house feeling like home. Once in a while I get an urge to do what many of our friends have done and move into a small new house, but when I think how often our upstairs comes in handy I decide that we'll just stay right here. (If Mart and I are fortunate enough to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary in 1963 we'll want all of our children here with us, and then we'll certainly be glad we didn't move!)

We've made several happy trips up to see Dorothy and Frank, and in this issue you'll see a picture that was snapped on the last trip. I've never yet caught a *big* fish, but I like to sit on the bank and hold a line so it doesn't make much difference to me what I catch. Frank's soy beans look fine—in fact, all the soy beans we've seen look exceptionally good this year. Unless something totally unexpected comes up we should see fine harvests in the autumn, and from reading your letters I know how much this will mean.

I don't get to the microphone to visit with you as frequently as I once did, but I don't want anyone to think I'm lazy! It's just that when you get to be seventy-two you have to take things a little easier. But I still look forward just as eagerly to the morning mail and your letters, so you can be sure that I'm right here as I've been for so many years even though I can't visit with you every day.

I have a chicken boiling and now want to add some home-made noodles for our supper, so I must wheel to the kitchen and get busy.

Affectionately yours, Leanna

IT COULD BE YOUR TURN NEXT!

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Blue—Bewildered—Befuddled . . . those words just about describe my state of mind as I walked through the wide doors of our huge State University Hospitals behind the stretcher that carried my young daughter.

She was critically ill, and along with my anxiety over her condition I had a severe case of "hospital fright." This enormous building seemed almost overwhelming to me, and I've thought many times since that afternoon how many parents must have had the same sensations when they found themselves for the first time in a great institution so radically different from their own home town hospitals. Back home we know our family doctors very well, we know many of the hospital personnel as family friends, and there isn't anything mysterious or frightening about going to the hospital ourselves or taking a member of the family there.

BUT NOW . . . here I was feeling "swallowed up" in the midst of what seemed to be a small city, helplessly caught up in what appeared to be ceaseless activity and endless red tape. All of it was such a strange and unknown experience, and it's the strange and unknown that leaves us fearful.

Circumstances kept me in that great hospital all of my waking hours for many days and weeks, and the other evening it occurred to me that perhaps if I wrote a few "pointers" it might be helpful to other parents who suddenly find themselves face to face with a similar situation. We never expect these terrible emergencies and thus we're never prepared for them, but they can happen to anyone.

HOW DO YOU GET ADMITTED?

In our case it was an emergency, so our family doctor telephoned directly to the head of the Pediatrics Ward (where he wanted Sharon to be entered), explained the case, told them that the patient and her mother would be arriving at the time the hospital specified, and made all necessary arrangements so they could be ready. I rode right along in the ambulance, carrying with me the records from our local hospital.

Upon our arrival, the receptionist at the Admissions desk telephoned the Pediatrics Ward, found they were expecting us, and told us we could go directly there.

Right here I should stop and mention what you could reasonably expect to experience if you weren't being admitted on an emergency basis.

At the Admissions desk there would probably be a file on your case which had been mailed in earlier by your own home town doctor. After you were questioned briefly, you would then be sent directly to the offices of whatever department you needed (surgery, X-ray, internal medicine, etc.) and there your case history would be taken. When this had been completed you would be told that some certain doctor had been assigned to your case and an appointment would be made



This isn't a brand new picture of Aunt Martha and it doesn't begin to do her justice, but you can see from her "sparkle" that she could work hard at getting well!

for you to see him in his department. Following this appointment he would make arrangements for you to see as many doctors and technicians as seemed advisable to get the most expert advice available. Probably most people will find just about what I have outlined here because the bulk of the admissions are not on a drastic emergency basis.

But we were an emergency, so when we arrived in our Pediatrics wing we found a staff of doctors and nurses waiting and the bed was ready for Sharon. I'll never forget the kindly ambulance driver who carried my suitcase to the hospital room for me—those things stick in your mind when you feel so confused and bewildered.

IN THESE HUGE HOSPITALS DO YOU FEEL LOST IN AN IMPERSONAL ROUTINE OR DO YOU GET A FEELING OF PERSONAL INTEREST AND CONCERN? This worries people, I've found, so I'd like to discuss it.

Immediately after Sharon had been put into bed, the man who was to become her own special doctor from the large staff of doctors, introduced himself in the most friendly manner and told us he'd like to sit down and visit a bit as he got her case history. Meanwhile, nurses and laboratory technicians were busy getting pulse, temperature, blood tests, etc., and then followed trips to other floors for X-rays and other types of laboratory work. Her doctor assured me that I could go right along by the stretcher, and at each stop an Aid kindly saw that I had a chair while I waited.

After other doctors had examined her (in order to get a number of opinions), her own doctor told me something about all of the tests that would need to be made, and said that when the results had been assembled later in the day they would hold a staff conference. As soon as this had

been held I could expect to be summoned to his office so they could talk with me about their diagnosis.

Anyone who has gone through the experience of having a loved one critically ill, will know what I mean when I say that after talking with this fine doctor only a short time I felt as if a great load had been shifted over on capable shoulders well equipped to carry it! He was sympathetic and kindly as he explained all that would have to be done. And all of the other doctors, nurses and aids were so understanding and kind to both Sharon and to me that in only a short time after our arrival we had forgotten our unease and confusion in such a large institution. It was plain to be seen that they had her best interests at heart and were going to combine all their skills to get her on the road to recovery.

WHEN DO YOU TALK WITH THE DOCTORS? The Pediatrics Ward staff of doctors make their rounds every morning. They also seem to call on their patients after lunch each day, and we often saw Sharon's doctors at various times in addition to these routine rounds. This gave me plenty of opportunity to check with them on her condition. I had been granted special permission for extra visiting hours (this paper was signed by her doctor) because of her serious condition, so naturally I had more opportunity to see the doctors than some people have.

However, had I been keeping regular visiting hours I could have gone to the nurses' desk and asked that they page him—or I could have left word at this desk that I wanted to see him and then he would have gotten in touch with me. This means that if you can't see your doctors during the regular visiting periods, you can always make arrangements to do so. And if you can't be at the hospital, you can telephone and ask to have the doctor paged and then talk with him. (At least I heard different calls coming in like this very often during my weeks there.) It isn't necessary to point out that one wouldn't trouble these busy doctors in such a way unless it was absolutely very necessary.

LODGING AND MEALS. The Main Information desk has a list of sleeping rooms available near the hospital which can be rented at various rates, depending upon how many conveniences you want, of course. Most big hospitals have a special cafeteria, and at Iowa City there is a hospital barracks just across the street for use of outpatients and for mothers (or other escorts of patients) to be used through a doctor's O.K. There is also a huge University cafeteria just a short distance across the campus, and in addition there are two coffee shops at the hospital that are open Mondays through Fridays. Of course there are motels, cafes, drive-ins, etc., which those who have cars can patronize when in town visiting patients or staying with them.

Taxi service is available at the main entrance of any really big hospital, and city busses usually pass by at

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DAILY LIFE WITH A SMALL BABY IN THE HOUSE!

I've got Paul tucked away for his morning nap and Katharine is busy playing in her bedroom, so I believe with any degree of luck I can write this letter in its entirety before there are major interruptions.

We had hours of violent wind and rain storms all night long and consequently I'm keeping Katharine indoors this morning to avoid water-logged shoes and clothing. All during last evening's television the local station in Indianapolis kept interrupting the programs to report on the tornadoes that were hovering over our area. Needless to say, I was greatly relieved that Donald was home.

I've never harbored any fear of storms until three years ago when, for the first time, I found myself with a tiny baby and a husband hundreds of miles away and tornado warnings posted for the area. I confess regretfully that I look forward to spring with dampened enthusiasm until the tornado season has passed. I've told Donald many times that when we build our house I want some kind of storm cellar! These flat modern structures certainly leave much to be desired. In this duplex apartment we have only three feet of space between our floors and the ground and that's pretty cold comfort when the wind screams at the corners and windows of the house. Donald keeps repeating that there is absolutely nothing that can be done if a tornado should come our way, but just the same I'm anxious. Having children certainly changes a person's outlook on life in a multitude of ways!

I've been busy rearranging our few kitchen cabinets to accommodate the dozens of small bottles of strained baby foods that have to be housed for the next year. Paul is enjoying the addition of solid foods to his diet. In fact, we almost have a three meal a day routine with him now. At six in the morning he has only milk, but about eleven o'clock he has 8 ounces of formula, strained vegetables and cereal. There is a fine variety of strained foods available for babies these days and, contrary to many mother's opinions, I think they have a delightful flavor. Paul prefers the fruits, thus far. Vegetables call for a muscular struggle because I find it necessary to pin his arms down when it's time to eat them; otherwise I would have to wash down the kitchen walls each evening. We have been loaned a feeding chair, but to date it hasn't worked out too well due to Paul's vigorous thrashing of arms and legs. However, this feeding chair is truly a boon to mothers in other ways. If any of you are looking for an idea for a baby gift for some friend of yours this would be a welcome present. It is called baby's first chair because it is constructed with a posture angle seat. It looks very much like an adult lounge chair with a raised support under the feet and dropped seat for the hips and a raised back under the head and shoulders. There are medium



We think this is the only picture we've ever had of Mother holding a fish pole!

high sides to keep baby from falling out sidewise. I sit Paul in it when he's awake and he can see everything that goes on. I have a utility cart in the kitchen which holds this chair nicely, and then I pull it with me all over the house.

Another new idea in baby equipment is a long handled feeding spoon for little ones still in the lap-sitting stage. The handle is 5½" long, and this not only makes it very easy for mother to hold, but it is also easy to get down to the bottom of a baby food container. The small tapered bowl of the spoon is just right for a tiny mouth.

There are so many more baby food varieties available now than when I used them only three short years ago. There is a combination of orange and pineapple juice that Paul seems to enjoy. Fresh citrus fruit from Florida is not satisfactory this year so I've been using the canned juices that are on the store counters. Our doctor told me that this is a fine substitute for fresh oranges since in addition we are giving him a daily cod liver oil and vitamin preparation. There are strained apricots and farina available and several other tasty combinations of fruit. Paul's favorite is a mixed fruit with tapioca. I can't help but feel that today's babies are getting a splendid diet.

Donald and I are both pleased with the ease with which Paul is adapting himself to eating from a spoon. He really does quite well considering the few short weeks that he has been exposed to this new adventure. When we first started feeding him from a spoon he looked at us as though we had lost our minds! Imagine putting such a foreign object into anyone's mouth! These days feeding time goes very smoothly until the edge has been taken off of Paul's appetite and then he is so busy smiling and showing us what fine noises he can produce with his newly discovered voice that he makes the remainder of the meal quite

a measure of skill. Already he is very responsive to conversation aimed his way, and tries his best to participate in any attention he gets. His smiles are more and more frequent, and I almost had him laughing the other day. He's a very good baby and he cries only when he's hungry—which is invariably at supper time. It unnerves me to have him screaming in the kitchen when we are trying to eat because he has such well-developed lungs that even a normal voice can't be heard over his lusty yells. Just when I think I have a good hour in which to feed the family, Paul decides that he is hungry too and then I either bolt my supper and hardly know what I've eaten or I try to feed him while I'm eating, which doesn't work out very well either. His weight at eleven weeks was 16 pounds.

Our house is slowly taking on the appearance of a public nursery. I've had to move our only dining table to the garage to accommodate the baby jumper and playpen and buggy in the living room. We had this table placed against one wall in the front room, but as company dinners are pretty infrequent at our house these days we decided it was one item that would have to be moved out for the duration. Our bedroom is none too large, and with a big baby bed in it we rather have to pick our way through to get to the closet. I have high hopes of moving this baby bed into Katharine's room soon, as soon, that is, as I find a place to move the play equipment that is lined up solidly between her bed and dresser. This seems to be the story of my life, moving furniture from place to place.

Paul now sleeps from seven o'clock in the evening until six o'clock the next morning, so there is no problem of disturbing Katharine's sleep with a late evening feeding. He started sleeping twelve hours at night when he was nine weeks old, and this is surely nice for Donald and me. We feel like our evenings are pretty baby free now and it's very pleasant to put everybody to bed and be done at a reasonably early hour.

We're celebrating two birthdays this month, and this makes Katharine happy because she loves birthday cake and parties. My sister Marjorie's little boy, Jimmy, is twelve days older than Katharine so he gets to have his birthday cake first. What a huge difference there is in what they are getting for presents! Jimmy is action personified and all boy. He is getting one big present from all the grandparents and that is an outdoor, yard-size jungle gym. Jimmy loves to climb so in an effort to protect furniture and his life they are planning on wearing him out with this safer type of equipment. Katharine is much more interested in clothes and little toys. Her dearest wish now is to have her own wrist watch which I'm sure the dime store will provide beautifully.

We've had our first picnic and it was such a success that we are planning to have lots more of them. Our family has a yearly outing on Memorial Day when we go out to the lovely

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WE HOPE OTHER SCHOOLS FOLLOW THROUGH ON WHAT DOROTHY REPORTS

Dear Friends:

As I write this letter to you tonight while I am sitting here at my kitchen table, I am also getting another job done that is one household chore I dislike very much. I'm defrosting the refrigerator, so you can picture me jumping up after every paragraph and putting in fresh hot water to hurry things along. I expect to have it all defrosted by the time I finish the letter, even though the frost on it is very thick. I've had the freezing compartment full of frozen meat, vegetables and ice cream, so the defrosting couldn't be done until this food was used.

We finally got our new tile laid on the kitchen, pantry, and bathroom floors and are very pleased with it. We had a terrible time deciding on a color and pattern because we wanted something that we all liked and that we wouldn't get tired of, since it will be there for years and years. We finally settled on a light grey with a black and white brushed effect. By choosing this pattern we felt that we could have our kitchen walls painted any color, since anything would go with it. Our walls will be painted many, many times before this floor covering wears out, and we can change our color scheme as often as we like.

We put grey tile cove on the two walls behind the stove and sink since that can easily be washed often, and is the wall space that gets the dirtiest. The rest of the walls are a light turquoise blue and the woodwork is white. I had planned to do the painting myself, but since I have spent every minute I am inside the house making peanut pixies, I guess it looked to Frank as if I was never going to get it done, and he certainly didn't have time to do any painting. Anyway, when I returned home from my last trip to Shenandoah to see Frederick when he was there, I walked into a freshly painted kitchen!

The day I left he went to town and found a painter who could come out and do it, and was I ever surprised! Kristin and Juliana both knew all about it but had kept their secret well. I still have the pantry to do, because as Frank said, "There was just so much stuff to move and I didn't know where to move it." He is so right, and I am dreading to move it myself, but one of these days when I have the time the stuff is going to be moved and the room is going to be painted.

Now that the kitchen floor looks so nice, it makes the dining room floor look terrible, and you've guessed it—we are anxious now to lay new tile in that room. We know just what we want this time, and this means that when we feel we can afford it, we'll be able to go right ahead without spending so much time looking and looking. We have new paper just waiting to be put on the dining room and Kristin's room, and I hope that before I write my next letter to you this paper will all be on the walls.



At last! Russell caught the afternoon light just right to get this picture of Dorothy's and Frank's home. Frank's father and mother built this typical Midwestern house and reared four children in it. The tree is enormous and shades the porch that Dad Driftmier loves to sit on and look out over the fields.

We have had several nice visits from the folks this summer. On one of their first trips they brought with them Aunt Jessie Shambaugh and Aunt Martha Eaton. Aunt Martha had been to see us once when we lived in the other house, but it was the first time Aunt Jessie had ever been to our farm and we were so happy she could come. She brought several plants for our yard and planted them the minute she arrived. Kristin has been keeping them watered and they are doing just fine.

I don't think Aunt Jessie spent a total of one hour inside the house that day! She thought our surroundings were so beautiful that she spent all of her time outside. Right after dinner Frank took her into the timber to get some plants and they were gone half of the afternoon. When they returned Aunt Martha helped her wrap and pack everything that they wanted to take home and put in their own yard.

I was very pleased with all the nice comments I have received about the May cover picture of Kitchen-Klatter—the pixie tree. It looks as if there are going to be lots of pixie trees in homes all over the county! Many friends have wanted to know where they can get the little Swedish birds. Those birds belong to Frank's sister Edna, and she purchased them in a little Swedish shop in Des Moines. I don't know the name of it.

A few months ago I dwelt at considerable length in my letter to you about how I felt in regard to giving honor students a little recognition for their hard work and effort to attain a high scholastic record. Consequently, I've been highly elated to find that many parents feel exactly as I do. When I wrote that letter I was thinking especially about the rural students who go to high school. I had just been recording the grades on the eighth grade examinations as I have done every year that I have worked in the County Superintendent's office. Every

year we have a large number of exceptionally good students, but after they start to high school we lose all track of them, or at least most of them.

These boys and girls ride the buses to and from school. The boys can't all go out for sports because the majority of them have to go home on the bus and do a lot of chores before supper. They can't come in to band practice early in the morning because they have to get up early and get their chores done before the bus arrives. But I do know that they rank high scholastically and I think they deserve an award or a school letter for this.

I thought you might be interested in hearing what one school did about this when school closed in May. A friend at Centerville, Iowa wrote to me and enclosed some newspaper clippings from a Centerville paper. A teacher in the Centerville High School felt strongly enough that something should be done for these honor students that he got some of the civic clubs and organizations in the town interested along with him, and this past year these clubs went together and gave a big banquet in honor of these students. Boys and girls in all four high school classes who had maintained a high scholastic average through the year were guests, and anyone in town who cared to attend was able to do so by making advance reservations for the banquet. Each youngster was given an award, and a lovely program had been arranged for their benefit. I gathered that this was to be an annual affair from now on, and I will be willing to bet that next year they have more boys and girls on the honor roll than they had this year—a little incentive can do a lot.

Well, the refrigerator is all defrosted and now I'm going to clean it out and then go to bed. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

A "LET'S GO TO THE FAIR" PARTY!

By

Mildred D. Cathcart

County fairs, state fairs, and even the World's fair this year hold many attractions for everyone.

So why not use the "Fair" theme for an out-of-door party this summer or early fall?

Invitations

Invitations may be in the form of handbills and must be very colorful. Make them out of bright colored paper or use wrapping paper or sacks and draw bright designs. Print your invitations in the form of an ad to the fair. You might suggest some of the main attractions such as the horse races, the exhibits, or the games. Younger children would enjoy an invitation to bring their trained pets for the "Livestock Exhibit," and little girls could bring their dolls for a "baby contest."

Games and Decorations

Crepe paper streamers, bunting, and flags will add a festive look to your lawn and a good "barker" might welcome your guests. Party hats may be easily constructed from crepe paper and will add to the gaiety.

For your various games you might wish to have "tents" made by using burlap or blankets with the clothes line for support. Booths for tossing or shooting games are easily made by putting orange crates upon old tables. When you are ready to serve your guests, invite them to the "Food Exhibit." Place your table under your clothes line and run crepe paper streamers from one side of the table, over the clothes line and down to the other side of the table. Leave one side open for easy serving.

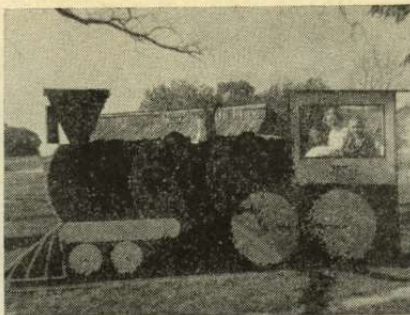
CONTESTS: If youngsters bring their pets for a livestock show, plan your prizes so that every child's pet gets a blue ribbon. There may be ribbons for the smallest pet, the largest, the best performer, the most unusual and so on.

If the little girls have brought their dolls there might be blue ribbons for the doll with the prettiest costume, the longest hair, the prettiest, and so forth. Just be sure, when small children are involved, that each one gets a blue ribbon—this saves badly hurt feelings.

HORSE RACING: This will be quite sincere to the youngsters but hilarious for older guests. A broomstick horse is ridden and the contestants will race around the track to determine the winner. There may be races to determine the fastest, the trotters, etc., to make it more amusing.

PENNY TOSS: This is usually an attraction at a celebration. Mark off a sidewalk or a large cardboard into squares. In each square place a mysteriously wrapped package. Players toss a penny or a stone and they take the prize in the square where their penny falls. One prize to each if your guests are the small fry.

COUNTY FAIR: Each player or team receives a card with "COUNTY



This cute little engine is in Nebraska City, Nebr. Margery snapped the picture on a Sunday afternoon when Martin and Juliana climbed into the "cab".

FAIR printed in large letters. At a given signal, the players search for hidden red letters. As soon as one letter is found, the player returns to his card and lays the letter over the corresponding letter on the card. The first to have "County Fair" spelled in red letters is winner.

LET'S GO TO THE FAIR: Each player is given paper and pencil and is to write "Let's Go To The Fair" on his paper. At a given signal each person tries to make a list of things seen at the fair that begins with the letters of the phrase he has written. For example, L-lamb, E-exhibits, T-tractor, S-swine. For the other letters you might have Goat, Officer, Track, Oats, Toddler, Horses, Engines, Food, Animals, Icing, Race.

Small children would enjoy sitting in a circle and telling what they saw at the fair. Or they (and the grown-ups, too) might like to pantomime something seen at the fair and see who could guess what it is.

SHOOTING GALLERIES: If the children have some target games, place the target in one of the booths and see who can win a prize by knocking down the object three times out of five—or ten tries.

WHAT I SAW AT THE FAIR: This may be a game of charades in which one acts out something seen at the fair. This will be strictly for fun. One might imitate a prize pig, one of the performers, one of the 4-H demonstrators, or a variety of things. If the motions can not be guessed allow questions to be asked too.

Refreshments

Prepare any type of food that is suitable or convenient for the group you are entertaining. Anything from a wiener roast to home-made ice cream and cake may be served from your "food exhibit." Tell your guests that some of the food has won blue ribbons and if they get a blue ribbon they may claim a prize. Beneath some of the cup cakes, sandwiches, cookies, or other appropriate foods, attach a tiny bit of blue ribbon with a toothpick. Give small prizes to those presenting blue ribbons.

Picnic lunches are ideal for "fair food," so plan a simple, attractive, out-of-door type of food.

Some people are making such thorough preparation for rainy days that they aren't enjoying today's sunshine.

COVER PICTURE

There was a time (and it's not too long ago) when uncles who lived in one section of the country very rarely had an opportunity to see their nieces who lived in another section. But thanks to planes, Kristin and Juliana have had a number of visits with their Uncle Frederick through the years they were growing up. This picture was taken in the garden of the Driftmier family home when Frederick came out from Springfield to give the speeches he mentions in his letter.

LEGACY

I cleaned my silver spoons today

(My Great Aunt's legacy.)

A thousand times she said with pride:
"My Jim gave these to me."

Tarnished and dull, they almost
seemed

Ready to throw aside,
But gentle care and cleansing touch
Their worthlessness denied.

They glowed like gems of precious
worth.

Though time had dulled their shine,
They only needed proper care
For they bore a "sterling" sign.

It struck my thought that people too
Are like my Great Aunt's spoons.
Encased in selfishness we move—
Our lives discordant tunes.

But the Master's love and cleansing
word

Restore the true design,
For man was made like unto God:
He bears the "sterling" sign.

—Mildred R. Bensmiller

REMEMBER THIS GOOD IDEA

"Last week we honored for the first time the members of our church group who are seventy or older. It was obvious these faithful workers were pleased, and I must tell you how very successful our entertainment proved to be.

"We asked each one to bring any old article she treasured, and at our meeting we suggested the person tell the story behind it. Even the most timid and quiet members were anxious to tell of the vase brought from Denmark by a grandmother, the picture taken of a grandfather during Gold Rush Days, a butter mold brought to the Midwest by covered wagon years ago. We were all amazed at the precious old pieces and the fascinating history behind them.

"Several have requested that we plan to do the same thing next year, for it seems they were reminded of things in their closets or attics . . . and suddenly realized how interesting they could be to other people."—E. S.

Doesn't it terrify you to see so many longing for immortality who can't even amuse themselves on a rainy Sunday?

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

We drove up the long hill from town a few minutes ago, and as we passed one of our churches I noticed the entire lawn covered with folding tables and chairs, lights being strung up overhead, and a big sign in front announcing an Ice Cream Social.

The minute I saw this I stuck my head out the car window and looked around quickly to see if the big dark clouds we'd noticed earlier were moving up any faster or looking more vicious. There are sections of this country where you can safely schedule any kind of a church picnic or ice cream social at any time in the summer without giving one thought to the weather, but believe me, Iowa isn't one of them. All plans we make for such affairs around here always end with the phrase: if it doesn't rain. I'm certainly going to hope for the best tonight and hold to the idea that those clouds aren't going to let loose and spoil all that nice set-up for the Social. (If I can get this letter written without interruptions I think Russell and I will get back down there and have some ice cream and cake for ourselves.)

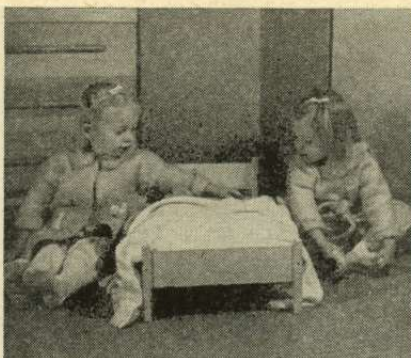
It was a year ago this month that I asked you folks to tell me frankly and honestly if you wanted Kitchen-Klatter to keep coming to your mail box and, if you did, what you wanted to find in it.

Well, all of those letters are in a collection of folders tucked away in a file, and whenever I get to feeling in need of comfort, I take them out and reread them. You'd be surprised how fast they make me perk up! I always sit down to the typewriter again in a whole new frame of mind.

It is never, never possible to please EVERYONE, you know. (Wouldn't the world be a dull place if you could?) There isn't a human being who doesn't number among his acquaintances someone who doesn't find this or that trait undesirable—and those very traits, it turns out, are what other acquaintances find the most endearing and important! There isn't a human being who doesn't know someone who has a real clear idea as to how he should handle such and such a problem, and exactly what he should do. Well, most of us listen to such suggestions and weigh them up and down thoughtfully, but in the end we just do the best we can do—even if it doesn't fit into the plans and ideas someone else has for us.

If this is true in our own personal lives, then it is doubly true when it comes to getting out a magazine! It's humanly impossible to please EVERYONE, so all you can do is to ask people what they want and then try and offer what the majority say they want. I wouldn't know in what other way you could manage—would you?

So, in the year that has now passed since so many, many of you good friends took time out of busy days to tell me what you wanted in Kitchen-Klatter, I've tried my best to fill the bill. I've just done the best I could.



This is one of our favorite "memory" pictures from the family album. Juliana and Kristin—both around two years of age. Taken when we all lived in San Francisco.

But one thing is certain: *every single word* you write is read carefully and all suggestions are saved. When enough of you speak up in favor of something, then we try our best to supply it. Maybe the best we can supply doesn't come up to your expectations, but at least we've done our very best and tried our hardest.

These days we feel something like the families who were the last to give up a horse and buggy! They could look around on every hand and see their neighbors and friends driving those new-fangled cars, but they still plodded along with old Ginger (that was the name of my great-grandfather's last horse!) and a buggy. Well, in every direction we turn we see magazines increasing their prices—they say they can't avoid it with the big postal increases coming into effect on August 1st. Some of these magazines have already increased their subscription rates three or four times because of ever rising expenses.

I don't question their judgment because I don't know the ins-and-outs of their problems, but I *do* know that all through the years we have increased the price of Kitchen-Klatter only once—that was in 1955. That was a very hard decision to make too, if you'll remember my account of the history of Kitchen-Klatter that appeared in August, 1957.

What I wrote in that issue still stands today. If Kitchen-Klatter is helpful and comforting to people in our chaotic, confused world, a world that often seems a terrible judgment on Man himself, then we want to make it possible for people to have it. That's why we say that we sometimes feel as if we're driving old Ginger while everyone else is racing around in new cars! We don't want to increase the price.

We're doing the best we can do at this end. It will make a very, very big difference to us if you will do two things at your end.

One: get in your renewal without delay. (Cards that now cost .02¢ will cost .03¢ after August 1st. If you use only a few during the month you won't notice the pinch. If you use *thousands* every month, you'll lose sleep thinking about it!) It will surely be a wonderful help if you can keep an eye on the date that appears on your magazine, the date that tells you

when your subscription will expire, and take action before we have to spend so much for cards to notify you.

The other thing you can do that will help is to give gift subscriptions when you find yourself needing to give a gift. Printing is like just about everything else in this world: It comes high to get only a little, but when the number increases, the individual item is cheaper. (If you've ever bought soup or canned fruit by the case rather than only one can at a time, you know how true this is.) So the same principal operates in getting out a magazine, and the more copies we have printed, the better chance we have of achieving our goal: not increasing the price.

I've gone into all of this because a year has rolled around since I told you the history of our little magazine, and I wanted to make a report and bring you up to date.

All of you long time friends will be very sorry to hear that Mabel Nair Brown and her husband, Dale, have had serious worry and heartache because of their daughter's illness. Sharon is having an uphill battle with a heart ailment, so when you read Mabel's articles in this issue you'll know that she speaks with the ring of terrible experience. I don't know (nor does anyone else at this date) how long Sharon will be in Iowa City, but if you want to drop her a note or card I think it would be better to address it to Ogden, Iowa (c/o The Golden Rule Store—that Mabel and Dale own) because they can always forward it promptly just in case she is still hospitalized.

Last month I had a great thrill. When Russell and I drove up to spend the day with Dorothy and Frank, I **ACTUALLY** got into a boat and rowed the length of their little lake—that's about three-fourths of a mile, I guess. I hadn't been in a boat since 1928—30 years—and I just don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much. I love to fish and could sit happily all day just dangling an old string over the side of a boat. Russell says that sometime he will take me to an honest-to-goodness lake in Minnesota where I can stand a fighting chance of getting a good-sized fish. That is a day I'm looking forward to.

My old and dear friend from Chicago is visiting us, and my! what a joy to have an addition to the table, someone who has a keen interest in cooking and is taken with all the testing I do. Russell and Juliana do their very best, but I'm sure they're relieved to have someone pitch in and help. (Isn't it ironic that I, who must test so many recipes, can put on weight just by **LOOKING** at food?)

I guess it will have to be a fall issue before you hear all about our two-weeks' vacation, (if we can ever get away to have those two weeks!) but I'll give a full report when the time comes.

Not a single phone call. Not a single interruption. There's still time to get in on the Ice Cream Social, so we're leaving this minute.

Always your friend . . .

Lucile

A VISIT WITH FREDERICK

Dear Friends,

As I sit in my study tonight I can hear our large chorus choir rehearsing its music for Sunday. Here in our church we *do* have a magnificent choir, and all of us look forward each week to music that is spectacularly beautiful.

I hope that your church has fine music, for one of the few places where one can escape from cheap and common music is in the church. I sometimes think that there is no finer religious experience for children than that of going to church on Sunday morning and there listening to great sacred music. A beautiful anthem not only inspires; it cleanses and purifies.

If you are ever in Springfield on a Sunday morning, I do hope that you will visit our church. One of the first things you will notice as you come through the massive stone doorways will be our organ music. The organ is one of the largest in this part of New England, and our organist is a truly great musician. Perhaps some of you in the vicinity of Oklahoma City have heard Mr. Robert Stanley Swan play the organ. We are certainly proud of the fact that we now have him in Springfield. Before each Sunday service he gives a sacred recital, and many people come to church a half hour early just to hear him.

I had a letter from one of you good Kitchen-Klatter friends asking my opinion about young college students getting married before graduating and establishing themselves in life. Since my opinion has been asked I will tell you quite frankly and emphatically that I don't approve. I am well aware of the fact that more and more young people are getting married at a much earlier age than when I was a boy, and I know that colleges and graduate schools are making all kinds of adjustments to care for these married students; but this doesn't affect my thinking on the matter one little bit. When I give money to help some school in its capital funds drive, I don't want to think that I am giving money to help build a dormitory for married students. Getting an education is a full time job, and not one to be hampered by the responsibilities of homemaking.

While I am absolutely positive that some young men and young women have done excellent scholastic work while going to college as husbands and wives, an education is a great deal more than good marks. Men who have been working long hours to support families won't have an opportunity to travel and study abroad. Men who marry while still in college are not free to do the many adventurous and sometimes dangerous things that have for centuries produced the well-educated, cosmopolitan individuals who have done so much to master-mind the social progress of our country.

Please don't misunderstand me! I do believe in marriage, but I think that those who get married should be settled and established. Homemaking is



We think this is a very good picture of Frederick, Mother and Dad, and are sending a big print of it for Frederick to have in his study at South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass.

not a job for children; it is for people who have gone as far as they intend to go in their formal schooling, and who have jobs that can support married life. Colleges can drastically keep down the costs of building campaigns by insisting that their students be single, or if married, that they leave their mates at home.

Early this summer I flew back to Shenandoah to give the commencement address at the local high school and at the Essex, Iowa high school. It was a most enjoyable and rewarding experience. It is always good to visit the great Middle West, and there is a special blessing in store for the one fortunate enough to visit Southwestern Iowa. I like the people back there. They are so friendly, so appreciative of things done for them, and so demanding of quality. Their schools are good schools; their homes are well-kept; their food is America's finest; their children are given every opportunity for success.

While spending four days in my old hometown, I had much pleasure from looking at the school year book of some 23 years ago. If ever you become worried about the future of America's youth, just get out your school year book and look at the pictures of your classmates. When you think of what some of them (including yourself) were like during school days, and contrast that with what they are like today, you will have good reason for being optimistic about today's young people.

To us it always seems that the younger generation is so much worse than any of our generation, but it just is not so. In each generation there are those who are really bad, persons of bad character and bad reputation, but in each generation there are the good ones too. And when you look at your school year book you will have brought to your attention quite forcefully the fact that even the worst of youth can,

with God's help, grow up to become the best of citizens.

Our schools here in Massachusetts let out for the summer vacation about a month later than the schools further west. Just today I went to one of our big city parks to see 5,000 young people doing folk dances all at one time. Of course that was only a small part of the many, many children in our public school system, but it was quite an event just the same.

My little Mary Leanna was out there on the field with 4,999 other children, and of course she wanted to know how I liked her dance. Once I actually thought that I could pick her out of the sea of faces, but then again I am not sure that I could. What an amazing bit of skill it must take to lead 5,000 children in folk dancing all at the same time.

Some friends of ours came to visit us last week in their own private plane. The owner of the plane is a tractor salesman, and he uses the plane to fly from one part of the country to the other, attending all of the big fairs, corn husking and ploughing contests, etc. Of course my David was very anxious to have a ride in that beautiful plane, and he got his wish. It was a terribly windy day, and the combination of the wind and the summer heat gave us an exceedingly rough ride, but it was fun, and for David most educational.

Every now and then I think that someday I would like to own a small plane, but each time after I have been riding in one of them, I decide that flying is not for me. It certainly is the safest way to travel, and there is no question about its being the quickest, but I shall leave the actual flying of the plane to others more skillful than I. When I have to go any distance I wouldn't consider any other method of travel, but I don't think I am cut out to be a pilot.

Some of you people buy all of your groceries in the big chain stores or super-markets. I wonder if you have any idea of their rate of profit? The very latest statistics reveal that the twenty-nine largest food chains actually reaped a scant 1.2 cents on each sales dollar. Just think of what that means! It means that every time you spend a dollar in a grocery chain store, the store itself only keeps one and two-tenths cents out of the dollar. Needless to say, there must be a tremendous volume of business to keep going with this tiny, tiny margin of profit.

Perhaps it is quite a comment on our Times that the highest profits of all are made on the sale of drugs and medicines! Second in line are aircraft parts, then soap and cosmetics, then office equipment, and in fifth place is the automobile business. (Probably if your husband is a dealer you figure about now that fifth place is out of line!) There are all kinds of statistics, of course, but I found this particular report interesting because we are all concerned and affected by what happens to business in our country.

We are winding up plans for a summer vacation—expect to get up to

(Continued on page 14)

WANDERLUST

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Wanderlust hangs heavy upon the family that lives in the white house beside the busy highway!

Starting late in May the cars which go by take on a "new look." Now they are bulging with suitcases, trunks, bed rolls, sometimes a boat, clothes on hangers across the back seat, mama, daddy and children of various sizes. Now and then a happy looking station wagon stretches by. More often than not, a family-sized trailer trots along behind a car headed for most any place. By the first of August our case of wanderlust becomes acute indeed!

It is fun to imagine where these happy family groups might be going. When the cars go south we can imagine the Ozarks, Mexico, Disneyland, the Rockies, Yellowstone, Salt Lake City, the Pacific Ocean—and Waubesa State Park. When we see a heavy laden vehicle going north we know it may have as its destination Gooseberry camp ground beside beautiful Lake Superior, a tour of Canada, Chicago or New York, Washington, D. C., the Atlantic Ocean—or relatives in Tabor. It is really possible to go anywhere in the world starting here on highway number 2.

How I wish each car which goes by would carry a sign (just as if any of them would go slow enough for me to read!) telling who they are, where they are going and why. At least in one case the other day we found out who, where and why. Bob decided to walk the two miles into Sidney to his office for the simple reason that the family needed the car and were not ready to leave when he had to go. He barely took ten steps from the house when a car stopped. It was driven by a priest. Bob got in, explaining that he was only going a short distance.

"You can go clear to Canada if you want to. That is where I am headed," said the new friend.

Now that was a difficult offer to turn down! Thank goodness (at least from my point of view) he resisted!

Traveling for the purpose of seeing the United States, this man had gone all over the East, the South and the Southwest. Now he was headed home. Most pointed comment: "Your weather is too hot!" Canada *does* have a cool climate; even seventy is cause for complaint up there.

"Come and see me if you ever get to Canada," the good Samaritan waved as he let Bob out in front of his office. Just one car going by. Just one more bit in the reservoir of kindness this world holds.

We met the occupants of another of the cars which whiz by impersonally. One pulled into the driveway and two big men got out and came to the door of the house.

"We are from Council Bluffs and are trying to find the fishing ponds we hear are all through this area. All we can find are winding roads and hills. We haven't seen a splash, let alone a pond." They were disgusted. When

they left with directions to five different places and a pessimistic "Now the fish may be all gone!" they insisted their opinion of this area had improved. Getting lost on unknown country roads is a bit hard on the disposition. I did mean it though when I said "Good Luck" as they left. I meant good luck in finding the fishing ponds just as much as good luck in finding a fish or two.

Another car went by our house the other day. We were fortunate enough to meet the occupants at the morning church service. From Pakistan, Formosa, and Japan had come three boys to study in Tarkio college just to the south of us. It was so interesting to hear them talk about the countries from which they came and their impressions of our country. We were glad they drove by our house and stopped where we could get acquainted with them.

We had a similar experience not long ago when an IFY program participant from India spent the summer in this area. When he drove up on the highway he stopped and came into our home for dinner. Bobby brought our maps and the encyclopedia and asked Kenny myriads of questions about India, about the children, their education, their toys and the clothing they wear. That is, we let him ask his questions in between ours! He was a perfect good will ambassador.

When the evening was over Bobby said, "Now when it is daylight over here I'll know someone who lives on the other side of the world where it is night." Perhaps the international understanding gained from such an evening was small, but it made an impression on Bobby which will certainly be lasting.

Sometimes the cars along the busy highway stop when I am least prepared for company. One Monday was particularly busy. I had spent the morning writing. A hurried trip to a nearby hospital to visit a friend and her new baby took the early afternoon. I arrived home at four and decided to wash and just let the house go until a fresh morning start could be accomplished the next day. That was a mistake! I had just put the colored clothes into the machine when a car pulled off the main road and into our drive. Out piled a doctor friend, his wife and three children from Oregon. We had not seen them for four years.

I was surely caught with my house and larder down. When I know company is coming I like to do as much cooking as possible ahead of time so we can spend our time visiting. I do try to keep an emergency shelf stocked, but it seems as though we are always having emergencies, usually precipitated by three hungry boys, and the stock decreases at the most awkward moments.

A supper of sorts was finally put together. It consisted mainly of bacon and eggs, tossed salad with olive dressing, buttered corn and buckets of ice tea. Lucy insisted as we were preparing supper that they had plenty of cake for dessert. Olin insisted that

they had plenty of cake. When they brought the sack in from the car it was obvious that they DID have plenty of cake. Every place they stopped people had given them the extra cake and insisted that they carry it along with them. We ate all we could with ice cream for our dessert. Lucy seemed relieved to see much of it vanishing.

The two hours they stayed was all too short. Olin started talking about his medical practice in Eugene, Oregon. (He has since purchased an airplane to use in flying medical care up to the mountainous regions.) He told us also about the Friend's church which they attend and of the many worthwhile activities the group is undertaking. We admired their three fine children and they said nice things about our three lively boys. Then the visit was over and they vanished down the concrete ribbon which goes anywhere, and in this case back to Oregon.

Sometimes the people on the highway are on foot instead of driving in cars or station wagons. Transient laborers sometimes come by and stop for a drink of water from our cold-clear well. Once in awhile they will arrive hungry and without funds. One such man stopped just last night. He was headed north toward the harvest fields and had run into difficulty on the way. Bob took a plate of dinner to the porch and visited with him. I kept thinking of the many people my family fed during the depression times. Never would Dad turn any one away hungry. He would not give money; he did not have it to give and he was never sure it would be spent for food. But he shared what he had. Our transient seemed very grateful and left only after Bob assured him we had no work here to let him pay for his meal.

We watch the cars go by. We visit with some who stop for a variety of reasons. Our own wanderlust grows as the summer progresses. If possible, we hope to get up some morning early, pile our belongings into our big black camp-equipped pickup and join the procession going somewhere!

LORD, BLESS OUR HOME

Lord, bless this house and bless us all
In care and pleasure, great or small;
Blest be the door friends enter by,
And windows that let in the sky,
And roof above and walls about
That shut the world and weather out!
Lord, make my house a mansion of
Abiding loveliness and love,
A friendly, comfortable place.
Let pleasant talk like firelight grace
These rooms, and may friends linger long

To join in laughter or a song.
Blest be these rooms for work or play!
Oh, let my house be sometimes gay
And sometimes still as candlelight.
Be with us, Lord, both day and night.
Blest be our labor and our rest,
Our waking and our sleep be blest.
In care and pleasure, great or small,
Lord, bless this house and bless us all!

—Biblical Recorder

KRISTIN'S REPORT ON HER SUMMER

Dear Friends:

Summer's almost over,
And oh! what fun I've had!
Helping Mother in the house
And working out with Dad;
Fishing, boating, hiking,
Horseback riding too,
Filling each day with work and
play—
There've been many things to do.

I taught two weeks at Bible School,
And went to State 4-H Convention;
Swimming and picnics are two more
things
I must not forget to mention.
Oh dear, where *has* this summer
gone?
I think it flew past on wings'
But when I remember the fun I've
had
My heart just sings and sings.

In all of my fifteen years this has been the busiest summer I can remember. Right after school was out Mother and I went to Shenandoah. When we came home we brought Juli and her friend, Suzie Henshaw with us. You can imagine how much fun the three of us had together.

My next big activity was teaching Bible School. I taught the group of boys and girls who had just completed kindergarten. Besides songs, stories, and handwork we spent a little time each day at the park two blocks away. One day we took a trip to the country and the children each got to ride a pony. They really enjoyed this. On another day we took a trip to the fire station where the firemen showed the children all the different equipment. They all got to sit on the fire truck and ring the bells.

Another thing they liked to do was to make the worship center attractive. They took turns bringing flowers to arrange on the table and helped me pick out different pictures to put up.

We have had our County 4-H Rally day, and this is always a day we 4-H girls look forward to. In the morning we have our election of officers. Each club has a candidate for a county office and the club members do a lot of campaigning for her before the business meeting starts. This year I was the campaign speaker for our club's candidate, Vicki Good, and we were all very happy when Vicki was elected Historian for the coming year.

At noon we had a covered dish dinner, and then in the afternoon we listened to a very interesting talk given by a young man who had spent several months in Europe living with different farm families as a part of the International Farm Youth Exchange program.

Every year at Rally Day we have an initiation ceremony for an honorary member. The person who is selected to be the honorary member is someone who has been of great service to the 4-H boys and girls in the county. This service is put on each year by a different club and this year our club had that honor.



Remember when you were fifteen and still liked to swing on big grapevines? Kristin, Juliana and Suzie Henshaw had a glorious time just being "kids".

The week after Bible School was over I was privileged to attend the Iowa State 4-H Convention at Ames. It was an especially thrilling event for me because this year they honored my Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh who is the author of the "Country Girl's Creed." Because I am her only niece in 4-H in Iowa, the State Committee invited me to say the "Creed" at the opening session of the convention. This was an experience I shall never forget.

I got home on Saturday and the following Monday began to help in a day camp for physically handicapped children. This camp was held each day for one week from 10:00 to 2:00 on the Yocum farm south of Chariton. The helpers were divided into teams of two, and each team was responsible for one child. They stayed with him all the time and kept him entertained. We played games, did crafts, sang songs, rode a pony, went fishing, studied trees, birds, and plants and listened to stories. A simple lunch was served at noon.

I have more plans for the rest of the summer but I will wait and tell you about them in my next letter.

Sincerely,
Kristin

THINGS HELD DEAR

The common things of life are all so dear;

The waking in the warm half-gloom
To find again the old familiar room,
The scents and sights and sounds that
never tire,

The homely work, the plans, the lilt
of baby's laugh,
The crackle of the open fire,
The waiting, then the coming near—
The opening door, the handclasp,
and the kiss.

Is Heaven not, after all, the now and
here?

The common things of life are all so
dear!

WHEN SUMMER SAYS FAREWELL

By

Lucille Gripp Maharry

This year, as in many years past, my sister repeated her saying, now a familiar one in our family, "When the Fourth of July is over, summer is gone."

I used to consider this a sweeping statement, and accept it with private reservations. However, as years roll along with the inevitable rhythm of nature, I am forced to agree this is true. How swiftly each summer goes! And how joyfully each member of the family recalls, during winter-white days, some facet of its fleeting magic—a picnic in the timber, sweet William growing thick about a fallen log; a trip to a state park; or a jaunt to the county fair on a sun-bright August afternoon! Probably there are few of us who have not wished on some fine day in summer, that Time could stand still, if only for a little while.

We find actually just the opposite happens. Summer is like a child which matures under its parents' eyes so quickly and surely they are unaware it is happening. In the twinkling of an eye, fields of corn and oats lose the pale green look of late May and early June. Almost overnight, clover and alfalfa attain the luxuriant growth necessary for the first cutting. And before it seems at all possible, the golden hue of ripe grain touches the countryside. Through the miracle of modern machinery and the efficiency of present-day methods, combines sweep across the fields, their quick work replacing back-breaking toil and, with an ease unbelievable until recent years, another crop of oats or wheat is in the bin.

In following weeks the vibrant foliage of trees and bushes shows an occasional yellow leaf, and winds whisper of changes soon to become even more marked. Days move on, hot and humid. Nights now are so warm that sleeping in the north bedrooms of our ranch style house (new about a century ago!) is impossible. Harvest over, our neighbors leave one by one for vacation spots. Before we know it they are home again, singing the praises of Estes Park, the Red Rocks, Jackson Hole, and every scenic spot between here and the west coast.

My husband and I look at each other, weighing the advantages of a vacation against that ever-weighted scale, the budget, and decide: next year. The buildings must be painted, especially the barn, red so long ago that not a trace of reddish-gray remains on its sides. Come September, there will be school books, blue jeans, checked shirts, crayolas, and those happy little extras parents enjoy buying for that important "first day" of school.

But next year like a mirage beckons: *all will be well next year*. And then we smile at each other and realize: *all is well this year*. Right now. And we wouldn't trade places with anyone we know.

A Few of My Favorite Recipes

By Lucile

During the last few weeks I've used all of the recipes that appear on these pages. Some are old; some are new. But they all have one thing in common: they're *good*.

I believe that most of us go through "fits" now and then of wanting to break out of terribly familiar meals and go to extra work to put on things our families (or friends, if company is invited) don't really expect. If such a "fit" is just now overtaking you, do try some of these recipes and see if they don't fit into the bracket "things to fall back on" in your own recipe collection.

(We always try to get the recipes to come out even at the bottom of the page, but this time they may run over. I want to make comments about these recipes and probably I'll not be able to fit them in unless I continue the material into another column.)

SOUR CREAM CHERRY CAKE

The friend in Trenton, Mo. who sent this recipe called it a cake, but I can't adjust my thinking to terming it a cake. I would say it comes closer to being a pie—a very unusual pie. After you try it, let me know if you think it should be filed under cakes or pies.

- 1 1/3 cups crushed Zwiebach crumbs
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup melted butter

Combine these ingredients (be sure crumbs are crushed very fine) and pat into an 8 x 8 square cake pan—I have a glass one this size that works fine. Put it into the refrigerator to chill until very firm.

- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup, plus 2 Tbls. sugar
- 3/4 cup very heavy sour cream
- 2 cups drained sour pie-type cherries
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Beat 3 eggs, and then add the sugar, sour cream, almond flavoring and lastly the *well-drained* cherries. Turn into Zwiebach crust and bake at 325 degrees for about 50 minutes. When a knife blade inserted into the center comes out clean (just as if you were testing pumpkin pie), it is done.

Everyone who ate this thought it was absolutely delicious. The first time I served it chilled but with nothing on top. The second time I cut it in squares and served it with a spoonful of vanilla ice cream on top. This made a great sensation.

I think you will like it. I used commercial sour cream for this, but if you have your own cream, just be sure it's heavy enough.

One more thing. When I take a chilled crust out of the refrigerator I put it in the oven when the stove is first turned on. In dealing with a glass baking dish I am afraid it might crack if I moved it directly from the refrigerator into an oven that has already hit the temperature you're going to use.

DELICIOUS THREE LAYER SALAD

- 1 large can (No. 2) fruit cocktail
- 1 flat can crushed pineapple
- 1 pkg. red gelatine (cherry is fine)
- 1 pkg. lemon gelatine
- 1 pkg. lime gelatine
- 1 3 oz. pkg. cream cheese

Turn fruit cocktail into colander and drain thoroughly. Remove fruit to dish and put pineapple into colander. Press out as much juice as possible, and then add drained pineapple to fruit cocktail. You will have 2 cups of fruit juice.

Dissolve red gelatine in 1 cup of boiling water. Then add 1 cup of the fruit juice. When completely cool, add half of the drained fruit. Turn into dish and let stand until absolutely firm.

Dissolve lemon gelatine in 1 cup of boiling water. Then add one cup of cold water. Put into refrigerator until it starts to thicken. Then whip until it is very fluffy and add to it the package of cream cheese which has stood at room temperature and is soft.

(If you're using an electric mixer, whip gelatine at high speed. Then turn to lowest speed when cheese is added.) Pour this layer over the first layer. Allow to stand until very firm.

Dissolve lime gelatine in 1 cup boiling water. Add final cup of fruit juice; cool and then add remaining fruit. Pour this layer over the lemon-cheese layer.

I made this to serve when Juliana had a party and used one large clear glass bowl—not the baking type bowl but a dish we sometimes use for big tossed salads. It so happened that I had in the house only two packages of lime gelatine and one of lemon. I used the green lime for the first layer, then the lemon-cheese layer, and the third layer was just like the first with one exception: I had about eight green maraschino type cherries in the refrigerator so I cut them in two and added to the top layer.

Just before we were ready to serve, Juliana used a commercial cream already whipped that comes in a can and decorated the top of the mold just as if she were decorating a cake. For additional color she put little snips of red maraschino cherries here and there on the whipped cream.

This salad looked absolutely beautiful and tasted so good that the twelve girls cleaned up the entire thing—not a speck left . . . and they had a lot of other food to eat! (I hadn't thought they'd do more than pick at it!) We simply put the bowl on the table with a big spoon and let every girl help herself. This salad looks so spectacular that I think it would be sort of a shame to serve it in individual portions or molds.

The friend in Indianola, Iowa who sent the recipe said that it was particularly pretty for Christmas, and by using the three colors I can surely see how this would be. If I have any kind of a buffet dinner during the holidays I'm going to serve it.

FLY-OFF-THE-PLATE ROLLS

I was sold on trying this recipe because the K-K friend who sent it said: "This is a fool-proof recipe if there ever was one. It has certainly made the rounds, and girls who have trouble getting light rolls can make them literally to fly off the plate."

- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 2 cups hot water
- 3 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. butter (don't substitute)
- 6 to 6 1/2 cups flour (approximately)

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Heat two cups water and pour over the sugar and butter. Add 2 cups flour, beating as hard as possible after each addition and when mixture is warm, not HOT, add to the dissolved yeast.

Then add balance of flour to which you have added the salt. Knead well and then place in greased bowl and let rise until double in bowl. Shape into rolls or buns, let rise again until double, and then bake at 375 degrees for about 18 to 20 minutes.

I want to say something about the flour.

The first time I made these rolls I sifted the flour and measured carefully. It took exactly 6 1/4 cups to make a dough of the right consistency. The next time I made them up I had a different brand of flour in the house and it took very close to 7 cups.

For part of the rolls I used a tubed cake pan and made a double row with the balls of dough just touching. These came out wonderfully light and tender and delicious. I baked buns with part of a batch, rolls in a shallow pan with another batch, etc.

BUT . . . here is something I want to pass on. The last few times I've made up the recipe I've used half of the dough for a loaf of bread. (I knead this very thoroughly before shaping into the loaf.) Russell's favorite of all foods is bread and he thought it was just about the finest he'd ever eaten. I baked this at 375 degrees for around 50 minutes or so—when you tap the top of the golden loaf and it doesn't give at all under your finger, your bread is done.

I'm not sure that I think this recipe is *quite* as good as my long-time standby so many of you have—the roll recipe that calls for a little baking powder and soda in addition to the yeast—but it goes together faster, a lot faster, and when every minute counts, this makes a difference. Hope you try it.

RELISH PLATES I FIX

If I'm having any kind of a salad when company sits down at the table I don't make up a relish plate. But if salad isn't on the menu I like to put together a nice big relish collection—it looks *very* tempting and, the one large crystal dish with compartments that I own gives me enough room to use quite an assortment.

I consider a variety of olives and
(Continued on page 22)

LUCILE'S BURNT SUGAR CAKE

This is a beautifully textured cake with the haunting "old-fashioned" taste that has seemed so hard to come by in these days. There won't be a crumb of it left if you take it to a family reunion picnic this summer!

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups white sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 beaten egg yolks
- 3 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
- 1 cup cold water minus 1 Tbls.
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 3 stiffly beaten egg whites

Cream together shortening and sugar until the mixture is as smooth as whipped cream. Add vanilla and burnt sugar. Then add egg yolks and beat well. Sift together the flour and baking powder and add alternately to the first mixture with the cold water. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. (This makes a thin batter but don't add more flour.) Turn into two well-greased layer pans and bake for approximately 25 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

If you haven't time to make up the wonderful caramel icing given here, combine 2 1/2 cups of sifted powdered sugar with 5 Tbls. milk, 3 Tbls. butter, 1 Tbls. burnt sugar and 1/2 tsp. vanilla flavoring. (Put all of these ingredients, aside from powdered sugar, into a small pan and heat to the boiling point. Then add to sugar.) This makes enough to put the layers together, and to ice the top and sides.

ELEGANT CARAMEL FROSTING

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup brown sugar firmly packed
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 cups confectioner's sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar or maple flavoring

Melt butter. Add brown sugar and bring to a boil. Boil EXACTLY 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 1/4 cup of milk and bring back to boil. As soon as it has again reached the boil stage, remove from fire and add confectioner's sugar. Beat until smooth. Spread between layers, and on the sides and top of cake.

Here is the caramel frosting we searched for all of our cooking lives! It is as smooth as the proverbial velvet, gets firm enough to handle in any way, and yet *never* gets hard and cracks off when cut. It isn't the cheapest icing in the world, but it has such a delicious flavor (plus being completely dependable) that we always turn to it when we want a caramel frosting. It's the *one* perfect frosting for our Burnt Sugar Cake.

MAPLE SYRUP

Boil together 1 cup water, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup white sugar. Then add 1 cup of white corn syrup and 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring.

Kitchen-Klatter Proudly Announces TWO NEW FLAVORINGS: BLACK WALNUT BURNT SUGAR

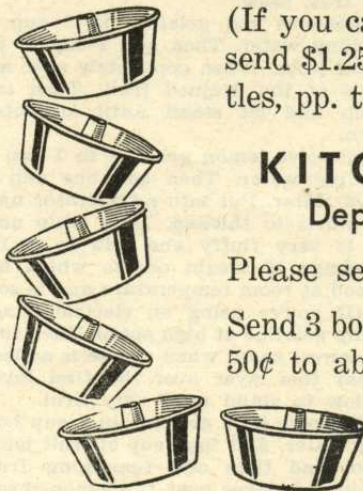
By far the best you've ever tasted. You'll find them on your grocer's shelves along with our Kitchen-Klatter Vanilla, Lemon, Almond and Maple.

(If you can't yet buy it at your store, send \$1.25 for any 3 flavors, 3 oz. bottles, pp. to

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Dept. 104, Shenandoah, Ia.

Please send us your grocer's name.)

Send 3 bottom lines from the label with 50¢ to above address for 6 individual tubed cake pans of polished aluminum—regularly priced at 98¢.



BUTTERMILK CAKE

- 1 cup butter (I used half butter, half margarine)
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 cups cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 6 beaten egg whites
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Lemon flavoring
- 1 cup buttermilk (I used commercial buttermilk)

Cream together until very smooth and fluffy the shortening and sugar. Sift all dry ingredients together and add to first mixture alternately with the buttermilk. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites to which the flavorings have been added.

Bake in three, 9-inch cake pans for about 25 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

I want to say something about this cake.

It made a delicious, moist, finely-textured cake but I thought to myself that it didn't come up to my three-layer Anniversary Cake. I concluded that only people who had a supply of buttermilk on hand would really turn to it frequently.

Now, all of the girls in our Kitchen-Klatter office had a big piece of this cake with afternoon coffee, and of all the many cakes I've baked and taken down, there were more comments

about this than any other. Every single girl wanted the recipe *right away*. They thought it was absolutely wonderful. So I felt I should give you this report along with my own observations. The recipe came from a friend in Edwardsville, Kansas—said they'd used it in their family for years. (And thanks right here to all of you who took time to copy down recipes for white buttermilk cakes.)

MY VERY FAVORITE CHOCOLATE ICING

- 1 large egg
- 2 cups confectioner's sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup soft butter
- 2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Beat egg with electric or rotary beater until fluffy. Sift sugar and add gradually to the egg. Add salt, soft butter, melted chocolate and vanilla. Beat until smooth and creamy.

This handles beautifully, *never* gets hard and cracks, and tastes more like a cooked fudge frosting than any other uncooked icing I've ever made.

Measure out two cups of confectioner's sugar and *then* sift. It always pays to sift such sugar. You may be tempted to hurry and just dump it in, but far too often you'll end spending a lot more time trying to get out the lumps you hadn't been aware of until you started to get a creamy, glossy frosting.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO COLORADO, ABIGAIL'S REPORT WILL BE HELPFUL

Dear Friends,

This is a typical summer morning in Colorado. The sun is shining brightly—it's quite hot in the sun, but cool and comfortable in the shade. A light breeze is drying the clothes on the line in less time than it takes to hang them all up. A power mower or two provides the daily background music. One neighbor is painting the trim on his house, another is planting a new tree in his front yard. Every home has at least one sprinkler in operation. Almost every afternoon the clouds come rolling up but rarely do they produce rain—their chief utility is to shade the city and keep the temperature at a comfortable reading.

Ours is one of two homes in the neighborhood with an air-conditioner; the other belongs to former Oklahomans. Neither of us found such appliances worth much on the second-hand market and so they were moved to Denver along with other household furnishings. Our living room on the west gets rather stuffy in the late afternoon so the air-conditioner was installed to alleviate this situation.

Because ours was a window unit unsuited to our present type windows, a very satisfactory solution was found to the problem of installation. The air-conditioner was mounted in the garage; the cool air travels via a duct into an opening which matches the hot air register in the adjoining living room wall. This removes much of the irritating noise and vibration. In addition, the 220 volt wiring was located close by the garage in the utility room. Not many homes here have air-conditioners because they really aren't essential to comfortable living. As soon as the sun goes down things cool off rapidly. However, those of us who had previously purchased them figure we might as well get some use from them.

This year the Wilmore Nursery Garden Clinic was moved from September up to June in order to coincide with the first blooming of the canned roses. There were about 8,000 roses all in the first bloom of June. It is an impossibility to describe the magnificent beauty of these blossoms; all I can do is hope that some day you may have the opportunity of seeing such a display.

You may not be acquainted with the phenomenon known as a garden clinic so I'll explain that such affairs are held by a nursery to help their customers with their individual garden problems. Experts in various horticultural fields such as lawns, roses, insecticides, landscaping, etc., are on hand for free and informal consultation. Drawings are held for registration prizes of value to devoted home gardeners and free movies on gardening subjects are shown throughout the clinic.

Perhaps the most entertaining activity held during the clinic is the plant auction. Canned shrubs, roses, trees and evergreens are all put up for sale with the stipulation that not



Alison and Emily Driftmier outside their home in Denver. Mother made the dress Emily is wearing and probably will get started on one for Alison when her current handwork project is completed.

a single item will be permitted to be sold at full retail price—everything goes for less. Because few of our customers have an opportunity to attend a "good" auction, the plant auction meets with a very enthusiastic response.

The garden clinic was the "official" end to the madly rushing spring season. Feeling a need for a restful change of pace, our family took off for three days to Rocky Mountain National Park while there was still time to take advantage of early season rental rates on cottages. Two weeks prior to this trip we had driven there with the children for a few hours of picnicking and hiking. It has been such a pleasant outing that we resolved to return again at the earliest opportunity.

It had been almost eight years since we had been in that area, and you can imagine how very much new building had occurred during that period in the town of Estes Park and along Big Thompson Canyon. However, Rocky Mountain National Park is virtually the same since it is not the policy of the National Park Service to permit extensive commercial development within park boundaries.

For those of you who may be planning your first trip to this popular vacation area, I'll add a few comments about the routes into the area from the east. U. S. Highway 34 from Loveland, Colorado to Estes Park is the best known and is the one which follows Big Thompson Canyon. This highway is pretty well lined with motels, resorts, cabins, etc., but still offers a great deal of beauty. It is a wide, easy-to-drive mountain highway.

Highway 66 from Lyons, Colorado to Estes Park follows the North St. Vrain river much of the distance. We personally prefer this route because it is easily driven and the natural beauty is less obscured by civilization's inroads. Highway 7 from Lyons goes to

Estes Park via Raymond and Allenspark. This is a longer route and has a good many twists and turns. However, it is a charming and lovely drive along the South St. Vrain river with a quiet untouched beauty all its own.

The ultimate in spectacular beauty and mountain highway engineering in this section of Colorado is the "grand Circle" trip. From Estes Park drive on U. S. 34 via Fall River Pass, Milner Pass, Grand Lake to the new Shadow Mountain National Recreation Area. This first section is the famous Trail Ridge Road over the Continental Divide, and is kept open only during the summer months. Just beyond Granby transfer to U. S. 40 to cross back over the Divide on Berthoud Pass. At Idaho Springs you can either stay on U. S. 40 and come into Denver or else turn off on Colorado 119. This latter highway will take you through the pioneer mining towns of Blackhawk, (Central City is only a mile or so above Blackhawk), Nederland, and Ward. At Raymond pick up Highway 7 to return to Estes Park.

We spent most of our time in Rocky Mountain Park hiking along some of the shorter trails. There are many quite safe for children and adults inexperienced in mountaineering. The trails are well marked and usually wide enough for two people to walk abreast. In June the streams are running very full from melting snow and are particularly beautiful. Our first hike was from the Glacier Gorge parking area up to Alberta Falls. The children found quite thrilling the experience of crossing the roaring streams on log bridges just above the level of the water. Needless to say, we kept a tight clasp on their hands as we crossed over!

One road in the park stops very near Bear Lake. It is but a short walk over to this lovely lake and there are several trails originating from this point. We decided to hike up to Nymph Lake, then on up to Dream Lake which nestles at the base of Hallet's Peak and Tyndall Glacier. At one point we had to climb a huge drift of snow still unmelted in mid-June. No wonder these lakes are icy cold.

Both of these hikes took us along rocky formations and near small, rushing mountain streams. Our last expedition was through a deep pine forest to Bierstadt Lake. We were mighty glad to have the sheltering pines over our heads when one of the frequent mountain showers came along and started peppering us with sleet.

Clark was tired by the time we reached Bierstadt Lake so he, Alison and I decided to take another trail which comes out down lower on the Bear Lake Road. Emily and Wayne hiked back up the mountain to the parking area to get the car and drive down to meet us. Our trail zig-zagged down the side of a huge moraine covered with aspen. It wasn't at all tiring walking down, but for the next two days the muscles in the backs of

(Continued on page 18)

THE END OF THAT SECOND JOB

By

Marine L. Sickels

For many women the decision to quit the rat-race is about as difficult as was the decision to begin in the first place!

After six weeks or two months of a hectic shake-down, her first job and her second job have adjusted to the twenty-four hours in a day. Her family has become reconciled, if not enthusiastic, about their contribution to family living. Mother has become more adept at the frantic juggling act which enables her to manage all of the duties of her busy life and arrive at the right place at approximately the right time with family, meals, laundry, cleaning, marketing, mending, music lessons, dancing lessons, ball games, and both jobs almost under control.

Finally the day arrives when she might make up her mind to quit that second job and stay at home again. Perhaps finances have improved or special family needs have been met. Perhaps her family has grown up and the children are making their own way. On the other hand, perhaps her job has ended for reasons far beyond her own powers.

Now what?

Like other changes in our lives, this one profits by planning.

There will be a period of adjustment.

One of my friends said, "I have pushed all the housekeeping buttons and sent the children to school. Now what do I do? Just sit here and die of boredom?"

I've been through this period of adjustment, so these are suggestions I'd make out of my own experience; possibly they can be of some help to you.

Admit to yourself that you are in a period of adjustment. Give yourself a break, time to find out where you are and where you want to go.

If you are bone weary, ignore all of the things you can see that need doing. Relax. You will have more energy later.

If you are restless, tackle some big job that you have been putting off. I landscaped our yard the last time I quit teaching school. The time before that, I remodeled our kitchen.

This gives you time to think about which kind of community work you want to be associated with in the months ahead.

If you have children in school, that is a good place to start. Just make it known that you are willing to help with the children at school or with PTA and you will soon have something to do!

Or try the Sunday School. I have never yet worked in a Sunday School that did not need adults to help.

There are all sorts of Community Projects which need more interest. Just look around and take your choice.

Do admit to yourself that you are a beginner and expect to start with some of the smaller jobs.

Do plan to stick to whatever you start. A helper who lasts a month and then gives up is not of much assistance to a Cub Scout group that needs help the year around.



Mary Leanna is really getting the tricks mastered with her flash equipment. Prince Fritz is quite a noble looking beast, isn't he!

Do expect to work just as hard and be just as dependable as you were when you worked for wages—and do it for fun.

Most people are aware of the fact that they would not want to live in a community which did not have schools and churches and community projects and youth organizations. Many people are unaware of the time and energy involved in keeping these organizations alive and working. These are the places which prove to us that the satisfaction of putting our shoulder to the community wheel is worth the effort involved.

A LETTER WE ENJOYED

Dear Lucile:

At the end of summer it's fun to reminisce about the things in our gardens that have created more enjoyment than all the others.

The funny old plant containers that I renovated from obscure nooks and corners are perhaps the outstanding thing I had to boast about and show off this past season! Possibly you would like to hear about them.

One day when I was waiting for someone and killing time around a car wrecking lot I found a pair of old truck headlights, the kind that fastened on the outside of the fender top. I've always been accused of kinship with a pack rat, so I went right ahead and threw those headlights into the back of the car. The reception I get at home is never enthusiastic when I present my finds, and the lights were certainly no exception.

But I tore out the inside, took them to a blacksmith shop and had an iron piece welded to the back with two small holes drilled at the top to nail them into place. Presto! A pair of lovely cone-shaped planters which I painted red and then hung on either side of my car port.

These were planted with geraniums and long trailing vines, and they have caught everyone's attention and given me a nice proud feeling—sort of like the sensation we get when friends call

only a few minutes after we've finished a thorough cleaning and polishing job on the house! Even the old rattle-trap jalopy doesn't look quite so decrepit since the car port boasts new trappings.

I belong to the school of thought that believes nothing must ever be thrown away as long as there is a particle of use left in it, so I had been eyeing some leaky old ten gallon milk cans that had stood out behind the barn for a long, long time. One day I went into a deep session of thought on these cans and came up with this idea: why not leave on the lids, turn them upside down and cut them in half just below the shoulders? Who knows? Maybe I'd come up with another piece of junk (plus another wry smile from the family!) or maybe I'd come up with something really attractive.

My friend, the blacksmith, accommodated me again by doing the cutting and my goodness! I even had handles on the things when the job was finished. The heavy bottoms made good cans for calf and baby chick feed and these were passed on to the male side of my household.

I sawed off the top of two pickets at each side of the driveway entrance and nailed my pots to the top of the posts. Painted, they were no longer humble pots but good looking urns! I ordered four plants of the new cascading chrysanthemums from a catalog and they have been blooming atop the posts for several weeks.

Another idea that has proved useful is a pair of old matching oval-shaped washing machine tubs on either side of my front steps. I painted these a harmonizing color with the house trim. In the Spring they hold single early tulips; later these were replaced with tuberous begonias.

On the patio I have two unusual plant tables made from old-fashioned iron sewing machine frames. I covered them with several coats of gilt and had discarded windshields cut to make the table tops. One of them holds my big Christmas cactus that I like to take outside in the summer, and the other holds a huge pot of trailing begonias.

None of my containers would be attractive without the lovely plants they hold, but the combination of the two has given me a world of pleasure, oodles of compliments, and the warm sense of having achieved something attractive out of almost nothing!

—Mrs. R. S. D., Washington

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

Nova Scotia for about two weeks, and then back to our cottage in Rhode Island. Needless to say, all four of us are looking ahead with great anticipation to these relaxed days coming up.

The choir has finished rehearsing and the clock on my desk says that I should be going home. Mary Leanna and David will be in bed, but Betty will be waiting up and we can go over the events of the days while we have a little lunch.

Sincerely yours,

Frederick

WE'D LOVE TO VISIT WITH YOU

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

KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial—9:00 A.M.
KWBG Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial—10:30 A.M.
WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:00 A.M.
 Leanna, Lucile and Margery

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

This is the season of family reunions, big picnics and extra-special meals for relatives and old friends who've driven many and many a mile to see you.

This is the season, therefore, when you want something particularly handsome and special in the line of a cake. (I just don't know of *anything* that makes a woman's heart leap like that tense moment when she unloads *her* cake on a table where other cakes are ranged up and down . . . and then hears the ohs! and ahs! of everyone who studies it!)

Now, here is a cake you can unload with pride with never a nagging doubt in the tiniest corner of your mind. It is absolutely delicious, it is obviously "made from scratch" with good ingredients, and it is handsome enough to make even the most rabid calorie counter break right down and have a piece.

Before I give you the ingredients I'd like to make this additional comment.

There was a time when Coconut Cake left much to be desired, primarily because the coconut available had a tendency to be very tough and stringy. Today we have a brand on the market called "Angel Flake" that must be just about as close as one can get to fresh coconut—which is something of a job to grate. It is very moist, it is cut in short lengths, and it is so light that it stays mixed all through the batter and doesn't sink to the bottom. No matter what your opinion may be of coconut cakes, don't go arriving at any final conclusion for all time until you make this up with Angel Flake coconut.

Coconut Cake

- 1 cup shortening (I used half butter, half margarine)
- 1 3/4 cups of sugar
- 4 eggs, separated
- 3 1/4 cups cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup Angel Flake Coconut (packed firmly in cup)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream together the shortening and sugar until it is like whipped cream—literally. Then add egg yolks and beat vigorously. Sift cake flour, then measure, and sift again with the salt and baking powder. Add alternately to the creamed mixture with 1 cup of milk. Then mix in the coconut. Lastly, add the 4 stiffly beaten egg whites to

which you have added the Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.

Pour into 3 well-greased 8 inch (9 inch will do just as well) cake pans. Bake at 350 degrees for between 25 to 30 minutes.

NOW . . . you can make your own choice as to the filling and icing for this cake, but I'd like to urge you to try the Cream Custard filling to put between the layers. This is a not-too-sweet filling of just the right consistency and is a pleasant surprise to people who don't run into it often these days. (Gives the cake sort of an old-fashioned taste that is very gratifying.)

Custard Cream Filling

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups scalded milk or cream
- 2 slightly beaten eggs OR 4 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix together the sugar, salt and flour. Add 2 cups of scalded milk or cream. (I used milk.) Pour a small amount of this over the eggs. (I used two eggs rather than the 4 egg yolks.) Stir thoroughly, and then combine the entire amount and cook it in the top part of double boiler until thick. This will get very thick if you cook it long enough, and that's the way you want it. When cool, stir in the Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.

(One can of Angel Flake coconut will give you a cup, firmly packed, and a little left over. I stirred this left-over coconut into the custard filling.)

When filling is completely cooled, spread between layers of cake. Then I frosted the top layer and covered the sides with my favorite boiled icing. Everyone seems to have his own favorite icing, so my only suggestion here is simply to keep it snow-white and cover the entire cake lavishly.

Believe me, this is a wonderful, wonderful cake.—Lucile.

SPEAKING OF FRESH FRUIT

In our town we don't have access to wonderful fresh fruit except for a very brief season just about the time you'll be reading this.

I like to combine a couple of varieties of plums (skin removed), white grapes, big black cherries, fresh pineapple and fresh peaches. To this mixture of fruit I add plenty of sugar and (this is very important) the juice of one lime—we always have fresh limes when these other things are available. This should stand quite a spell in the coldest part of your refrigerator. Just

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before serving in icy cold sherbert glasses or fruit dishes I add one banana cut in small pieces. There's never yet been one drop of juice left over! And remember, it's the lime juice that makes the difference.

ODDS AND ENDS DEPARTMENT

At our house we have our main meal at night. Noon always finds me rushed and I don't go to much work. We sit down pretty frequently to creamed chipped beef, creamed eggs and creamed tuna or salmon on toast. Any left-over dessert comes on at that time, and if there aren't any left-overs we have fruit, canned or fresh. I also make up potato cakes from left-over mashed potato, hash (from left-overs), and combine left-over rice with eggs—scramble them together.

I try (but don't always succeed) to keep home-made bread on hand. Sometimes we have sandwiches and a dish of commercial soup. If we have soup made from scratch (and I often do this) we *don't* have sandwiches. There's rarely anything special about our noon meals although we do sit down at the table in the dining room (kitchen is too small to eat in, you see.)

At night I aim to get on a good substantial meal. Almost without exception we have meat or fish, two vegetables, very frequently hot rolls with preserves and a real dessert. If we have a salad, I prepare only one vegetable. If we have a big fruit salad it serves as dessert. (In this case, Russell and Juliana light into the cake or pie later in the evening.)

It's a good thing I love to cook because I have a lot of testing to do. And it's one of the ironies of life that I can gain weight only by **LOOKING** at food—and thus can have only the tiniest taste of anything I test.

But I've given you a quick glimpse of how this family of three eats ninety-nine percent of the time. Does this in any way fit your pattern if the household consists of two-middle aged people who don't do strenuous physical work (such as farming) and a daughter fifteen—or thereabouts? I'd love to compare notes with you on this.

FROM MY DESK

By
Leanna

Question: "When my husband's family home was sold two years ago following his mother's death, I wanted very badly to have a walnut love seat that is almost an identical match to one that I purchased and refinished not long after we were married. I mentioned to my mother-in-law how nicely hers would go with the one I had and she said a number of times that I could have it. When the day came to take out pieces before the sale, my sister-in-law grabbed on to that love seat and took it to her home before we could even get there to claim it. She has never done a thing with it—just has it standing out in the wash house. My husband refuses to speak to his brother about it, but I want it and can't see why she is such a dog-in-the-manger and has it stuck out in the wash house. Don't you think I'd be justified in standing up for my rights about this?"—Mo.

Answer: You might be justified, but you'd live to regret it. It's perfectly clear that your sister-in-law intends to hang on to the love seat. If your husband felt as strongly as you do about it, at least there wouldn't be trouble in your own home about it. But he doesn't. If I were you I would close my mind on this and refuse to think about it any further. No piece of furniture is worth hard feelings between you and your husband, and that's what you'd have if you stirred up a fuss about this.

Question: "What can we young married women do with our elderly women in a church Circle who propose all kinds of ambitious projects, band together as a group to push them through, and then leave it up to us to do all the work? We're all busy with children, lots of housework, etc., and it's getting mighty aggravating to have all these activities pushed through when we're the ones who have to do the work. Some of us have just about decided to stop participating in Circle meetings because the whole thing has become such an irritating burden. Have you any suggestions?"—Kans.

Answer: I don't have any suggestions that will be helpful, but I want you to stop and realize something before you and your friends pull out. The elderly women in your Circle had an uphill struggle to get your church on a sound footing—when you tell me in detail what your church has accomplished in only fifty years I am impressed. This could have been done only by all of them pitching in and working very hard. They feel a natural sense of great pride in what has been achieved. It is of tremendous importance to them that the church continue to make such strides and in their own minds it is a sorrow to them that they can no longer carry the burdens involved. They look at you young women, remember when they were young with exactly the problems you have today, and figure that if they could do it, you can too. *Don't pull out.* Pick up the load that they are unwillingly turning over to you—what



We think this is a wonderfully fine looking group of young people, and my! what memories it calls up of summer recitals and everyone doing his very best before proud parents and friends. These teenagers are the advanced piano pupils of Mrs. Agnes Ahlman, Stanton, Nebr. Back row, left to right: Margaret Ludington, David Thor, Sally Vaught, Bobby Pohlman, Lois Svenson. On bench: Verna Troutman, Mrs. Ahlman, Harriet Groth. Front row: Rae Stevenson, Mary Denney, Sharon Sweetland, Lois Svenson (whose home is in Norfolk) is now a college student in Minneapolis, Minn., and Harriet Groth is a college student at New Ulm, Minn.

they wouldn't give to be able to do all these things today! I am seventy-two and on this subject I know how it is. Someday you and your friends will look at the young members and feel exactly the way your elderly members feel when they look at you.

Question: "Don't you feel that children should have some kind of limits laid down as to how many blood-thirsty TV shows and movies they can see? My husband and I seem to be the only ones who feel strongly about this and our three children are mad at us, of course, because we lay down the law and refuse to let them do what all their friends are doing. Sometimes it gets so hard that we're almost tempted to give up and just let them go along with the others. I think the other parents feel we're old fashioned and silly—they say these blood-thirsty things don't make any difference to the children. I'd appreciate your opinion."—Ill.

Answer: My opinion is this: blood-thirsty TV shows and movies and comic books make a terrible impression on children. A steady diet of it leads them to feel very little respect for human life—they get the idea that anything can be solved with a revolver or violence of some kind. It's not easy to have your children mad at you and tell you they are persecuted by not going along with the gang, but believe me, in years to come they will stand a much better chance of being the kind of citizens you are trying to raise. Stand by your convictions on this. And I hope other parents will have gumption enough to stand by their convictions.

Question: "My husband's vacation falls in early September and we had planned to drive to Idaho to visit relatives. On the road we wanted to stop and visit a couple who lived here until three years ago—we were good friends and would love to see them again. I

wrote and told them our plans and asked if it would be convenient, but we haven't heard one word in reply. As far as we know, no one from our town has seen them since they moved away. Would you write again—or just forget it?"—Minn.

Answer: Letters can go astray. Letters can accidentally get buried in a house—many, many times I've heard about letters that somehow got pushed under something and were only discovered later. Every now and then we read in the paper about a piece of mail that is delivered years later. If you enjoy these people and want to see them again, send another letter and tell them that now the time has come when you must make final plans. If there is no reply to this, then forget it. But knowing how many things can happen to a letter, I'd make another attempt. (I'd appreciate knowing later just what did happen here.)

Question: "This may seem very silly to you, Leanna, because I'm sure you have all kinds of photographs of your grandchildren, but my husband and I feel hurt and embarrassed because we just can't seem to get any pictures of our son's two children. We have two boys and two girls—they all live in other parts of the country, and both the girls and one boy have sent us nice photographs from time to time of their children. Our friends are always interested in these pictures but they always say: "Where are Carl's children?" I have to make some kind of an excuse because these pictures are kept in a group on the wall in the living room and it is conspicuous that we haven't a single thing of Carl's children. I've asked them again and again—but nothing happens. Would you know what to do about this?"—Nebr.

Answer: Well, it's true that I certainly don't have this problem, but if
(Continued on next page)

FROM MY DESK—Concluded

I did have it I believe I'd do one of two things: I'd send a check in a letter and say that it's intended to be used for photographs of the children and explain exactly the way you explained to me how much you want their pictures up with the others. Maybe money to cover the expense will stir Carl and his wife into action. If it doesn't, then I believe I'd take down all the pictures, place them in your own bedroom, and find something else to hang on the living room wall. Then you'd be relieved from embarrassment and attempted explanations.

Question: "I've been through some hard times in our church group because we have visiting lecturers, missionaries, pastors, etc., and our minister has such a large family of small children that he really cannot put them up overnight. I have a big house and only my husband and I are in it, so everyone expects me to offer to take care of these visitors. Now I'd be glad to do this, but what the other members don't know is that my husband is extremely nervous, is up and down all night, and it would be a real hardship to have a stranger in the house. Not only would it upset him badly, but I'm sure his prowling around all night would disturb anyone else even though it is a big house. I cannot discuss this frankly with anyone, so I've just had to sit quietly when the others looked at me accusingly because I seemed so selfish and uncooperative. Before the winter months when the whole problem will be on me again, I'd like to have your ideas on this."—Ia.

Answer: If I had this situation I think I'd take a new course of action the next time the problem comes up. Rather than sitting absolutely silent I would say cheerfully: "I wish I could offer to take care of our visitor, but since my husband's health must be considered I would like to be responsible for his hotel bill if he stays there, or I would like to prepare the important part of any dinner where he is entertained and take it there." Carry right through on this by fixing the meat, salad, dessert, rolls, etc., and if the visitor is to be a breakfast guest also, take along bacon, coffee, etc. This is absolute evidence that you would be happy to do what they think you should do if only it were possible—and since it isn't possible, you are showing them that you are doing the very best you can do. I believe this will solve your problem.

FRIENDS

Now all along Life's bumpy paths
There are so many tears and laughs
That in the corners God tucked friends;
So when you're going 'round the bends
You get a lift, perchance a smile;
They're little things—but help a pile.
And God hunts people just like you
To fill those bends and guide folks
through.

THE KITCHEN

Sometimes I like a kitchen best
When all the work is done,
And it is orderly and sweet
With fragrance and with sun.
The floor waxed and the curtains
crisp,

My apron on its hook—
A kitchen then has such a neat,
Precise, and pleasant look.

But often it seems pleasanter
At five o'clock, I think,
When suddenly it is time to fill
The kettle at the sink,
To start the fire, and lay the cloth
The old familiar way—
Oh, a kitchen is a lovely place
Any time of day!

—Unknown

THE STAFF OF LIFE

Be gentle when you touch bread.
Let it not lie uncared for—unwanted.
So often bread is taken for granted.
There is so much beauty in bread,
Beauty of sun and soil,
Beauty of patient toil—
Winds and rains have caressed it,
Christ often blessed it.

Be gentle when you touch bread.

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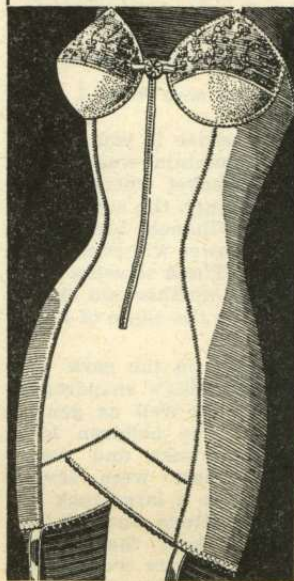
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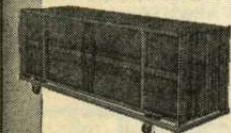
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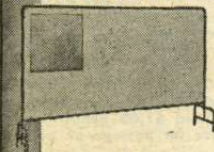
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TO MY CHILD

You are the trip I did not take;
You are the pearls I cannot buy;
You are my blue Italian lake;
You are my piece of foreign sky.
You are my Honolulu moon;
You are the book I did not write;
You are my heart's unuttered tune;
You are the candle in my night.

—Anonymous

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

park that Delco Remy and Guide Lamp has provided for its employees. We fix a morning breakfast and then let the children play on the playground equipment that is there for them. We took Paul in the buggy and one bottle which I warmed over the fire, and as I said, it was so successful that we can't wait for another nice weekend to repeat the fun. This park is several miles out in the country and covers 214 acres and the company has put up the latest in playground equipment for kiddies of all ages. There are many, many ovens and picnic tables, pony rides, a miniature golf course, a snack bar that has uncooked food, horseshoe pitching grounds, badminton, volleyball, ping-pong, basketball, softball, archery, casting pond and a fishing stream. We feel very fortunate to have such a nice park.

It's time to go to the kitchen and gather bath towels and soap for Paul's bath. I had originally intended to borrow my sister's bathinette but after we had it set up in our already crowded bedroom we decided that there simply wasn't room for it. Consequently I bathe the baby on the cabinet top connected to the kitchen sink; this is padded with a soft towel and then I just rinse him in the sink. Actually, it is much more convenient than filling and emptying a bathinette. Paul thoroughly enjoys his bath and we talk about most interesting things. Katharine is always on hand to help, too. She pulls up the high red kitchen stool and stands there ready to assist. Paul finds this shower of attention much to his liking.

I've got a stack of woollens that have little bits of mending needing attention before I can pack them away in moth crystals. I worked all last week washing our sweaters and packing them in sturdy boxes. After I get this done I have outgrown clothes of Katharine's to put away and even more little bitty garments to get out and put in Paul's bureau. I have a feeling this process of put-away and get-out will go on for years and years.

Until next month . . . Mary Beth

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

my legs were so sore that I could hardly walk.

One word of advice if you are unfamiliar with mountain weather. Be sure to carry a jacket whenever you start out, even though the sun may be shining brightly. Chances are that at least one brief shower will come along while you're out. These showers never last long, but the weather can change from hot to cold in the space of a very few minutes.

The wild flowers in the park were profuse. The wild yellow snapdragons were everywhere as well as gentian and wild roses. The children loved feeding the chipmunks and "camp robber" birds. There were several chipmunks living in a large rock formation near our cottage, and this particular formation kept the children entertained whenever we were at the cottage. It was marvelous for climb-

ing, "hide and seek" and playing all sorts of pretend games. Emily is our bird enthusiast and was delighted to find several new species of birds, particularly two varieties of hummingbird.

The last day was very rainy. We tried a little scenic driving, but the clouds were so low that the scenery couldn't be seen. It was a good time to stop at the Park Museum and have a leisurely look at the exhibits. We window-shopped in Estes park and the children selected picture post cards for mementoes of the trip to send along to friends and relatives.

We arrived back in Denver to find everything just as we had left it—except the grass! Yes, it had grown two inches in the three days we were gone and needed mowing again!

Cordially,

Abigail

IT COULD BE YOUR TURN (Concluded)

twenty minute intervals during the day.

Outgoing mail is picked up from a regular postal box in the main lobby several times daily. (Think of the messages that must be written to home folks!) Patients receive mail all seven days of the week.

The main thing to bear in mind when you are dealing with such a huge hospital is that *there must be rules and regulations to keep it going at maximum efficiency*. They number their patients daily in the hundreds! It takes enough personnel to populate a small town just to keep things going!

You'll find that rules as to visiting hours, etc., vary in the different wards, and there is also great variance in the rules laid down as to what must or must not be done. But remember that all of these rules and regulations are laid down for the *patient's best interest*, not for what the parents might think is best! The goal of everyone who works in the hospital is to get the patient well and back home again. That's what you want too! So respect the fact that they know more than you do about a given illness and abide faithfully by all the rules and regulations.

As I write this, Sharon has been in the University Hospitals for almost fourteen weeks. I spent almost every waking moment of the first month beside her bed. After that period I have gone as frequently as possible from Ogden to Iowa City (quite a distance) to be with her. So you see, in this length of time you can't help but get a pretty clear idea of what these big hospitals are all about.

I hope you never need to enter one on any basis, emergency or otherwise. But if you do, remember that in only a few hours your first sense of confusion and bewilderment will disappear—and before you know it, you'll have the ropes mastered like an old veteran.

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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

Take a few minutes right now to send a word of cheer to some of these shutins. You will have a much happier day for having done so.

Mrs. Daisy Guthrie, Box 723, River-ton, Wyo. is 78. She has been sick all year, is not able to get out and looks forward to mail time.

Mrs. F. H. Kessler, 605 Broadway, Yankton, S. Dak. had polio and rheu-matic fever and is now able to get out only when someone takes her in a car. She collects stamps, view cards and postmarks.

Mrs. Daisy Payton, Rt. 2, St. Elmo, Ill. has been shutin for many years. She manages to get about the house on crutches. Quilt pieces would be ap-preciated.

Mrs. Anna Perkins, 1708 Lyon St., Des Moines 16, Iowa is shutin and al-most helpless. She needs cheery let-ters. Please enclose a stamp.

Miss Odella Rodrigues, 208 Davis St., New Bedford, Mass. has been shut-in for many years and had a long spell in the hospital this spring. Lots of old white cloths are needed to make dress-ings. Can you help?

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCallam, Box 152, Blue Mound, Kansas need cheer. He has multiple sclerosis and requires constant care. Mrs. McCallam cares for him, and also has a gift shop in their home.

Elna Addison, 506 N. Michigan St., Prairie du Chien, Wisc. is shutin and unable to do anything for herself. She will enjoy mail but cannot answer.

Miss Ora Warren, Center, Colo. is shutin and sits in a wheelchair all the time. She makes shell jewelry and stampcraft things to sell.

Mrs. Helen Fendrick, Box 299, Dodge, Nebr. is a complete shutin. Mail is very welcome but she is not able to answer.

Mrs. Kathryn R. Mills, Rt. 3, Robin-son, Ill. has a bad heart and other complications. She is alone all day and gets so lonely. She would like to hear from you and may be able to answer.

Mrs. Emma E. Rath, Rt. 4, St. Fran-cis, Kans. has been sick a long time, is weak and nervous and needs some cheerful mail. Please send her a card or letter.

Mrs. Bertha Martin, 618 W. 12 St., Grand Island, Nebr. is a long-time invalid. She had a bad fall in the win-ter and is still not over the effects of it. Mrs. Martin is alone a great deal and would like to hear from you.

I want to thank those of you who have donated yarn for making afghans for hospitalized veterans. We can use all you have and if you will write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif., I will send you a copy of the Good Neighbor Guide which lists names of knitters. Some of them will be near you and you can send your yarn direct to them. We have nearly a dozen afghans ready now to go to the hospital and I hope we will get yarn enough to make a dozen more yet this year.

MORE OF LUCILE'S FAVORITES

PERFECTION SALAD

I think most of us have an old stand-by recipe for Perfection salad, but when this came in from a K-K friend and she said that everytime she took it anyplace she was asked for the recipe, I decided to try it. We liked it very much.

- 2 envelopes plain gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup white vinegar
- 4 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. salt

Soak gelatine in cold water. Then add boiling water and stir well. When almost cool add the sugar, vinegar, lemon juice and salt. Be sure all sugar is completely dissolved before you put it in the refrigerator. When it starts to thicken, add to it:

- 1 cup finely chopped cabbage
- 2 cups finely chopped celery
- 1 dozen small pickles cut fine
- 1 large carrot finely grated
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento

Turn into a large mold, individual molds, or into an 8x15 glass dish. When ready to serve, cut into squares, (if big glass dish is used), top with a spoonful of dressing and place on a lettuce leaf. Will serve twelve nicely.

DRESSING

My own personal preference for dressing used on this type of salad is mayonnaise (not salad dressing) thinned down with a small amount of heavy sweet cream. Commercial sour cream combined with the mayonnaise is equally good and gives a slightly "different" taste that most people seem to enjoy.

FANCY PEAR SALAD

- 1 large pear half for each person
- Cream cheese
- White grapes
- A few finely slivered almonds (if on hand)
- Honey Fruit Dressing
- Lettuce or grape leaves

Canned pears can be used for this, of course, but fresh pears taste wonderful. Fill the cavity with softened cream cheese and then spread a thin layer of cream cheese over the entire surface. (If slivered almonds are used, put these only in the cheese used in the cavity.)

Wash and dry white grapes—the seedless variety. Cut each one in half and press them into the thin cheese surface. When you are through it should look like a solid cluster of white grapes.

Most of the year this fancy and delicious pear must be served on a lettuce leaf, but for a short spell you can wash big grape leaves and use for the base. Don't put any dressing on the salad—spoils the appearance. Pass the honey fruit dressing in a separate bowl. I've never yet served this without hearing a lot of nice things!

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~~

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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.*

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- 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.

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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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"Little Ads"

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

October ads due August 10.
November ads due September 10.
December ads due October 10.

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

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HOW TO TRAP SPARROWS. Information every farmer should have. No obligation. It's free. Write, Sparrow Traps, 1012, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

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ATTRACTIVE DOILIES — 21" eight pointed metallic star \$4.00; 14½" metallic daisy \$2.25. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL QUILTS and quilt tops. Write for prices. Would like to exchange buttons. Anice Cooley, Morning Sun, Iowa.

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ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION of Miss Effie May Edwards, now about 80, who left Baxter Springs, Kansas, in 1906, please write to: Mr. T. Wesley Edwards, 3741 Chaumiere Road, Kansas City North 16, Mo.

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End mice, roaches, waterbugs, ants, spiders, crickets, boxelder bugs and other pests. Safe-simple. Dust HIDE in runways. Runs 'em away. Keeps 'em away, \$1.00 per package postpaid. Money back guarantee. Free booklet included.

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THIS REPORT PLEASED US

Dear Driftmiers:

I thought you folks might like to hear about the results I have had with the "Little Ads."

I've sold \$408.45 worth of crocheted articles and have turned down lots of orders as I could not make them fast enough. This past winter I did mostly cross-stitching on a tablecloth, but I plan soon to get a new supply of crocheted things on hand.

I now have 55 customers in 16 states—some on the Atlantic Coast, some on the Pacific Coast, and all places in between.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Mike Bennett,
Arlington, S. Dakota

RELISH DISH—Continued

fancy pickles luxury items, but anything left over can be returned to the original jars and will keep "practically forever" in a good refrigerator. You can rig up quite a few relish plates from the original jars.

In addition to jumbo size black olives I use big stuffed green olives—alternate these for the best color effect. Bread-and-butter pickles go into one section, mixed fancy pickles (cauliflower in this type) into another section, home-made spiced carrot sticks in another section, tiny gherkins and strips of garlic dills in another section.

Around the outside edges I use clusters of thin green onions, crisp radish roses, and small strips of celery stuffed with cream cheese—and a little segment of bright pimiento on this cheese.

The last mentioned things can't be held over very well (there are rarely enough left over to ponder upon holding) but everything else can go back into the jars and just left until the next occasion arises.

COMPANY GREEN BEANS

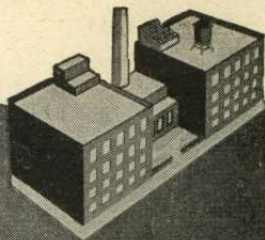
Most of the time we like green beans "as is," but once in awhile I look at a couple of cans, know that extra people will be at the table, and decide to put some extra effort into those beans. I've never yet had anyone who didn't want two big helpings of these!

- 4 or 5 strips of bacon, diced
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3 Tbls. bacon fat
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- Liquid drained from 2 No. 2 cans green beans
- 1 cup diced soft American type cheese
- 1 cup French fried onions

Fry diced bacon until very crisp. Remove bacon, drain off all but 2 Tbls. fat. Add to the bacon fat the flour and blend well. Then add milk, mushroom soup, green bean liquid and cheese. Simmer until cheese is melted.

Butter a fairly good-sized casserole and arrange the green beans in it. Then add bacon and one-half the can of French fried onions. Pour sauce over the top, cover with remaining French fried onions and bake in a 350 degree oven for around 25 minutes. This is certainly a welcome change from plain old green beans.

Factory-to-you SAVINGS



54 Pc. SOLID STAINLESS TABLEWARE

REGULAR
\$19.95 VALUE

\$9.95

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54 PIECES

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4-Piece
HOSTESS SERVING SET

- Large Cold Meat Fork
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Matches perfectly! Included, at no extra cost,
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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. Each piece glows with a luxurious rich silver-ware finish that never needs care or polishing. Ideal for rugged everyday use, yet handsome enough for making an impression when you have guests. Never before have you seen such a complete, magnificent set at so low a price. To be sure of getting yours—you'll have to send your order today!

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54 PIECES**

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

GUARANTEED 65-YEARS

Guaranteed to conform to the high standards established for this tableware. Any piece that has defects due to workmanship or material will be replaced within 65 years from purchase without charge.

Perfect

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Magnificent for yourself! Perfect for young marrieds—for wedding, shower, anniversary and other gift occasions.

EVERYTHING that you need to make your table gleam with a luxury that you never dreamed possible at so low a price!

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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NEW! Advance 1959 model

BIG 12 IN. FAMILY SIZE

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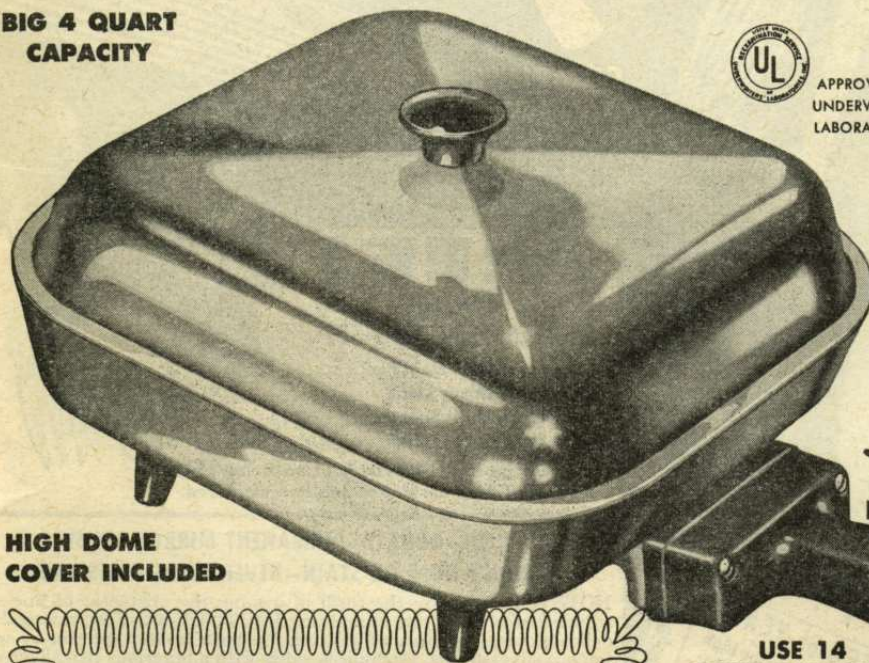
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Guaranteed to give PERFECT COOKING RESULTS every time

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The New 1959 NIRESK controlled heat, immersible, automatic electric fry pan compares with Electric Fry Pans selling in stores for \$16.95 to \$29.95. Your Niresk Electric Fry Pan must be 100% satisfactory in every way or your money refunded in full.

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Compare these features and you'll see why you're getting the best at the lowest possible price! This big, beautiful electric skillet is just like having a portable range so you can cook and serve taste tempting meals right at the table 'round the clock. More than a fry-skillet . . . it stews, cooks, braises, bakes and chafes too. Fries ham and eggs for breakfast, makes 8 servings of chicken for lunch and braises 4-lb. roast for dinner. Just set heat you want on dial. Automatic Temperature Control does the rest—master-minds every meal to perfection. Big 12" x 12" square shape. Made of heavy polished cast aluminum. Special silicone-treated interior prevents sticking . . . cleans quickly and easily. Powerful 1100-watt sealed in element. UL approved. AC.

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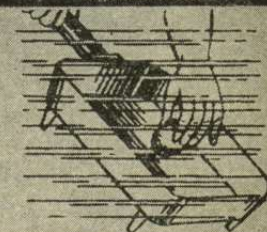
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Automatically maintains
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