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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

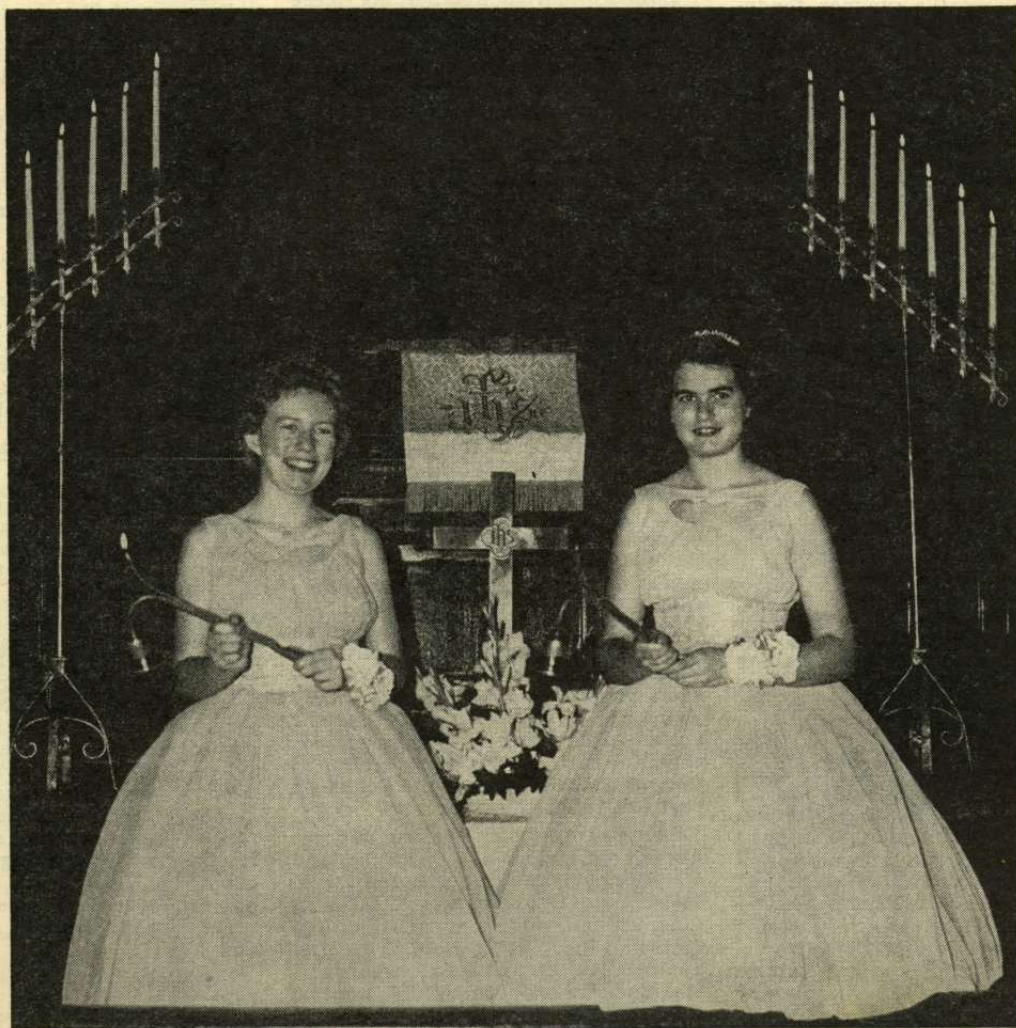
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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Dear Friends:

One of the greatest blessings that has come to me through the years is the fact that every day I get letters from all over the country, and frequently from other countries as well. I really don't suppose there are many people who get such a clear picture of what is going on in such a big variety of places.

I can never recall a summer, for instance, when there were such great extremes in weather, not only here in the Midwest but all over the world. Just in one day I'd read letters from people whose crops were a total loss because of drought—couldn't even get anything from a vegetable garden—and then the next letter would be from someone whose crops were completely wiped out by floods, and the letter after that would come from someone who said it was the finest year they'd ever had.

Many of our readers in England described the terrible storms they had over there, and then maybe the letter next to that would come from someone in Holland or Denmark who had lost everything from drought. It seemed to be a summer of violent extremes all over the world.

Here in Shenandoah we had two exceptionally violent and destructive storms—one in May and another in August. I hadn't been down to our basement for years because of storms, but that August storm had both Mart and me going there for refuge. We could never recall a worse looking sky—at noon it looked as if it were night. All the street lights went on and cars hurrying to shelter had to be driven with their lights on.

When we came up from our basement we fully expected to see our big old Elm tree down, but it hadn't lost a single limb. The maple tree in front had several large limbs torn from it and our yard was full of trash and debris. Down at our Kitchen-Klatter office the big plate glass windows in front were blown in and a heavy awning installed only a year ago was torn from the building. There wasn't any damage at Russell's and Lucile's house, but both Howard and Mae and Margery and Oliver lost big limbs from their trees. All in all, it was quite a storm and I hope we never have another like it.

But crops in our section of Iowa

look wonderful and we've been spared the ravages of drought and flood. The days are getting so short now that if we want to take a little drive in the country we have to eat about 5:15 and get started right away, but every time we go out we say that we've never seen our countryside looking so lush at this time of the year and the crops more bountiful.

I finally started another big piece of handwork, a cross-stitched quilt in a rosebud design. Everyone in the family tells me I should be keeping one of these to enjoy here at home, but with granddaughters growing up so fast and taking a real interest in such things I feel that I should get all of them fixed up first.

For variety from cross-stitching I have ordered an applique quilt and expect to get that started soon. I would also like to make two needlepoint pieces for a couple of chairs Lucile has that can't be used again until the worn out needlepoint now on them is replaced. She hasn't had a chance to decide on the type of design she wants or the colors, but they're not off-size chairs and it shouldn't be hard to find something that will fill the bill.

Dorothy expects to drive down this Sunday and spend a couple of days with us. While she is here she will be on our Kitchen-Klatter radio visit—says that she enjoys broadcasting so much that she gets to feeling lonesome for the microphone if too much time passes between visits. I feel so fortunate that my girls really get great pleasure from carrying on the radio visits I started so many, many years ago. I realize how fortunate I am when I read your letters, because there seem to be so few parents in these times who can see their children carry on what they started.

Some of the big Eastern colleges haven't yet started as I write this and Dorothy plans to bring with her David Kabat from Saunderstown, Rhode Island. There is quite a story behind the fact that he will be here. The first summer Russell and Lucile were married back in 1937, Mart and I went to visit them in Minneapolis, and while we were there we were invited to have lunch at the home of their dear friends, Sara and Herman Kabat. At that time Herman was a medical student at the University and they hadn't been married very long.

Well, many years have passed since then and today he is a specialist with offices in Providence, and four children at his home in Saunderstown. Russell and Lucile hadn't seen Sara and Herman for twenty years until last summer when they stopped with them overnight on their return from Nova Scotia. David told them then that he wanted to see this country, so he started out on foot and made it, much to everyone's surprise. Dorothy says he has really enjoyed an Iowa farm, and when he comes down here he can see another part of Iowa. He'll have a pretty good idea of Iowa when he gets back to Rhode Island and starts his sophomore year at college.

My sister Martha is so faithful about writing to us and keeping us up to date on how things are going. She has gained weight since we visited her at Westfield, N. J. in June and feels much better. My sister Jessie is almost entirely recovered from her accident and able to drive back and forth now from Clarinda to spend weekends with us. Even though we had an exceptionally hot and humid late summer we enjoyed weeding together.

Donna and Tom were able to find just the kind of an apartment they wanted in El Cajon, Calif., and are now driving to Lakeside every school day morning to their teaching jobs. They had a wonderful trip across the country—spent one night at Yellowstone at one end of the Park while Juliana was at the other end. Needless to say, we were all greatly relieved that they were safely out of there before the terrible earthquake. A friend from Atlanta, Mo. who was vacationing in the Denver area was kind enough to call Wayne and Abigail and inquire about Juliana since she knew she had been in the Jackson Hole Country for part of the summer. Juliana happened to be right there at Wayne's house when this call came and she was impressed that someone cared enough to telephone.

1959 has been a year of big housing changes in our family. I noticed in Mary Beth's letter how she told you about all the painting they had done in their new home, and probably Lucile will keep telling you about the big remodeling job they've done. Howard and Mae are now deep into a complete renovating job on the house they bought in May, and Margery and Oliver are thinking about major changes in their house too. When Mart and I first came back from visiting Donald and Mary Beth in their brand new house we were really tempted to build something like it and give up this big old-fashioned house, but I guess we both feel that no place else could ever be home so we've stopped looking at floor plans and lots.

I promised to make cookies for a bake sale that's being held today so I should get at them right now.

Always your friend . . .

Leanna

FILLING THE TREASURY

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Comes fall and suddenly we face the fact that our church or club treasury needs replenishing—but HOW? THAT is the question!

Of course there are the usual chicken or turkey dinners, the bake sales, the apron bazaars and all the other things most groups fall back on, but a new twist to these old standbys can certainly make a big difference to the final results.

Here are some suggestions for *The Gift Fair* that proved to be a tremendous success in the community where it was held. It could well be that you'd find it equally successful, and chances are you're casting around just about now for *anything* that promises getting out of the customary routine.

The Gift Fair is really a bazaar, but it stresses unusual services that are very important. Do as much advance advertising as you can possibly manage and capitalize on the fact that these new services will be offered. In addition do as much newspaper advertising as you can afford, put up posters in stores, mail cards to people in nearby towns, and make each member responsible for calling at least ten people who don't belong to the group. Many a bazaar has been a sad disappointment simply because a lot of people didn't know about it. Spread the word about your *Gift Fair* far and wide.

The single most important thing about this type of bazaar is the fact that you are equipped to wrap and mail anything, anywhere. It is safe to say that out of every twenty people who want to buy something to send to someone, ten will pass it up simply because it's such a problem to get things wrapped for mailing. (Just stop and think of the things you haven't bought because you didn't know how in the world you'd ever get them gift wrapped, wrapped for mailing, and then down to the post office.)

Since this wrapping-mailing service is your big feature, set up your booth right inside the door where people will see it as they enter. Have someone gifted at meeting the public in charge of this booth and instruct her to tell *everyone* who walks through the door that any items purchased can be gift wrapped, prepared for mailing and actually mailed—the customer is relieved of all these chores.

Round up plenty of gift papers, ribbons, heavy wrapping paper, wrapping cord, mailing labels, shredded paper, excelsior, pieces of corrugated papers, etc. (The pretty papers and ribbons can be displayed so the customer can make her choice—other needed items can be kept in the back-ground.)

Be sure you have a good supply of dependable fountain pens so the customer can write her own mailing label—this way you don't run any chance of getting the wrong address.

If the wrapping committee takes action right now there is a good



Mary Leanna Driftmier runs many an errand on her bike in their neighborhood in Springfield, Mass.

chance the local merchants will be happy to order gift papers, ribbons, etc., and let you have them at wholesale prices plus postage and handling charges.

Many of the gift ribbon bows can be made up ahead of time and laid out flat in shallow boxes so they are ready to add to packages quickly. In every group there are always a few people who really enjoy gift wrapping packages and have a special knack for unusual details—these are the ones to contact early so they can utilize their ideas in time to lay in all the extras needed to produce unique and lovely gift wrappings.

Naturally there is a charge for this service. Anyone who has ever asked a store to do a job of gift wrapping knows that lovely paper and ribbons don't come for free.

The wrapping committee should also go to the post office and get tips on the best way to handle boxes containing jelly glasses (breakables) or boxes containing such things as ornamental winter arrangements that could easily be crushed. They should also get the various charges for packages and thus be able to give the customer an estimate of how much the postage will come to. However, this can be *only* an estimate since some boxes will go to far away postal zones while others will go only within the same state.

The point on getting the various estimates is because you must allow enough not to run in the hole. Most people are so happy to be spared the job of getting things down to the post office that they certainly aren't going to quibble if the postage charges don't come out to the last split cent.

Along with this unique wrapping and mailing service you are offering, you should look with a fresh eye at the way all items are displayed.

Get to work far in advance and package up as many items as possible. Have on display the sample gift wrapped items and when your customer decides to buy, reach behind you in the booth and produce the same thing all gift wrapped and ready to go.

Here are some things that can be wrapped in advance; they all have great appeal if they are packaged attractively.

Indian corn (get as much of this as possible—you'll sell it all); ornamental gourds; winter arrangements utilizing every available material and idea; unusual candles; huge ears of golden field corn (people who have moved from the Midwest are wild about this to make dramatic table or mantel arrangements); peanut pixies; holiday centerpieces; and highly unusual Christmas tree "aprons" and ornaments.

Pantry

This department can also be looked at with a fresh eye. Be sure that all jars of preserves, jams and jellies carry an artistic and distinctive label. In one evening the pantry committee can sit down with plain white labels, crayons and water colors, and turn out some eye-catching designs. If your group has some one food item for which it is famous such as mincemeat, steamed puddings or fruitcake, play it up on the label and it will help to sell the product.

It is very important that a woman "gifted with gab" be in charge of this department for she can sell people ideas they'd never thought of. How about sending a box of cookies to that girl or boy in college? How about treating old neighbors who've moved away to "Aunt Clara's divinity" or "Betty Garland's fudge"?

"Since we'll wrap it and mail it for you, why don't you send a box of homemade 'goodies' to the friend on your list who has *everything* and is such a problem?"

A good saleswoman in the Pantry department can dispose of every crumb. She can also persuade people to place their orders then and there for special things your members have agreed to furnish at a later date.

Needlework

Many bazaars find this the hardest department to "move". If you decide to have one at your Gift Fair, then concentrate upon some particular features.

Doll wardrobes boxed attractively and marked as to the proper size of doll are good sellers these days. Display some beautiful pieces of Swedish weaving and take orders for the colors preferred. Cross-stitch aprons make a stunning display and are extremely popular. A group of these tacked up on the wall have much more appeal than a conglomeration of aprons.

But regardless of what type of aprons you offer, dramatize them in your display. In too many bazaars the delicate organdy hostess aprons are lost next to heavy, down-to-work aprons. Keep the aprons separated to create the greatest appeal.

Homey Suggestions

Space is usually a big problem when it comes to having a bazaar. This creates, in turn, the unhappy feeling in your "customers" that they should buy and clear out to make room for others.

The one greatest asset to any bazaar is the wonderful friendly, neighborly

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LETTER FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

This is an ideal morning for writing to you. Paul is back in bed for his morning nap, Katharine and her daddy are in church and there is nothing to disturb me. Even the breakfast dishes are cleaned up and put away! Every Sunday morning Don likes to have pancakes or waffles and this makes for such sticky dishes that I have to get at them promptly.

Don has been singing in a quartet in church for the last three weeks so I've been staying home with Paul. I have not yet introduced him to the church nursery. About the time I get up my courage and decide to risk exposing him to a cold (and there is *always* some infant with a cold in nursery school), a major disease starts making the rounds and I decide against taking him. Right now there is a twenty-four hour virus going around among the pre-school age children, so I'll try to keep my little ones from being exposed even if it means missing Sunday School myself.

The other day one of my friends asked me what Don and I had done on our vacation this year and I could answer her in a flash. I explained that we took all of our vacation money and drove to Green's Paint Store and bought gallons and gallons of paint. Everyone who heard this laughed understandingly because they had done the same thing at one time or another. Really, I wish you could see us. We're positively beautiful! Never has paint on anyone's wall looked as good as the paint on our walls! We had stared at our shiny dead-white plastered walls for the best part of a year, and by contrast they are now positively luxurious.

Don was our painter, and likewise the paper hanger. We didn't know he had talents in the paper hanging line but he proved to be expert. We started the whole big job in the children's room. Since Mother Driftmier had made us the lovely pink dogwood Williamsburg quilt, and my Aunt Sadie had made a dear pink-toned baby quilt for Paul's bed, plus the fact that there are also pink drapes at the windows, we decided on making the room predominantly pink. I found some flowered paper on sale so we papered two of the walls and then painted the other two walls a pale pink. This paper has a small pink, grey and beige flower in it, with green leaves on a white background, and is really charming. By having Don do the work we completed the decorating in their room for under \$3.00. It's a decidedly feminine and girlish room, of course, but for now it doesn't offend Paul's manliness.

From the children's bedroom we went to the bathroom and once again Don applied the paste and paper to the side walls. We didn't rent any equipment. We had been loaned a box full of small papering tools from Mrs. Simms and by extending our table to its full length and then padding it with layers of newspapers we managed to get along fine. Although the



Here are some of the Driftmiers on Donald's porch in Anderson, Ind. Mary Beth had just turned her head to check on Katharine when the camera clicked! The others in the front row are Dad (M. H. Driftmier), Dorothy and Mother. Donald is holding Paul.

bathroom tile is in shades of light and dark oatmeal we decided against using anymore "brownish" tones in there. Instead we put on an aqua, rose and green undersea scene with a background of very, very pale pink. (It probably sounds as though we have gone overboard on pink but it is really not noticeable or offensive.)

The living room, dining room, entry hall and hall to the bedrooms were all done in one color because they all connect so closely. There was no definite place where we could change colors and even if there had been I don't know to what color we could have changed. We decided upon a whitened-down Wedgewood Blue for these rooms because we were advised at the paint store not to use a dark color with a carpet so extremely light.

Incidentally, let me say right here that this carpet has been 100% successful. We had fully expected that our ivory white carpet would show every speck of dirt and mud and spills, but it has not shown dirt as badly as the old rosy brown rug we now have in our bedroom. The background color of this carpet closely resembles mud color and the light foreground doesn't show dust at all. Since it is an Acrilan fiber all I have done with spills and dirt is to suds them off with a detergent and then the carpet is fresh and clean again.

We put white ceilings everywhere. No one stressed this when giving advice, but we are personally fond of white ceilings. In the entry hall Don hung a small provincial print paper. It is a true Wedgewood blue and this was our first most glaring mistake. The color is much too dark for the size of the hall. It simply makes the room look small and, in addition to this, the Wheat Paste we used left a stain along each seam. We inquired again at the paint store and discovered there is nothing to do but paper over it, which we would do if it were

terribly bad but I don't think it will be too noticeable to strangers. We did learn though that there is a Cellulose stainproof paste that can be used to avoid such mishaps, so we bought some of this before we attempted to hang the mural.

At the paint store we looked and looked through books of wall murals and scenic papers. We were particularly taken with the scenic prints but we couldn't see spending close to \$100 to cover one wall area of less than ten feet. We finally settled on a considerably less expensive mural which can be hung in sections with the painted plaster wall as the background. Donald had bought two-inch white pine molding which he put up around the dining room as a chair rail about 32 inches from the floor. The mural went on the wall starting directly above this chair rail. We painted the chair rail the same color as the wall and now we have a dining room that looks like a million dollars.

Now you have an account of how we spent Don's vacation. This painting was done in two weeks' time almost singlehanded because I was busy keeping Paul and Katharine out of paint buckets. I am still thrilled to see what a change this painting has made. The carpet looks more luxurious than ever. The Philippine mahogany woodwork and doors are rich and gleaming against the blues and pinks. Even our six year old, unlined, faded drapes in the living room look respectable again! Surprisingly enough, one of the rose tones in the mural is picked up in the draperies and they look positively coordinated. (I forgot to mention that the mural is a scene of colonial Williamsburg, complete with houses, church, horse and carriage with driver and footman, trees, and a distant peek of the Governor's palace.)

Last week I took Katharine to the
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KRISTIN'S SCHOOL SCHEDULE

SOUNDS RUGGED

Dear Friends:

It was two years ago this issue that I wrote my first letter to you, and I had just started my Freshman year in high school. Half of my high school days are now behind me, and I started my Junior year the last Friday in August.

When school first starts in the Fall it is fun to ride the bus, but by the middle of the year it ceases to be fun and becomes just a dull routine. Ever since I have been riding the school bus, I have been one of the first to get on in the morning and the last to get off in the evening. On most bus routes they try to reverse the routes at night so that the first ones on in the morning are the first to get off in the evening, but this has never been possible on my bus because our driver happens to live in our neighborhood and he keeps the bus at home at night.

This year there are 46 pupils riding our bus and I am the sixth one to get on. The only compensation for this is getting your pick of the seats. I get on at 7:35 in the morning and get off at 5:00 at night.

I really have a busy schedule this year as I am carrying five subjects, plus physical education and music, and as a result I have no study periods at all. The subjects I am taking include: U. S. History, English III, Typing I, Shorthand I and Speech. History and English are required subjects, and the other three are my electives. I chose Typing because I feel it is terribly important that everyone knows how to type; I chose Shorthand because I think it will be a big help to me in college when I have to take notes in lecture courses; I chose Speech mainly because I thought it would be a course I would enjoy and I thought it would be beneficial to me all of my life.

Just before school started Mother went to Worthington, Minnesota to attend the Nobles County Fair. She took me to Sioux City, Iowa on the way and I spent five days visiting in the home of my Father's cousin, Carl Johnson and family. Carl and Carolyn have two sons. John is 11 months younger than I am and Jim is three years younger than John. I had a wonderful time since they had so many things planned for me. I got to play tennis for the first time in my life; we got to go bowling twice which was a great treat for me because I love to bowl and don't get to very often; and I took two boat rides on the river. The last night I was there John and I were invited to a party. All in all it was a busy and happy five days.

I had planned to paint our boat this summer and finally found the time to do it just before school started. It is an aluminum boat with three seats. The inside is green and the outside is red and aluminum. It looked like a brand new boat when I got all through with it.

It was a funny summer without a visit from Juliana. As long as I can remember she has spent a great deal of time with us on the farm, and it just didn't seem right without her around. As soon as their Shenandoah school was out last May she took a typing course that kept her at home, and after this she was in Wyoming and had such a hard time getting a train reservation that she didn't get back to Iowa until it was almost time for our Chariton school to start. Their school opened later. We'll have to get some visits in this fall to make up for the summer visits we missed.

Sincerely yours,

Kristin

RUSSELL'S GARDEN NOTES

The first cool days of autumn will find me busy with my fall garden activities, and most people who do any gardening at all will be busy with about the same work.

Any plant that needs transplanting, thinning out or dividing should be taken care of now rather than in the spring. This will give it a good chance to get established before freezing weather sets in.

The first plants I tackle are hardy phlox, and since there is a "tag end" of bloom it gives me a good chance to discard colors that are not desirable. You'll have much better blooms next year if large clumps are divided and reset now. Phlox roots are fibrous, so try not to shake off too much dirt when you dig the clump. Cut the stalks to within a few inches of the ground and divide into plants that contain three or four stems. (A sharp knife is ideal for this.) Reset where you want them for lots of color next summer. They will bloom best in full sun, but will brighten semi-shady spots as well. Allow plenty of room for expansion so you won't have to reset them for several years.

At the same time I work with the hardy phlox I plant six or eight tulip bulbs about a foot away from the phlox. This furnishes lovely spring color in a spot that otherwise would be dull until the phlox blooms. Water is very important for plants that are being re-established, so be sure they are kept moist during this period. A good all-purpose fertilizer should be placed below the roots to provide food as growth begins.

Old peony plants will bloom better if they are dug now and re-set. It is a big job since peony roots go down a foot or two, but it will reward you with more and better blooms in coming years.

Handle these old peony plants the same way you would handle new plants. Dig a hole at least a foot or two deep and fill it about half full with fertilizer (peonies are very heavy feeders), then cover the fertilizer with earth and place the root so the eye (or bud) is slightly below the surface. Be sure the earth is well packed before you place the root so that it won't settle.

Peonies that are well established but don't need transplanting should be given a good feeding late this fall by cultivating fertilizer in around the plant after you have cut the foliage. I do this after the first frost, and it pays big dividends in bloom next spring.

If you haven't yet divided your iris, it can still be done by digging up the entire clump and selecting the newest growth. This should be cut away from the old roots, retaining the tuberous growth directly behind the new fan of leaves. Plant this with the stringy roots pointed down and the heavy root (rhizome) an inch or so below the surface. Cut the foliage back to about three inches and next year you may have a blooming plant. If not, you can depend upon bloom the following year. A few spring bulbs planted at the same time will assure you of color. Tulips planted deep will not interfere with the iris roots.

Most perennials fall into the three categories of root formation represented by phlox, peonies and iris. Day lilies have a root similar to iris and should be handled about the same—don't let them get too crowded and matted if you want a lot of beautiful bloom. Aquilegia have tap roots that go straight down and are similar to peonies in this respect. Many other garden favorites have fibrous roots comparable to phlox and require similar treatment.

After the first killing frost (an event gardeners always regard with mixed sensations!), the garden must be made ready for winter.

Perennial foliage should be cut off to within a few inches of the ground. Don't try to pull off the leaves or you will probably pull up the plant too and injure it. All of the foliage, as well as the leaves you'll be raking up, should be put in a compost heap for use as fertilizer next year. Any new plantings or tender things need a protection of straw or leaves that will not pack (such as oak) to keep them frozen through the winter. Mid-season thaws are the great killers of new or tender plants, not the cold weather.

Roses should be cut back about half way at this time and earth mounded up around the canes. I wait until real cold weather (usually after the first of the year) to cut them all the way down. This enables the canes to harden and helps prevent new tender growth that would be winter killed.

I have tried many types of materials for a winter mulch, including excelsior which was very successful but too hard to clean up in the spring. After much experimenting I have settled on a combination of straw and leaves. This preserves the plantings, is not unsightly and has the advantage of easy disposal in the compost heap when spring clean-up arrives.

After killing frosts your garden can still be a spot of brilliant color if you have planned for fall foliage, fruits and berries. We depend on Truehedge Columberry (a form of barberry) for brilliant red berries and red and yellow leaves in one flower border; Boston ivy and wild grape brighten

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FREDERICK SHARES HIS OBSERVATIONS WITH US

Dear Friends:

As I sit here at the dining room table looking out over the lake nestled deep down in a forest of oak and pine, I wonder why all the world cannot be as peaceful as this far off little corner of the smallest state in the Union?

Now it is late in the afternoon and I can hear the gay voices of my children coming up from the beach just around the bend. I do not worry about their swimming fun when their mother is with them, for Betty is one of the best swimmers I have ever known. I say that I can hear their voices, but actually I have to strain my ears to hear them, not because of the distance, but because of the birds. Here in our woods the birds make more of a babel of sound than any birds I have ever heard anywhere else. On occasion I have been able to identify the sounds of more than a dozen species of birds in a single fifteen minute period.

At the same time that I am wondering why the world cannot be as peaceful as this idyllic spot, I must confess in all honesty that some careful observation or, for that matter, just casual observation, reveals that all is not peaceful here. Just a stone's throw from this table is water that is literally teeming with aquatic life of all kinds, and there the battle for survival never ceases.

At the very instant I am writing this I can see a long, low ripple of water that reveals the path of an enormous pickerel moving in for the kill of a young sun fish. And what is the sun fish doing? Well, it is still licking its chops (in a fish-like sort of way) from a recent dinner of tender young frog. And of course the frogs had been having a merry time chasing and killing and devouring a variety of dragon flies. It does seem that in the world of nature the fight for survival never ceases.

It is taking me much longer to write this letter than it is taking you to read it because looking across a little cove filled with water lilies, I am watching an amazing spectacle. Some king fishers are flying about diving in and out over the surface of the water getting food for their young, and they are having a perfectly dreadful time of it because of a magnificent hawk that is trying to prey on them.

I suppose that some of you have reason enough to hate hawks, but I love them and around here I have plenty to love. Right now I can see one circling slowly overhead, riding the air currents from one end of the cove to the other, swooping now and then to look for the king fishers, and then soaring high above the trees and hardly moving his wings at all in the whole maneuver. I admit that he is a killer, but aren't most animals?

Just yesterday I was visiting with a friend of mine who has spent a good part of his life in the foreign mission field. He was telling me of the depressing birth statistics in various



Times change but boys don't—they always want to do some tinkering when they're five years old. Clark Driftmier is trying to figure out what "ails" one wheel of his car.

parts of Asia and the islands of the South Pacific. Our medical missionaries have done so much to prevent plagues, and to insure a child's chance of survival; and now, as a result, the populations are increasing at a rate far in excess of available food supplies.

When our government steps in to help alleviate the dreadful toll of famines, this very act of mercy is laying the ground work for later problems caused by too many people to eat too little food. In the days before modern civilized government many nations had their populations decimated periodically by tribal wars and civil strife of all kinds. And today, wherever there is peace, there is the beginning of war, for peace encourages growth, and growth leads to expansion, and expansion means aggression, and aggression means force, and force is answered with force, and that is war.

It all sounds frightful doesn't it? But actually it isn't! While peace may present its problems, there are no problems of peace that cannot be settled with Time and more peace.

A Christian knows the answers to the problems of peace. With knowledge and faith men can one day solve all the problems of over-population, but no amount of knowledge and no amount of faith can solve problems for people who are committed to the belief that what the world needs is more plagues and more wars.

When next you hear someone say: "Well, isn't all of life simply a battle for the survival of the fittest, dog eat dog and the devil take the hindmost?" you have an answer ready. What is true for the pickerel and frog, the hawk and the king fisher, does not have to be true for God's human children. Unlike the rest of the world of nature, we do not have to feed off of one another. We are able to live only as we sacrifice to feed one another and as we learn to love one another.

It was just five years ago that I took my family and drove down to the ocean to see the magnificent fishing boats that had gathered from yacht clubs all up and down the Atlantic seaboard to meet in the world series of

deep sea fishing, The Atlantic Tuna Tournament. And it was just five years ago that I wrote to you and described the terrible hurricane that wrecked all of those expensive boats only a few hours after we had visited them.

Well, last night we drove down to see more than 150 boats gathered once again for the same purpose, and this time there was no hurricane to follow. What a gay and festive affair it was! Thousands of people had the same idea that we had, and the docks were lined with throngs and throngs of the curious. The boats were just coming in from the fishing grounds, some flying the little flags that told of their good fishing luck—a tuna flag for caught tuna, and a swordfish flag for caught swordfish. You can get some idea of the size of the fish when I tell you that any fish weighing less than 200 pounds was not even considered as being worthy of mention!

You have no doubt heard that both on this coast and on the West coast there have been far more sharks than usual. Several beaches to the south of us have had shark scares. Yesterday one of the fishing boats brought in a small shark about eight feet long. When we saw it, it was lying on the ground quite dead and many people were taking pictures of it. One lady happened to mention that she wished she could get a picture of its teeth, and I just happened to overhear her remark. Immediately I reached down and took hold of the shark's nose and opened its mouth. When the lady saw the row of sharp teeth she let out a scream and became so excited that I think she forgot to take the picture.

We had one little disappointment on the trip. There was a helicopter taking passengers up for a view of the harbor and the fishing fleet and David and I very much wanted to ride in it. The two women in this family do not have quite the adventurous spirit that the men have, and they tried to persuade us not to go up. Their persuasions were in vain, but something else *did* prevent our helicopter ride and that was the price.

The pilot wanted \$5.00 a person for a five minute ride, and that was more than we could afford. If he had been willing to take us both for one fare, I would have gone, but \$10.00 does not come easily to a preaching parson.

As we walked away from the line of eager would-be passengers David said: "Don't feel badly, daddy. Someday my ship will come in, and then I shall take you for a ride in my own helicopter!" Ah, the dreams of childhood!

Sincerely,

Frederick

The world in which we live today is filled with people hungering and thirsting for the human touch. Thus it is important to remember that Christianity triumphed over every possible adversity because the early Christians shared everything together and thereby kept it alive with their human touch.

YES, I BOUGHT A HOUSEDRESS!

By

Mary Alice Rybolt

Last week I bought something I'd never bought before in sixteen years of shopping for a household. And you know I've bought a lot of groceries, socks, groceries, stamps, groceries, gasoline, and so on. The years have seen many new products introduced, and I try each miracle work saver as it appears on the market. But never before had I bought that old time standby called a house dress!

I have worn old blue jeans, either mine or Bill's, old skirts from high school days, or the once-dressy things I wore for "good" in days long gone by. I had found housework involves enough management without a special costume for the job. But one morning as I struggled into the once-smart rayon dress members of the high school girl's glee club wore for spring contests back in 1942, something snapped. I vowed I'd treat myself to a new housedress.

I suspect many women wear their discarded better dresses around the house to get more service from the perfectly good, but unstylish or dowdy better dresses. Such dresses aren't always comfortable. Some women find a cobbler's apron or cover-all type apron will cover almost any type of costume. My dear neighbor always wears a clean apron inside out; then she can change it quickly to the clean side out when she gets "caught" by unexpected callers. Every little trick saves ironing!

Housedresses seem to be a rare article. There are sun dresses, patio dresses, golf dresses and city cottons. But there are few of the downright honest, plain print dresses designed for work, wear and easy laundry. Slim young things like their treader pants or pedal pushers. We more conservative matrons enjoy Bermuda shorts in warm weather, and cold weather is excuse enough for many women to wear slacks. Farm women keep coveralls handy for their emergency calls to the field to drive the tractor, or to clean the hen house.

Only a few years ago, farmers bought feed in print sacks and it was important to get into Pete's or wherever, to select the print you wanted before the feed was delivered to the farm. Farm wives collected those sacks like today's housewife collects green stamps or such!

Every farm home had a stack of sacks, and a dress or pajamas for the children came from the wide selection of prints there was available. If lunch cloths or curtains were needed, you tried to choose a suitable print from the feed sacks for them.

Farmers bought feed, and changed feed, I am sure, when their wives decided another brand boasted prettier prints or finer quality cloth. I use feed sack dish towels, baby diapers and pillow cases to this day, and they are fine, absorbent and soft.

In those depression days, country fairs had special contests for the best

feed sack articles. The feed store usually bought back the few sacks the farm wife did not want. There was a lively demand for sacks from people who couldn't use the feed, but wanted the pretty print containers. If feed came in bright print cottons today, I'd probably try to utilize the materials in family sewing. But paper sacks it is, and the feed sack apron is about to join the kerosene lamp and churn as a memory of the "good old days."

But most feed sacks found their way into housedresses for the lady of the house. I've had my share of them, and I surely grew weary of them. You could never buy the pretty tempting materials in a store, because "the feed sacks at home needed using, and would make dresses as well as the boughten yard goods!" One would see other women wearing the same feed sacks made up in a wide variety of styles, from mother hubbards to halter and shorts combinations . . . not to mention the curtains, towels, aprons and lunch cloths from the same pattern. I once had kitchen curtains, dish towels, dresses, apron and lunch cloth from the same green-flowered design. That's carrying "togetherness" too far!

My new housedresses are pretty, comfortable and a wonderful "wash and wear" fabric. They are so nice and smart I find it hard to wear them for my everyday chores. Indeed, today when I cleaned the basement, I went back to my antique blue jeans and an old shirt of Bill's.

Too long I've worn togs unfit for the Salvation Army. I really am not too comfortable when I am so well dressed in my bright new dresses. But I will keep wearing the new dresses, and they will seem more ordinary. However, right now they are brightening my days, and puzzling my family. When I dressed in one of the new dresses, the family wanted to know where I was going! I told them I was staying right at home, and if I seemed especially well dressed, it was just for them!

Editorial Note: This appeared originally as a "North of Town" column in the Hopkins, Missouri *Journal* on May 14, 1959. It struck me as something that would call back a lot of memories to a lot of people, for well do I recall how thrilled Dorothy and I were when good Kitchen-Klatter friends sent us precious feed sacks so we could make dresses for Kristin and Juliana. In this time of tremendous abundance it is hard for young people to realize that back in the 1940's it was practically impossible to buy yardage of any kind, and cotton print feed sacks were highly prized possessions. I can still see in my mind's eye what Dorothy and I did with the ones that were sent to us.—Lucile

PEANUT PIXIES

Clever little fellows in colorful caps and shoes. (Red or Green only.) May be used in table decorations or as party favors anytime. Price, 12 for \$1.00. (No orders accepted for less than 1 doz.) Please allow ample time since these are entirely handmade. Order from Dorothy Driftmiller Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

WHAT A STORY THESE FEW WORDS TELL!

As all of you friends know, we send out gift cards to people who will be receiving the Kitchen-Klatter magazine for a year, and we write on those cards exactly what you tell us to write.

In these last few weeks we have written a collection of messages that are absolutely eloquent when it comes to saying a lot about human life in only one short sentence. Our imaginations were stirred to such a pitch that we thought perhaps you'd like to turn your imaginations loose too and figure out what must have happened to account for these gift card messages we've written and sent to places near and far.

"You were a real friend to take my turn entertaining club when Joe was sick."

"You'll never know how much those apple pies meant to us."

"Thanks to a wonderful neighbor for letting Ralph and Gladys use the spare room."

"Those cobs meant a lot more to us than you'll ever know."

"Your Dad and I think the recipes in these magazines will make cooking easier for you and please Dick."

"A small way to say 'thank you' for all the hours you sat with me at the hospital."

"Our dearest love to Grandma and all the cookies you make for us." (Five names signed to this one!)

"Thanks so much for helping me dress the ducks."

"For the world's best sister-in-law who did all those big ironings when I was sick."

"Thanks for staying with us when Daddy took Mama to the hospital for our new baby."

"My fairy costume was beautiful, Auntie Grace. Thanks so much."

"Thanks for helping me move the furniture."

"That delicious cake and casserole saved my life."

"Every month this will wipe out the miles between us and give you a glimpse of home."

"Thanks so much for taking Daphne over to get her driver's license and for being such a good neighbor."

"Our boys will never forget how good you were to them when we had to leave so unexpectedly."

"Just to remind you each month how grateful I am for all those trips you've made so I could buy groceries."

"The hours you spent doing for Mother what I couldn't do, will never be forgotten."

"With a big thank you to the kindest nurse in the world."

"We'll always be grateful for all the kind things you did to make our hard time easier."

"Thanks for all the hems you've let down and the making over you've done." (The names of four girls signed to this one!)

* * * * *

All in all, don't you agree that these gift card messages tell volumes?

YOUR MONTHLY VISIT WITH DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Kristin has gone to school, Frank is putting in a new fence along the road in front of the house, and I got the house straightened up early this morning while it was still fairly cool so that I could get out my typewriter and sit down in front of the dining room window where there is a cool breeze blowing in and write my letter to you. We have been having some real hot weather but we don't complain too much since we hope we will have a lot more of it before a frost to give our late corn a chance to get that much dryer.

Since I last wrote to you I spent several days in Worthington, Minn., attending the Nobles County Fair. I had a very enjoyable time there greeting our many Kitchen-Klatter friends and visiting with them. I found out that all of our friends aren't women either, for many of the husbands told me that they never missed reading the magazine.

There were a couple of questions people asked me that I didn't realize I had never mentioned in my letters. One person asked me if we raised any cattle on our farm, and what kind? We have Black Angus cattle and one Guernsey cow that we milk for our own use. Another woman wanted to know if I had many chickens. I haven't raised any baby chickens for several years. We keep enough hens to supply us with eggs for our own use, but we have many, many banties all over the place and several guineas.

Our corn looks better than we had thought it would since we didn't get it planted until so late. Some of it laid in dry dirt for a couple of weeks and didn't germinate until we had had a shower, so consequently it didn't come up until the first week in July and we may have some corn that will be too soft to crib. As I write this it is hard to tell just how it will all turn out because so much depends on what kind of weather we have ahead of us. A little of it has been hurt by the high water we have had, but we feel so fortunate when we think of the farmers in extreme southern Iowa and northern Missouri who lost everything in the floods this summer.

Several people at Worthington wanted to know how Kristin's hogs are doing. Well, they are doing just fine and she is keeping a close watch on the hog market. She has come to the conclusion, as low as the market has been, that she isn't going to get rich very fast! The last little runt that she got didn't grow as fast as the others and soon found out that he could crawl through the woven wire fence and come to the house when he felt it was time for his bottle. If he couldn't find Kristin in the yard he would come to the back door and squeal.

I met many friends in Worthington who have followed the Kitchen-Klatter programs since 1925 when Mother first



Our latest picture of Dorothy (Driftmier Johnson) taken at Frederick's home last June.

started broadcasting, and have every issue of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine that was ever published. I was deeply touched when Mrs. R. W. Henrichs of Adrian, Minnesota came to speak to me. She said she had a complete set of Kitchen-Klatter magazines and she brought with her two that were published in 1928. She asked me if I had those issues and when I said I didn't, she gave them to me. I urged her to keep them because I knew what it must mean to her to break her complete set, but she insisted I keep them because she knew it would mean a great deal to me to have them.

I didn't have much time to look around at the Fair exhibits, but I did manage to walk through the 4-H building. I found that 4-H in Minnesota is very different from 4-H in Iowa, at least as far as the fair was concerned. There were articles entered for judging in all three divisions: cooking, sewing and home furnishing. I wish I had had the time to talk with a 4-H leader because I always think it is interesting to see how they do things in other states.

In Iowa the state is divided into thirds with one group studying sewing all year, one studying cooking, and one studying home furnishings. At the end of the year, usually in early August, each club has a Local Achievement Show. Girls bring the articles they have made during the year and they are judged, with the two best articles in each classification being chosen to go on to the County Achievement Show. If your project for the year has been Sewing, then everything exhibited at the Fair will be sewing. At the County Fair, articles are judged either blue, red or white, depending on what they deserve. The one best article in each class is chosen to go on to the State Fair. So at the State Fair there are things exhibited from all three divisions.

While I was in Worthington I stayed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arne Karhu and I couldn't have had a more

pleasant place to stay. Anne Karhu is a wonderful cook and I am sure that if I hadn't been so tired by the end of the day I would have spent all of my time copying down her recipes for the delicious breads, rolls, cookies and cakes that she made while I was there.

Kristin has been anxious for me to get busy at the sewing machine. Since I haven't had time even to think about sewing I haven't as yet discussed with her just what she thinks she needs, but it will probably be skirts and jumpers. More about that in my next letter.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

SOME QUICK REFLECTIONS ON THESE BUSY DAYS

By

Evelyn Birkby

Bazaars, harvest sales, fall dinners . . . our churches are humming with busy, dedicated people through these weeks.

The women involved know how much work goes into all of these projects, but their husbands and children have a pretty good idea too. These are the days they frequently hear:

"No, you can't have another whole piece of candy—only the scraps. The good pieces go to the church."

"Stewed chicken for dinner? I should say not! You get wieners because that chicken is for Saturday night's supper."

"Time to sew on a button? No, I have to finish embroidering this pillow case."

"You'll have to get your own supper tonight. I'm fixing booths for the bazaar."

These are just the last minute flurries, of course, because the big plans have been made long ago and committees have been working hard for weeks before the family comes right up against scraps of candy and wieners instead of chicken.

It is fun to attend these church sales just to see the tremendous amount of imagination used by the women in organizing and displaying their wares. Raising badly needed money is the big object, but at the same time there is a definite community service offered by giving people a chance to purchase homemade items (almost non-existent elsewhere in our mass production age), an opportunity to greet families whose paths might not cross otherwise, and the pleasure of enjoying the excellent meals served at such gatherings.

Some churches use one theme for all the decorating, and then each booth ties in with that theme. Such a theme was the Old Fashioned Street. The Country Store held the baked and canned goods. Ye Olde Curio Shop was tucked full of everything from glo-candles to potted plants. The Cracker Barrel was the grab bag. The Quilting Bee displayed quilts (not for
(Continued on next page)

sale) but the patterns could be purchased and, for one design, materials were available. (This was a big project and had been worked on hard for a full year.)

The dining room committee really enjoyed carrying out their theme and found that the public responded eagerly to the delightful experience of being seated at tables covered with checkered tablecloths and with kerosene lamps for decoration and illumination. Huge bowls of hearty food were placed on the tables and everyone ate family style.

A friend in Illinois told me that last year a doughnut sale was highly successful at their harvest bazaar. They had always offered doughnuts in their baked goods department, but last year they rearranged their kitchen space in such a way that doughnuts could be made right on the scene throughout the afternoon and evening. No one could resist the wonderful smell of piping hot doughnuts and the women who worked in this department were hard pressed to keep up with the demand. The final figures were a far cry from the amount realized when doughnuts were prepared at home and simply offered along with other baked goods.

Homemade noodles would never have been considered a "specialty item" a few years ago, but today it seems that very few women make them and as a result the public wants to buy every single plastic bag you can fill with them.

The same thing is true of homemade bread and rolls. These items will sell out in a flash and it is impossible to have too much for sale.

In this day and age of commercially prepared food it is important to offer everything *homemade* and the women in charge of the food departments should emphasize constantly that every single item has been made from scratch. A church in the East found that all of their cakes and cookies sold like snow under the melting sun when they featured the fact that not one single item was made from a prepared mix.

It isn't that the mixes aren't good! It's simply that most people run into them so often they hunger for "old-fashioned" cakes and cookies and will buy as much as you can offer for sale.

COVER PICTURE

Juliana Verness and Kristin Johnson were candlelighters for the wedding of their cousin, Donna Lair, when she married Thomas Nenneman on May 31, 1959.

As our family sat in the church that day and watched them come down the aisle in their mint green dresses, we contrasted their appearance with the time they had last been "members of the wedding" back on a December night in 1947. They were ringbearers on that occasion, and for some reason never made clear they referred to themselves as *ringlands*.

Sometime we'll reprint the picture taken that night—it was our June cover in 1948 and has always been a family favorite.



Now the car is all fixed and Clark is ready to drive down the front walk of the Driftmier home in Denver.

SPOOKTIME STUNTS

Pumpkin Fortune: Get the biggest pumpkin you can find and print all the letters of the alphabet on it with black paint. Each guest is blindfolded, given a stick, and told to walk around the pumpkin three times and then point with the stick to two letters. These two letters are the initials of the future mate's first and last names. Of course the fun will be to look around and see if someone in the crowd happens to have the "fatal" initials!

Lucky Thirteen: Provide guests with pencil and paper. On each sheet of paper you will have listed in advance the telephone numbers of every person present. The first person who succeeds in filling out the names to match the numbers is declared *Lucky Thirteen*. (This is a very good "mixer" for any type of party.)

Spook Masquerade: This is a version of the popular old suitcase relay. Divide the crowd into two groups and have one group go to another room where there are piles of old clothing, masks, wigs, shoes . . . everything you can think of. Each person dresses up to masquerade his true identity, and then by couples they go back to the other room and walk around slowly, stooping over so each person can whisper into their ears his guess as to who it really is. The couples do not leave the room until every person has guessed correctly. Time is kept from the moment the first group goes elsewhere to dress until all couples have been guessed correctly. Then the other group has fun getting rigged up in the assortment of stuff and goes through the same paces. The group that takes the longest to have all couples identified is the winner, since they have masqueraded more successfully than the other group.

Apple Rolling: A very large piece of white paper (white paper tablecloths taped together, for instance) or an old sheet is needed for this. Put it down at the far end of the room

and draw on it four circles—the circle at the very center should be quite small. The outside circle is worth 15 points, the next circle 20 points, the next circle 30 points, and the small center circle is worth 50 points.

Divide the crowd into two groups, line them up, and give each group a large round apple. All players take turns rolling the apple and trying to make the highest possible score. The team that wins the largest number of points is the winner.

This game doesn't require tremendous physical energy and is good for any crowd where the guests aren't too elderly.

Goblin Hunt: (For the young and vigorous!) This requires advance preparation and "understandings" with any property owners involved, but it makes for a tremendous amount of fun and activity.

Divide the crowd into groups of four and give each group a list that is identical. They are timed from the moment they depart until they return with all the objects on the list, and naturally the first group back with everything complete is the winner.

On one column of the paper list the objects they are to find such as: old black hat, stuffed toy cat, broomstick, pumpkin, ear of corn, sack of apples, sack of corn candy, mask, etc. In the other column list places where they are to hunt such as: tree on corner of Elm and Main, southwest side of Mason's porch, near back steps at Brown's house, shrubbery on east side of Park school, etc.

At each place there will be a supply of the objects, one for each group. When the groups leave they are to be directed to go in different directions—this will prevent all of them heading at once for "tree on corner of Elm and Main." Instruct them to bring back only *one* of what they are after.

Although this *Goblin Hunt* requires real preparation, it is a wonderful way to entertain young people who thrive on tearing around and excitement.

Cat Quiz: This "quiet" entertainment is fine for any group old enough to have a good command of the English language.

1. A cat that lives in the ground.
2. A cat that has fits.
3. A cat that lists many things.
4. A cat that is a tree.
5. A wild cat that climbs.
6. A cat that throws stones.
7. A cat that blinds.
8. A cat that catches cold.
9. A cat that ends in disaster.
10. A cat that sings.
11. A cat that sips.
12. A cat that is religious.
13. A cat that sounds like a cat.
14. A cat that sleeps.
15. A cat that is strong-scented.
16. A cat played with string.
17. A cat in the spring.
18. A cat to use with caution.
19. A cat that thrives in marshes.
20. A cat we often eat.

Answers: 1. Catacomb. 2. Catalepsy. 3. Catalog. 4. Catapla. 5. Catamount. 6. Catapult. 7. Cataract. 8. Catarrh. 9. Catastrophe. 10. Catbird. 11. Catsup. 12. Catechism. 13. Catterwaul. 14. Catnap. 15. Catnip. 16. Cat's cradle. 17. Catkin. 18. Catwalk. 19. Cattail. 20. Catfish.

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

This month I promised to tell you about our summer vacation trip and I must say here and now that I have learned a good lesson—never print your plans in advance!

When we left Shenandoah it was our intention to drive along the North Shore of Lake Superior as far as Port Arthur and then west to Kenora. However, after striking up conversations with fellow travelers along the road we found that heavy construction work was being done on the highway we'd planned to take, so we decided upon another route. However, this is getting ahead of my story and I'd better go back and start at the beginning.

We drove north from Shenandoah on highway 59 to Denison and then took highway 30 into Ames. So many years had passed since I had been on the campus at Iowa State College that it was a great thrill to me to drive along streets that were once so familiar. I'm sure that today there are twice as many buildings as there were when Oliver and I were students at Ames.

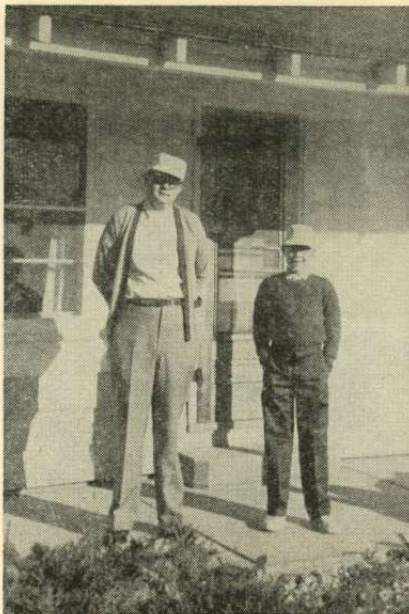
We took highway 69 from Ames to Albert Lea, Minn., and then went on in to Minneapolis on number 65. We had to stop on the outskirts of the city and telephone Oliver's sister for instructions as to the best way to reach her house for they had moved since we last visited them. However, we had no difficulty at all for they are practically on Minnehaha Parkway—an easy street to locate. Soon after we arrived, Oliver's sister Laura came in from Chicago, and we all had a nice family visit on Saturday evening.

Sunday morning we attended church services at Mount Olivet Lutheran church. This is a very new and very beautiful building—I don't know what the membership is but we were told that it is necessary to have six services on Sunday to take care of the enormous congregation. Minneapolis has the reputation for having many new and beautiful churches and it is certainly true—they are magnificent buildings.

After a delicious chicken dinner we took a long drive around the city and enjoyed seeing many sailboats and water skiers on the lakes that help to make Minneapolis such an unusual and beautiful city. It was a gorgeous day for such a drive and everything combined to give us a real "vacation feeling."

On Monday morning the four of us (Oliver, Martin, Laura and I) loaded our car and started north. We had been told that it was wise to be prepared for extremely cool weather so we had an enormous collection of luggage, and then it turned out that we had no need whatsoever for the heavy clothes we'd been warned to take! It seems that the weather in this section is highly unpredictable and you never know from one day to the next what to expect.

As we neared Duluth we noted quite a few changes in scenery. The land



The car's all loaded and it's time to take to the road. Margery snapped this picture of Oliver and Martin just before they crossed the border into Canada.

was more rugged and we noticed more white birch and pine trees. We had packed a picnic lunch so we stopped before noon at an exceptionally attractive roadside park where we enjoyed the scenery as we ate.

After a good rest we drove on into Duluth and found our way easily on to the Skyline Drive. This gives one a view over the entire city, and with the aid of Martin's binoculars we could see a few boats being loaded in the harbor. For a closer look at the large boats we drove across a toll bridge to Superior, Wisconsin, and although there were many boats at the docks we saw very little activity and figured that this was due to the steel strike and consequent slowdown of iron ore shipments.

One place you want to be sure to see in Duluth is the Leif Erickson Park. (You pass it on highway 61 as you leave downtown Duluth.) There is a replica of the boat sailed to the North American Continent by Erickson in 997 A.D. It was built in Norway, sailed to America by a crew of four in 1926 and brought to Duluth in 1927. There is also a statue of Leif Erickson in the park and we took a number of snapshots of this because Martin has studied Erickson's adventures and been greatly interested in them.

We had been hearing for years that the North Shore Drive along Lake Superior is one of the most beautiful drives in the United States and we were not misinformed. It is magnificent! We could have spent days along the drive and it is a downright shame to go along it as hurriedly as we were compelled to do.

All the streams and scenic sites are marked. Lots of foot paths go down from the highway through gorgeous pines and stands of birch to rock ledges and waterfalls, and countless little rushing streams dash down into Lake Superior. It is a 'rock hound's' paradise and many people spend their

vacations here year after year looking for agates.

At Two Harbours there are great ore docks and you can really get a closer view than at Duluth. Some of the richest iron ore in Minnesota comes from the Vermillion Range and is brought by rail to Two Harbours where it is shipped down the Great Lakes.

That night we stayed a few miles north of Gooseberry Falls—unloaded our car quickly at the cottage and then drove back to see the falls before dusk. Several people had told us not to miss this beautiful State Park with its series of waterfalls and now, in turn, I wish to tell others not to miss it.

The most spectacular time to see Gooseberry Falls would be in early spring, of course, but even in late August when the flow of water is greatly reduced it is still a wonderful sight. There are very good paths that enable you to go down to the lower water level, and we were able to walk out on rocks quite a distance from the base of the falls where a beautiful pool has formed.

Our cottage was in a perfectly delightful location—only 15 feet from Lake Superior. The water was much too cool for swimming, although a few brave souls were taking quick—very quick—dips. Martin found plenty to amuse him in exploring the shoreline and looking for unusual rocks.

The next morning we had a hearty breakfast of bacon and eggs and then left our little cottage to drive to Split Rock Lighthouse. We were told that this lighthouse has the highest elevation of any in the United States and that it had to be built so high because of mineral deposits in that area foul up compasses of boats on the lake.

Our next stopping place was Palsade Head. Here the rocky cliffs are very high and straight up and down, and since they jut out from the rest of the shoreline one can look back and see how beautiful they are from distant points.

At Manitou Falls we drove down a lovely winding road as far as we could to the middle falls and then took a foot path that wound down and down through a most beautiful forest to the lower falls. This is definitely another "must" for people who take that road.

When we had driven as far north as Little Marais we thought over what we had heard about the heavy construction going on and decided at this point to drive back to Ilgen and take the highway through Superior National Forest to International Falls. We spent Tuesday night there and got up the next morning in time to have a look around the town before crossing the border into Canada.

I suppose the highlight of Martin's trip was crossing the border into another country, although he was sorely disappointed not to see Mounties in red coats! We'd been told that these red coats are used only for special occasions, and this is probably true since we didn't see a one. However, it was an experience to go through

(Continued on page 16)

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

And now! Once again we've come to the time of year when it's a relief to be through with all the hot weather makeshift meals and settle down to some honest to goodness cooking.

Food is tremendously important and for far more than the body's needs. The family table is a fortress and a bulwark, a fact that the generations before us seem to have known much better than we know today.

There is powerful stress laid in these times on the incredible variety of food available (far more than kings once knew), and the constantly increasing assortment of food already prepared. But all of this doesn't come to much in the long run if your house has the atmosphere of a short order diner and your family eats on a catch-as-can basis.

There is no substitute for getting the family together at the table, and for asking God's blessing upon the food to be eaten. Memories that endure for a lifetime are built upon home and the family and meals shared together. Take fresh heart these crisp autumn days and cook with love for those who gather at your table.

SCRAMBLED EGGS DE LUXE

Margery says: "When we visited Oliver's sister in Minneapolis she served these elegant scrambled eggs for Sunday morning breakfast. They are a specialty of her's and were the most delicious eggs I had ever eaten. They came to the table on a piping hot platter with fresh parsley sprinkled over the top and surrounded with crisp bacon.

"I should think that this would be the perfect dish to serve for a brunch as well as to Sunday breakfast company. I'm going to prophecy right now that your guests will ask for the recipe just as I did!

4 eggs
2 Tbls. cream per egg
4 green onions, minced
Salt
Pepper

1 Tbls. butter
Dash of Worcestershire Sauce
1 3-ounce pkg. cream cheese

Put eggs, cream, minced onions and seasonings in a mixing bowl and beat well. Melt butter in top of a double boiler. Put in egg mixture and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until done "easy." Then crumble the cream cheese into egg mixture folding eggs lightly over it. Serve at once.

(The secret is not to let the cream cheese melt but just combine loosely with the eggs.)

These listed ingredients will serve two very generously."

BUDGET BRISKET, FOIL BAKED

3 lbs. fresh beef brisket
Non-seasoned meat tenderizer
1 envelope onion-soup mix
3 Tbls. water

Remove excess fat from brisket. Sprinkle all sides of meat evenly with tenderizer, using 1/2 teaspoon per pound. Do not use additional salt. With long-tined fork, pierce all sides deeply at 1-inch intervals. Let stand at room temperature 1 hour (or cover loosely and refrigerate overnight). Place on square of heavy aluminum foil; sprinkle with soup mix; add water. Fold foil, making tight package. Place in jelly-roll pan or shallow baking dish. Bake in very hot oven (450 degrees) for 2 1/2 hours, or until tender. Slice meat across grain. Makes 4 or 5 servings.—Mary Beth

APPLE SAUCE CAKE

1 cup butter
2 cups brown sugar
3 cups flour
2 tsp. soda
2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. cinnamon
2 tsp. cloves
2 tsp. cocoa
2 cups unsweetened applesauce
Fold in 1 cup of raisins

Cream the butter and brown sugar. Add dry ingredients alternately with the applesauce. Fold in the raisins. Bake in a greased and floured 2 x 9 1/2 x 13 inch pan in a 350 degree oven for one hour.

Spread cake with frosting made as follows:

2 cups powdered sugar
3 Tbls. cocoa
1/4 cup butter
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Sift sugar. Use enough hot coffee to make the frosting spreading consistency, but not too thin.

Dorothy says: "This makes a rich, very moist cake that tastes good until the last crumb is gone."

FLUFFY MAYONNAISE

1 egg yolk, beaten
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1 Tbls. powdered sugar
1 egg white, beaten stiff

Stir together the egg yolk, mayonnaise and powdered sugar. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. This gives a light fluffy dressing with a most delicate flavor.

SPANISH BEANS

2 slices bacon
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1/2 cup chopped onion
2 cups tomato juice
1 quart canned green beans
Salt and pepper to taste

Chop the bacon and fry until crisp. Add green pepper and onion and fry until just tender. Stir in tomato juice, beans and seasonings and simmer, without a lid, until sauce is thick. This will serve 6 and certainly brings green beans out of the ordinary.

ABIGAIL'S MINCEMEAT

One of Wayne's most favorite foods is mincemeat—he will eat it in any form and he is always urging me to make a "really big" supply. Last year I worked out this recipe and we have decided we like it a little better than our old standby from St. John's Church in Shenandoah.

2 lbs. lean beef—inexpensive cut
5 cups water
1 lb. suet
4 lbs. tart apples
1 lb. seeded raisins
1 lb. brown seedless raisins
1 lb. white raisins
1 lb. currants
1 cup diced candied orange peel
1/4 lb. chopped citron
1 Tbls. salt
1 Tbls. cinnamon
1 tsp. allspice
1 tsp. cloves
2 cups white sugar
2 cups packed brown sugar
1 cup molasses
3 Tbls. lemon juice
4 cups apple cider

Cut meat in small pieces, add water and simmer 2 hours or until tender. Remove meat and strain stock. Put meat, suet, and pared and cored apples through food chopper. Place all ingredients, including stock, in large kettle and simmer about 1 hour, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Seal in jars and allow to age for best flavor.

Because apples vary in tartness and juiciness, it is necessary to use your own judgment in making mincemeat that is just right for your tastes. It may be necessary for you to add either more vinegar or more sugar depending on how much sweetness or "bite" you like in mincemeat. Also, if your spices are not very fresh, you may want to increase these amounts.

The consistency of the mincemeat should be just a little thinner than you would like it for pies. This is because the moisture will become somewhat absorbed as it ages in the jars.

If properly sealed, mincemeat will keep a long, long time. It is so much cheaper and so much better than practically all commercially made mincemeat, that I have found it very good to use for gifts.

STEAK ROLL-UPS

This recipe calls for round steak cut 1/3 inch thick. However, if you have steak on hand that is already cut a bit thicker, that will do very well.

Cut it into 2 x 4 inch pieces and season with salt and pepper. Place on each strip a thick slice of carrot, a sizable piece of celery and a small piece of bacon or salt pork. Roll the strips and tie them with thread. Brown in salt pork or bacon drippings. Cover with 1/4 inch of water and simmer, closely covered, for 2 hours. (You may need to add a little water from time to time.) Remove the rolls and cut the threads. Thicken the stock for gravy. These may also be prepared in the oven, in which case the temperature should be 325 degrees. Bake, covered, for the same length of time.

ARLEIGH'S STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

This is a great favorite with my family and we've enjoyed it more than usual these past weeks since the peppers came from our own garden—the first time we've made room for a dozen green pepper plants.

- 8 green peppers
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 cup raw rice
- 1 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 small onions, chopped fine
- 1 1/2 cans of tomato soup
- 1 1/2 cans of water

Wash peppers, cut off a thin slice from top, remove seeds and white membranes and then rinse out.

Combine rice, ground beef, salt and pepper, egg, milk and onion and mix thoroughly. Now place the green peppers in enough salted water to cover them and boil 5 minutes. Drain. Fill lightly with meat and rice mixture. Place stuffed peppers side by side in a shallow baking dish or put them in muffin pans and bake for 25 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

When we have this for our main dish I serve with it a crisp vegetable salad, French bread, apple pie, coffee and milk for the children.

BAKED STUFFED SPARERIBS

Spread two matching sides of spare-ribs with salt and pepper. Between them put a thick layer of your favorite stuffing and then tie together securely with string. Place on rack in an uncovered roasting pan and bake at 325 degrees until tender—about two hours. Remove string and serve ribs piping hot. Sometimes I serve these ribs on a bed of hot sauerkraut.

In late September we've had our fill of picnics and are all glad to sit down to what I call baked dinners. With these baked stuffed spareribs I like to serve baked hubbard squash, baked potatoes and hot rolls. A molded jello salad is usually on the table and for dessert these evenings we frequently have baked custard and homemade cookies.—Arleigh

COCOA-PECAN PIE (So rich and oh! so good)

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 3/4 cup dark corn syrup
- 3/4 cup coffee cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup pecan halves
- 1 10-inch unbaked pie shell

Sift together the sugar, flour, cocoa and salt. Combine beaten eggs, melted butter, syrup, cream and vanilla. Add sifted dry ingredients, stirring until smooth. Blend in nuts. Bake in a slow oven (325 degrees) for 60 to 70 minutes. Cool. Garnish with whipped cream and top with pecans.

PEACH CREAM PIE

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 slightly beaten egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 2 cups sliced peaches

Combine sugar, flour and salt. Beat in the sour cream, egg and vanilla. Lastly stir in the sliced peaches. Pour into a pastry lined 9-inch pie pan. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 minutes, then at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Remove from the heat. Sprinkle with the following topping.

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Cut together until mixture resembles coarse corn meal. Sprinkle over top of Peach Cream Pie. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes, or until brown and bubbly.

MOIST SPICY OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup raisins
- 1 tsp. soda
- 9 Tbls. raisin liquid
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups oatmeal
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. salt

Cover the raisins with water and cook until tender. Drain raisins, saving liquid. Measure out the 9 Tbls. raisin liquid and add soda and then shortening. Cool. Add beaten eggs, vanilla and sifted dry ingredients. Add oatmeal and raisins. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake for about 9 or 10 minutes at 350 degrees.

These stay nice and moist and will make a hit with the whole family.

CREOLE SAUCE

- 1 green pepper, cut fine
- 1 big onion, chopped fine
- 1 cup celery, cut fine
- 1 Tbls. butter

Melt butter in heavy sauce pan and stir vegetables in pan until they are limp. Then add the following:

- 1 can whole tomatoes
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. tobasco sauce
- Dash of marjoram
- Dash of oregano

Cook over low fire until thick, stirring frequently so it won't stick to bottom of pan. Serve with cauliflower or eggplant.

This is a genuine Louisiana recipe sent by a friend whose sister is a long time resident of the state and familiar with the distinctive food served in those parts. Take time to try it when you want a different and delicious way to serve cauliflower or eggplant.

CHEESE-RICE CASSEROLE

- 1/2 cup rice
- 1/2 cup or more grated cheese
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. paprika
- Few grains of cayenne
- 1/4 cup bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 3/4 cup mushrooms (optional)

Boil the rice, rinse and place in greased casserole with alternate layers of grated cheese. Combine and beat the milk, egg, salt, paprika and cayenne. Pour this over the rice. Cover the top with bread crumbs and dot with butter. If mushrooms are used, brown lightly in butter and add to the rice. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 25 minutes.

HONEY DRESSING (Perfect for Fruit Salads)

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

Mix dry ingredients; add honey, vinegar, lemon juice and grated onion. Pour oil into mixture very slowly, beating constantly with rotary beater.

One of my standbys in the winter is grapefruit and avocado salad on a bed of lettuce; it is a perfect compliment to baked ham. The honey dressing has just the right combination of ingredients to make a perfect topping for this salad.—Lucile

SUPERB CHICKEN SALAD

- 2 cups cooked, diced chicken
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 cup spiced grapes, drained
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- 1/2 cup salad dressing

Prepare all ingredients. (The almonds may be toasted for a few minutes, if you like and the grapes may be cut in two for smaller bites.) Combine everything and chill well before serving. This is a wonderful dish for a lunch menu. One church circle served this in a lettuce leaf with a slice of cranberry sauce, brown-and-serve rolls, and little rich chocolate squares for dessert.

QUICK FUDGE ICING

The friend in St. Joseph, Mo. who sent this said: "Very Good. Just like real fudge."

Mix in saucepan 1 cup sugar and 1/4 cup cocoa. Add 1/4 cup butter, 1/2 cup milk, 2 Tbls. white corn syrup, 1/8 tsp. salt. Stir and bring to a full rolling boil. Boil vigorously, stirring occasionally for three minutes. (Cocoa syrup must become thick and coat the spoon.) Cool. Beat in 1 1/2 to 2 cups sifted powdered sugar and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Most of the time this little magazine comes very close to being a printer's dream!

He knows that on a given date all of the material will be in the print shop right on schedule, that on another given date it will all be put together in the form you're looking at right now, and that on still another given date I'll read every word of the final corrected proofs, write O.K. in bright letters on each sheet—and then the whole thing will go on to a big press and another issue will have been put to bed.

Well, this month Kitchen-Klatter comes closer to being the printer's nightmare rather than his dream. I've been stalling and stalling on writing my letter, the last thing to be done for this October issue, because I wanted so badly to tell you we were actually back in our own home.

Now I cannot stall around one more day. I've upset our usual schedule far too much already, so I might just as well go ahead and write this letter and get the printer out of his torment. We're not back in our own home but **WE WILL BE** when you read this!

I've always wondered how people who had more than one home ever knew where anything was, and now I wonder even more. I haven't really known where *anything* is since we had to move out of our house around mid-July. There have been three places where we could start searching for whatever it was that might be needed: our own house, the house where we've been staying, and our Kitchen-Klatter office.

Come to think of it though, I should really add the car to this list because any number of times we've turned up what we were looking for in the back seat or the trunk. I told Russell and Juliana the other day that the fastest way to throw me into a fit was to begin anything with the words: "Where is . . .?" **I DON'T KNOW!**

As soon as the kitchen is done we're moving back home. All of the appliances have been hooked up for quite some time, but there was no question of attempting to fix meals of any kind until the room was completely finished.

It has been a tremendous job to finish the walnut used in the cooking area of the kitchen. Russell has spent long hours at night working on it, and when we're actually back home and can take a deep breath I'll give you the names of the various products he used to preserve the natural color of the walnut and to build up an impenetrable surface. (There's no brand name for the enormous amount of elbow grease that's gone into it.)

If you will glance at the house plan in last month's issue you'll see how the kitchen has two major areas: the cooking area and my study area. Painting all of the study area has also been a big job. New wood soaked up the primer coats just like a sponge, and the louvered doors that conceal the laundry equipment were awful



All of us think this new picture of Betty is very good. (Just to keep the record straight, Betty is Mrs. Frederick Driftmier of Springfield, Mass.)

time consumers. Right now the final coat of flat enamel is going on and later too I'll tell you what colors were mixed to achieve exactly the right shade of blue that looked beautiful with the natural walnut and still didn't take on a purplish cast at night. If you've ever had blue walls you know what a trick it is to get a shade that's equally attractive with natural light or artificial light.

It's going to take me quite a while to get settled into that kitchen. For one thing, I feel almost confused by the amount of storage space in cupboards and drawers. I'm used to having my "stuff" in three places—the old kitchen, the back porch and the basement. When I think of having it all together in one area I get rattled! I'll have to creep up on this wonderful new kitchen very cautiously and sort of feel my way as I figure out the best place to put things.

Sometimes late at night these last weeks Russell and I have gone down to our house and studied this kitchen and thought about Time. Right now it looks dazzling to us and represents the newest equipment, ideas and materials that are available in 1959, but we have both lived long enough to remember kitchens that were equally up-to-the-minute when they were built . . . and now are woefully behind the times. Things seem to change faster with every year that passes, and so we look around and wonder how long it will be until our new kitchen is as inadequate as the kitchens built with space for an ice box in a separate area where ice could be put in from the outside.

I can remember vividly how thrilled mother was to move into a big house in 1919 with this ice box arrangement—imagine not having the ice man track all through the kitchen! And Russell well recalls how excited his mother was to have a brand new house in 1923 that was the sensation of the neighborhood with its radically

different and up-to-the-minute kitchen. That kitchen has had two major remodeling jobs done on it and probably a third is contemplated!

All in all, these things give you pause when you look at something that seems the final word in efficiency!

I'd like to think that our living room and dining room would be finished and lived in by the time snow flies, but a long series of disappointments where deadlines are concerned leads me to believe that I should sort of set my sights on Christmas or January, 1960 as the time when *everything* will be completed. Until then we'll just be "passing through" those rooms as we go from the kitchen to the west wing.

Russell has asked me to tell you that he aims to get pictures galore as time passes, although I know right now that there won't be a picture of the outside of the house until next summer. He doesn't expect to install the white ornamental iron fence until next spring, and from the very beginning that has been planned upon as the one very necessary thing to "tie together" the two projecting wings in front. But as various things are finished inside we can get pictures and share them with you.

Quite a number of you folks asked the same questions after studying the house plan in last month's magazine, so this is a good way to furnish the answers that my busy days can't be stretched enough to cover in detailed letters.

What kind of supports were used to carry the weight in the garden end of the living room? Steel beams. Three enormous steel beams were welded together and their steel supports (concealed within the walls) were anchored into concrete in the basement. If the second floor ever caves in on us I'm going to be very much surprised!

Did you use any dry wall construction? Yes. This is the only kind of construction we used. As far as we know, it is just about the only type of construction being done in our community in this day and age.

How are you going to handle that big expanse of glass so the living room and your own room won't be an inferno when the summer sun strikes it? All of that glass will be draped, of course, but much more than this is needed so we have installed metal awnings across the entire area. These have cranks on the inside of the rooms and can be lifted and lowered by a small child—literally. (When I use such a phrase I always think of the old soap advertisements that showed a laughing five year old bent over the wash board! But it is true that a small child could handle those awnings.)

Are you using combination screen and storm windows? Yes, on the windows that can be opened. The large windows are all Thermopane, are permanently sealed and require neither screens nor storm windows.

We can't help but wonder why you built a one car garage at a time when all garages are built for two cars? We never expect to own more than

(Continued on next page)

one car—that much garage space seemed sufficient.

What kind of flooring have you used in your bathrooms and kitchen? Vinyl tile. We found a beautiful marbledized pattern in ivory and fawn brown for the kitchen and used the same thing in the front entrance hall.

Did you use any Formica for counter surfaces? Yes. This is the only material we used for such surfaces. Incidentally, it is a difficult material to handle and if our community is anything to judge by, I can only say that if I were a young man and looking around for a trade I'd seriously consider specializing in this. We had great trouble finding anyone to handle our Formica.

Have you used any ceramic tile anywhere in your house? No, too hard to find anyone to lay it. This is another trade I think young men should consider, for a specialist in it would surely have all he could possibly do. We heard about one man who had jobs lined up for the next two years.

Well, this covers the questions that have been asked the most frequently and that I can answer. So many things cannot be answered until we've lived with various pieces of equipment, different kinds of carpeting, etc., and had a chance to see how they perform or stand up.

School is in full swing, of course, and Juliana is in her junior year of high school. This is an absolute fact but I still find it hard to believe! Those of you who remember my first letters and the first pictures after she was born will probably share my sense of disbelief!

Tonight we're having one of our family covered dish suppers and I must get to the store and pick up my contribution—rolls and jam. When I'm back in my own home my contributions won't be grabbed up at any store!

Always faithfully . . .

Pucile

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

dentist for her first official appointment. By taking her with me on my twice a year visits and having the dentist "look" at her teeth but never attempting really to examine them, she has developed considerable confidence in herself and in the dentist. Consequently she really was quite anxious to go and prove to one and all how grown up she is.

Katharine is exceedingly proud of the fact that her teeth are perfect and not like Mother's and Daddy's with silver fillings galore. She has never been a child hard to dissuade from sweets and I contend that this is 99% responsible for her good teeth—as does our dentist.

For about the last six months I've been listening to a daily radio program on the subject of nutrition, and since so many of the things I heard jibed with so many of the things I've read, I really paid attention when the subject of refined flour was discussed.



During the summer months did you have anything in your yard that looked like this? Martin and his buddies built a wild collection of "things", including this affair that was a Ticket Office. They had a fine supply of old wood from the Verness remodeling, and Grandma Driftmier donated old blankets and curtains.

I'll confess that I hadn't given too much thought to flour—just thought of flour as flour and let it go at that. Well, I learned that some flour is machine ground and other flour (harder to find and more nutritious) is stone ground. I had just about given up finding a mill that still made stone ground flour when I discovered, much to my surprise, that a bakery uptown where I do my buying turns out bread every Friday morning made of stone ground whole wheat flour. They were kind enough to sell me five pounds of this flour and since then I've been practicing in an attempt to perfect a really good loaf of whole wheat bread.

I'll be completely frank and say that to date my children and husband don't take to my bread very enthusiastically. They like the whole wheat bread I have bought at the bakery, but the bread I've turned out isn't something they come running after. However, it gives me a great feeling of satisfaction to do my best to feed my family nutritious foods and I'm going to keep on baking whole wheat bread from stone ground flour until I've mastered it.

Every day I marvel at how totally different two children can be! When we took Katharine to her first ice cream social she was perfectly contented to eat just the ice cream and never once made a move to get at the big pieces of cake on Don's plate and my plate.

When we took Paul to his first ice cream social not long ago (and he was exactly the same age that Katharine had been when we first took her) he ate his ice cream and then in just the split second Don and I took our eyes off him while we greeted friends, he grabbed the cake from our plates and was practically choking himself on it when we turned around.

This cake was delicious, of course, but it really wouldn't make any difference what was on our plates—he'd grab it anyway. As nearly as we can figure out he has no taste buds whatsoever. He eats and drinks such unsavory things while my back is turned (imagine my sensations to find him gulping down horribly dirty bird bath water!) that I'm convinced he'd drink

turpentine, given the opportunity.

The clock says that in only a few minutes my family will be coming home from church, so I must jump up and get lunch started.

Best wishes to all of you,

Mary Beth

Don't Skip Over This

Every single day, month in and month out, we pick up letters or cards that say: "We can't find your Kitchen-Klatter visit on the radio and miss you so much—wish we could hear you again."

Nine times out of ten these cards or letters come from towns where other friends write: "We never miss your morning Kitchen-Klatter visit and hope you keep on for many years."

Now the fact that people in the same community write such completely opposite reports leads us to believe that many women don't have the habit of turning their radio dials—don't prowl around, so to speak, to see what they can stir up. In this day and age when practically every town has a radio station, it does take some turning of that radio dial to locate things you want to hear.

It could be, too, that your radio has lost a lot of its original zip. Radios have a way of doing this—will pull in things right at hand long before they die down completely.

Every day of the week, aside from Sunday, our Kitchen-Klatter visit is on the air for a half-hour. Before you decide that we're way beyond your reach, try some prowling with your radio dial and also be sure your radio is up in tip-top shape.

Here are the stations that carry Kitchen-Klatter out over the air waves, and here are the times to find us.

KCFI	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

AN INTERNATIONAL PRAYER

"God grant that I may have the Latin love of beauty, the African sense of the ridiculous, the Indian mysticism, the Jewish faith, the American know-how, the European know-why, the Greek moderation and the Christian love."—Amen

Written by Mrs. Joy de Leon, originally of Madison, Wisc., but now serving at the Methodist Sanatorium Palmore in Chihuahua, Mexico.

RUSSELL'S GARDEN NOTES—**Concluded**

the garden fence with gold and scarlet; and flowering dogwood adds color with deep bronze-red leaves.

Our favorite shrub for berries is the highbush cranberry. The birds don't eat them and they hang on in brilliant red clusters through the entire winter and are lovely against the snow. Evergreen bittersweet holds its orange berries late in the winter, adding contrast to the deep evergreen leaves. Most of the other forms of euonymus such as the Wahoo berry and common bittersweet have pink, red or orange berries that hold through until early winter.

Even the branches of some shrubs are decorative all through the fall and winter. Many dogwoods have red branches, and all of the forms of *Kerria* remain bright green through the year. Even though we have long, hard winters in our Midwest, a careful selection of trees, shrubs and evergreens will enable you to get real pleasure from your garden a full twelve months of the year.

**CHUCKLES FOR YOUR
GARDEN CLUB**

Weed: Anything growing well in your garden is a weed.

Thinning: A boastful term used by lucky gardeners who have managed to grow more than one of something.

Green Thumb: All it takes is one tank truck of insect spray, two carloads of fertilizer, \$50.00 worth of peatmoss, and 18 hours a day.

Grand Sweepstakes Winner: The gorgeous blooms you'd nursed like a baby for weeks—and never got to enter because the neighbor's toddler beat you to them.

Power Mower: An ear-splitting machine that can be DEPENDED upon to break down just when the neighbors begin to stare at the way your yard has gotten out of hand.

Crab Grass: An affliction that even Job couldn't lick by the end of August.

Beautiful Tree: Any tree planted by your neighbor on the very same day you planted the same variety.

Topsoil: When you move to a new place, you find that the soil on top isn't topsoil. Your topsoil has been trucked away and sold. So you buy someone else's and he in turn buys soil from a third man's place. In the end, no one ever seems to have any topsoil.

Fence: Probably expensive and never right for the purpose you had in mind.

A SHRINKING WORLD

The world is not as big and wide
As some folks intimate,
For everywhere, the friends we meet
Its smallness indicate.
They know a friend we too enjoy,
Perhaps it's sister—brother . . .
Before our eyes the world shrinks up
And lo! we know each other!

—Harriett Keeler Magee

BIG BARGAINS FOR YOUR GARDEN

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It's back to school for the Denver Driftmiers. Clark, Alison and Emily tell their mother goodbye before they head for the bus. This is the first time Abigail hasn't had one of the children at home all day.

FROM LETTERS YOU FRIENDS HAVE WRITTEN

"We had a very successful supper at our church that we called an old-fashioned supper. We used all the old-fashioned dishes we could find on the tables and served family style. Our menu was German potato salad, cooked bologna, herring, cottage cheese, sliced tomatoes, cabbage salad, pickles and jelly and bread. Our table waiters all wore old-fashioned clothes, and then we had an elderly woman go from table to table with a large loaf of home-baked bread in her arms and a bread knife. The whole thing was very different from anything we'd ever done before and it went over real well."—Minn.

"It has always seemed to me a sad situation when any family lets its differences and troubles become public talk, but not long ago in our community we had a situation that proved to be very expensive for the family involved. There was so much bickering and squabbling about who would get what out of the family home that it was finally decided to put every single object on the auction block and let the family bid right along with the public. Evidently the public felt it was a distasteful situation, for people pitched in and bid everything up sky high when the family really went after something. It all ended with unheard of prices being paid by those brothers and sisters, and how much better it would have been all the way around if they could have worked out some kind of a settlement in private. When you see such things it makes you wonder how the world at large can ever live in peace."—Kansas

"I was a legal secretary before I married and tried doing part time work after my first baby arrived. This arrangement didn't work out too well from any angle, and after our second baby arrived I decided not to go on

Have Your Child's
DOODLES AND DRAWINGS
preserved in delightful ceramic ash-trays, plaques, etc. Will make treasured gifts! Order early for Christmas.

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Box 47A, Tobias, Nebraska

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

COMPLETE CATALOG ON REQUEST TRUCKS FOR FOLDING TABLES



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

STEEL FOLDING CHAIRS



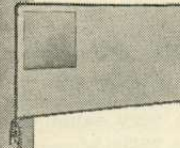
Monroe Steel Folding Chairs in attractive range of styles, sizes and prices. Excel in comfort, easy handling and durability. Also full line of non-folding chairs, desks and combinations for classroom, cafeteria and church school use.

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

THE Monroe COMPANY
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trying to be a combination mother and professional woman.

However, we had financial responsibilities for aged parents and simply had to have additional income, so I decided that since I was tied down anyway with small children I might as well take care of a couple of other children whose mothers work full time. They are here from 8:00 until 5:00 five days a week and most of the day I'm constantly on the move, but in spite of all the complications I'm much better off doing this for additional income. I think that anyone who's at home with a small child or small children should look at this possibility before taking any kind of a job away from home."—Mo.

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States a leading University. Why take chances! Catch and destroy these disease carrying pests by the hundreds, with Armstrongs New Sanitary Cockroach and Waterbug Trap. No Dangerous Poisons to harm children and pets, no dirty mess to clean up. No cost for bait. All metal, will last for years. Used by Hospitals, Private Homes, Business Places, etc. Order today. **ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., Dept. 4** 1305 Armour, Kansas City 9, Mo.



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12 Exposure Rolls, 49¢, Jumbo prints. Guaranteed work, one day service.

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MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

customs. We laughed about it afterwards when we admitted that we were all in a "cold sweat" while we were being questioned. We hadn't a thing to hide and absolutely nothing to be nervous about, but even so this routine procedure had us stirred up.

The highway from International Falls to Kenora, at the north end of the Lake of the Woods, was beautiful. For miles and miles the road winds through lakes and forests.

What a paradise this must be for fishermen and hunters! No wonder our friends who are great sportsmen feel that nothing can compare to a trip into this area.

I see that I've run out of space, so next month I must finish up the details of our vacation.

Always sincerely,

Margery

BUT YOU CAN LISTEN

By

Martha Williams

The dinner table conversation had been galloping along, banter punctuated by a few isolated serious thoughts. But when the dessert was being served, the host's four-year old daughter overcame her timidity and raised her hand.

"Yes, Margo?"

"Can you all be quiet so that I may say something?"

By the time we gals were wiping dishes we'd forgotten what Margo had wanted to say, but we were shamefacedly aware that we had been denying the one child in our midst a most basic human need—a listener.

We scold our children for not listening to our directions. Manuals are available for increasing our "listening quotient."

But even with all this emphasis on the importance of listening, many emotional problems snowball because there has been no one to listen to an initial outpouring of frustrations. Although the counselor, pastor, and psychiatrist are becoming increasingly skilled listeners and are being used by more of us, still we homemakers—we women—teachers, friends, relatives, can be the real "listening hearts." We can, with effort, listen with both heart and mind to those around us.

Yet it is so easy to shrug off the most common, most needed listening through lack of interest or understanding. More often we just feel too rushed to pause.

"Not now," you say to the child who bounds in from school with an exciting tale about "all of us guys are..." After all, you've just come to that tricky zipper in his new cords and you need to concentrate.

"I don't want to hear another word about him," you tell your teen-age daughter when she tries to sell you on her current boy friend. You've already vetoed him and now you don't know how to handle the situation.

"Don't tell me your troubles. I've had a rough day too" you toss at your husband who is sinking into the davenport while you make a mad dash to keep the baby off the kitchen table.

If you have the capacity to love, if you want to help those around you, you can learn how to listen more sincerely and more skillfully.

Stop long enough today to realize that everyone needs someone to listen to his overflow of joys and jealousies, his dreams and despairs. Instead of talking about your gripes and your budget problems, try being a listening heart—just for one day.

And you may find a child who needs someone to listen to his muddled story about a train he just saw or a butterfly he just caught.

You may find a boy who needs to tell someone about his old car and his new girl friend.

You may find a woman who needs to talk through the frustrations of homemaking with someone who has weathered little squalls and serious storms.

You may not be able to stem the tide of juvenile delinquency single-handed, but you can listen to your own daughter and to the boy on the corner pour out their torrent of rebellion.

You may not be able to write a best selling novel or even a short story, but you can play a leading role in life's real drama in your home as you listen. For listening is appreciation and participation.

And when your life overflows with joy or sorrow into too much beauty or too many bitter tears, you are now ready to talk with God—the greatest of Listening Hearts.

FILLING THE TREASURY—

Concluded

feeling so terribly lacking everywhere today. People crave a chance to just plain sit and visit for a spell. In one town a small church group puts on a tremendously successful bazaar year after year while other churches, much larger, are just about ready to call their bazaars total failures.

The secret of the successful church is the fact that they always take some of their precious space to have beautiful handwork on display—quilts, afghans, tablecloths, etc. These things are not for sale, but they provide a wonderful background for sitting down to visit. The elderly members who made some of those things are asked to be special guests and they love to tell about the handwork on display.

This "visiting" corner is right next to the table where lunch or tea is served, and people find it very pleasant to sit and talk. As a result, this bazaar is getting better known all over the countryside as a real event where you can buy nice things and have a good time.

Look carefully at your space when you plan your Gift Fair. No matter how impossible it may seem at first thought, manage your set-up in such a way that you can have a "visiting" corner. It will make everyone happy.

THREE THINGS

I know three things must ever be
To keep our country strong and free.
One is the hearthstone bright and clear

With busy, happy, loved ones near.
One is the warm and ready hand
To love, and serve, and keep our land.
One is the worn and beaten way
To where our people go to pray.
As long as these are kept alive
Our nation and people will survive.
God keep them always everywhere...
The hearth, the hand, and the place
of prayer.

—Unknown

The greatest tragedy in this world is to waste one's sorrow. Heartbreak and loss are the master teachers of the human heart, and not to profit by their teachings is the true measure of desolation.

FABULOUS, NEW
5-Ft. Long Balloons

Twist Into A Thousand Shapes!

GIRAFFES-DACHSHUNDS

Pets of All Kinds

Made of
LIVE LATEX

200 FOR \$1

Add 25¢
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Delight Kiddies — Grown-Ups, Too!

Almost 5 feet long when inflated. Balloons this size usually sell up to 25¢ each.

Send only \$1 now. Plus 25¢ postage and handling for 200 in a variety of gay colors! Supply limited at this low price, so order several sets NOW for GUARANTEED PROMPT DELIVERY. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. FREE Complete Instructions.

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We're closing out our Lace Supply. Come in enchanting patterns and designs. Vals, edges, insertions, etc. in beautiful colors and full widths. For women's, girls' and baby dresses, pillow slips, decorative edgings on many articles, etc. Pieces up to 10 yards in length! No small pieces!

FREE 200 New Buttons! Beautiful, expensive quality. All Buttons! kinds, all sizes and colors. **ALL NEW.** No culls. For everyday use—also some for collectors. Includes many complete sets of 6 to 12 matching buttons! You get the 200 buttons **FREE** of charge when you order the Lace—none without Lace. But order **TODAY** as supplies are limited. Please include 12¢ for pstg. & hdlg. or \$1.10 per set. Money-back guarantee.

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All aluminum Oven-Savers catch drippings from pies, casserole dishes! Keeps your oven spotless. Eliminates smoky ovens. Cut-out raised center holds dish above drippings. 12½" dia. Use for baking and serving coffee cake, cookies; molded salads etc. Easy to clean too—just soak a few minutes to restore shiny newness.

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BURT G. CRONWELL

P. O. Box 2174, Sacramento 10,
California

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

BEST EVER LEMON PIE

Before I list the ingredients I must say something about this pie.

For 22 years I've been trying to turn out a lemon pie that Russell would eat! Recipe after recipe has been tried and somehow none of them had exactly the flavor and texture I was after. Lemon pie has always been one of my great favorites and I kept plugging along trying to find a recipe that pleased me—and that Russell would eat with genuine enthusiasm.

At last I've found the pie. It tastes *exactly* right, cuts beautifully, looks spectacular and is perfect all the way around. I'm glad my search is over. Now I know, from here on out, how to make a marvelous lemon pie. Unless you're 100% satisfied with your present pie recipe, I surely hope you'll make this and call a halt to your search too.

- 1 baked 8-inch pie shell
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 6 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 cups water
- 1/3 cup fresh lemon juice
- 3 eggs, separated
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 tsp. white vinegar

Mix sugar and cornstarch together thoroughly in top of double boiler. Add 2 cups water. Combine egg yolks with lemon juice and beat. Add to rest of mixture. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick. Add butter and then put pan over boiling water without lid on it. Stir occasionally as it cooks over the boiling water for about 25 minutes. (This long cooking time is necessary to do away with any starchy taste.) Add lemon flavoring and vinegar. Stir thoroughly. Allow to cool somewhat and then turn into baked crust. Top with following meringue:

- 3 egg whites
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. cream of tartar

Beat egg whites with cream of tartar until stiff. Add sugar gradually, continuing to beat. Spread over cooled pie. Sprinkle a small amount of sugar (probably about 1 tsp.) over meringue to give it a glossy, glazed look. Brown in a 450 degree oven—will take around 4 or 5 minutes but watch it like a hawk.

This meringue cuts beautifully, doesn't "weep" and stands up puffy and handsome above the golden filling.

Don't leave out the 3 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring and the 2 tsp. of white vinegar. These are exactly the right amounts to give you an absolutely superlative pie.

Incidentally, I once knew about a woman who became known all over the countryside for her lemon pie—she would never part with the recipe but she *did* say that she used more than just lemon juice. I think her secret ingredients must have been lemon flavoring and vinegar.

—Lucile

YOU'VE ASKED FOR THEM — NOW THEY'RE READY

KITCHEN-KLATTER COCONUT FLAVORING KITCHEN-KLATTER STRAWBERRY FLAVORING KITCHEN-KLATTER MINT FLAVORING

When you buy these three new marvelous Flavorings and line them up with other Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings, you'll be all set for a lot of wonderful cooking and baking.

We've concluded that our customers can speak up about our Flavorings much better than we can, so here is a letter that tells the story.

York, Nebraska

Dear Friends:

I used to think all non-alcoholic Flavorings were the same. NOT SO! You can tell the difference in three important ways:

SEE the difference in Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings. They're so much richer looking.

SMELL the difference. Such wonderful "bouquet" full of delicious, true fragrance.

TASTE the difference. Every time you use Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings you'll give your recipes new sparkle and lift.

This is just the plain unvarnished truth and comes right from the heart.

Sincerely,

Mildred Vavrina

It would be gilding the lily to add anything to this, so we'll just say

BUY THEM AT YOUR GROCER'S

If he doesn't carry them, please send us his name.

(Be sure you save every single white cap liner. We're working constantly to offer really wonderful premiums at exactly the price where we break even.)

Coconut
Strawberry
Mint
Orange
Cherry

Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Banana
Lemon
Almond
Maple

Vanilla (3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

WHO KNOWS THE ANSWERS?

Recently we've had quite a collection of letters from women who want down-to-earth facts on subjects we've never had personal experience with and consequently know very little about.

It seems to us that surely among our readers there are people who know the answers to these questions and can write with authority about them. We invite your letters and will pay \$15.00 for each one that is published in forthcoming issues.

Here are the subjects about which

information has been requested.

1. How can you build up a small business by baking cakes, cookies, pies, bread, etc?

2. How do you go about starting a catering business in a small town—or can you do it at all in a small town?

3. What makes the difference between success or failure in operating a small restaurant or cafe?

If any of you have had actual experience with any of these three situations will you please write about it? Address the envelope to Mrs. Russell Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa and put "personal" in the left-hand corner.

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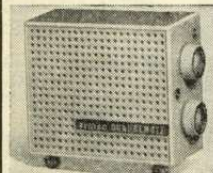
EVER LIT CANDLES
BLOW IT OUT . . . RELIGHTS AUTOMATICALLY
CAN YOU BLOW 'EM OUT?
Try to blow out magic candles and they'll relight automatically! A riot at birthday parties when birthday boy or gal blows out candles on the cake and they suddenly start burning. A secret: to put them out, merely pinch wick.
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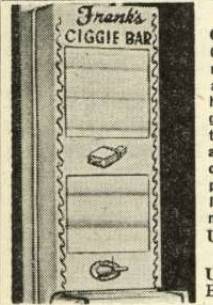
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Cute attached poem reads, "take a look and you will know, how many packs I've got to go!" We'll letter it with any name as shown. Holds full carton — you see supply on hand. Plastic, 10½" high. Specify name desired.
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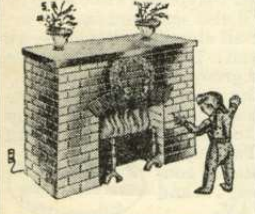
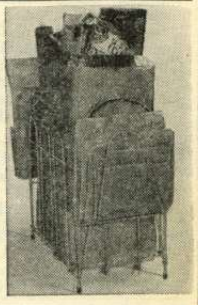


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Family name, house number can be seen DAY or NIGHT! Hand-lettered "Coach Sign" Glows in Dark on lawn, house, mailbox or tree. Weatherproof methyl-methacrylate with black crinkle finish. 15" long, 5¾" high. Give name and house number.
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It's electric! Logs actually Flicker and Glow. Comes with realistic brick finish, gay Holly wreath and simulated andirons and logs. 4-ft. tall, sets up in seconds. Rigid, vinyl-coated Kraft board with electric cord and flicker attachment.
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A personal "over-night" parker that the lucky recipient will treasure for its privacy. Hygienic plastic container and spill-proof cover keep teeth extra sanitary and inconspicuous. Ends drinking glass "displays."
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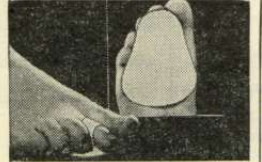


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All-steel Snow Plow rolls on 6" rubber tires through all snow. One trip clears walk. Exclusive Chipper Edge Carbon steel edge bites thru icy, hard-packed snow. Glides through 8" drifts—clears 22" path. 7 adjustable positions up to 22". Throws snow right, left — automatically. No Lifting Or Bending! No shoveling—just roll snow away. Wheels on blade roll smoothly over cracks, rough pavement. 41" no-scoop handle. Silvery Cadmium and red finish. 22" blade.
UR 1135-S Standard \$9.95
Deluxe Model larger 26" blade, traction tires, Bonderized undercoat.
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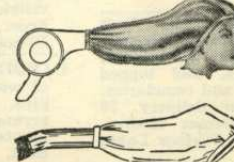
THE BOOK THAT TALKS
A different animal speaks to your child from every page! Cows MooOo, doggy barks, pig goes Oink! Press entire book and all sing in chorus. It's more fun than a trip to the farm.
UR 9698 Plain —\$5.95
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WALK PAINLESSLY AGAIN
Feel the difference instantly! Medically perfected Corrector stretches and holds toe in proper position. Special cushion eases pain. Wear with any shoe. Give exact shoe size and width, whether for a man or woman and whether for right or left foot.
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January ads due November 10.
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