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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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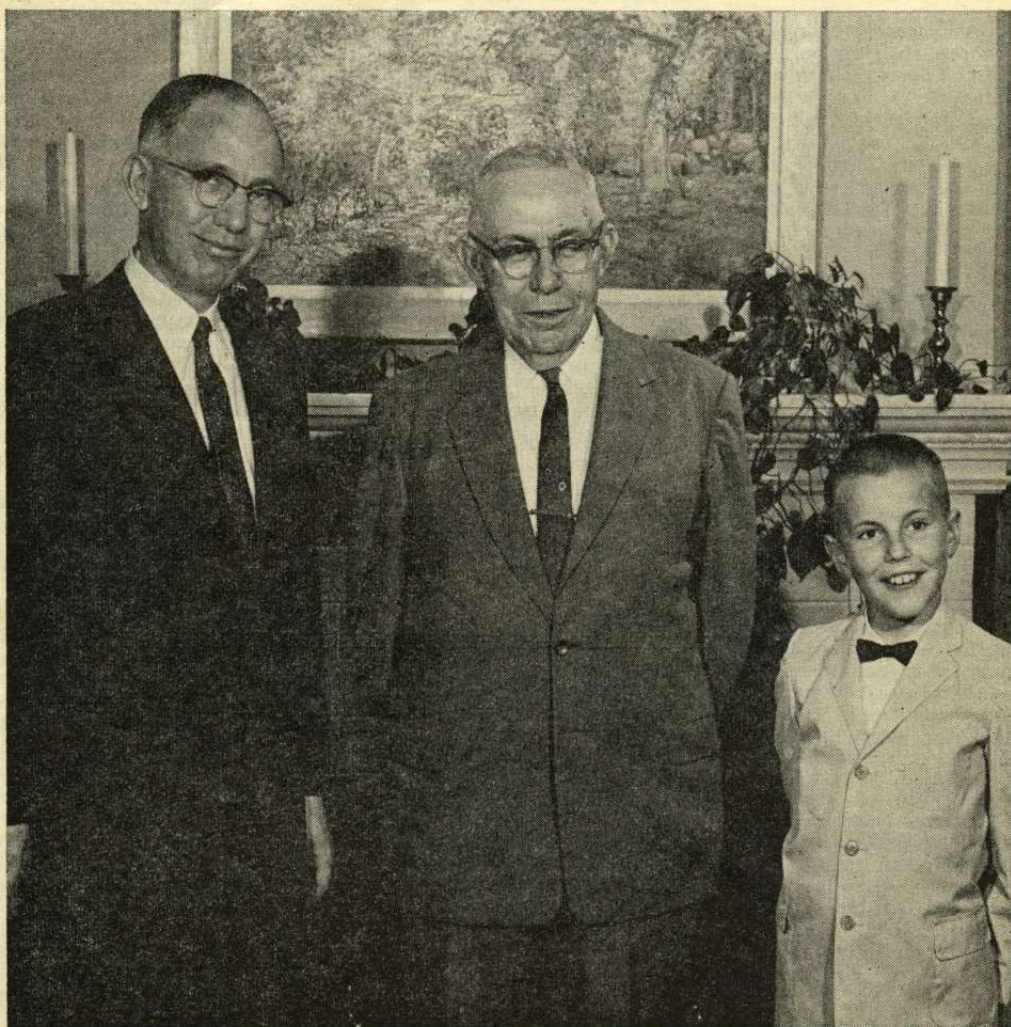


Photo by Hodges

MISS JOSIE PRANNEBECKER
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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Dear Friends:

These mornings we feel the first hints of approaching autumn in the air, and I'm sure only people who've spent their lives in the Midwest could recognize them. Probably tourists driving through look at the heavy green trees and think Iowa is in the middle of a terribly hot summer, but those of us who live here know better.

It's been many years now since any of our own seven children burst out the door for that important first day of school in September, but I still feel the air of bustling excitement that comes at this time. What a busy, busy time it used to be. Now we have only two grandchildren who are not in school—little Katharine and Paul in Anderson, Ind. The others range from Juliana and Kristin, who will be juniors in high school, down to five year old Clark who starts into the Denver schools as a kindergarten student.

Those of you who enjoyed Donna's wedding pictures in last month's issue will be interested to know that she and Tom left Iowa on August 10th with their car packed to the brim and a U-Haul trailer for the overflow of household belongings. They went into California over the Donner Pass and planned this trip so they could see Sacramento and San Francisco. Then they headed for Southern California and the town of Lakeside, about fifteen miles north of San Diego. At the time I am writing to you they are looking for housing so they can get settled down before school opens. Donna will teach kindergarten and Tom will teach English and Social studies in the 8th grade.

Probably the kind of a school I taught in California back in 1911 no longer exists today, except possibly in very remote mountain regions. That little rural school stood in open country outside San Bernardino and I had to walk through orange groves to pick up my streetcar and ride up to Redlands where I lived with my parents. The streetcar and the orange groves disappeared long ago, and the last time we were in California we saw solid town where once there had been only open and rather lonely country. If I had stayed in California I'd probably be considered a real old time pioneer by today's standards.

It meant so much to me to have our trip East and a good chance to see all of our family in that section. Frederick's and Betty's letters had been reassuring, of course, but we wanted to see with our own eyes that he was making a fine recovery from his broken back. If all continues to go well he should be just about his usual self when it's time to go back to Springfield and pick up the regular schedule. This is such a heavy schedule that we are always surprised when he gets his monthly letter to you written right on the dot. When I spoke to him about this he said that he'd feel strange not to sit down at his typewriter and visit with you friends, and when I think how many, many years he has written to you I can see how he'd feel this way.

My sister Martha is still in Westfield, N. J., and the three days we spent there meant a great deal to us. She is blessed with a wonderful son and daughter-in-law who leave no stone unturned to make everything as comfortable as possible, and their two boys, Douglas and Craig, are the most willing and helpful young boys we've ever seen.

After school opens there will be only Craig to run errands for his grandmother since Douglas will be in college. (He is only sixteen but he graduated from high school with such a brilliant record that he has been accepted as a student at Harvard and will enter there in September.) We hope Dwight and Wilma will send a picture of the boys that we can share with you in our October number. I just wish that all elderly people who can no longer run their own errands could have such a cheerful and willing family to look after them.

Probably Dorothy will tell you in her letter about the other family members we saw, but she may not mention the fact that we had a good visit with Philip Field and his wife in Washington. (I should probably explain to new friends that Philip is the son of my brother, the late Henry Field.) It was a hectic time for Philip and Marie to see us because they were terribly busy getting ready to leave for Korea on a government assignment that will keep them overseas at least two years, but we managed a meal together and several hours after-

wards for catching up on all the family news.

I found the great National Cathedral in Washington, D. C. one of the most inspiring things I have ever seen. We have watched Christmas and Easter services from there on TV, but nothing can ever give you the feeling of grandeur and beauty unless you see it in person. I hope that everyone who goes to Washington will make this among his first stops for it is one of the greatest cathedrals in the world and surely is as important to visit as the Lincoln Memorial or Arlington National Cemetery.

After we left Washington we headed back to the Pennsylvania Turnpike by way of Gettysburg, another historic section that families should take time to see. Any boy or girl who has been in Gettysburg will find the Civil War very real to him when he studies it in school. Dorothy took a picture of the memorial built to honor the spot where President Lincoln stood as he gave his famous "Gettysburg Address" and if we can get a clear enough print we'd like to use this in our February number, a month when our thoughts turn to Lincoln and Washington.

The single most surprising thing on our trip was running into Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger at Clinton, N. J. We had supposed she was at home in Iowa City, and it was quite unexpected to have her call her sister Mary (Mary Fischer Chapin) while we were spending the afternoon with Mary and her husband Jim at Glen Gardner, N. J. Those of you who read The American Home magazine will be interested to know that Gretchen has been appointed Midwest garden editor. She covers a great deal of ground in her work and if you have a garden that's outstanding for some reason you may look up and see her right there some day!

My sister Jessie Shambaugh had a wonderful visit with her daughter Ruth and family at San Mateo, California and came back feeling greatly restored to health. It seems that she learned to play chess with her granddaughters while she was out there and thoroughly enjoyed it. I've never known many people who play chess—in our family only Howard has mastered it and now he has taught Mae so they can have some games together. Jessie is back in her own home in Clarinda and getting along nicely.

Probably quite a few of you Minnesota friends will have met Dorothy by the time you read this. Right now she is getting ready to drive up to Worthington and spend August 17th, 18th and 19th at the Nobles County Fair, and perhaps Kristin's plans will work out in such a way that she can go too.

When radio station KWOA first asked us if a member of our Kitchen-Klatter family could come up for the Fair we couldn't figure out how to manage it. I'm at the age where such things are beyond me. Margery's back won't let her stand for long

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"LET US TAKE THE HIGHROAD TOGETHER"

To Begin A New Church or Club Year

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Whether it's the beginning of a new club year, a new church Aid year, or the annual fall reorganization tea for extension clubs, it's nice to open the meeting with an inspirational service and follow through with some good mixers, games, music and perhaps some planning discussion groups.

Getting the new year off to a grand start with a lively program and plenty of enthusiasm will do a lot toward starting off on a successful year of work. If you are not on the executive board of such a group, why not pass these suggestions on to some friend who is? And be sure to keep this material on file, for someday your turn will surely come!

OPENING SERVICE

Setting: To left of table place a miniature sign post. (This can be a straight stick stuck in a base of styrofoam.) On the post attach two signs: the top sign (on right side) reads *Highroad* and the lower sign, turned to left, reads *Low road*.

If desired, place four candles in low holder to right of post. (When lighted, they will illumine the way along the Highroad.) The leader may narrate the entire service and officers of the group light the candles (from left to right) as indicated, or each candle-lighter might be assigned to give a part of the service. If this is done, the leader should give them a written copy of their part in advance.

LEADER:

Life is a story in Volumes three—
The Past, The Present, The Yet to be.

The first is finished and laid away,
The second we're reading day by day,

The first and last of Volume three
Is locked from sight—God keeps the key.

"We are beginning a new year together. The old year is gone and done with—it is finished and laid away." We cannot rest on the laurels of that year, and if there were wrongs done, 'tis better they were forgiven and forgotten.

"But there is TOMORROW, you say. Yet what did our opening verse tell us of Volume Three? It is locked from sight, God keeps the key.

"So we do not know what the future holds. We must move forward to the future on faith.

"But now let us consider the right here and now. What of today? Let me quote again, *Life's Second Volume* 'we're reading day by day.' In other words, the past is gone, the future is unknown. *Today is the only thing we can really do anything about*—this time we are living in right now.

"So—which way are we going? John Oxenham's words are often quoted: 'To every man there openeth a Highway and a Low. And every man decideth the way his soul shall go.'



While the folks were in New Jersey they had such hot weather that a shady spot in the yard felt comforting. Here are Aunt Martha (Eaton) and mother (Leanna Driftmier) catching up on everything that had happened since the picture of them that you saw in our August issue.

"Our club is made up of its individual members. We are only as strong as they are strong. Are we going to be content to drift along on the Low road or will we seek the HIGHROAD? Of course the HIGHROAD may be rougher, the going tougher, but Oh! the glorious views, the rewarding sights along the way!

"How then can we travel the HIGHROAD on this year together? What are some of the guideposts we might see to light along the way?

"Number one is *VISION*, a dream, a plan. (1st candle lighted) We must know what our goals are, where we are headed. What are the plans we wish our group to carry out this year? Are they unselfish plans that will make ours a better community in which to live and make of us better neighbors to those about us?

"We must remember that the *VISION* must be bright with a glowing faith, inspired by a genuine desire and will to take a stand for what we believe is right and good. Thus we will not shrug off our home and local responsibilities by saying, 'But what can I do about it? I am just one and no one will pay attention to me.'

"Such shrugging off of everyday problems builds no swimming pool for our youth, offers no solution to the problem of keeping our Junior-Senior Banquets and Proms within the proper perspective; and it does not enlarge our church unit or broaden the scope of our club's civic projects. It's the *VISION* we have and what we actually do about it TODAY that counts.

"Too many good intentions go down the 'wishy-washy' drainpipe of indifference and selfishness. 'Give me a dream and a day, Lord of my reaching heart; Life gives so much away, I must return a part. Far calls the lure of the task, Oceanward plunges the stream, Fit me for life I ask, Give me this day and a dream.' (The song *Follow The Gleam* might be used here.)

"The second guidepost to light the Highroad is *AWARENESS*, under-

standing of others. How lovely, how enriching in our lives is the old-fashioned spirit of neighborliness! Why let sickness and death, or some dire emergency be the only time we really know and share with our neighbors?

"And who are our neighbors today? With today's communication and transportation our neighbors are world wide. What affects them affects us, and visa versa. And let's set the good example on our own doorstep first! Just as our children follow us in the way we obey laws, the moral standards we uphold, the attitudes we take toward the elderly in our midst, the way we meet the challenge of equality of mankind, so do other peoples of the world observe and follow (or choose not to follow) what we actually ARE, not what we say.

"In Matthew 7:5 we read 'First cast the beam from out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out of thy brother's eye.' Remember too the old adage: 'You can't sprinkle perfume on someone else without getting a little on yourself.'

"The same thought is expressed in these lines from an unknown author: 'I love you, not only for what you are, but what I am when I'm with you. I love you, not only for what you have made of yourself, but for what you are making of me.'

"So let us have *AWARENESS* of the good to be found in all our neighbors, and also an awareness of their needs, and how we can help them day by day.

"The third sign might read *SENSE OF VALUES*, the ability to realize the real value of money, the value of true friendship. In the modern world in which we live there is so much of show and pretentiousness. We have even become so lazy we are too often content to buy our fun and our laughter nowadays! *HOMESPUN FUN* is a genuine art and sorry to say, many of our children haven't the faintest idea of what it is! They connect fun with the latest movies, records, radio and T.V. brand of humor.

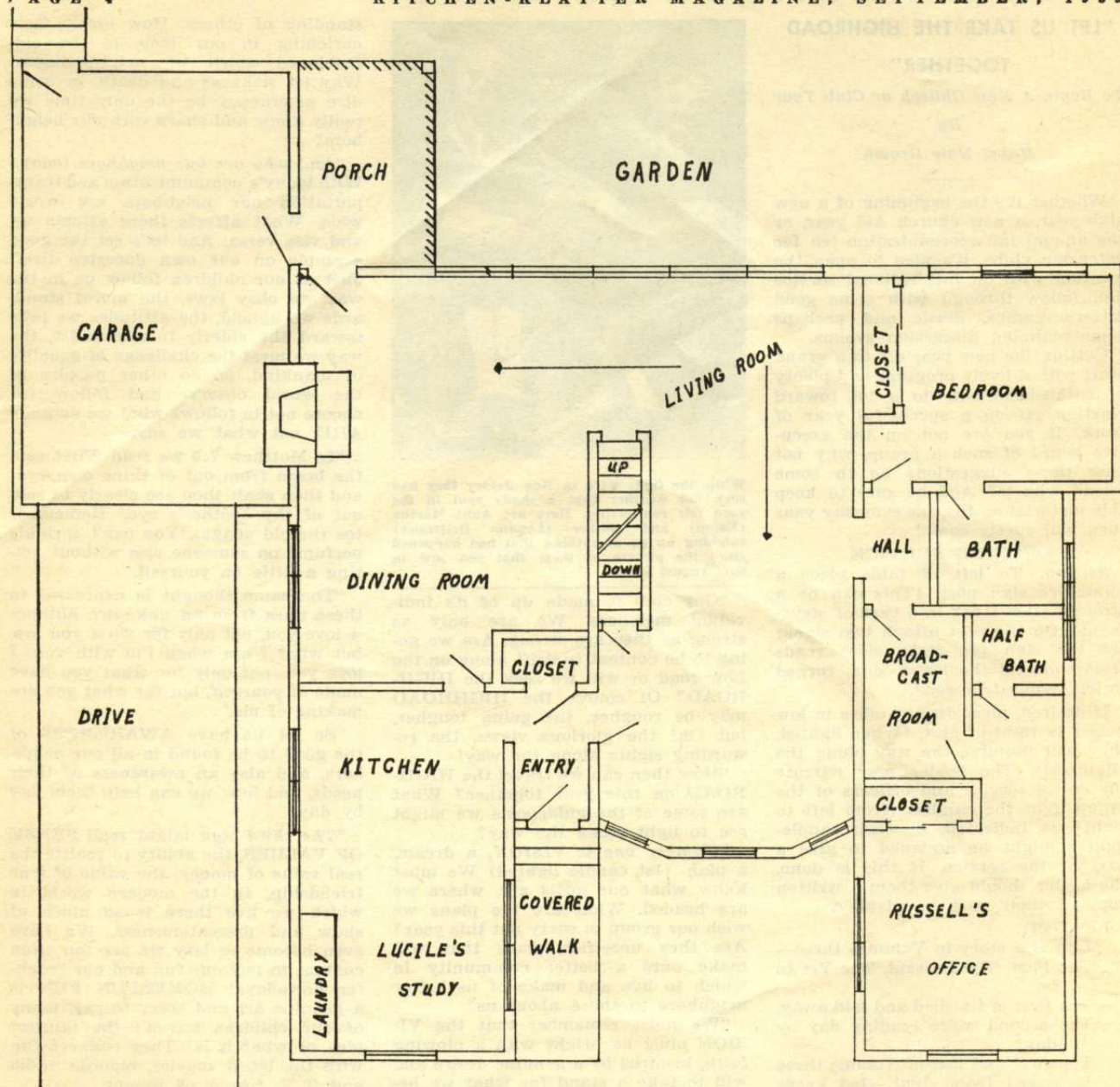
"It's time we readjusted our sights and focused them on the true fundamentals, the true wealth of a good life. Let us resolve to set up the right values in this new year ahead, to have more good times together with our families and to find pleasure in simple things.

"The fourth signpost is *LOVE*. Perhaps we have touched on this in the other signposts for certainly if there is enough of *LOVE* in our heart, then the rest is almost sure to follow. Yet it seems we cannot stress this word too much. Jesus himself said the greatest of these is love.

"It is also a word with a two-way stretch just as our little verse earlier said: 'I love you for what you are and what I am when I'm with you.'

"We hear much of the miracle drugs of the medical world. Well, who will deny that Love is one of the greatest miracle workers of all? How long can petty differences in our homes or in our organizations hold up under a giant dose of love? Deeds of love and

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

At last! Here is the floor plan of our house that I promised would be coming up this month. We think that Mae (brother Howard's wife and the manager of our Kitchen-Klatter office) did a real good job turning this out from a series of complicated blueprints.

It is customary when showing the floor plan of a remodeled house to indicate "before and after" but in our case it would make such a jumble that no one could figure it out. We were absolutely compelled to stick to the "after" version.

If Mae can be persuaded to do another drawing at a later date I would like to have her fix up a detailed plan of the room you now see that is labeled "Kitchen" and "Lucile's

Study". I see the word "Laundry" in that room too and this means that the drip-dry cabinet, (a shower stall) automatic washer and dryer are lined up in a row behind louvered doors painted blue; there are built-in shelves above the washer and dryer.

All of the room space in the actual kitchen area was designed by Russell to give me the maximum efficiency for cooking with the minimum amount of tramping around. Even though we have a small family—and so soon Juliana will be gone from home and out into her own life—I do a great deal of cooking because of the recipe testing that is extremely important where you folks are concerned. The minute I've gotten opinions on whatever it is that's been tested, I try to sit down and type up the whole works. That's why my study is where you see it; my desk and typewriter are to go underneath those windows by the covered walk and there are bookshelves in that section for my collection of cookbooks.

I could write pages and pages about this kitchen, but now I'll confine myself to two comments and two comments only:

In one small area on that wall between the kitchen and dining room I have a built-in counter with a sliding panel above it that opens into the dining room. This wall also contains our big Amana refrigerator-freezer and also a dishwasher, so that tells you the built-in counter isn't a large surface. BUT that one surface is twice as much surface as I had in the old kitchen.

In my old kitchen I had a sink with four drawers in it and a chest with five drawers (cost \$7.50, unpainted, in 1942). These five drawers stuck so badly in rainy or humid weather that I couldn't open them half the time. Then too, the chest had to be crammed into a corner and I couldn't reach it at all without leaning on the oven. When the oven was turned on,

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IT'S VACATION TIME FOR FREDERICK AND HIS FAMILY

Dear Friends,

I am writing this letter to you from deep in the rain forests of Rhode Island, this year the wettest state in the Union.

Here we are in our lovely little cottage by the lake listening to the patter of rain on the roof. It is all we have heard on that roof for six straight days. Rain, rain, and more rain. One night we had three and one-half inches of it. Is there anything more dreary than a summer cottage in the rain? Well, of course we are making the best of it. Betty and I are getting much reading done, and we are listening to all of the fine classical music that I brought with us on long-play tapes.

But the poor children—Mary Leanna in a Girl Scout camp down on the shore, and David in a day camp down on the shore! What a wet camping experience they are having. We at least have the dry cottage with a nice log fire burning, but they are out in tents. All that I can hope for is a week of nice weather to make up for this week of rain. We need to dry out!

We have spent eight summers on this lake a few miles inland from the beautiful beaches of South County Rhode Island. We get our mail in a little village country store a mile down the narrow winding road that leads through the woods to the nearest highway, and twice a day I go down to get the mail and to catch up on the latest village talk.

I say "talk" instead of "gossip", for it really is gentle and kindly conversation about the various villagers and their lives and problems. Naturally we always discuss the weather, and this summer that has not been very pleasant, but then we talk a great deal about fishing. Who caught what yesterday and what kind of a lure or bait was used? But even more important, where was it caught? That answer is never direct and never completely honest. No fisherman will ever tell the *exact* spot where he caught a good fish — the general area, yes, but the very spot near the very rock, no!

Things do not change very much from year to year here in this tiny rural village. The same people sit on the same benches at the village store, and the same jokes are told over again each year, and we always laugh just as heartily as the first time we heard them years ago.

But if the grown-ups don't change, the children do. The little boy who used to sell me fish bait now considers himself too old for that sort of thing, but his younger brother has taken over the business. The girls grow up and go into the city to work in the mills. The boys who hunted frogs at the dam are now working with their father on the garbage truck, but there will be other boys to catch the frogs.

On my way to get the mail recently I found a big snapping turtle crossing



Everyone who knows a five year old boy will probably think that this is a very typical get-up. Old Santa Claus brought most of that outfit to Clark last Christmas—found the Driftmier house in Denver without any trouble at all!

the forest road on his way from the lake to the swamp. What a vicious turtle he was! Have you ever seen a turtle actually make an effort to attack whatever was bothering him? Well, this crazy turtle took out after me with his thick neck lunging out of its shell several inches and his wide bony mouth snapping away at a great rate.

I called the children and the dog to come and see it. The dog was taken completely by surprise! He has pawed and barked at hundreds of turtles, but never before had he had one take the offensive. To see that 15-pound turtle following after a 75 pound dog and snapping away at the dog's paws was a unique sight. A few years ago a 40 pound snapping turtle was caught here in our cove. Needless to say, I am glad that he was caught.

Last night we had supper at the village church — one of those lovely white New England church buildings with a tall spire that can be seen above the trees for miles around. Like most churches in this part of the country, it had a parish house next door where the kitchen and dining facilities are located. The good ladies served the supper cafeteria style with a choice of lobster salad or chicken salad, the one a dollar and the other a dollar and a half. I know how much trouble it is to make lobster salad for a large number, and so when it was announced that there was extra salad for sale at two dollars a half pound, I bought some to take home with us.

Did I ever tell you my definition of a church supper? It is a supper for which you are asked to contribute some food, are also asked to buy some tickets, and then after the supper are asked to buy back the food you had contributed!

It was a fine supper that we had

last night, and it was a wonderful opportunity for us to speak with old friends, many of whom had driven some miles to be present. There was to have been a country auction after the supper, but because of the rain that was cancelled. They simply could not manage both the supper and the auction indoors. Next week we shall go to the auction, and although Betty and I will probably not do any bidding, David will. My, how that boy does love to bid at an auction!

When we are away from home during the summer we make it a point to attend many church suppers. It is so nice to attend one where neither of us is seated at a head table. We know that church suppers are always good, and it is a nice way to eat out and help a worthy cause at the same time.

Guess what that boy of ours wants us to be sure and do this summer? He very much wants us to attend a Quaker Meeting. A friend of ours is a Quaker, and when she has been in our home she has spoken about their meetings. I told David that at Quaker meetings there are no preachers and that the various persons present get to their feet and speak as they are inspired to do so.

"David, if you are asked to speak just what will you say?" I asked him. He thought for some time before answering, and then said: "Well, if I do have to speak I shall simply get up and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, Jesus was born a very long time ago — at least 100 years ago! And now I am getting tired and so I shall sit down.'"

People who have sat through long, long sermons will appreciate the brevity of this.

I always have had a great admiration for the Quaker folk, and I really do intend to take the family to a Quaker Meeting this summer. Several of the clergymen in our denomination are also Quakers. That may seem strange to you but it is so. There is nothing in the regulations governing the Congregational Churches that prohibits a person from belonging to more than one religious denomination or sect, and it is becoming increasingly common for our people to hold dual church affiliations. Every year we have several people join our local church without ever giving up their membership in another church of another denomination.

As long as a person can support both religious bodies, the practice is to be encouraged. The more we dedicate ourselves to Christian organizations of all kinds, the better people we are bound to become. Some of you will not agree with this idea at all, and that is your privilege, but I want to remind you that the first Christians were both Christians and Jews, and that they supported the religious work of both their local temple and their new church.

So much of our religious weakness comes *not* because we do not have high moments of religious convictions, great moments of personal sacrifice, and dedicated moments of Christian

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TATER THEATER

Potato characters are the laugh provokers in this Little Theater performance where each punch line carries a bit of helpful advice along with a chuckle.

From large potatoes create your actors and have a lot of fun rigging up their costumes from every imaginable odd and end. It wouldn't take long to make a small theater out of a cardboard carton—cut a hole in the front so each potato actor can make a dramatic appearance when the curtains are drawn aside. This type of Little Theater is a lot of fun to make and can be placed on a table with the narrator sitting behind it as she introduces the potato actors.

Brief suggestions are offered here, but if a few clever fingers and a good narrator work together on this you'll come up with something very humorous—the something “just a little different” you've been wanting for your group.

1. **HESSY TATER** (*hesitator*): “Haven't we all met up with her? She always hesitates to venture into anything new, hesitates to take a stand on any issue for fear of ‘what George will think,’ and hesitates to make a motion because her name will go down in the secretary's book. Poor Hussy Tater! She's so shy she even refuses to give a helpful hint at roll call—just pipes up with a meek little ‘here.’”

2. **COMMEN TATER** (*commentator*): “Now Commen Tater is a pain in the neck to the president for she is the one who keeps up a running flow of whispers and asides to the girls sitting beside her. ‘I know the right way,’ ‘Now I heard . . .’ while the president asks for a discussion of a proposed motion.

“But does Commen Tater ever speak right up and say her piece and then let others talk? Oh, no! She does all of her commenting in whispers and in fault-finding after the meeting is over. Yes, Commen Tater is a trial to every presiding officer and lesson leader.”

3. **EMMA TATER** (*Imitator*): “Poor dear—she never has an idea of her own! And she doesn't take time to study the person she would imitate—just let someone come up with an idea or raise an objection and Emma Tater pipes up with her little old ‘me too.’ She doesn't even know for sure what she's ‘me too-ing.’ I've often been tempted to get up sometime and say that someone has left our organization five hundred dollars and see if Emma Tater would ‘me too’ that!”

4. **AGI TATER** (*Agitator*): “Talk about a fuss! Agi Tater can stir up a big fuss every time she opens her mouth in a meeting! She's the one who can always see something wrong in every single plan brought up. She always wonders if we aren't spending too much from the treasury, and why isn't there an itemized bill for every cent spent by every committee?”

“Oh, Agi Tater can surely keep us



Russell said that his sun glasses and situation made him look like something from Outer Space! Be that as it may, I wanted you folks to see how the town of Jackson, Wyoming looks from the top of the Chair Lift. I'm frank to say that I was foolish enough to be afraid of that perfectly safe trip and sat in our car at the base of the mountain. The Teton mountains in the background is where Juliana has been for several weeks.—Lucile

in hot water. And to top it all off, she carries wildly exaggerated reports of our meetings to every other group she attends. The whole town knows a lot more about us than we know about ourselves. Oh yes, Agi Tater can really keep things stirred up wherever she goes.”

5. **DICKIE TATER** (*Dictator*): “I'm telling you, Dickie Tater can sure make the fur fly and get resentments bristling out all over the place. She's the real know-it-all who has Robert's Rules of Order and by-laws and parliamentary procedure learned by heart and heaven help the presiding officer when she's on deck.

“Poor Dickie Tater! She spends most of her time trying to put the other members in their places, but we're all just independent enough to buck when she starts driving. What Dickie Tater needs is to think about carrying a lump of sugar instead of a BIG STICK!”

6. **SPECY TATER** (*Spectator*): “Here is the shadowy member who just sits—and sits—and sits—and never puts in her two cents worth. Need someone to help with the church supper? Need someone to help with the tea table at the bazaar? Need someone to serve on the calling committee?”

“Well, don't look at Specy Tater because she's full of a million excuses for never doing a thing. She'll never run out of excuses either. All take and no give—that's Specy Tater. But you'd better not drop her name from the roll—no sir-ee. She wants her name left right on there so she can say she belongs. That's Specy Tater—just a name when the roll is called.”

7. “But Glory Be! How thankful we are to introduce SWEET TATER and to know that most of our members

truly are real Sweet Taters.

“What in the world would we ever do without our dear Sweet Tater? She's the one who gets to meetings on time, works cheerfully on committees, volunteers for some of the tough jobs, takes part in the discussions, pitches in when the going gets rough, and is always a booster for every project we tackle.

“She's dear to the heart of every club officer, this Sweet Tater, because she's a builder-upper, not a knocker-downer. She makes up for Hussy, Commen, Emma, Agi, Dickie and Specky. Would that all our Taters might turn into Sweet Taters this year!”

A PRAYERFUL POSTSCRIPT

Lord, Thou knowest better than I know that I am growing older, and will some day be old.

Keep me from getting talkative and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion.

Release me from craving to try to straighten out everybody's business.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details—give me wings to get to the point.

I ask for grace enough to listen to the tales of other's pains. Help me to endure them with patience.

But seal my lips on my own aches and pains! They are increasing and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally it is possible that I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet: I do not want to be a saint—some of them are so hard to live with—but a sour old woman is one of the crowning works of the devil.

Make me thoughtful, but not moody: helpful, but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all—but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

(We have a good friend in Fremont, Nebr. to thank for this. It appeared in the Congregational church bulletin—was sent to the pastor's wife from a woman who has served as a missionary in India for 38 years.)

COVER PICTURE

Three generations of Driftmiers on a June afternoon in 1959. This picture of Frederick Driftmier, his father, M. H. Driftmier, and his son David Driftmier, was taken in front of the fireplace in Frederick's home in Springfield, Mass.

MARY BETH SHARES MANY THINGS WITH YOU

Dear Friends:

Have you ever had the experience of hearing one piece of bad news and before you even had time to adjust to it, more bad news came right on the heels of the first?

Last evening I attended our Tri Kappa meeting and the president announced the sudden illness of one of our members. This girl is such a young woman with six small children terribly dependent upon her, and we all felt physically sick when we were told that she cannot recover from her illness.

I learned about this just one week from the time a good friend of ours had buried his eleven year old daughter with cancer—and only four years ago he had to give up his wife from the same disease. In addition to these tragedies, we were told about two more cases of fatal illness in small children, and all of this black news involved people whom I know well.

I returned home from that meeting in a state of depression like nothing I have ever experienced before. Then I looked about me and began really to appreciate my blessings. Here I was with a dear husband and children all in perfect health, nestled snugly in our own home. My parents are within 15 minutes driving time, and Donald's family can be reached within 5 minutes by telephone.

How long it has been since we stopped long enough from the hustle and bustle of daily living to recognize our good fortune. It came as a jolt to me to realize how petty the little things were that had been worrying me and making me cross and tense with the children and Donald. Compared with my friends, I had no problems. Mine is a perfectly happy life—and how long it had been since I realized it.

Since I last wrote to you we have had another birthday at our house. Katharine is now four years old. How this could be possible is beyond my comprehension, but the calendar testifies to its truth. We just had a small family celebration this year. I decided that I didn't want to have my friends' children running rampant through the Oak Park woods and picking up poison ivy or some other undesirable weed.

We did buy Katharine a pet. It's smaller than a dog, doesn't shed, doesn't have to be exercised or given shots or bought expensive food. It's a hamster. Katharine is well pleased with her pet and so am I, except for a few details. Sometimes the little thing gets dissatisfied with its cardboard box and chews a hole in the corner and then gets lost among the maze of closets or other places hard to search. You should really try to hunt for a beige colored rodent only four inches long in a comparatively huge house!

My other objection occurs when I find Paul helping himself to the hamster's feed or partially chewed carrot. This almost makes me sick!



At last the time has arrived when Abigail has real help with the dishes. Alison prefers wiping and Emily prefers washing, but now and then they switch jobs just for variety's sake.

From the Schneider Grandparents Katharine received a "glider" which attaches to her present swing set and allows her to do some high swinging under her own push. Although she has learned how to "pump" herself on a conventional swing she isn't too good yet and still appreciates help. Granny and Grandpa Driftmier helped us buy a nice easel. Katharine has so much enjoyed painting at Sunday School that I thought this would be a nice indoor activity when the weather gets bad. Our church buys all of its primary department equipment from *Community Playthings* so I wrote them for a catalog when I got ready to order the easel.

They were very prompt sending it and I just wish every one of you could see it. Included in the catalog was the usual order form and a short paragraph about their company. It was so interesting that I'm going to copy down what they wrote so you can enjoy it too.

"*Community Playthings* is the business enterprise of the Society of Brothers which maintains communities at three different locations in the United States. We believe that men should live together in peace and harmony as brothers. Therefore we strive to build a new society where all relationships with one another and all daily work are based on the foundation of love."

Isn't this a refreshing philosophy?

Their catalog is full of splendid toys for children aged up to ten or twelve, and I now have a head-full of ideas for birthdays and Christmas for years to come. Their prices cover a wide range. I would heartily recommend that if you have children in this age group and want to see a wider selection of things than are available locally that you send for this catalog. A letter addressed to Rifton, New York will bring a free copy.

I dressed Katharine for her birthday in her new and never worn pink dress that her Aunt Lucile had sent

her around Easter. (This was made by Mabel Schoff of Stewartville, Mo., and is exquisitely beautiful.) The dress was too large at Easter time, but great was my shock when I discovered that it fit perfectly only a few weeks later. I was simply speechless to discover that Katharine had grown so much in such a short length of time.

We got her all dolled up in this luscious lacy dress and took many flash pictures since it was the first time in four birthdays that Bob Dyer, our faithful photographer friend couldn't be present. (He has taken practically all the pictures of the children you've seen in *Kitchen-Klatter*.) Well, we snapped and snapped, bound and determined to get some good birthday pictures, and then catastrophe happened — before we could get the camera unloaded the strap caught on a drawer pull in the kitchen and when the camera hit the floor and popped open it exposed the entire roll of film. We were simply sick. The children change so rapidly from year to year that birthday pictures are priceless, and now these are gone.

Only yesterday it seems that Paul was learning to feed himself with a spoon. Now he shoots out on the porch, pulls his high chair away from the table and clambers up into it to sit and wait for the food to be brought forth. And if it isn't fast enough getting there he hollers to me through the window!

My extra-high kitchen cabinets are no longer high enough and I have to remember to put knives and spoons all the way to the back of the counter tops to be out of his reach.

Recently we purchased a gate that has already proved to be a life-saver. This isn't an ordinary gate that screws into the wall, but through the use of two springs and rubber bumpers it expands to the exact measurement of any door you choose to use it in and holds itself securely. I've used it all over the house, but especially in the kitchen.

Paul is a nuisance around dinner time (I think this is *always* the hardest time of the day where there are little children.) He is too tired to accept any more hours in the playpen, and he turns cross from hunger without warning, so as a result he is clinging to my legs and skirts while I'm trying to get a meal on. Before we bought this gate it had reached the point where I was tripping over him constantly as I tried to fight my way to the refrigerator while he dragged himself along on my dress.

Now I fence *myself* in the kitchen and you should hear the screams of wild anger that pour forth. He shakes and pushes and kicks the gate as though to show his complete disapproval of this insulting new gimmick that Mother has come up with, but even though he's powerfully strong he can't budge this gate, so if you have a Paul at your house I can certainly recommend the Porta-Gate by *Worldsbest*.

Now if only I could figure out some
(Continued on page 22)

PRAYER . . . TIME . . . EFFORT

By

Nora Butkiewicz

As I collected for a charity drive recently, several people apologized for their small donations. Each said he'd like to give thousands of dollars to every request for help, but it was impossible. Isn't that the way we all feel as many, many pleas constantly come for our assistance?

During my childhood we were far from wealthy but Mother tried to help those more in need. I remember her singing hymns at the country funeral of a little neighbor boy, or riding horseback to homes where misfortune had struck. She also passed on our outgrown clothing where it was needed. We continue that type of giving, but have added everything from prayers to scrap iron on the list headed "others can make use of it."

Little money is required to help in this way. Prayer, time and effort are needed as we "give of ourselves." May I enlarge on the way each fits into our method?

Prayer is the most inexhaustible and important of all these. I'm sure most people, like myself, fret and worry rather than ask God's help. We won't give Him our trust and faith. Shouldn't we form the habit of a little prayer for everyone in trouble, whether it be for one of our family or just a name in the news? Then it follows that thanks must be given when we have been blessed—even a few words will do. Recently, a missionary asked for prayers and funds to carry on his work. He actually put prayer ahead of money.

Time and effort are valuable contributions to welfare groups, schools and churches. Even an hour of help will be appreciated. Your pastor will know many places for such help. Larger cities have a bureau for placing volunteers. So far, my efforts have gone to our church and to solicit funds for various charities. Small children, health, employment or other obligations will determine what each person can offer. (Perhaps this sounds impertinent but one lecturer said to be careful when offering your services free—the recipient may faint from surprise!)

If you gather used clothing, time and effort are most necessary. Garments will have to be sorted, cleaned, mended or given other treatment. Available space will determine what amounts can be handled or kept. Everything is to be disposed of as soon as possible so it will be put to use that much more quickly; it will also cut down fire hazards and prevent crowding. When packaging anything, muscular males make good wrapper-uppers, especially those who have learned a variety of knots in the Navy or Boy Scouts.

There are organizations whose trucks collect such contributions regularly or when called. Their headquarters are in larger cities and some include quite small towns in more heavily populated states. Used cloth-



It takes a "visiting baby next door" to point up all over again how swiftly the years pass by. This darling little girl is Kathleen Deir, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Deir of Tucson, Arizona, and she spent several weeks this summer with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Alexander of Shenandoah, Ia. All of the Driftmiers can remember when Kathleen's mother, Mary Ellen Alexander, was exactly that age long ago!

ing, household furnishings, scrap iron, rags, waste paper and toys are welcomed. The Salvation Army, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Goodwill Industries, Disabled Veterans and Volunteers of America are the groups I know doing this good work.

Waste paper may also be saved for neighborhood school collections. Suitable books and magazines are appreciated by hospitals, old people's homes, religious and historical societies. Several years ago, a nearby hospital requested good books to help entertain their young patients.

Used clothing, linens and toys are greatly desired by Indian and Negro missions. Some schools and churches carry on this work as a yearly project. Here postage enters the picture. Actually it isn't much compared to the good the packages accomplish. Below are three of the many needed:

St. Joseph's Indian School
Chamberlain, South Dakota
Bacone Baptist College
Muskogee, Oklahoma
St. Augustine's Indian Mission
Winnebago, Nebraska.

Victims of floods, fire and wind are helped tremendously when they get clothing and furnishings for their homes. My husband's home burned when he was a child, and he still remembers the kindness of people during that sad time.

Old costume jewelry is ideal material for rehabilitation among the handicapped. Veterans hospitals use it in this way.

Old greeting cards are a joy to missionaries in their work. All writing is to be removed, the cards tied in bundles and wrapped securely. Postage will be less when packages are labelled "old greeting cards." Here are people wanting them:

Laurie Bibia Lolodorf
French Cameroun,
West Africa
Mrs. Lillian Dickson
20F94 Chung San Peh Lu
Tai Peh Taiwan
Free China
St. Francis Mission
St. Francis,
South Dakota

Rev. and Mrs. Raymond Provost
Presbyterian Mission
1 Nam San Dang
Taegu, Korea
Rev. P. Cairone S. J.
Cheru Kunnu
Malabar, India

Cancelled stamps are requested by many groups. I belong to a club whose members take theirs to one meeting a year for disposal. The commemoratives are most valuable (we use these on self-addressed mail or that to people who will save them for us) but *all* are welcomed. A quarter of an inch of the envelope is to be left around them. Here are a few addresses for mailing:

Stamp Dept.
St. Columban Seminary
Milton, Mass.
Dr. A. W. Acton
627 Sierra Bonita Ave.
Los Angeles 36, Calif.
Jordan Stamp Mart
Salvatorian Fathers
St. Nazianz, Wisc.

Discarded eye glasses with or without lenses can be made a blessing for others, also. This is the organization wanting them:

Eyes for the Needy
Short Hill, New Jersey

Our church bulletin carried an item asking everyone to set aside a box for gadgets, bric-a-brac and all such small articles no longer wanted in the home. They are for the white elephant booth—voted most popular at all carnivals.

Does this seem the height of bother and tiresome activities? It will seem so at times. But mainly there is the warm, pleasant feeling of having had at least a small part in helping others. I'm sure each of us can remember receiving kindnesses for which we were humbly grateful. What better gratitude than to help others accordingly, or as we can?

Go not abroad for happiness, for see
It is a flower blooming at thy door!
Bring love and justice home,
And then no more thou'lt wonder in
What dwelling joy may be!
Dream not of noble service elsewhere
wrought;

The simple duty that awaits thy
hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine
command.

Life's common deeds build all that
Saints have wrought.

FOR BUSY PEOPLE

STOP rushing so fast, worrying so much, doing so many things, going so many places. LOOK at Jesus Christ: in the church, in the New Testament, in the lives of others, in your own heart, in the Holy Communion. LISTEN for God to speak: in church services, in your meditations, in your inner soul, in the opportunities life offers you. THEN, with new-found peace, you can serve HIM, others, and yourself better.

—William Paul Barnds

DOROTHY'S BACK ON DECK

Dear Friends:

This has been a momentous day for Kristin—she got her driver's license. Tonight after supper we told her she could take the car and drive over to see her girl friend for a little while. Evelyn only lives three miles from us, but I think the first time young folks take the car alone it is especially hard on the parents. I decided that instead of looking out the window it would be a wonderful time to write my letter to you.

Life at our house has been such a merry whirl since I returned home from my travels with the folks, that already the trip seems almost like a wonderful dream. Last month Mother told you about part of our experiences so I will fill in a few of the things that we did which she didn't have room to mention.

While we were visiting Frederick and Betty in Springfield, it rained the entire time. Betty and I listened anxiously to the weather forecasts for Saturday because the children would be out of school and the four of us wanted to drive to Ashaway, Rhode Island (Betty's home town) for the day, and then go on to their summer cottage. It was raining when we got up, but the weather man promised that it would clear off by noon so we started out. Well, it poured all day long but we had a wonderful time anyway.

In 1935 Frederick and I took a six-weeks trip through the East with my father's two sisters, Erna and Anna Driftmier, and until this recent trip with the folks I hadn't been back to this part of the country since that time. Needless to say, I found there had been tremendous changes in the span of twenty-four years that have passed since then, especially in the driving conditions and the highways. The little narrow winding highways through the hills of Connecticut and Rhode Island that Betty and I drove through on our road to Ashaway seemed like small country roads after we had driven so many miles on the wonderful new super highways. But these narrow winding roads were the same ones that we drove over in 1935 and we thought they were good then!

While we were in Springfield Mother and Dad and I took another side trip to northern Massachusetts to see some very good friends of the folks. We drove to Shelburne Falls and visited with Ethel Wells and Mr. and Mrs. Gene Benjamin. They took us to supper in a wonderful old Inn where their food specialty was waffles. No matter what dinner you ordered, whether it was steak or eggs, you were served waffles with pure maple syrup on the side and they were delicious.

On this trip we drove through Old Deerfield, Mass., where my Grandfather Field lived as a boy. We saw Old Deerfield Academy where Grandfather went to school, and the same Congregational Church he once attended. Dad and I got out and walked in the rain through the old cemetery



Dorothy snapped this picture of mother and her niece, Mary Fischer Chapin just before they drove to meet Gretchen—details in Dorothy's letter.

where my ancestors were buried and read the old slate tombstones. You could still read the names and dates on most of them and they were carved in the late 1700's and early 1800's.

We spent three wonderful days in New Jersey and got to see all of our relatives who live in that state. Aunt Martha Eaton has been with her son Dwight and family at Westfield since February, so we made our headquarters near there in order to spend as much time as possible with her. I hadn't seen my cousin Dwight for about twenty-five years and had never met his wife and two fine sons. The folks and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the time we spent with them.

One evening while we were in Westfield my cousin Margery Conrad Sayre, her husband and their four children came from Montclair, N. J. to spend a couple of hours with us. Their oldest daughter, Susan, is just Kristin's age and five summers ago she spent five weeks with us. She and I had lots to talk about because she wanted to get caught up on all the news from the farm.

We spent one day in Glen Gardner, N. J. with Mary Fischer Chapin and her husband Jim, also the boys, Elliott and Jared. (They call him Jed.) Jed has a brand new canoe and he took me for my first canoe ride up the stream which runs behind their house. The water was so clear I could see the fish swimming along beside us—quite a contrast from the Iowa streams I know!

While we were at Mary's her sister Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger called from Newark and said she was taking the bus in a few minutes for Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. Mary told her we were there and for her to get off the bus in a little town called Clinton and we would meet her there. Mary drove her car and we followed her through

beautiful wooded country to the little bus station at Clinton. The bus soon pulled in and Gretchen got off, loaded down with cameras. We had a very delightful half-hour get-together, and somehow it seemed such a strange place for us to meet. We were sorry our visit couldn't be longer, but Gretchen had an appointment in just a few hours in Stroudsburg, so Mary drove her there and it gave them the chance to have a longer visit together.

After leaving Westfield we drove to Washington, D. C. where we spent two delightful days visiting with Philip and Marie Field and their daughter Billie, and also a very dear friend of our family, Dessa Nelson and her mother, Flora Clabaugh. Mrs. Clabaugh will be 97 years old in November and she reads every word in the Kitchen-Klatter magazine each month. There was very little family news I could tell her that she didn't know already. In fact, I told her she knew as much about our family activities as I knew.

This was my first trip to Washington and I found that two days was not nearly long enough to see much of the city and to go to all the places one should see when visiting our National Capitol. We spent one afternoon in the magnificent National Cathedral and another afternoon in the National Art Gallery, the two places we all wanted to see the most. I was able to get only quick glimpses of all the other government buildings since I was doing all the driving, and when you are driving in traffic such as they have there, you don't dare take your eyes off the road for anything but a quick glimpse.

When we left Washington and headed north to the Pennsylvania Turnpike we went through Gettysburg and stopped long enough to spend a leisurely hour driving around the Gettysburg Battlefield. This was really one of the high points of our trip for Dad because he is a real student of Civil War History and seeing this famous battlefield was a big thrill for him.

There were two people who were awfully glad to see me come home and I know now what it is like to be "Queen for a Day." Frank and Kristin had gotten along fine while I was away. They were so glad I took the rain with me so they could get all the corn planted, and were equally glad that I brought it back with me. It just poured down the night I got home, and that was the first rain they had had since I left.

Kristin drove the tractor for them when they put up our first cutting of hay and I was home in time to take over for the second cutting. She would have been glad to go on with the work, but that was the week she spent working at the day camp for handicapped children in Lucas County. She helped with the camp last summer, and when they called her and asked her to be chairman this year and to get ten girls a day to work, she was happy to help them out.

This is a little late in the year to be doing Spring housecleaning, but it's just what Kristin and I have been

(Continued on next page)

JULIANA WRITES FROM THE TETONS

Crystal Springs Ranch
Wilson, Wyoming

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you from a log cabin high in the Teton mountains in Wyoming, and home seems so far, far away that I can hardly believe I'll be back in Iowa when Kitchen-Klatter is mailed out.

Suzie Henshaw (my best friend) and I drove out here with my folks, and we had a perfectly wonderful trip with our first night stop at Chadron, Nebraska, the second night at River-ton, Wyoming and the third night here at the ranch. I just love the West, and from Chadron on it was all very different and exciting for Suzie and me.

This ranch is about ten miles or so from Jackson, Wyoming and is owned by Ken Clatterbaugh who grew up in Shenandoah and graduated from our high school. He and his family live here the year around, and then in the summer months they have about fifty girls here from all over the country. We are divided up into cabins, and the cabin where I'm writing to you is so close to a dashing mountain stream that it sounds as if it were trying to get right into the room. We see a lot of trout in this stream.

I'd never ridden a horse except just a few times at Kristin's farm, but believe me, I consider myself a real rider now because in the first three weeks I covered 183 miles. All of the girls rode 46 miles one way to a base camp high in the mountains and spent about a week there. I saw a bear, a mother moose with her baby moose, and collected the most beautiful wild flowers you can imagine. One day we had a lot of fun going poncho sliding. We found a big draw filled with snow and used our ponchos to slide all the way to the bottom. Imagine snowball fights and sliding down a mountain slope on a day in August.

Last night everyone rode ten miles by moonlight. It was just sunset when we started and when we looked down the Gros Ventre valley we could see the Tetons with the brilliant colors behind them. They were far too beautiful for me to try and describe.

I've been attending the Church of Transfiguration in Teton National Park, a lovely little Episcopal church where many tourists stop to worship. Many times this summer when I've been alone in a big pine forest it really seemed to me that I was in a great cathedral.

The night before the first session of camp ended and most of the kids left, we had a big banquet and I simply stuffed. At each place there was a pine cone with a ribbon on it that carried the name of the girl and name of her horse. Tied to the pine cone was part of the horse's mane which had been pulled. The centerpieces were huge pine cones, wild flowers and pine

boughs. We ate by candlelight.

The next day Suzie and I, plus two other kids who are staying all summer, pitched in and helped get ready for the girls who were arriving for the second session. (Suzie and I are the only ones who spent half of each session.) We felt like old hands when the bus pulled in that night and we helped get the new kids used to the ropes. A lot of these girls who are here for the second session live in Minneapolis and Duluth, and that makes me feel they're almost from home.

Suzie and I figure it will take us a day to get all our stuff packed when it's time to go. Our bus leaves Jackson at 6:00 in the morning, so we'll have to get up around 4:00 and I'll be asleep on my feet by the time I get to Denver at 9:00 that night. I can hardly wait to see Aunt Abigail, Uncle Wayne and my cousins and I'm looking forward to being in Denver too. It will finish a perfect summer and one I'll never, never forget—every minute of it has been wonderful. Probably on a hot Iowa day in 1960 the Teton mountains will seem like a dream and I'll find it hard to believe I was ever here.

Next month it will be Kristin's turn to write. I know this letter is much longer than usual, but there seemed to be so much to tell and then I didn't even get started.

Sincerely yours,

Juliana

A LETTER TO THINK ABOUT

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

For the last ten years I've been intending to write this letter to you, and now I'm determined that August won't end without getting something off my mind.

Since 1949 I've been called upon to help teach in our Vacation Bible School and I'm glad I can do this work, but after that first year I wondered why these Bible Schools are scheduled immediately after public schools close, and each year since then I've wondered even more.

There may be some places where Bible School is held in the latter part of August, but every place I've ever heard about is like our town—school is dismissed on Friday and on the following Monday we start our Vacation Bible School. At the most, only one week elapses between public school and Bible School.

We have a good constructive program and our attendance is large, but most of the children are restless, and eager to be completely free from any kind of school. They've just finished nine months of regular routine and they come with dragging feet to start more routine. I don't think they're in nearly as receptive a frame of mind as they would be after long weeks of summer vacation.

By the latter part of August my own four children and their friends are bored and really anxious for something to do that is carefully planned. It seems to me that if Bible School

were held at this time we would have children much more actively interested and cooperative. They'd get a lot more out of the program. And it would provide a steady influence for the school room just around the corner. All teachers of primary grades will tell you that it takes quite a while in September to get children settled into an even pace and ready for concentrated work. They can't go overnight from the freedom of summer vacation to the rigid routine of school hours.

Bible School would serve as a very useful bridge between vacation and school. And it would be enjoyed twice as much by children who have had their fill of lazy days and are willing and ready to get into a steady routine.

You may ask now why we haven't tried this in the Bible School where I teach if I think it's such a good idea, and so I'll explain that I've discussed this with other members of the staff and as yet haven't gotten them to agree to such a drastic change. They say they've never heard of this being done anyplace else. I haven't either.

But I still think it is something that should have some thought brought to bear upon it because the basic idea seems sound to me. If you could find space to publish this I'd be grateful because I'm very anxious to know if the late August Bible School has been tried anywhere, and if it has been tried, how successful it was compared with the Bible School held immediately after the public schools are dismissed in May.

If any of your readers have time to write about their experience, perhaps you could publish their viewpoints later because surely I'm not the only one who has questioned the present Bible School schedule.

—Mrs. A. J. R. Minn.

DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

doing. I couldn't find time before the trip to get it done, so we are doing it now and will consider it our Fall housecleaning! Frank's Aunt Delia Johnson is one of the best paper hangers I know, and I have been so grateful for her help. We have papered Kristin's room and the dining room, both of which needed it very badly. This has been my first experience at paper hanging and I find that it is a lot of work, but oh! how nice and fresh everything looks when it's all done.

Now I can go up to the Nobles County Fair at Worthington with a light heart knowing that the worst of the housecleaning is behind me. I was really happy when the family asked me to represent them in Worthington on the 17th, 18th and 19th of August. I'm the only one who can make such trips and I love to meet Kitchen-Klatter friends, so I'm hoping there'll be other trips here and there in the future.

Until our next visit . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

MARY BETH'S PANCAKES (Graham or Wholewheat Flour)

1/2 cup all-purpose flour (sifted before measuring)
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
2 tsp. sugar or 2 tsp. molasses
1 1/2 cups graham or wholewheat flour
3 1/4 cups sour milk or buttermilk
2 Tbls. melted shortening
Sift first 5 ingredients together. (If you use molasses in place of sugar, add it to the milk.) Then add sifted ingredients to the graham or wholewheat flour. Add melted shortening to sour milk or buttermilk and then add the dry ingredients. Beat the batter only until it is blended.

Cook's two-cent's worth: "I was without buttermilk when I started this so I made my own by adding 1 1/3 Tbls. vinegar to each cupful of lukewarm milk and let it stand for a few minutes before using.

"This batter is so light that it makes a lot of cakes and it keeps well in the refrigerator for several days. (Be sure to keep bowl covered.) Donald said they were honestly the best pancakes he had ever eaten, and in the days when he traveled constantly he ate pancakes all over the country."

MARGERY'S RICH BUTTER WAFERS

Recently I was asked to furnish some cookies for a church reception for our new minister, Rev. Clarke Miller. After looking over my "tea cooky recipes" I decided to make these.

1 cup sugar
1 cup butter
1 egg
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
2 cups sifted cake flour
1/4 tsp. salt

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly. Beat in the egg and flavoring. Sift the cake flour, measure and sift again with the salt and add. Roll dough into 3/4-inch balls. (If the dough is too difficult to handle, chill for a little bit.) Press down the balls with the heel of your hand and bake on a lightly greased cooky sheet at 375 degrees until just the edges of the cookies are light brown.

Some of the cookies I decorated a bit before baking. On some I used tiny pieces of maraschino cherries, and on others I sprinkled coconut, sugar, or pecan halves. Other Kitchen-Klatter flavorings aside from the lemon would be nice in these cookies.

EGG AND CHEESE PUFFS

4 eggs
1 Tbls. chopped onion
1/3 cup sifted flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/3 lb. sharp cheese, cut in small cubes

Beat eggs and combine with other ingredients. Drop from a spoon into a skillet with hot fat and brown slowly over low heat, about two minutes on each side. Dorothy says: "Now that eggs are so cheap I've been making these for noon and also for supper and we think they are really good."

LEMON ICE CREAM DESSERT

6 eggs
1/2 cup sugar
1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring
1 pint heavy whipping cream

Beat the egg yolks and sugar. Add the frozen lemonade. Mix well and cook over low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Add lemon flavoring and cool. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Fold in the cream which has been whipped and combine with the cooked egg mixture, folding lightly. This recipe will fill two or three single refrigerator trays. Freeze solid, but let stand out at room temperature for a few minutes before trying to cut to serve.

This is also very good in other ways. Crush vanilla wafers and line a buttered 9 x 13-inch cake dish. Pour the lemon mixture in and top with remaining crumbs, then freeze. I have also used this recipe in a filling for baked pie shells and frozen it for a delicious ice cream pie. You will find it is very simple and refreshing as a dessert after a company meal or when friends drop in unexpectedly.

PORK CHOPS NORMANDY

6 big pork chops
2 oranges
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper
1 1/2 cups pineapple juice
2 Tbls. flour

Dip the chops in flour and brown in fat. Put into casserole and cover with slices of fresh orange.

Mix together the salt, pepper, flour and pineapple juice. Heat until it begins to thicken and becomes smooth. Pour over chops. Bake, covered for 1 to 1 1/2 hours in a 300 degree oven. This went to a Strom family dinner and everyone who tasted it thought it was delicious.

SUGAR COOKIES SUPREME

1 cup butter or margarine
1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 tsp. soda (scant)
1 tsp. cream of tartar
1/4 tsp. salt
2 1/2 cups sifted flour

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, flavorings and beat well. Then add all dry ingredients. (Note that there is no liquid.) Mix well. Let stand at room temperature for at least an hour. Roll out on pastry cloth and cut into desired shapes and sizes. (A 2-inch round cutter will make about 72 cookies.) Sprinkle sugar over cookies and bake in moderate oven until very lightly browned.

These are rich and have a tendency to crumble, but oh! what a wonderful flavor.

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Almond	Cherry
Orange	Banana
Vanilla (both 3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)	

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

CHERRY DESSERT

- 20 squares honey graham crackers,
rolled into fine crumbs
1/2 stick butter
1/4 cup sugar

Mix well and pack into an 8x12-inch pan. Bake for 8 minutes at 375 degrees. Cool completely. (It can even be baked the night before in order to have this much of the recipe prepared in advance.)

- 1 8-ounce pkg. cream cheese
1/2 cup powdered sugar
2 cans prepared Cherry Pie filling
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry
flavoring

Beat cheese and sugar with electric mixer until very fluffy. Beat 1/2 pint whipping cream and fold into cheese mixture. Smooth over the crust. Lastly open 2 cans Cherry Pie filling. Remove part of the thickened juice as the entire amount is a little too much. Add 1/4 tsp. K-K. cherry flavoring. Spread this cherry filling over the cheese-cream layer and chill in refrigerator until ready to serve. It should stand at least several hours.

This was the dessert served at one of our church circle meetings in late spring and *everyone* copied the recipe, so if you serve it to guests be prepared to make copies for they will surely want it.

CELERY DRESSING

- 1 cup white vinegar
1 cup white sugar
1 cup salad oil
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. celery seed
1/2 cup grated onion

Boil vinegar and sugar together for one minute and cool. After vinegar and sugar are cool, pour into a quart jar, add rest of ingredients and shake well. This will keep almost indefinitely in the refrigerator and is wonderful for those summer tossed salads.

FAR EAST OMLETTE

- 1 can luncheon meat
3 Tbls shortening
3/4 cup chopped celery
1 can bean sprouts, drained
2 Tbls. chopped parsley
6 eggs

Cut luncheon meat into 1/2 inch cubes and brown in the shortening. Remove this browned meat and save the drippings. Add celery, bean sprouts and parsley to the meat. Add eggs and blend well. Spoon mixture into hot drippings in frying pan, using about 3 Tbls. for each patty. Cook until lightly brown on both sides and serve with soy sauce if desired. This makes 12 patties.

SOUR CREAM BISCUITS
(So easy!)

Whip 1 1/4 cups sour cream. Sift 2 cups flour, less 2 Tbls., with 1 tsp. soda and 1/2 tsp. salt. Mix quickly and put right into the oven. Bake at 450 degrees until lightly browned. Nothing could be easier, now, could it? And OH! how delicious!

BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM PIE

1 baked 9-inch pie shell or 2 smaller baked shells. Combine 8 Tbls. flour with 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed. Heat 2 1/4 cups whole milk. Take out some and add to 2 beaten eggs. Then return egg-milk mixture, plus the rest of the milk, to the top of the double boiler along with flour-sugar mixture and 4 Tbls. butter. Also add 1/2 tsp. salt.

Cook over hot water, stirring frequently. Mixture will get very thick and can be allowed to cook quite some time so that flour will not taste. Remove from stove and add 1 tsp. K-K vanilla flavoring and 2 Tbls. K-K burnt sugar flavoring. Mix thoroughly. When completely cool, turn into pie shells. Whip 1 cup of heavy cream to which you have added 3 Tbls. powdered sugar and 1 Tbls. K-K burnt sugar flavoring. Spread over pie and refrigerate until ready to serve.

ZESTY SAUCE FOR BOILED SHRIMP

- 1 cup catsup
1 Tbls. horseradish
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
A dash of Tabasco sauce
2 Tbls. pickle relish

Combine above ingredients and serve in a small bowl that can be passed with the shrimp. In many good restaurants you'll get shrimp cocktail with this sauce poured over the seafood, but it's safer to give people a choice in case they don't like nippy sauces.

DOROTHY'S SALMON PIE

- 2 1/4 cups flour
3 tsp. baking powder
2 eggs
1/2 cup milk
Mix and roll out half of the dough and line pie pan.

- 1 pound can salmon, drained
1 or 2 Tbls. grated onion
2 Tbls. liquid from salmon

Flake the salmon and mix with grated onion and salmon liquid. Pour into pie shell and cover with layer of grated or sliced cheese. Top with layer of crust. Bake for 20 to 30 minutes at 375 degrees. Cut in pie wedges to serve.

A hearty main dish that is a welcome change after putting on a can of salmon "as is" or using it in a cream sauce.

RUTH'S ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

Place 1 quart cooked asparagus in casserole. Make a medium white sauce, about 2 cups. Season to taste. Stir into sauce:

- 1/4 lb. American cheese, cubed
2 chopped hard-cooked eggs

Stir and pour over asparagus. Sprinkle top with layer of crumbs and dot with butter. Sprinkle paprika over top. Bake until bubbly and light brown on top in a 350 degree oven about 20 to 25 minutes.

ARLEIGH'S FAVORITE PICKLES

We don't have room for a vegetable garden on our city lot, but every year there are countless roadside stands around Minneapolis where we can get good buys in cucumbers, peppers, etc. I can't find time to put up nearly as much as I'd like to have on hand for the winter months and I have a drawer full of recipes I'd like to try, but these two things I never miss canning.

Seven-Day Sweet Pickles

- 7 lbs. medium-sized cucumbers
1 qt. vinegar
8 cups sugar
2 Tbls. salt
2 Tbls. mixed pickle spices

Wash cucumbers, cover with boiling water and let stand 24 hours. Drain. Repeat this for 4 days, using fresh water each time. On 5th day, cut cucumbers into 1/4 inch rings and pour over them boiling liquid made by combining vinegar, sugar, salt and spices. Let stand 24 hours, and then drain syrup and bring to a boil again. Pour over cucumbers and repeat on the sixth day. On the last day, drain off syrup, bring again to a boil, add cucumber slices and bring all to the boiling point. Pack into hot jars and seal. I've never had a failure with these extra delicious and crisp pickles.

Summer's End Pickle

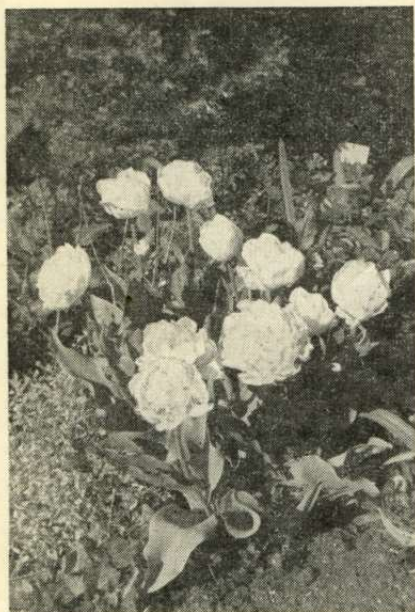
- 2 cups sliced cucumbers
2 cups chopped red or green peppers
2 cups chopped cabbage
2 cups chopped green tomatoes
2 cups green string beans
2 cups diced carrots
2 cups chopped celery
1 cup diced onion
2 Tbls. celery seed
4 Tbls. mustard seed
4 cups vinegar
4 cups sugar
2 Tbls. tumeric

Chop cabbage, tomatoes and peppers and slice cucumbers. Soak overnight in salt water, using 1/2 cup salt to 2 qts. water. In the morning, cut string beans and chop carrots and celery. Cook until barely tender. Drain vegetables which soaked overnight and combine with cooked vegetables, plus diced onion. Combine vinegar, sugar and spices and bring to a boil. Add all vegetables and simmer for exactly 10 minutes. Pack into jars and seal.

Perfect Peach Conserve

- 1 qt. prepared peaches
1 small can crushed pineapple
Juice of 1 orange
Juice of 1 lemon
3 drops Kitchen-Klatter orange
flavoring
3 drops Kitchen-Klatter lemon
flavoring

Combine all the ingredients. Measure. Stir in an equal amount of sugar. Simmer in a heavy pan until thick and clear. Pour into hot sterile glasses and top with paraffin.



This clump of tulips in the Verness garden shows clearly enough why they are called "Peony-Flowered" tulips.

RUSSELL'S GARDEN NOTES

Now that our remodeling project has reached the point where we can see the time when it will be completed, I thought you might be interested in my plans for the shrubs and flowers that will be used around the new sections of the house, as well as the garden space that I will gain in what used to be "the alley".

When I planned the garden ten years ago, it was arranged with our remodeled house in mind. (It took us ten years to manage the remodeling!) The formal part of the garden is centered with the living room so that the big new windows line up with the plantings.

For years we could only glimpse our garden from the house by pulling aside the curtains that hung at the one window in the south end of the living room—a very tall, narrow window. There were only two other windows on the garden side of our house: a small window above the bathtub and a narrow window in the kitchen. To reach this kitchen window we had to crowd between the stove and a chest of drawers.

Now our garden is spread out directly beneath that expanse of windows and can be enjoyed at all seasons. Lucile says that in the very few days she has been in her new room with its big low windows she has enjoyed the garden more than in all the ten years that I have been gardening. Now we can actually see it from the house.

The high fence across the back of the garden will be extended to the end of our property line and a new gate will be put in. A good cement walk will be laid to connect with the old garden walks, so next year it should be ready for you to come and enjoy with us.

(Continued on page 22)

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YOUR MONTHLY VISIT WITH MARGERY

Dear Friends:

For several weeks Martin and I have been alone as Oliver is at the University of Iowa attending a summer short course in psychology in counselling. His term is almost ended, though, and very soon we will be getting packed for our vacation in Minnesota and Canada. Martin has been making lists of things he wants in his suitcase and I've been pouring over maps and literature trying to decide how we can see the most in a short time.

But back to Oliver — he was home for a weekend recently and could give me an account of his school work. He has found it interesting to attend classes after so many years since his graduation from Iowa State College at Ames. This work in psychology is being held at the Continuation Center, and since sleeping quarters are in the same building there is no time wasted going to and from buildings. The students eat their meals downtown, however, so he has our family car.

Being without our car hasn't been a great inconvenience for me because Mother and Dad live so close that I can use their car for errands. It is surprising how many times a day I can think of an errand to run when I don't have our own car at hand! As a result I've decided that it is best to make out lists so that I'm sure to get everything done in one trip. Possibly this is the start of a very good habit I should have established long ago! Martin is finding that he does have two good legs after all and that his bike can take him just as well as the family car.

Speaking of Martin, his band classes are dismissed for the remainder of the summer and the course was concluded with a concert at Municipal Park. We were sorry that Oliver couldn't be here but Mother, Dad and I went. The concert was divided into two groups. The first band was composed of beginners, children who had had their instruments for only five and a half weeks and we were truly amazed at their nice performance. They played simple little numbers such as "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" and the "Marine Hymn". Two years ago Martin was a member of this band.

But this year he is a member of the intermediate group and playing such advanced selections as "Men of Harlick", "A Mighty Fortress is our God", "Glow Worm", "Circus March Melody", "Colonial Heritage" and others. I'm certain it was as much of a thrill to the children as it was to the fond parents and friends, for the older group could see for themselves what strides had been made since they too had played in the beginner's band. It was equally thrilling to the little ones for they could envision themselves in another year playing "Men of Harlick"! Yes, it was a big evening for all of us.

At this point we are waiting for the carpenter. In fact, I thought he might show up today. We must get



Martin and his parakeet. Even those of us who've seen Martin every day this summer think he's "grown up" overnight.

some work done on the upstairs bath and Martin's bedroom before we can proceed with papering and painting. If you think it seems like a long time since I mentioned doing this work you can know how it has dragged for me! All of it put together will make a small job and with so much major work being done around town it isn't the easiest thing in the world to find help for the small jobs. We are still looking at the wallpaper books, however, so there is no big rush about this initial work.

We also haven't decided what to do about the floor in Martin's room. We find it would cost about the same whether we carpet it with an inexpensive carpet or have the floors refinished. With a boy twelve years old it is difficult to know what *would* be the most practical solution. Common sense tells me that a bare floor would be easier to keep clean but a lot depends upon the condition of the floor when the linoleum is taken up. Old houses present quite a number of problems and many times your mind is changed for you.

One thing I *do* know and that is there has been a lot of throwing out I haven't been able to do before. That comes with boys turning twelve, I guess, for Martin's tastes are changing fast. Where his room used to be cluttered with anything and everything, he is leaning more towards books, phonograph and records and a radio. Walls are being filled with pictures of current "heroes" and the like, but beginning to have some balance in their placement. From this age on there should be more order and less clutter. I hope this is not just a fanciful dream on my part!

While Oliver is reading books on psychology at Iowa City, Martin and I are reading history at home. I have read some wonderful books on English history — early history, beginning with the Norman conquest. I have now gotten through the reign of Elizabeth the Great and am looking for an exceptionally good book on the next period. Incidentally, I think one of the finest books I have read this summer is Thomas Costain's book, "The Three Edwards".

Martin belongs to the Landmark Book-of-the-Month-Club and his books have been about early American history. His membership was a gift from Oliver and me. After he has read his Landmark book he is permitted to purchase a book of lighter reading and

most of these have been Hardy Boys books, so his library is growing.

We also make a trip to our Shendoah public library every week or two for we believe that checking out library books is as important as owning books and hope that you too share this feeling. Martin usually knows in advance which book he will check out next so he is almost always ready to leave before we are.

We are constantly hearing people complain about the cost of food these days and when you watch the sacks of groceries going out of the stores (as I did yesterday on a big shopping expedition) it is no wonder! I know in talking the problem over with friends I find that more and more people are shopping for time-savers in the food line and not for economy. Of course, for the working women it is often an economy to shop for time-saving items—food quickly and easily prepared, but in many instances it is just a habit they are falling into which will be a hard one to get out of.

Food is purchased for one end result: nourishing and attractive meals three times a day. How economical they are going to be is entirely up to you. It is important for you to know what foods will give you the best food value for your money. Cost differences on most items depend upon the seasons. Sometimes it is more economical to buy fresh foods instead of canned or frozen, or visa versa. It is a simple matter to check the prices and weights if you can't always remember.

Many times I have been "stung" on a so-called bargain in canned foods where, for instance, a can of peaches sold for a few cents less but actually had two servings less of peaches! Check the labels on the cans. I know my family is just as happy with "pieces" as with halves and certainly the difference in price can mount up in no time.

Well, here I got off onto food when I really aimed to tell you more about our plans for our vacation.

Oliver's sister Laura, who lives in Chicago, is going with us and we will meet her at his sister Emma's home in Minneapolis. We haven't visited Emma and Elder for several years so we are looking forward to our visit very much. They are hoping that we can attend the Pop Concert in St. Paul when the St. Paul Skating Club joins the symphony orchestra for a performance. I understand that they put on several of these in the summer time. We intend to drive to Duluth and then along the North Shore of Lake Superior to Port Arthur. From there we plan to drive northwest to Kenora, then down to International Falls and back to Minneapolis. I believe Laura intends to visit in Minneapolis for a few days before returning to Chicago but Oliver, Martin and I will have to hurry on home before school starts.

Next month I'll tell you about the trip.

Sincerely,

Margery

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

The first thing this man in the kitchen wants to do is to apologize for a mistake in the July issue. I don't know how it happened, but in my suggestions for making a delicious dessert out of sponge cake I typed "add two teaspoons of baking soda." It should have been two teaspoons of baking powder.

I'm sure Mother or Lucile would have caught this if I hadn't said in my article: "Don't question this; just do it and you will see for yourself."

(Lucile's note: I felt uneasy about that two teaspoons of baking soda, but Frederick always speaks and writes with such a powerful ring of authority that when he said not to question it, just do it, I decided he must be right! Mother felt the same way!)

I'm sorry you had such a disappointment with that dessert. Please make it again using two teaspoons of baking powder, let it stand in the orange juice mixture until it absorbs this mixture, and you'll have the favorite dessert of our Missionary Sewing Circle.

And now to get down to the current recipe that I've made many, many times since the night long ago when Betty and I sat out on the beach over on the windward side of Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands and ate these superlative barbecued spare-ribs.

Never was a night more beautiful, and never was the flavor and aroma of barbecued ribs more delicious. There was something about the flavor of those ribs that was delightfully unlike any barbecued ribs I had ever eaten, and it didn't take me long to pump my host for full details. What I learned that night was the secret of making barbecue sauce in an oriental-Polynesian-American way. If you don't like barbecue sauce, there is only one explanation for it — you have never tried this sauce.

If you want to serve six people, buy 3 lbs. of ribs already cut for serving. Place them in a big baking pan and bake for 25 minutes at 350 degrees. While they are baking, mix together the following ingredients:

- 1/2 cup warm water
- 1 cup of ketchup or chili sauce
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 4 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. corn syrup
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika

Onion salt to taste. (Many omit this, but I like a little.)

When the ribs have cooked 25 minutes, pour one-half of this sauce over them and allow to bake for 15 more minutes. Then add the rest of the sauce and bake for another 10 or 15 minutes. If your husband likes to cook, get him to try this recipe for you.



Alison and her parakeet. This is a singularly beautiful bird—white with brilliant blue markings. It replaced the one she saved so long to buy, only to have it die almost immediately. Both Martin and Alison are spared the problem of a cat in the same house with their parakeets.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Extra Elegant Green Beans

Mother and Margery were invited to a luncheon recently where these green beans were served, and they reported immediately that they had never eaten anything in the line of a vegetable dish to surpass it and certainly felt we should run down the recipe without delay to use for our September *Recipe of the Month*.

Margery says: "We've eaten all kinds of fancy vegetable dishes but these green beans stand in a class by themselves. If you want to take something to an affair and stir up a lot of interest, just fix these Extra Elegant Green Beans. Believe me, it's a wonderful dish."

There are three steps involved and quite a few ingredients, so we'll put it together in stages.

- 1/4 lb. butter
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1 4-oz. can drained mushrooms (save liquid)
- 1 5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced. (Don't save liquid. See note at end of recipe.)

Melt butter and add to it the chopped onion, mushrooms and water chestnuts. Stir and cook very lightly.

- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 tsp. soy sauce
- 1/8 tsp. tabasco sauce
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup mushroom liquid
- 1 cup grated cheese

Melt butter, blend in flour, and then add soy sauce, tabasco sauce, salt, milk and mushroom liquid. Stir until very smooth and then add the cheese and continue to cook and stir until thick.

- 2 #2 cans green beans
- 1 can French fried onions

Drain the beans and mix with thick sauce. Butter a large casserole or cake pan and put in a layer of beans, then a layer of the first lightly browned ingredients (onion, mushrooms, etc.)

and then another layer of beans. The size of the casserole or pan you use will determine how many layers you have, but the last layer should be of beans.

Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 45 minutes. Then take out and crumble over the top a can of French fried onions. Return to oven for about 10 minutes. Serve piping hot.

(Note: There was a time when water chestnuts could be found only in specialty shops in big cities. Now they are available in any store of any size. It is just about the only vegetable that stays snappy crisp no matter how long it is baked or cooked, and in Chinese cooking you'll run into it constantly.)

"In case you are interested in using this recipe for a luncheon you might like to know that also on the plate we were served there was roast turkey, a delicious gelatine salad in a lettuce cup and tiny rolls. Our dessert was the wonderful Boysenberry Dessert that appeared in our July, 1958 issue of Kitchen-Klatter as the Recipe of the Month."

—Margery

A FEW WORDS FROM LUCILE

Well, Frederick isn't the only one who typed the wrong words last month. I don't know what in the world got into me, but it wasn't until the August issue came off the press that I realized I had typed the word *Charlottesville* instead of *Charlotte*. Harry Golden lives in Charlotte, N. Carolina and I don't know what possessed me to make such a mistake.

In this issue I couldn't talk about both our house plan and our quick trip West. I have complete notes on the Western trip and if enough people are interested I might tell you about it later. I get to the point where I just don't know WHAT you folks want in these pages.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

While chrysanthemums are beautiful flowers which are often used to decorate homes during the season, the word "Chrysanthemum" is the key to a surprising number of things. Answers to the following will be found in the name of this pretty flower.

1. A musical part of a church service.
2. A domestic animal.
3. To hurry.
4. An article of dress.
5. An organ of the human body.
6. An insect.
7. City of Greece.
8. What all healthy people do.
9. A term in dressmaking.
10. Used in sandwiches.
11. A fable.
12. Necessary to kindle a fire.
13. Close friends.
14. An autumn flower.
15. An odor.
16. A map.

Answers

1. Anthem. 2. Cat. 3. Hasten. 4. Hat. 5. Heart. 6. Ant. 7. Athens. 8. Eat. 9. Hem. 10. Ham. 11. Myth. 12. Match. 13. Chums. 14. Aster. 15. Scent. 16. Chart.

"MAKE A WISH UPON A STAR—"

By

Mildred Grenier

Outdoor parties are certainly much easier to manage for children than in-the-house parties (if you don't believe this, check with any mother whose youngster was born in the winter months!), but under all circumstances, a party just a little out of the ordinary will be long remembered by youngsters who had expected to play the same "old games" and then sit down to ice cream and cake.

Invitations to this party can be cut in the shape of cardboard stars covered with silver foil, and the following verse should be printed inside:

"I made a wish upon a star,
And if you'll come at two—
To my house next Saturday
You'll make my wish come true!"

The perfect cake to serve at this party is the "Wishing Well" cake. You may choose either an angel food or sponge type cake and spoon out the "well" in the middle of the cake—leaving at least an inch of the cake around the edge. (Save these small pieces of cake as you will use them in the filling.)

The filling is made by preparing a box of strawberry gelatin in the usual fashion, letting it set until slightly thickened and then whipping it. Fold in one box of frozen strawberries or about a pint of fresh ones and one cup of whipped cream. Lastly, fold in the small pieces of cake, cubed. Pile this filling in the well of the cake and allow it to chill thoroughly. Then frost over the entire thing with a white 7-Minute icing.

To make the top of the wishing well, use four red and white peppermint sticks of candy stuck in rectangular fashion around the cake well. Make the roof of the well by sticking two graham crackers together with toothpicks and frosting them red. This roof fits over the top of the peppermint poles. A small marshmallow "bucket" is suspended from inside the roof.

If you prefer, you may make the well roof from red construction paper instead of the graham crackers. Additional decorations can be made by pressing star cookie cutters very lightly in the frosting all around the cake and, using these as patterns, outline the stars with your cake decorator. If you are very adept with the decorator, write in each star a birthday wish for the child such as "Health," "Happiness," "Joy," etc. Use small star candle holders for the candles on the cake.

This cake should be chilled until it is time to serve. A piece of it plus a cold drink is usually sufficient for refreshments, but if you wish you could serve sandwiches with a soft filling. These can be cut in the shape of stars with your cookie cutter.

Silver stars cut from aluminum foil and suspended from the chandelier, as well as pinned to the drapes will add a festive touch to the dining room.

Here are some games in keeping with the occasion that the little guests will enjoy.

My "Unlucky" Star: The guests form a circle and a star cut from cardboard is given to one person in the group. It is passed from one player to the next as long as music is played but when the music stops, the player who holds the "unlucky" star must drop out of the game. No player may refuse to take the star but he should hasten to pass it on as soon as possible. The player who stays in the game the longest, should be awarded a prize.

Wishing Well Game: The hostess must have several small prizes on display for this game, a supply of pennies and a covered keg or some other container fixed to resemble the Wishing Well. Children take turns making their wish for the prize that they desire; then they toss a certain number of pennies at the well. If they are successful in tossing a penny into the well, their wish comes true and they may keep the prize for which they wished.

Stars In Your Eyes: Hang a sheet straight down to the floor—sufficiently high to conceal all of the child. Cut a slit just large enough to reveal the eyes. Divide the children into teams. Have all of one team behind the sheet, but only one pair of eyes showing at one time. The other team must identify the correct child by the eyes. The team guessing the largest correct number of eyes, wins the game.

Shooting Stars: This is simply a dart game with silver stars glued to the darts to be thrown at a big foil star tacked to the wall.

Star Light, Star Bright: Children will enjoy this variation of "Hide the Thimble." One youngster is to leave the room, and in his absence the other guests decide where to hide a small foil covered star. When he returns he must find it, being guided by the familiar old instructions that he is "hot," "getting hotter," or "cold," etc.

Catch A Fallen Star: A large paper bag is suspended from the chandelier and filled with the silver-wrapped candies or sticks of gum. The hostess breaks the bag and the children scramble for the candies, keeping all they gather.

As a fitting climax to this party, turn the children loose to look for a number of hidden pennies—these should be shiny and wrapped in silver foil. However, remember that feelings can be easily hurt and the youngster who must leave empty-handed will be a long time forgetting his disappointment. Avoid this unhappiness by providing an extra supply to which the child who hasn't had much luck can skillfully be steered.

MY LIFE

My life shall touch a dozen lives
before this day is done —
Leave countless marks for good or
ill ere sets the evening's sun.
From out each point of contact my
life with others lives,
Flows ever that which helps the one
who for the summit strives.

Does love through every handclasp
flow in sympathy's caress?
Do those that I have greeted know
a newborn hopefulness?
Are tolerance and charity the keynote
of my song
As I go plodding onward with
earth's eager anxious throng?

My life must touch a million lives in
some way ere I go
From this dear world of struggle
to the land I do not know.
So, this the wish I always wish, the
prayer I ever pray:
Let my life help the other lives
it touches by the way.

—Strickland Gillilan

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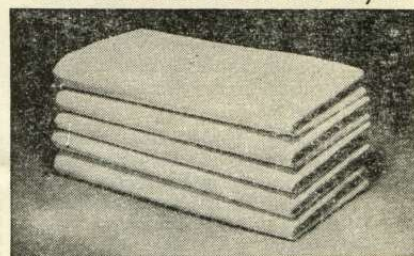
SENSATIONAL CLOSEOUT SALE! SAVE UP TO 75%

Selling Out Everything!

Never, in all the years we've been in business have we featured bigger bargains, but frankly, WE'RE STUCK! We have TOO much merchandise in our Warehouse. We NEED more room! We also need MORE money for incoming merchandise! So we're slashing prices to the bone on EVERYTHING! Nothing is spared. You can make tremendous savings up to 75% or more—on factory-fresh, brand-new merchandise. Sale at these low prices ends when we're sold out, so don't delay. Our supplies are limited. Order NOW and save BIG money while these sensational low prices are still in effect. Look ahead and SAVE. You take no chances. We GUARANTEE to please you, as we have more than a million other satisfied customers. Your money cheerfully refunded unless you're more than pleased.

50 LARGE NEW TOWELS 2¢ ea.

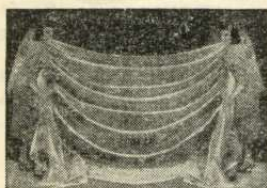
NEW Unwoven Cotton and Rayon



Unretouched Photo; Our 50 Towels for \$1.00 Offer

Astonishing but EVERY WORD GUARANTEED TRUE! World's greatest towel offer, bar none—50, yes 50, marvelous, large, brand new (not seconds) in beautiful colors and white . . . only \$1.00 (plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdg.) or \$1.25 in all! We sell at staggering low price because we buy huge quantities direct from Mills—more than 29,400,000 Towels since 1953! If you're not thrilled and delighted, return Towels—keep 10 Free for your trouble—and we'll cheerfully refund purchase price. Order NOW before offer is cancelled. No C.O.D.'s.

GIANT PLASTIC SHEET

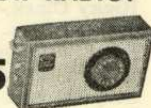


49¢ EACH

9'x12' (108 Sq. Ft.) Others charge \$1.00 or more for huge 9x12 ft. (108 sq. ft.) tough, durable, transparent plastic cloth but our special low price is only 49¢ each! First quality, notseconds or throw-outs! Protects rugs, furniture and floors when painting. Perfect cover for cars, boats, buggy, appliances, bicycles, lawn furniture, etc. Make into aprons, tablecloths, lamp shades, appliance covers, etc. Waterproof, greaseproof, dirtproof—clean with damp cloth. Each cover is full one piece. No seams. Your price for our 9x12 ft. plastic cloths is only 49¢ each or 98¢ for 2—this is the minimum number we can sell—plus 27¢ for pstg. and pkg. or \$1.25 in all for 2 tremendous 9x12 ft. plastic cloths or 216 sq. ft.

Genuine TRANSISTOR RADIO!

Incredible but true! A real Transistor Radio for only \$4.95! Has no tubes! Operates on two tiny batteries with unbelievable power. Lightweight and compact . . . no larger than pack of cigarettes. You'll marvel at its rich tone, wide reception. For individual listening at its best, order your set NOW! Complete with Hi-Fi Earphone and two batteries. Nothing more to buy. Only \$4.95 each plus 30¢ for pstg. or \$5.25 in all!

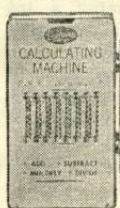


VIBRATOR PILLOW GIVEN AWAY!

Others charge \$10.00, even \$15.00 for similar quality Vibrating Pillows but, because we buy merchandise in carload lots, we literally "Give" ours away! Only \$3.95 plus 55¢ for pkg. and hdg. or \$4.50 in all! Big-size—10½" x 10½" x 3". Helps relieve fatigue, aches, pains, tension. Guaranteed just as effective as machines in salons where you pay \$5.00 per treatment. Order now! Only \$4.50.



World's Finest, Smallest ADDING MACHINE—Adds Up to 1 Billion



High quality steel ONLY mechanism, not tin or plastic like others. **\$1.49**

Adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides—up to 1,000,000,000—ONE BILLION! Never makes a mistake. Save money, avoid errors, wherever, whenever you shop. Works with lightning speed with same precision as machines costing hundreds of dollars! Millions of adding machines sold at much higher prices but we GUARANTEE ours is finest and lowest-costing in world—or your money back! Only \$1.49 plus 46¢ for postage and handling or \$1.95 in all! FREE, marvelous fitted Vinyl carrying case with order.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC COFFEE MAKER

15-CUP CAPACITY

\$8.95



New, first quality, latest model—in factory-sealed carton. Brews up to 15 cups of perfect coffee automatically. Plug in, set strength preferred—mild, medium or strong—and forget it. Stops automatically when done. Stays piping hot for hours—ready to serve anytime. Life-time body of high polish aluminum finish—like others costing 3 times more! Dripless spout . . . stays clean. Heavy-duty Thermostat. Heat resistant handle. Two heating elements complete with cord set. Greatest coffee maker made in U.S. \$19.49 value only \$8.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling or \$9.95 in all.

200-6 FT. LONG BALLOONS

Twist into thousands of shapes such as Dinosaurs, dogs, elephants, cats, zebras, tigers, lions, etc. Others charge 25¢ each for smaller balloons but we buy in huge quantities so our price is only 20¢ for 89¢ plus 11¢ for postage and handling or \$1.00 in all.

100 SPOOLS SEWING THREAD 88¢

SENSATIONAL! World's greatest thread value—bar none! 100 spools of wonderful mercerized thread. In every color imaginable—16 shades of blue alone! Now you can match ANY color under the sun! Perfect for mending, darning, sewing, patching. 100 spools for 88¢ plus 12¢ for postage and handling or \$1.00 in all!

Retractable BALL POINT PENS

Guaranteed to write as well as \$1.00 pens. Push button, pen writes. Push again, pen retracts. Only 8¢ each, in lots of 10, or 80¢. (Please include 20¢ for pstg.) Your choice of black, red, blue, green and gold ink. REFILLS—your choice of colors—22 for \$1.00. **8¢ ea.**

LARGE FAMILY-SIZE 10-WAY ELECTRIC COOKER

World's most amazing and lowest price, unconditionally guaranteed appliance that automatically Roasts, Fries, Stews, Cooks, Warms, Casseroles, Blanches, Steams, etc. Just set dial—that's ALL.



Powerful Thermostat takes care of everything! Big 6-qt. size. Comparable to those advertised at \$39.95—our price \$6.75 plus \$1.00 postage or \$7.75 in all! FREE FIREKING overglass cover. Also FREE—big cook book.

20 FAMOUS BRAND 88¢ ZIPPERS

Nationally advertised. Includes Talon, Walde, Conmar, Segal-lock, etc. We send 20 Zippers carefully selected, guaranteed to please in these sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14. All for 88¢ plus 12¢ pstg. & hdg. or \$1.00 in all.

50 Yds. NEW LACE 88¢

In enchanting patterns and designs. Vals, edges, insertions, etc. in beautiful colors and full widths. For women's, girls' and babies' dresses, pillow slips, decorative edgings on many articles, etc. Pieces up to 10 yds. in length. NO small pieces, 50 yds. only 88¢ plus 12¢ or \$1.00 in all! FREE with order—100 Assorted Buttons.

FREE!

We'll give an extra free gift worth \$1.00 with each order for \$3.00 or more! MINIMUM ORDER accepted \$1.00. PLEASE include 25¢ for packing & hdg. for EACH order regardless of size.



500 PRINTED LABELS 50¢

FREE BOX

Printed with any name and address. Plastic jewel-type box FREE with each set ordered! Special: 3 sets \$1.00. Same or different name on each set.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE COUPON

L & M Co., Dept. KK-12, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send my order FAST! You guarantee to please or I get my money back when I return merchandise. I enclose \$

Send my order C.O.D. I enclose 25% or \$ I will pay postman balance of cost plus postage fee when my package arrives.

QUANTITY	ARTICLE	PRICE

*Send additional order on separate sheet of paper.

Please PRINT Name

Address

Town or City

Zone

State

EXCEPTIONAL SAVINGS ON SELECTED ITEMS!

Plastic Toaster Cover. Was 50¢. Now 19¢ ea.
Plastic Mixer Cover. Was 50¢. Now 29¢ ea.
Sugar Scoops. Were 15¢. Now 5¢ ea.
Plastic Pot Scraper. Was 10¢. Now 2 for 10¢
Clothespin Apron. Was 59¢. Now 29¢ ea.
Baby Dolls. Were 25¢. Now 3 for 25¢
Jewelry Silver and Polishing Cloth. Was 79¢. Now 29¢ ea.
Plastic Tablecloth, 54 x 54-in. Was 50¢. Now 25¢ ea.
Tomato Slicer. Was 10¢. Now 2 for 10¢
French Fries Cutter. Was \$1.00. Now 49¢ ea.
Buttonhole Maker. Was \$1.00. Now 19¢ ea.
5-in. Pocket Combs. Were 10¢. Now 15 for 52¢
Miniature Bible, Protestant. Was 25¢. Now 3 for 25¢
Cutty Pie Children's Apron. Was 75¢. Now 39¢ ea.
Pretty Plastic Tea Apron. Was 29¢. Now 9¢ ea.
Pocket Protector. Was 25¢. Now 3 for 25¢
Plastic Shower Cap. Was 39¢. Now 2 for 39¢
Serrated Plastic Knives. Were 6 for 30¢. Now 6 for 18¢
Plastic Silex Cover. Was 50¢. Now 29¢ ea.
Plastic Rain Scarf. Was 49¢. Now 2 for 25¢
Pkg. 100 Gold-eye Needles. Were 25¢ pkg. Now 3 pkgs. 25¢

Thimbles. Were 3 for 10¢. Now 3 for 5¢
Imported Steak Knives. Ultra sharp. Hollow ground. Were 6 for \$2.00. Now 6 for 98¢
Hostess Apron, Assorted Patterns. Were 25¢. Now 9¢ ea.
Pastry Cloth and Rolling Pin Holder. Was \$1.00. Now 49¢
Raindiana. Was 49¢. Now 19¢
Pop-up Salt and Pepper Shakers. Was \$1.00. Now 59¢
Big Hymn Book. Was 15¢. Now 9¢
Shoe Laces. White, brown or black. 27-inch. 10¢ value. Pair 4¢. 5 pair 19¢
Safety Pins. Genuine Nickel-plated steel. Pkg. of 24. Regular price 10¢. Our price, 7¢ ea., 6 for 39¢
Bobby Pins. 35 on each card. 10¢ value. Our price 6¢
Beautiful Carded Buttons. 4 or 6 buttons on each card. 8 cards 25¢
Mother's Tablecloth, 54 x 54-in. Was \$1.98. Now 79¢
Measuring Spoons, set of 4. Were 19¢. Now 8¢
5-piece Family Comb Package. Assorted sizes. 3 for 25¢

L & M COMPANY • Dept. KK-12 Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.

DON'T FIGHT THEM—JOIN THEM

With the summer almost over and school days coming up right around the corner, can you honestly say that the youngsters *and you* had a pleasant time? Did you unobtrusively guide their play or just shoo them out with the handy old phrase: "Oh, go outside and play!"

Well, you say, that's fine if you can afford a plastic wading pool, bicycles, trikes, jungle gyms, slides, etc. By that standard our youngsters could be referred to as 'those poor kids who don't even have a swing'. But I'm sure they don't feel underprivileged and there certainly was a lot of fun going on at our place all through the summer.

We live on a farm and have an enormous fenced-in yard which is turned over entirely to them. Their first love is that hideous looking 50 gallon barrel. It serves as a bucking bronco which seats three at a time and actually does dump them every once in a while. (It's a blessing we live in the country because those yells are for real.) Occasionally the sturdy steed turns into somersault apparatus. When things quiet down you may find Janice just a-sittin' there sucking her thumb while she meditates on some puzzling problem.

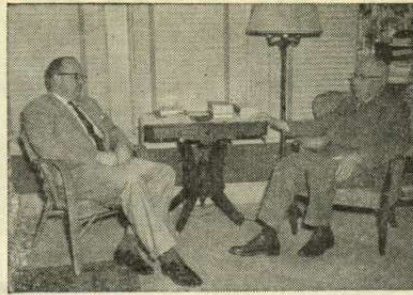
The above-mentioned cowpokes naturally need guns so in the absence of actual dime store variety they acquired two hanes (if you recognize these immediately you are showing your age!) from a discarded horse harness.

But hold on there—are those the same hanes transformed into a band-leader's baton? Notice the head shawl flags unfurled on sticks as the group marches around the house accompanied by various sundry noises. Noise is easily accomplished by four sets of healthy lungs. (This discovery came when ages 6, 5, and 4 were born because they entertained me until all hours the first three months of their lives.) As they march they sing the only two songs all four of them know: *Playmates* and *Jesus Loves Me*. The general din is reinforced as they beat the dog's dish.

Oh yes! The dog! He is the wonderful pet that tears clothes, knocks kids down and almost chews an ear off them, drags overshoes off the porch and chases chickens. But in spite of it all we love him. After all, he can't help how big he is at six months, and we have every hope that his dignity will improve with age.

The gypsy caravan is something to see. They load everything that isn't nailed down (just like an angry renter who has been ordered to move!) and straggle from the front porch to the elm tree. There they set up house-keeping for a short time while they decide where to move next. It's a wonder people don't mistake our yard at this time for a trash dump, but every evening all chairs, toys and dress-up clothes must be put away.

Of course, the best part of play-time is when Mom has arrived under the elm tree with a cold drink, cookies and suggestions for venturing forth



On Oliver's final weekend trip home from Iowa City this was snapped in the folks' living room. Dad (M. H. Driftmier) does all of his reading in that particular corner where there's plenty of light by day or at night.

into fairyland. Sometimes we pretend we are on the train going to see Grandma in Iowa. And after supper dishes are finished Mom can appear again and play real kid games. Other evenings we just sit and talk about the stars and watch the airliner which always passes overhead.

Rainy days the piano gets thumped or home-made clay turns into fantastic shapes. That clay helps a lot when you hear the old refrain: "Mama, what can we do now?"

I am so thankful for the solitude of this farm yard because if we lived in town the neighbors might wonder if I really do enjoy my children, or if I'm a very, very peculiar mother!—Nebr.

CALENDAR

This day is mine;
Yesterday it was God's,
Tomorrow it will be His again
He will add it to eternity —
My eternity.
If I have kept it unmarred
It will fit again into the file of days
From which He loaned it;
A part of God's eternity.
But there is no niche for a broken day.

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

witness and leadership. The weakness in our religion is because it is for many people a momentary affair. We are real Christian people for moments, when it ought to be for years. Our faith is too often inconstant and undependable. We will do so much good for our church and its noble purposes, and then tarnish every jewel in our crown by being unkindly, thoughtless, and over-bearing toward people who are not of our particular religious convictions. We have moments of Christian witness that simply radiate our faith and brotherly love and our complete trust in God as our heavenly Father, and then by our selfish and inconsiderate attitude toward persons who believe just a little differently than the way we believe, we deny our Lord in act and deed.

Thank you for the many letters you have sent me through the years. I am confident that your faith and mine are nearly identical, in spite of all that some might say about it.

Sincerely,

Frederick

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

A friend sent me the name of a little girl, Janet Williams, age 11, who was sick and asked me to write to her. I did. Now she asks for mail not only for herself but for several other children who are in the same hospital. Janet had rheumatic fever and has been confined to bed for a long time; it looks as if she will not be able to get up for a long time to come because her heart is affected.

This hospital is a place for children who are convalescing but are not well enough to be in their own homes. The address is Crippled Children's Home, Florence, South Carolina, and all of these children can be addressed there.

Grace Ann Burkett was 14 in March. She also had rheumatic fever and is bedfast. She likes to read and color.

Margaret Ann Couch is 12 and bedfast with a rheumatic heart. So is Margaret Honea, who is 11. Mander Thompson is 13 and is bedfast.

Cheryl Steele is 10. She says she doesn't know what is the matter with her but she is not allowed out of bed. She likes comic books.

Linda Faircloth was 10 in February. She is paralyzed from the hips down and has had 9 operations but is still bedfast.

John Wayne Ray, age 11, had rheumatic fever. And here are some other little boys, all about the same age, who will like hearing from you: Mitchell Burts, Benny Christopher, Ricky Clark, Mickey Vaughn and Larry Landers. Please do some little thing for these girls and boys. Even a card means a lot to a child in a hospital bed. A book or toy they can handle in bed will give hours of happiness.

Mrs. Betty Beard, 1803 E. 29 St., Kansas City 9, Mo. has been bedfast for two months with a back injury. During this time her son who lived with her, took sick and passed away. Mrs. Beard is entirely alone now.

Mildred Woodbury is a long time shutin, and is alone. She is at Scales Convalescent Home, 2936 S. John Daly Road, Inkster, Mich., and will appreciate hearing from you.

Mrs. Mary Watson, 305 Cleveland St., Springdale, Ark. will enjoy letters. She is entirely shutin.

Mrs. Estella Thompson, Upton, Ky. has been shutin a good deal for many years. Recently she fell and broke her hip. She is 71.

Mrs. Maud Smith, 1142 Bel Air Court, Modesto, Calif. is not able to get out much so spends her time making wheel chair robes for veterans. She needs lots of yarn. If you have even a little, will you send it to her?

Mrs. Edward Scott, Tower Park Nursing Home, West High St., Oskaloosa, Iowa would enjoy mail. She has been shutin a long time. Maybe some of you folks who live near her would go to see her.

Clifford L. Larsen, 1908½ E. Harvard, Phoenix, Ariz. is 48, handicapped and is single. He wants pen pals.

THE NEW, THE UNUSUAL... FIRST AT BANCROFT'S



COMPLETE REDUCING GYM

Just five minutes a day with Trimobile can do wonders for your figure. Helps take inches off midriff, arms, legs, hips; develops youthful bust contour—without drugs, pills or strict diet. A BICYCLE • ROWING MACHINE • BALLET BAR • WEIGHT PULLEY • PUNCHING BAG • CHINNING BAR. Anchors in any doorway without nails or screws. Sit on it, stand on it, use it prone. Use in complete privacy.

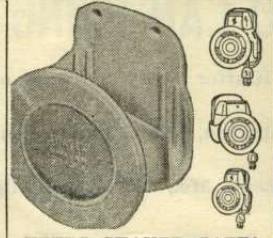
TV 1117-S \$4.98



EVERLIT CANDLES

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.

TV 3173 Set of 12 \$1.00
TV 3174 Set of 24 \$1.89



KEEPS SHAVES SAFE!

At last! A holder that keeps all electric shavers safe and handy. Shaver Cradle accommodates all makes, all shapes. Just slip shaver in and wind cord around reel. Prevents damage—keeps shaver safe—no need to "fumble" cord into case after each use. Rich ivory plastic. Easy to mount.

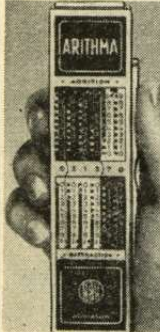
TV 7720 Shaver Cradle \$1.50



INSTANT BREWMAKER

Make instant coffee really "instantly." Electric brewmaker in Moss Rose design, makes it in 2 1/2 minutes... reboils water in seconds. Swell for coffee, tea, cocoa, etc. White porcelain finish... the secret for keeping it hot! Four cup capacity. With cord.

TV 3215 \$2.98

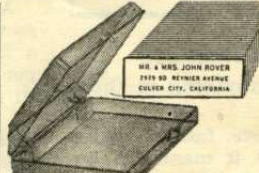


WORLD'S SMALLEST ADDING MACHINE

Easy To Use. Accurate As Big Machines

Adds to a million, subtracts—keeps running total, never makes mistakes! Fast silent operation, and light as a feather. Great for balancing check book, keeping budget, and 1001 other uses. Aluminum and brass. 6" long. With carrying case.

TV 3360 \$3.98



1000 ADDRESS LABELS

Real distinction for all your letters—at amazingly low cost! 1000 labels—printed in clear, easily read type with YOUR name and address. Personalize stationery, envelopes, books, photos, packages, etc. Just send us your name, address, city and state.

TV 2626-D 1000 labels \$1.00



NOW! ENJOY EATING

New "Dentist-Way" to give dental plates more hold-in power! Molds itself to exact contour of plate and gums... cushions and insures perfect fit ONE APPLICATION LAST YEARS! Enables you to eat anything. For all full or partial plates except rubber.

TV 7737 \$2.00

EXCLUSIVE SILVER LINED SHADE

Completely shuts out light... keeps homes warmer in winter—cooler in summer. Conserves furnace heat. Keeps hot sun from fading furniture.

They're Washable White plastic—inside and out—over aluminum insulation. Easy to cut for odd sizes. On rollers.

TV 1203-S 36"x6-ft. \$1.79
TV 1204-S 36"x7-ft. \$1.99
TV 1205-S 48"x7-ft. \$2.98



INSULATES WINDOWS

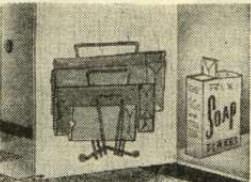
BUILT-IN TEMPERATURE CONTROL!



MAGIC FOOT WARMER

Amazing material generates its own heat to keep feet warm during frigid weather! Hot Feet warms on body contact. NO BATTERIES. NO ELECTRICITY. Merely cut to size—fits men's, women's, children's shoes—any style. Great for sports, hunting, shoveling snow.

TV 3021 Pair \$1.25



NEW SACK HOLDER

No place to put paper bags? Sack Holder saves 'em—ends bag clutter, saves space. Graduated wire slots keep over 3 dozen paper sacks—napkins, recipes, coupons, pot holders, comic books, too—neat, and ready for use. Fastens on any door.

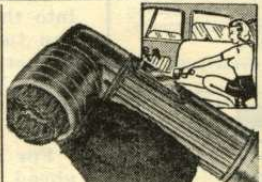
TV 3042 Sack Holder \$1.00



MAGIC STUMP REMOVER

Don't Dig—Chop—Blast! If a stump is obstructing lawn or yard, remove it like magic. Drill hole, pour in stump remover. Eats open sap pores; rots stump away. Removal is easy. Won't harm surrounding vegetation.

TV 4489 for 1-2 stumps \$1.50
TV 8508 for 3-4 stumps \$2.79



ELECTRIC CAR VACUUM

At last—a completely portable car vacuum. A flick of your finger and it sucks up dust, dirt and lint into a removable collecting bag. Will not scatter dust. Keeps car neat—stores in glove compartment. Operates on flashlight batteries. (Not included).

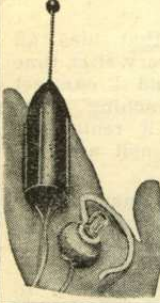
TV 7899 Car Vacuum \$2.95



FOAM MATTRESS PAD

Rejuvenate old, bumpy mattress with this 100% Miracle Foam Pad. Converts hard, lumpy inner springs into luxurious foam mattress. Odorless and sanitary, covers buttons and wrinkles. Tear resistant. Washable.

TV 1106-S Full Bed \$4.95
TV 1107-S Twin Bed \$3.95



WORLD'S TINIEST PORTABLE RADIO

No tubes! No batteries! Needs no outlet! Lowest Price Ever! Low-powered Portable works on Germanium diode—fits pocket, purse. Ground to metal—listen in bed, at work, etc.

TV 397-J \$2.00

Deluxe Model

Needs no ground. Has extra long antenna. Works anywhere: outdoors or indoors, in cars, on bike, in boats.

TV 398-J \$4.95



RELIEF FOR BUNIONS!

Scientific Hallux Valgus gets to root of bunion trouble. Cradles big toe—coaxes it into straight position. CUSTOM FITTED—give SIZE & WIDTH and tell whether for MAN or WOMAN, RIGHT or LEFT foot.

TV 2551-D Each \$5.00
TV 2552-D Pair \$9.00



"MIDNIGHT COACH" SIGN

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, 5 3/4" high. Give name and house number.

TV 515-P Coach Sign \$1.25

EMERGENCY RAIN-CAPE — 69¢ FITS IN PURSE

Let it rain, let it pour... you've got protection right in your purse! A complete rain-cape that stores in less space, no more room than a compact. Covers you completely—from hat to hem—yet it folds into its own wallet-size case. No need to carry an umbrella or rely on the weatherman. Transparent plastic. One size fits all.

TV 3361 \$69¢



GIANT FUNNY FEET

Size 2 1/2" EEEEE! Put your best foot forward—and what a giantic foot! Huge clodhoppers provide hours of fun. Wait 'till friends see rubber monstrosities, complete with bunions and callouses. In natural flesh tones. Can be worn over shoes.

TV 9441 Feet, Pair \$1.00



END "DOG ACCIDENTS"

Trains Fido automatically! Amazing scientific compound housebreaks your pet for you! Just put 2 drops on any newspaper, mat or spot desired—use indoors or out. Fido is drawn like a magnet, everytime. Protects furniture, rugs, floors.

TV 3739 Dog-Gone \$2.00



ELECTRIC SHINE BRUSH

Spinning action! Self-powered! Press button and high speed brush whirls brilliant gloss on shoes, silver, chrome, leather—any surface. Tough bristle brush, yet won't scratch. No electric outlet needed. Uses standard batteries. (Not included).

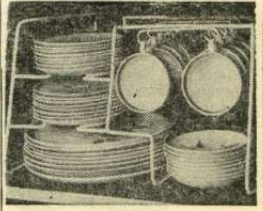
TV 3005 Shine Brush \$2.95



PORTA-CLOSET LIGHT

... goes on when door opens. Gives wide-area illumination to any closet—without complicated wiring. Lifts off for instant use as flashlight. Sleek ivory finish and diffuser lens. With wall mount and double switches. Uses ordinary batteries.

TV 3302 Closet-Lite \$1.00



40-PC. DISH RACK

Stores dishes in compact tri-level area. Any dish can be removed easily—without "balancing pile," or disturbing surrounding dishes. White vinyl cushioning prevents chipping. Holds 8 each of cups, saucers, dinner plates, butter and fruit dishes. 17 3/4"x9"x9".

TV 1067-S \$3.49

HOW TO ORDER: BANCROFT'S

Order by number, stating quantity desired. Add only 15¢ to each item ordered for postage and handling. Send payment (check, money order or cash) with order. No C.O.D.'s please. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
2170 S. Canalport Avenue, Dept. KK-820, Chicago 8, Illinois

YOUR RADIO CAN BRING US TOGETHER!

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

KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWBG Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KCFI Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

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Jumbo Prints 6-8-12 Exp.

49¢
per roll

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

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FRESH PECAN HALVES

Year after year for over 28 years—

Organizations make money selling our Pound Boxes Jumbo Pecan Halves. Season starts Nov. 10th. We prepay shipments. You pay us when sold. Write

SULLIVAN PECAN CO., Crestview, Fla.

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After suffering for years, now at 73 I have no sore, stiff joints, muscles aches or pains. Never expect to have.

I cured myself of every ailment without Doctors, Drugs or Medicines. With my food facts I am making foods my medicines the rest of my life.

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

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

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

BURT G. CRONWELL

P. O. Box 2174 Sacramento, Calif.

There were just as many careless drivers 40 years ago, but the horses had more sense.

The best thing with which to feather your nest—cash down.

What this country needs is to settle up and settle down.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

I made do without anything in those drawers!

I've gone into these facts to give you an idea of what it means to me to move from a 1900 kitchen to the new kitchen that has thirty some drawers on nylon runners. I told Russell I'd be an old, old woman before I stopped opening and closing those drawers and marveling at what it meant not to tug and pull.

There is a big cooking island built into the middle of the kitchen and I can turn from it to the ovens, stove burners, sink, etc., without taking a step. You'll see how this is when we have a detailed drawing of the entire room.

For the first time ever I can look ahead to winter without shuddering. The dangerous trips on icy steps and walks to reach our car are a thing of the past. You can see here how we'll drive right into the garage, walk through the porch (it can be sealed against drifting snow) and into the living room without taking one step on ice.

You will note too that the entire first floor is on the same level. Only people with a physical handicap can possibly know what this means. For the first time in all these years, Mother can get into our house without a second's trouble and we never again will have to hold our breath while her wheelchair is moved up or down the steep wooden steps that formerly gave access to both the front and back doors of our house.

I hope that I can continue to go down to the basement or up to the second floor for years to come, but if circumstances should ever compel me to do so, I could get along only on our first floor for the rest of my life. The broadcast room is right there, the laundry has been moved up from the basement and for the first time I have a bedroom and bathroom on the same floor. All of this seems almost miraculous to me.

We finally reached the point where we had to give up and move out. The old kitchen was gone entirely, the new kitchen was weeks away from completion, and thus no way to fix a single thing to eat. Also, it began to rain and since the section above the dining room and whole south end

of the living room wasn't yet roofed, it was just like being right outside.

I'll leave you to guess how filthy it was after walls came out that had stood for 59 years. Even though we kept all the doors closed tightly that lead into the small hall you'll note at the right, everything in those rooms was white with plaster dust all the time. It's been several weeks now since the last walls were torn out and in only a couple of hours everything is coated with dust that's still sifting around. I'm glad we don't plan to do anything about drapes and carpeting in the living room and dining room until late autumn. Surely by that time the last of the dust will have settled.

At any rate, we had to move out so we were blessedly fortunate to have a friend offer us her home. She expected to be gone all summer and until mid-October, so we moved in there — just half-way between Howard's house and Margery's house. We can get back into our house when the kitchen is done, and if everything goes along on schedule this will be just about the time Juliana gets home from Denver on August 21st.

All in all, it's really been a mixed-up siege since early January when the whole thing began. There have been a million times (conservatively) when I've wondered why in the world we ever tried to fix that house. In fact, there was more than one great moment of crisis when I told Russell it would be a JOY to pitch a tent on the city dump and settle down.

But everyone who has done a major remodeling job (or even a minor remodeling job, for that matter) seems to feel exactly the same way at various stages, and every single soul who's lived through it says that the end results are worth the whole struggle.

"You'll forget how bad it was," everyone says.

Well, I've clung to that idea all these months, and the very first time it snows this winter and I can get into the car without inching along on ice, I'll know that it really has been worth all the turmoil and upheaval and expense.

I realize that I have made many references to the fact that ice was extremely hard for me to cope with, and I have also laid stress on the fact that things had to be designed to eliminate extra steps in the kitchen, to say nothing of climbing up and down staircases. I have never explained "why" the above facts are of great importance to me — have simply said I had a severe physical handicap and let it rest at that.

Well, it seems silly to keep shying away from cold, hard facts, so I don't know why in the world I just don't go ahead and say that I had cancer of the bone when I was fourteen, my leg was amputated just below the hip to save my life, and in the 35 years since then I've lived my daily life with an artificial limb. There doesn't seem to be anything mysterious about this when it's down in black and

(Continued on next page)

white, and I guess the reason I've never mentioned it is because I never discuss it with anyone—just ignore it. (Juliana and Russell have told me for years that I'm the only one who pays any attention to it!)

At any rate, you can see why I'm concerned about ice and extra steps. Such handicaps don't get easier as you grow older.

(Incidentally, I'm positive that one reason I've never said anything about this is because I once had an unspeakably cruel and anonymous letter regarding it. It's hard, isn't it, to imagine anyone attacking a person on the sole grounds of a physical handicap. I think the Lord must have some kind of a special judgment reserved for people so lacking in just plain human feeling.)

You'll be hearing details about the house for quite a long time because I want to report on the various kinds of materials we've used, how we like nylon carpeting compared to wool carpeting, etc. We expect to do many of the finishing details ourselves and surely in the process we'll accumulate information on exactly how to go about getting certain effects. But it takes time and living with things to make such a report, so that's why you'll be hearing about details in the future.

As I write this in the forepart of August I can say that we hope to be back living in the house by about the 19th or 20th of this month, and we hope to have everything pretty much finished by the end of 1959. In the spring of 1960 we want you to come and see our garden (it's been a wreck all through 1959) and if we're home to let you in, we'd like to have you see the house too.

Always your friend,

Lucile

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

stretches, and Lucile has so much on her hands she couldn't possibly be gone on those dates, so we were right up against it until Dorothy said she could go to the Fair and would enjoy it. I told her I had happy memories of meeting friends in Worthington years ago and knew she would have a good time. We're anxious to hear all about it when she gets back.

Just this minute Mart came in the back door with a box of yellow tomatoes and I can see that tomorrow I'll be cleaning up pint jars for yellow tomato preserves, one of the few things I still put up every year. Like all people our age we eat very lightly compared to years gone by, but I love to cook and bake and feel lucky to have children and grandchildren close by to share this food.

I should stop right now and check to see if I need sugar before the stores close — I'll want to tackle those tomatoes the first thing tomorrow.

Faithfully yours,

Leanna

"THE HIGH ROAD"—Concluded

kindness are the greatest treasures we can leave behind, the greatest gifts we can give to those about us every day.

"Let us make ours a love that will reach out and bring a ray of sunshine into the life of each one we meet along the HIGHROAD of life we're traveling together this year.

"As we move forward to meet this new year, let each of us fix our eyes upon the signboards that will keep us on the HIGHROAD. In Matthew 7 we read: 'Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.' A VISION, an AWARENESS of others, a true Sense of VALUES, a heartfelt of LOVE . . . these, with God's help, can carry us through to one of the greatest years our organization has known. Let us take the highroad together."

BENEDICTION.

(NOTE: If you prefer not to have a candlelighting service, then you might put up the four smaller signposts to right of large one as if along the Highroad of life. Each sign might be printed in large letters on large leaves cut from construction paper in fall colors of brown, bronze and gold. Beautiful fall leaves might be scattered at the base of the signposts.

Another idea would be to have a large cloth backdrop up behind the big signpost and then fasten four large paper leaves upon it (in rather a wind-swept effect) and write the words for signs upon these leaves. This backdrop could be used along with the candles, too.

FUN ALONG THE HIGHROAD

A Mixer: Pass out sheets of paper and pencils and allow 15 minutes for members to get the autographs of other members who meet the requirements.

1. Was valedictorian of High School class.
2. Has traveled abroad.
3. Plays the organ.
4. Has red hair.
5. Is wearing a brown dress.
6. Is carrying a very large black purse.
7. Is wearing red shoes.
8. Admits her husband is hen-pecked.
9. Has five children.
10. Loves to eat spinach.
11. Polishes her husband's shoes regularly.
12. Has met a president of the United States in person.
13. Has both parents and both in-laws living.
14. Holds a master's degree from college.
15. Would like to go back thirty years to the "good old days."

Ask one or two of those who got all their autographs filled to read them aloud.

Duty is something we look forward to with distaste, do with reluctance, and boast about forever after.

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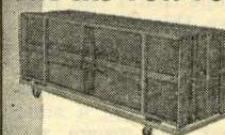
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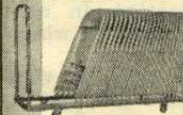
Monroe TS (transport - storage) Trucks make handling and storing of Folding Tables easy and quick. Combination offers.

STEEL FOLDING CHAIRS



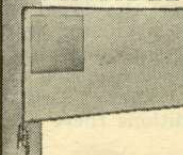
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RUSSELL'S GARDEN NOTES— (Concluded)

I hope that things at the back part of the house will be cleaned up in time for me to get fall bulbs planted. I expect to line the new walk with grape hyacinths just as I have done in the past with the old walks.

There will be clumps of Red Emperors for brilliant early bloom, and then for later bloom I'll plant alternate groups of mixed peony-flowered and parrot tulips. If I can find enough blue timber phlox, I'd like to add it for a touch of blue to go with the later flowering tulips.

I haven't decided on the placement of the evergreens that I will use, but there will be a few low growing varieties as well as some taller ones to give form to this new section. I should explain "new section" by saying that if you will look at the house-plan you can see the garage — it stands in what was once the alley. All of the space behind it is the additional garden space we have gained.

There will be room for some peonies in this new part of the garden for it gets full sun and they do their best without shade. There is good drainage too, thanks to countless loads of cinders and gravel that were dumped into the alley in years gone by.

In the front part of the yard my original plans have worked out very well. A full grown Red Bud tree frames my office window, and a Flowering Crab about the same size frames Lucile's study window. Both trees were planted years ago with these rooms in mind.

The new walks poured in front will also be edged with grape hyacinths, and quite a few Darwin tulips will be needed to replace the ones that were destroyed when trenches were dug for new water and sewer lines.

I was able to get a few new evergreens in this spring as foundation plantings, and I hope that I can manage a couple more this fall. I have used yews as the exposure is north-west — they are just about the only evergreens that do well in a shady location. I have also planted a small holly in front that has grown well this summer, but I will have to see how it weathers our severe winters before I can recommend it.

More hyacinths are going to be added to the plantings that have been started in the flower bed along the front sidewalk. This is protected by a low privet hedge, but gets full sun most of the time. Hyacinths have flourished in this location, in contrast to some spots in my yard where they haven't done very well.

The soil around the hedge is very dry in the summer and fall, but it is moist in the spring due to the snow that collects around the privet. This seems to produce the type of growing conditions that hyacinths prefer. The only other place I've had equal success is on the south side of the garage at Dad and Mother Driftmier's place, and conditions there are about the same.

Hyacinths are native to Greece and Asia Minor. I can only assume that they have dry summers and falls and

wet springs in their native environment. My best hyacinths along the privet hedge and the ones at the folk's place were planted about six inches deep with an inch of sand at the bottom to help the roots get started. They were given a good soaking when first planted, and since then they've simply been left alone and have produced beautiful blooms year after year.

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

safe way to keep him outside without my constant supervision I'd feel that I had another problem licked. We were able to train Katharine to stay in our own yard with only a clothes line or heavy string to mark the boundaries she couldn't go past, but I have the strong feeling that it's laughable to think that any such tactics will work with Paul. What we need, of course, is a good strong boy retaining fence, but that's way beyond the reach of our budget.

Speaking of budgets . . . we've lived here in our own home long enough now to accumulate necessary figures in readjusting our budget from a rental basis to an owner basis. We have a pretty accurate idea of how much must be allowed to cover heating costs, electricity, garbage collection, telephone, soft water service, house payments, etc. Now we can take this one column in the budget and allot more for it each month so that over another year's period it will run in the black.

Lately as we've been revising this budget we've discovered that one of the columns in need of drastic attention was "Entertainment" — in our case this means baby sitters. There was only one way to remedy the situation and that was to take a tuck in our belts and stay home from numerous outings that would have involved a sitter. In order to increase one column, of course, we must decrease another—which means we have to change some standard of our living.

I don't know how many of you folks operate on a budget, but Donald and I have done this from the time we were first married. We couldn't see any other way to keep out of hot water where money is concerned. Our system of keeping books might not work if you didn't have a fixed income every month, but since we know exactly how much Donald's salary check will be we can keep track of what it must cover right down to the last cent. I'd hate to be without our budget in these times when everything is so terribly high priced.

Paul has just awakened from his nap and unless I want "help" at this typewriter I must say goodbye without a moment's delay!

As always . . .

Mary Beth

In matters concerning yourself, trust first your head; in matters concerning others, trust your heart.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

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HUMPTY DUMPTY or penguin pajama bag. Boys suit or girls dress, clothes pin bag. Aprons any 2-\$1.85. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Missouri.

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FULL SIZED MEDALLION CROCHETED BEDSPREAD, knotted fringe, \$85.00. Lovely 7 Rose TV doily, white with watermelon pink roses, \$3.00. 7 dish towels embroidered, \$3.00. Pillow slips 42" with embroidered swans, blue birds, water lilies, \$3.50. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

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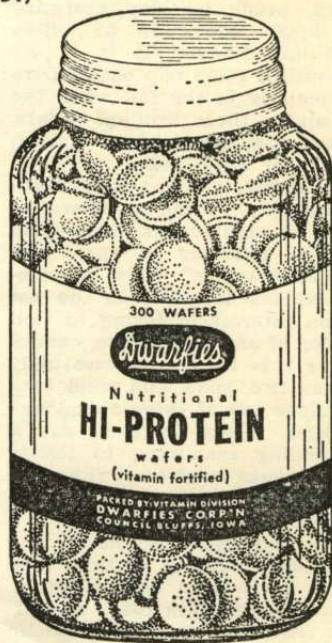
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The Driftmiers finally made it to the top of Mt. Evans!

No, we didn't hike up more than 100 of the 14,260 feet—we drove in the car up the famous highway which skirts among the clouds far, far above timberline. No doubt many of you have been on this same road. It is not particularly difficult or dangerous, but our problem was that we kept running into snow storms every time we got a few miles above Echo Lake and had to turn back before reaching the summit. When the weather finally co-operated we were well rewarded for our persistence. We drove as far as Crest House and then walked the short trail that leads to the very top of Mount Evans.

The sensations which you feel as you stand upon the summit of a great mountain are impossible for me to describe. Off in the far distance on one side was the great South Park stretching into infinity. Back of us, but seeming no taller than we, were others of the massive, snow-covered peaks which constitute the giants of the Continental Divide. Ahead of us lay the outline of Denver, lost as it merged into the endless straw-colored sea of the Great Plains.

We drove back down the Mt. Evans highway and rejoined Colo. 103 which we had picked up in Idaho Springs. This road winds its way eastward around Squaw Mountain to rejoin U. S. 40 into Denver. It is a perfectly beautiful short trip out of Denver, particularly in the fall when the aspen acquire their brilliant colors. And there are many picnic tables, especially near Echo Lake.

As the pressure of the nursery business eased late in the summer, we were able to resume our exploration of Colorado. Recently we spent two days "ghost-towning." This ungrammatical expression refers to the not uncommon interest in trying to find the location of one-time mining camps. Each year this becomes increasingly difficult as fire, snow and wind take a tremendous toll of these abandoned communities. Often there is not a single building remaining to testify that once several hundred or thousand men, women and children called this spot home.

Probably the reason so many people enjoy this activity is that each expedition turns into an adventure. Maps showing the back roads are difficult to acquire. The U. S. Geodetic Survey maps are the only ones of any accuracy and it is expensive to buy a complete set of those available. Road signs are a rarity and even when you find one, it is usually confusing. These old mining areas are honeycombed with roads, most of which end up at an abandoned mine rather than at the town site which you are hunting. But if you enjoy meandering around the mountains, it becomes a pleasurable challenge to attempt to find the town you have as a goal.



Emily is making real progress with her flute and practices faithfully without being nudged. Perhaps she can be in the Denver Symphony some day!

On our first day-long trip we drove on U. S. 6 through Idaho Springs. (The children prefer this highway to U. S. 40 because of all the tunnels.) Just beyond the west edge of Idaho Springs where the Fall River joins Clear Creek, a road turns off to the right—or north. A sign at this junction advertises St. Mary's Glacier Lodge, and a quiet little road follows along Fall River for a few miles before starting to climb. While not wide, there is room for two cars most of the way. At a road junction after the ascent, one road leads to Alice, a ghost town; the other ends at the St. Mary's glacier parking area. We took the latter road as our first goal was the glacier. The children had never been really close to one and we thought it would be valuable to their school work.

It is a two mile hike from the parking area to the lake and glacier, and the trail is somewhat difficult because of all the small loose rocks underfoot, but there are no cliffs or drop-offs. The wild flowers were simply magnificent! There were many, many varieties and they bloomed in great abundance. When at last we reached our destination, the setting was an artist's dream.

The glacier extends from the summit of the mountain down to the perfectly beautiful little lake. On one edge this mountain rises as a sheer cliff; the other side is a meadow filled with flowers and tiny streamlets. The sky was an intense blue with a few white clouds blowing leisurely over our heads. We all drank deeply of this peaceful beauty, sorry as could be that we had left our lunch back in the car.

Hunger finally forced us to return to the car, so we drove back to the junction and took the road to Alice, a short distance beyond. We parked near enormous mine tailings and abandoned buildings. After our picnic lunch, we walked up the road to the "glory hole." It must have been more than 100 feet across and almost as deep. However, it is not as large as the one near Central City which

Margery found such an unnerving sight last summer.

Two young men came hiking down the road and told us that they understood 400 or 500 men were killed when this mine collapsed. Since I have never come across this story in my reading I can't help but wonder about its accuracy. There must be good fishing further up the road for several cars parked here and the men walked on up the road with their equipment. We're not sure whether we were actually at the site of Alice. We asked several people and some thought that perhaps the actual town was located on over the hill.

It was still early afternoon when we left Alice so we decided there was ample time to try to find Waldorf. Returning to U. S. 6, we continued on to Georgetown. Some day I'm going to write an entire letter about this favorite Colorado community of mine. Georgetown was an unusual mining town that is still very much alive—a charming spot.

Turning off highway 6 we drove on through the center of town to the road which ascends the mountain immediately back of Georgetown. A series of switchbacks affords a spectacular view of the town and valley, and it resembles the view of Ouray from the "million dollar highway." We continued on to a junction. The sign points left to a series of lakes, Guanella Pass and ends at the town of Grants, but we took the right fork where the sign said Waldorf—8 miles, Santiago—8½ miles.

We climbed through an aspen and evergreen forest until we were much above timberline. Winding over alpine meadows and tundra, and never seeing another car or person, we arrived eventually at Waldorf, 11,666 feet above sea level. Only three houses and stores, a sagging mine building and a monument to the man who built the railroad remained. It was a scene of overwhelming loneliness, somehow filled with dignity and grandeur.

A newly graded narrow road led upwards, so we climbed back into the car and continued on, hoping to find Santiago. We soon came to another fork but no sign indicated which direction to take. However, the right hand road appeared to be a few inches wider so that was our choice. On and on we wound over the tundra until the grading stopped abruptly. Ahead of us lay a trail suitable only for an adventurous jeep.

The road was only as wide as our car is long, and this meant that the only way out was to back down. The children and I piled out and directed Wayne back to the nearest turn-out spot, and after much strenuous maneuvering, he made it.

With sunset approaching rapidly, we headed back to civilization, reluctantly postponing our search for Santiago. Never have we been quite so remote from Society and certainly it seemed terribly dull when we reached roads full of people and cars and all the noisy activity that any of us can so rarely escape.

Until next month,
Abigail