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Kitchen-Klatter

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.
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Dear Friends:

Last month I told you about our trip to Massachusetts to see our son Frederick and his family. The flight was made in a United Airlines jet plane and was a very thrilling experience. We had an equally pleasant return trip. There were storms over Iowa and while we did travel through piles of "powder puff" clouds, we missed the most turbulent storms by flying around them. Oliver, Margery's husband, met us at the airport in Omaha and, in what seemed an incredibly short time since we had left the Boston airfield, we were in our own home in Shenandoah. But I would like to return for a bit to our visit in Massachusetts.

We didn't miss having our own car to drive for either Frederick or Betty was available for any trip we wanted to make. Some of these were drives that we had made on other visits so it would only be repetition to report on them again. However, I will mention one that we particularly enjoyed.

Something that I have always wanted to do was to visit the old cemetery at South Deerfield on Memorial Day for many of my Field ancestors are buried there. Although some of the markers were so eroded by weathering through the years that they were scarcely legible, we found them. After this stop we drove to Shelburne Falls to have dinner at the Sweetheart Inn with our very dear friend, Ethel Wells. The specialty of the Inn is waffles and maple syrup which is served with every order.

As you can well understand, the highlight of our trips to Massachusetts is attending South Congregational Church where our son is the minister. We enjoyed two wonderful services — the first falling on Memorial Sunday. Each year Frederick observes this Sunday in a very special way. All patriotic organizations in the city attend and it is truly impressive. The following Sunday communion was given and I needn't tell you what it meant to us to be served communion by the hands of our son.

While we were in Springfield the young people of the church had a fair. For countless days they had been making items to sell — aprons, bird houses, ceramic tiles, baked goods, etc. The proceeds from the sale were to be used to purchase a heifer to send

to Greece. One afternoon when the children met to work on bird houses their refreshments were "smores". (The name comes from the words "some more".) The little treat is very simple to make. Place a few squares from a plain chocolate bar on a graham cracker, then a hot toasted marshmallow, topped with another graham cracker. Your youngsters might enjoy them too.

When we arrived home strawberries were at their peak of production. As a matter of fact, Oliver picked a huge crock of berries before he drove to Omaha to meet our plane and it was waiting for us on the kitchen table. I could see that they were very ripe so a few minutes after we entered the house I donned my apron and, after taking out a few for a shortcake, I put them in the freezer. Within a few days I had prepared twenty pints of berries and so many jars of preserves that I lost count. These are an everbearing variety so we will have more to work with later in the summer.

Margery tells you about Martin's fishing trip in her letter. My! How we enjoyed the fish that he brought home. I offered to prepare them for a big family dinner but when I made the offer I didn't realize that they had scales! Never having tackled a job like this before, I had quite a time cleaning them. There were fish scales in my hair, on the windows above the sink, all over the floor and everywhere! If any actually found their way to the serving plates, the family was too polite to mention them!

Mart and I didn't have a big family celebration on our 48th wedding anniversary. I told the family to wait for two more years when we will observe our 50th. Nevertheless, all of the children called throughout the day and that evening the ones who live in Shenandoah came for cake, ice cream and coffee.

Dorothy tells you a little in her letter of our weekend trip to the Johnson farm, but she didn't tell you the amusing thing that happened on the way home. We have been chuckling over it ever since.

As usual, we stopped at Mt. Ayr to have the car serviced. Dorothy was driving and Mart had been sitting in the back seat. He got out of the car when he paid for the gas, handed her

the trading stamps received with his purchase and, after putting them into her purse, she drove out onto the highway, headed for Shenandoah. We had driven two miles when she glanced in the rear view mirror to see if her father was asleep since the back seat seemed mighty quiet. He wasn't there! She could only realize that she had left him at the service station so stopped the car immediately and returned to pick him up. What a laugh we had! "And to think," her father said, "A daughter of mine would try to lose her father so close to Father's Day." He had tried to get our attention when Dorothy started the car, but the windows were closed and we didn't hear him. He'll be teasing us for a long time to come about that little incident!

As many of you know, my sister Jessie Field Shambaugh was a founder of 4-H Clubs and is the author of *A Country Girl's Creed*. Jessie began her career as an educator in a little one-room schoolhouse near Essex, Iowa. Along with teaching the three R's, she had the children conduct tests on seed corn. Six years later she became the county superintendent of schools in Page County and organized farm boys' clubs. In addition to Corn Clubs, she held summer camps for boys and girls where classes in corn and livestock judging were held as well as classes in handicrafts. This was done with the co-operation and assistance of the extension service of the state agricultural department at Ames, Iowa.

A pin was awarded to those children who demonstrated merit in their projects. Its shape was the form of a cloverleaf because of the replenishing effect clover has on cropland. There were three H's on the pin standing for *Head, Heart and Hands*. To this has been added another H representing the *Home*. Such were the beginnings of the modern 4-H Clubs.

Iowa has a 4-H camping center near Boone, Iowa and this past year a new lodge was built which will help provide health and recreational needs for thousands of young people. Jessie was general chairman of the fund-raising campaign and worked many hours to help make the construction of the lodge possible. In the dining room of the building hangs a portrait of her painted by her daughter Ruth Shambaugh Watkins, as well as a framed copy of the *Country Girl's Creed* in her own handwriting. There is also an attractive trophy case containing the early trophies of 4-H Club work in Page County. We were so happy that Jessie was able to attend the dedication of the building this summer.

For the first time in many years the daughters of my brother Henry Field are gathering from far and near to hold a Sisters' Reunion in Clinton, Iowa at the home of Josephine Field Nelson. You might be interested to know where the girls live now: Faith Stone, Escondido, California; Hope Powek, Oakland, California; Josephine Nelson, Clinton, Iowa; Jessie Wasserman, Appleton, Wisconsin; Mary Hamilton, Shenandoah.

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FREDERICK PLANS A EUROPEAN WORK-TOUR

Dear Friends,

All winter long we look forward to the rest and relaxation of summer, and now that summer is here we find ourselves almost as busy as ever. In September Mary Leanna goes away to school. This will be a big event in the lives of the Springfield Driftmiers — the first little bird to leave the nest. She is entering the ninth grade at the Northfield School for Girls. Some of you will remember that Northfield was founded by Dwight L. Moody and that it is recognized as a school with superior Christian influence. Although there are many fine private schools for girls here in New England, we have planned on entering Mary Leanna in Northfield from the day she was born.

Northfield is only sixty miles from our home and it will be possible for us to visit the school several times during the year. The school owns a large inn for the accommodation of parents and it was there that I was seriously injured two years ago when I broke my back on a toboggan slide. When we visit Mary Leanna this winter, I can assure you, I shall leave the toboggan slide strictly alone.

In addition to getting Mary Leanna off to school, we are making preparations for my trip to Europe. Each year the United States Air Force takes twelve clergymen from different areas of the country and from different denominations to conduct "Preaching Missions" at air bases all over the world. This year I have been selected to represent my denomination. My particular assignment is a five weeks preaching tour of air bases in Germany and France.

My instruction sheet for this assignment reads: "In addition to the normal Sunday morning and evening services, the mission schedule may provide opportunities for personal meditations, receptions, consultations, radio and television appearances, addresses to such groups as Sunday School teachers, officers and noncommissioned officers' wives' clubs, youth groups, and staff officers' luncheons and conferences." From this you can see that the months of October and November are going to be *busy* ones!

Our summer got off to an interesting beginning with a trip to Alfred University, Betty's Alma Mater. Thanks to our fine superhighways we were able to make the trip to western New York state in seven hours. At the university I had the honor and privilege of delivering the baccalaureate sermon to nearly one thousand persons assembled in the oldest and most historic building on the campus, then on Sunday afternoon to receive an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. Three were so honored that day — the Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York, a noted New York architect and myself. The ceremonies were held on a large athletic field with many hundreds of persons in attendance.

Just as the last of the graduating class had marched across the platform to receive their diplomas, the skies



When Mother and Dad (Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) visited Frederick's family in Springfield, Massachusetts, a photographer was called in so that a group picture could be taken. Frederick's wife, Betty, is standing between Dad and Frederick. The two children seated beside Mother are Mary Leanna and David. In recent pictures we have been amazed at David's resemblance to his cousin Martin Strom. Perhaps you have noticed it too.

opened with a cloudburst. Never in all my life have I seen so many people literally soaked to the skin. The rain came down so fast that only a few hundred people were able to get to their cars in time to keep relatively dry; the others were drenched. Betty and I were among those fortunate enough to have a car close by; even at that we did get a little damp.

Alfred University is noted for its fine Liberal Arts School and for its world famous School of Ceramic Engineering. The beautiful buildings are built on the sides of the mountains with the athletic fields down in the valley. Almost everyone living in the village of Alfred is in some way associated with the university. If you are interested in an eastern school for your child it would pay you to investigate Alfred University of Alfred, New York.

Our church has a day nursery. One day this summer all the youngsters were taken to the big park near our parsonage for a picnic. The entire lunch had been packed in an enormous wicker basket with a wooden lid to make all secure — but it was not secure enough! While the children and their teacher were on the swings and slides the squirrels attacked that picnic basket. They ate a large hole through the side and devoured the *entire* lunch except for a big cake which was in a covered cake pan.

As though this were not inconvenience enough, one of the little girls accidentally knocked the *cake* to the ground. It bounced from the tin and rolled down a little hill, breaking into pieces on the way. That *ended* the picnic! The children ate lunch at home.

A few days before we packed the car and took off for our summer cottage, my son David and his pals created what a sign on the front

porch called: "The World Famous Natural History Museum With Live Frogs, Snakes, Bugs, Worms and Free Lemonade for Five Cents". The first day business boomed. Each of the forty children in the block paid five cents for a "good look and a free drink".

The museum lasted only one day. The following morning while shaving, I observed a large insect crawling from *behind a clothes hamper*. At that very moment David came dashing in shouting, "Has anyone seen the queen? The queen has escaped!" I was *only too happy* to show him the queen. A few minutes later I was not so happy when I found several dead frogs and other assorted dead wildlife carefully laid out on my *workbench*. My annoyance reached its peak when I put my hand into the *box* where I keep the dog's rubber balls and found a snake that had escaped from the museum. Heartlessly I put an end to David's project.

Here at the cottage on the lake David does not need to create a museum — we live in one. The animal life in the Rhode Island woods is quite varied and our animal and bird friends visit our patio at all hours of the day and night. Raccoons and foxes are the most numerous and the most daring. Those smart little creatures know very well that our dog is shut up for the night and they have the audacity to walk within a few feet of his private window. The dog has become so accustomed to these nocturnal forays that he now pays little attention to them. Occasionally he will wake us up with some frantic barking and wild charging from window to window, but most of the time he sleeps right through the visits from the wilds.

In my next letter I shall tell you about our Nova Scotia trip. About
(Continued on page 18)

SUMMER FUN FOR CHILDREN

by
Evelyn

By the time August rolls around life may be getting a little dull with all the free, unplanned time youngsters need to fill. It may *even* be a bit nerve-racking for mother. The daily quarrels can be pared down to a minimum (we never expect to eliminate them *completely*) by planning a few new activities now and then. The best types are the ones which the children can develop and create themselves and which will keep them occupied for *hours*. These are the kind mother also, *obviously*, enjoys the most.

With all the outdoor play equipment which can be purchased we should remember that children still enjoy a simple tire swing, a "monkey" swing made with one heavy piece of rope with a knotted dangling end or the old-fashioned gunny sack filled with hay or grass cuttings and fastened to the end of a single rope. My boys have had great fun with a gunny sack swing this summer. With an old barrel on which to stand they jump and swing and twirl until I get dizzy from it all!

A board placed from the porch down to the ground (or anyplace which will make it form an incline) provides a good runway for small cars. Speaking from experience, this also is a good place for brothers to run races when three cars start from the top at the same time.

While sand piles are exciting fun and give endless hours of pleasure, my boys frequently change their center of operation to a flat corner of the yard or garden. Here they set up forts for their toy soldiers, ranches for cowboys and horses and airports for tiny home-made or dime store airplanes. Sticks make fine fences and bridges over "rivers". Cardboard boxes shape up into a ranch house or an airplane hanger. Just get the youngsters started with a suggestion or two and they will take over with their own imaginations.

In a neighborhood with a number of children, the good old-fashioned tent show, circus, fair or play is still a worthwhile venture. A tent, old blankets hanging from the clothesline or a cover over a card table can set the stage for many an amateur production. Blessed is the child with a barn or a shed in which to stage theatricals (or create a clubhouse). While country children can rig up a circus with farm animals, town children can manage very well using their pets. Most any group can plan a play, a television show or a magician's act. Writing the play, getting costumes ready and practicing can fill many happy hours. Of course, parents must spend enough time (and a few pennies) to view the finished product or the real joy of all this effort may be lost. It is well worth the sacrifice!

My boys enjoy making mixtures. While they like to make mud pies and sand cookies the addition of a little white flour or a sprinkle or two of anything which can be spared from the kitchen adds zest to whatever



Jessie Field Shambaugh and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Whitmore are pictured at the dedication ceremony for the new Page County lodge at the 4-H camp near Boone, Iowa. Mrs. Whitmore is holding a copy of the Country Girl's Creed which was written by Mrs. Shambaugh, a founder of 4-H clubs.

they are making. This is one way to get rid of worn-out spices or flat baking powder; naturally, only give them to children who are old enough not to eat the stuff! One day the boys set up a board beside the sand pile and lined it with an interesting collection of bottles and jars. They were playing druggist and proceeded to mix up "medicines". With bits of flour, sugar, tea, food coloring, several spices, mud, water and sand, the resulting concoctions looked as though they would cure (or finish off) 'most anyone!

Encourage collections in the summer. This may lead to woolly caterpillars, feathers, lightning bugs and huge quantities of rocks, but it gives the children an insight into nature which is invaluable. With a little guidance in choosing books from the home bookshelf or city library such a hobby may be turned into a profitable learning experience. Find a place where each child can put his own collection. Live specimens, needless to say, had best be relegated to an outdoor museum (see Frederick's letter about David's experience!) but *do* make room for such treasures. You can straighten up after school starts again.

Printing a newspaper can be fun even for a youngster alone. He can make a one page edition with news, cartoons, want ads and original stories. In a family with several children, or if a number of children in the neighborhood play together, they could join forces and form a "staff", each one could then work on a different section of the newspaper. Carbon paper can provide any needed duplicates. Printing sets *do* make nice headings but they are not essential; printing by hand does just as well.

Let the children help with tasks around the house which are fun. We frequently give them the uncreative, routine jobs which do need to be done but which tend to get dull even for an adult. Help the children plan simple menus and then let them prepare as many of the dishes as age will allow. Instant puddings, gelatin salads, cake mixes, fruit plates, carrot sticks, breakfast cocoa, scrambled eggs and meat patties are a few suggestions for

beginners. When the family eats outdoors let the embryo chefs get to work. It increases their fun and knowledge and can give you a real helper before you know it.

Have your youngsters ever made parachutes out of handkerchiefs? If you are not interested in parting with the real thing, let the child cut a square of cloth the size of your hanky. Tie a piece of string to each corner of the square. Pull the strings together loosely and fasten them to a little plastic man. If he is not heavy enough, tie on a washer, a nut or a sinker to give added weight. A child can stand in a tree, on a porch railing, any place that is *up* and drop the parachute. It will also work if it is thrown up in the air high enough to get air inside the hanky. This has shortcomings in the house but has great possibilities outdoors.

Quiet play is necessary for hot summer afternoons or on rainy days. A porch with a table can provide a good work-play location at such times. New squares of white material or pieces cut from old sheets are useful for making doilies, hot pan holders or placemats. The children can draw freehand pictures and color in the designs heavily with crayons. While color books and stencils make nice patterns the children's own pictures are truly more creative. The colors can be made washable by placing absorbant paper on each side of the completed picture and ironed.

Even a five or six year old child enjoys embroidery. Use one of his own simple outline pictures and copy it with a pencil on a plain piece of material. Put this firmly between embroidery hoops. Thread the needle double with bright colored floss and knot firmly. Teach the child a simple basting stitch or a plain cross stitch. Boys enjoy this, too, so don't limit it to just the girls in your household. Uses for the finished product vary from a doily to a wall hanging.

Stringing buttons and beads is a pastime frequently forgotten. The tiny beads make beautiful designs and encourage imagination. Girls can make pretty drawstring purses and boys can make decorated Indian knife holders.

Macaroni may be colored with food coloring and strung like beads for doll jewelry. Various seeds and odd-shaped macaroni can be glued to a square of cardboard to make fancy pictures.

The other evening our dog Bonnie and the three boys in my family took me for a walk. We saw the gold of the sunset, the deep green of the leaves along the creek, the fading light and the first sparkle of the lightning bugs. It became the most exciting time of my entire day. It is often hard for tired parents (and I am included too often in this category) to hie themselves off on an evening hike, but it can become a revealing and happy "summer activity". Look again at the world through the eyes of a child. Whether your location to walk is across a barnyard, down a country road or around a city block, your children will show you the wonders of nature in exciting ways which you may have forgotten existed.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Come and "set" with me for a spell on this beautiful summer evening when the day's bustling activity is over and the first heavy shadows of night have begun to fall across the garden.

I have a favorite spot for this time of day: the small porch adjoining our living room. It's a pocket handkerchief size porch but it manages to serve several purposes. Not only does it give us a lovely view of the western sky and our garden, but it furnishes us with an entrance to the garage, by way of a door on the east wall, and an entrance to the greenhouse, by way of a door on the south wall. There are glass louvers that can be opened easily for fresh air, or closed equally easily to keep out rain in the summer and snow in the winter.

Since this is a small porch and has three doors, it's quite a trick to arrange furniture so we can get through it without falling over something. But by juggling space to the maximum I've managed to get four chairs in it, two small tile-topped tables, a couple of footstools and a card table. The card table has given us a fine place to eat breakfast on summer mornings, and if the day isn't too hot we can enjoy supper out there also — if we don't eat too early. The sun really beats in there full force in late afternoon, so there's no question of sitting down to a meal at 6:00 o'clock unless we've had a rain and the temperature has dropped.

On the east wall of this porch I have the only area where anything can be put for decorative purposes, and hanging there are four large Spanish plates with a huge string of red chilies between them. These red peppers came from New Mexico, and they're as important in that area as salt and black pepper are to us. (One of the nicest things you ever see in small New Mexican villages are these brilliant strings of red chili peppers hanging on the outside of adobe houses. They're extremely colorful and look very picturesque to our Midwestern eyes.)

The Spanish plates that I mentioned were a tremendous bargain. When Russell and I were in Sante Fe we were prowling around in a store simply filled to the rafters with stuff of all kinds, and suddenly Russell came over to the section where I was pawing through things and asked me to step around to another area and look at these plates.

They are enormous, extremely heavy, beautifully decorated by hand and made with three holes bored through the bottom rim so they could be hung on the wall. We don't see much Spanish pottery these days and considering their size and quality I was prepared to hear the clerk quote a price 'way beyond' what I felt I could spend for such pieces. But to our astonishment she said that these were the "end of the line", they didn't expect to get anymore, and if we wanted the last four we could have them for \$3.00 each.



Spectacularly set on a double curve of the Iowa river, the home of Prof. and Mrs. H. Clay Harshbarger offers a panoramic view of the river country from almost every room of the house, kitchen included. It was one of the 7 homes included on the second annual United Nations house tour in Iowa City on Sunday, May 22. Mrs. Harshbarger is more familiarly known to many of you as our cousin Gretchen.

I had the hunch that this was indeed a rare find, so we bought the four without any lolly-gagging. My hunch proved to be 100% right when we stopped in another store later that day and found the identical plates marked at \$22.50 each! Furthermore, these particular plates all had bad chips around the edge whereas the ones we purchased for \$3.00 each were in perfect condition, and when I protested to the clerk that \$22.50 was certainly a steep price for badly chipped pottery she told me firmly that they were antiques and I'd be lucky to have them at any price, chips or no chips! I *did* smile, but I managed to refrain from expressing what was really going through my mind.

Anyway, that's the story of the four big Spanish plates that hang on the wall of the porch. I'm not what is known as a good shopper because I've never been able to trudge around stores enough to develop a sixth sense on bargains, but this was one transaction that gives me pleasure whenever I see those plates on the porch and recall all the details connected with them.

We've been home most of the time this summer, although Juliana spent a couple of weeks on the farm with Kristin.

I haven't yet read Dorothy's letter so I don't know if she has written any details about Juliana's visit at the farm, but even at the risk of being repetitious I'd like to tell you that Russell and I were pretty well surprised by our daughter's activities!

For one thing, Juliana went to the farm with a good friend, Becky Kempton — and I might add that Becky enters St. Luke's hospital in Kansas City in September to study nursing.

During part of this visit at the farm, Dorothy had to be in Shenandoah for what we call Kitchen-Klatter week (that's when she addresses the magazine for all you friends), so this left Kristin, Juliana and Becky to rally around and take hold.

The hay had to be put up during this period and in one afternoon Frank, Kristin, Juliana and a neighbor's son actually handled 300 bales. Juliana said she thought these bales weighed between 90 and 100 pounds each, and for some peculiar reason she was so stiff and sore the next morning she could scarcely get out of bed!

Becky had planned to get right into the hayfield and pitch in, but she has a severe allergy to dust and in ten minutes was practically prostrated, so she returned to the house and took over on fixing lunches for the ones in the field, prepared supper, did a big ironing and just more than flew around.

After the hay was safely in they had to tackle clover that had to be baled then and there because the machine came from too great a distance to return at a later date.

"It was just horribly hot," Juliana said, "and when we put our hands in those bales the clover was almost steaming." These bales had to be hoisted up into the hay loft by means of hooks, and then were opened and the clover spread out to cure. "That haymow was really something!" Juliana concluded. "There wasn't one breath of air — not one."

Aside from this work in the field and haymow, all three girls took to the roof of an old barn that Frank is dismantling and tore off shingles.

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WAY BACK WHEN—

From "Mother's Hour Letter" Thirty-Five Years Ago

The Right Kind of Directions

When you want the house cleaned up, do not say, "Children, you must clean up the house this morning." Give each one explicit directions as to what he is to do. He will then feel his individual responsibility.

Bible Stories

Why not tell our children the good old Bible stories, instead of so many fairy tales? The children enjoy these just as much, and while we are entertaining them with Bible stories we are teaching them lessons that will help build a good character. Too many children today are growing up with only a limited knowledge of the Bible. The stories they learn when small will be remembered all through life.

Every home should have a book of Bible stories written in language the children can understand.

Blackboard

Have your children a blackboard? If not, they should have and you can easily make one for them. Take any large smooth board, or piece of beaver board, and paint it with liquid slate. Give it several coats. This liquid slate can be bought at any drug store and is not expensive. A blackboard is both entertaining and educational.

Children's Moulding Dough

All children love to play with dough and if you will mix equal parts of flour and salt with enough water to make a dough which has the consistency of moulding clay, the children will spend hours playing with it. By using fruit coloring, you can make it different colors. When they are through with it, by putting it in a bowl and covering it with a damp cloth, you can keep it indefinitely.

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.
It's full of worth and goodness too,
With genial kindness blent;
It's worth a million dollars,
And doesn't cost a cent.

From "Kitchen-Klatter News" Twenty-Five Years Ago

Is This Your Picture?

Have you noticed that the days you feel well, your housework seems a joy? When you are all tired out, and have a headache, you can't plan balanced meals, or wrestle with family finances. Your efficiency depends upon your physical and mental health.

To keep up your physical efficiency, dress comfortably, have plenty of fresh air (sleep with the windows open), do not eat when tired or nervously tense, and do not piece between meals. Keep correct posture while working. Keep a high stool in the kitchen, and use it when your work will permit. If your feet do not touch



Those of you who have the very first copy of "Mother's Hour Letter" will recognize this picture of Mother (Leanna Field Driftmier), for it appeared on the cover. The year was 1926—a busy year, indeed, for Mother was broadcasting daily as well as carrying on a full schedule at home. With 7 children that wasn't always easy! Dad says, "Only a woman with her abundant energy could have done it."

the floor, have a stool to rest them on. Resting accomplishes the most when the body is reclining, so lie down at least once a day. (Best position is on a bed, flat on the stomach. Arms limp at the sides).

Mental efficiency should include an interest in politics, civic affairs, reading good books and magazines, and having a hobby, such as music, birds, flowers, or art work. As a rule, homemakers do not have enough outside interests, and consequently their lives become narrow, reaching only their own immediate neighborhood. Let us all try to lead broader lives during 1936. Please don't say, "I don't have time". Plan your work, save an hour a day, and make the most use of it. Do not give up your music or your painting, or any talent you may have developed before you became a homemaker. It isn't so much the lack of time, as that you neglect this side of your life. Take time to visit school. How many of you have visited school lately? This will all add to your efficiency as a homemaker. After you are gone, your family will not remember or care whether the house was always spotless, but they will remember the interest you took in their activities, and the cheerful atmosphere you created in your home circle.

Resolutions Of A Housewife

Resolved:

To do "the whole duty of woman"—that of cooking, housekeeping, children—with joy in my heart.

To make the daily routine one of inspiration rather than drudgery.

To remember that I am all the time creating, while I go about my homely tasks.

To use knowledge, love and understanding in preparing the family meals.

To be like a high priestess at work in her temple—every motion of my hands one of love and order.

To give my family, through loving and capable ministrations, the courage, and confidence they need to go out and fight life's battles—and, incidentally, build up power within myself.

To make of homemaking an Art, that cannot be surpassed by any other Art.

—Blanch Jacobson

My sister, Mrs. Fischer, often says, "What IS, is right, because God has planned our lives wisely, knowing what is best for each of us." In my own case, this was hard to believe—(notice I used the past tense). I realize now that during the past years of my broadcasts I have been able to be more of an inspiration and help to those of you in radio land, and in my own home; have been able to do more for my family, by not doing for them—making it necessary for them to do more for themselves and for each other. My husband always said my greatest fault was doing too much for the children. This was true.

"I know not by what method rare,
But this I know, God answers prayer.
I know not when He sends the word,
That tells us fervent prayer is heard,
I know it cometh soon or late;
Therefore, we need to pray and wait,
I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the guise I thought;
I leave my prayers with Him alone,
Whose will is wiser than my own."

—Eliza M. Hickak

How many times, when we have seen our boys facing some hard task, have we wished we might make it easier for them. That is only Mother-love. Of course, we must guard their physical well-being, but simply because a task is hard, unpleasant, or monotonous, let us not feel sorry for them. They can't realize it now, but when they are grown, they will understand the sentiment of this poem.

Friendly Obstacles

For every hill I've had to climb,
For every stone that bruised my feet,
For all the blood and sweat and grime,
For blinding storms and burning heat,
My heart sings but a grateful song—
These were the things that made me strong!

For all the heartaches and the tears,
For all the anguish and the pain,
For gloomy days and fruitless years,
And for the hopes that live in vain.
I do give thanks, for now I know
These were the things that helped me grow!

'Tis not the softer things of life,
Which stimulate man's will to strive;
But bleak adversity and strife
Do most to keep man's will alive.
O'er rose-strewn paths the weaklings creep;
But brave hearts dare to climb the steep!

—L. E. Thayer

HAPPY NEWS FROM DONALD AND MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

I've just finished the last load of laundry and have it entrusted to the faithful service of my drier. If a stranger were to walk into this house, though, and peek into the drier, he would be convinced that I am drying a load of rags when in reality it is the remains of five dozen diapers. Goodness but they are *all* in such awful shape! I often wonder just what the baby sitter thinks when she sees the ragged things I'm using on the poor baby. I suppose this is the usual lot of those third or more babies who come along in a family and get hand-me-down garments. If the diapers get much worse I shall be driven to buy more. Adrienne is so close to the age where they will be discarded that I hate to make any more investment in such an item.

While I'm on the subject of laundry I'm reminded of the changes in my washing habits brought about by my enlarged family. Time was, not too long ago, when I would gather the laundry together once a week. By doing five or six loads in one day I could be finished until the next week. By the same token, I could take one day to do the ironing and have it done. With five of us in the family now, and especially with summer cottons which require more attention than woollens, I find myself running a nonstop race with the dirty clothes hamper.

I don't mind the ironing except that by sticking to it as much as possible the remainder of the housework begins to pile up until things get a little thick — *especially* the dust on the tops of furniture. Donald happens to be one of those husbands who finds it humorous to leave notes written in the dust on top of the furniture. The dust situation around this house has been a monumental problem but one which is slowly improving. For low these many months we have had no lawn and the landscape men have really stirred up many tons of dust. The grass seed is finally sown so I hope things will soon be better. The city road maintenance men came down our street with an oil truck which spewed out thick, black oil so *that* dust source has been erased. Grateful as I am for these attempts to keep down the road dust, it makes me heartsick to see the awful black gobs which the two bigger children drag in. I am trying to teach them to remember to check their shoes but accidents are inevitable. We have simply traded one evil for another. This is more than enough on the grim side of life; I've got lots of happy news to tell you about.

First of all — in the baby department our Adrienne has found her feet and is in the process of exploring all of the high places which she couldn't see when she was still crawling. She took off one evening when Donald had taken her out of the playpen for her usual period of freedom. I do believe those first steps were as much a shock to her as they were to us. She was startled to find herself



When you read Mary Beth's letter you'll understand why we believe this to be the last picture we'll ever see of Adrienne standing so happily in her playpen!

between two pieces of furniture and not holding onto any support. Then she began to giggle and promptly fell in a heap on the floor. Her falls are still frequent and often tear-producing but her courage gains with every passing day.

Adrienne made this great stride forward in her development just three weeks before her first birthday. We had our usual celebration for first birthdays and, if I'm any judge, Katharine and Paul enjoyed it more than the birthday girl. We had individual cupcakes and on Adrienne's we stuck a wee candle. Paul and Katharine presented her with a stuffed gingham dog about two sizes larger than her hands. Her daddy and I gave her a soft cuddly doll which she now affectionately tucks up under her chin and ear.

This smallest child of ours cannot decide which toy she prefers. One hour she likes the soft stuffed dolls and animals best and the next she switches her attention to Paul's tank or his little automobiles. Of course, Paul has his times when he enjoys nothing more than pushing the doll buggy down the road beside Katharine when she takes her babies for a stroll.

Next week my mother and sister Marjorie and family are coming up for a visit; then we shall celebrate Katharine's sixth birthday. Where, oh where, do the years go?

If the weather is at all permissible we are planning a beach party to celebrate this next birthday. Donald and I have made several automobile trips along the shore line of Lake Michigan near Milwaukee. We decided the nicest beaches are those directly east of the downtown business district. Although no swimming is allowed here, due to polluted water, the children can still wade and play on the sandy beach. I understand the lake water is too cold

for swimming anyway, so I don't think we shall have to discourage the children too much.

We've taken the birthday money some of the loving relatives have sent and bought the children a nice new sandbox. Although Adrienne won't profit too much from this investment this year, by next year she will enjoy it as much as the older children. This new sandbox is of weatherproof aluminum. The old sandbox rusted out until it was impossible to renovate it with paint and hammer and nails so we profited by *that* experience.

Even though the new box is purchased and here in the back yard it will not be put into working order until after the first of next month; moving a sandbox loaded with several hundred pounds of sand is asking a little too much of moving men. Yes, the happiest news I have to report this month is that we shall be moving into our *very own home* in less than two weeks!

Our house hunting efforts have finally produced a home for us which will come close to filling the void left when we moved from Oak Park. The circumstances are so similar to ours it is most unusual. A young couple who worked for A. C. Spark Plug Division of General Motors Corporation had hunted for a year to find the particular lot that suited them. Here they built a house just to their specifications and in September of 1960 moved in. Two months later the young man was given notification of his transfer to Detroit, Michigan. Late this spring they vacated their lovely new home.

It just so happened I was typing in the living room the day the big moving van lumbered up the steep incline of our road. Several days later when I was out walking with Katharine I noticed this fine vacant house and guessed that it was the place to which the moving truck had been driving.

Donald and I were investigating every single house that looked like a possibility. We did some inquiring and located good friends of the couple who were moving and they gave us the key to the house.

To make a long story short, we liked what we saw and are now ready to pack up and move again — but this time it will be into our own home!

The place is less than one-half mile from the house where we are now living. I thought we had a beautiful view here of the valley below us, but the new view is simply spectacular! The house sets at the very top of a steep hill and, on a clear day, we will be able to see downtown Milwaukee and about twenty miles to the north and south.

Another virtue of our new location is the fact that Katharine can definitely walk to school. We'll be only four blocks from the back door of the Elmwood School. I want Katharine to have the exercise and I won't worry about such a little tot walking alone this short distance.

It took considerable thinking for Donald and me to decide to purchase this particular house for

(Continued on page 18)

NO HANDS BUT OURS

By

Rev. Frederick Field Driftmier

Do you remember the thrill you had when you watched some infant discovering his hands for the first time? Do you remember its expression that seemed to say: "What a wonderful thing this hand is, and to think that I have two of them!"?

In this day of automation we all need to recapture something of the child's marvel at the wonderfulness of hands. Man's estate wherever it has been made blessed on earth, has been made so because God created us with hands, and with a mind to direct them. Other animals have paws, but man has hands, and man alone of all the animals is able to touch the thumb with the tip of the first finger, and because man is able to do that, he is the artist, the craftsman, the engineer, the doctor, the nurse, the cook, the housewife.

It is only the few who ever realize how much hands can mean, and there is such a wealth of meaning in hands. There are hands knotted with toil, hands finely manicured and rich with rings, hands twisted and gnarled with ill-health, old hands blue-veined and trembling, little hands clasped tightly about a mother's neck, hands lifted in prayer, hands struggling to kill. There are hands that build and hands that destroy, hands that beautify and hands that besmirch.

Sometimes there is more meaning in the touch of hands than is to be found in volumes of print. A teacher once came to me and said: "Now here is a tough one for you. My little children want to know what God feels like. What shall I tell them?"

I replied, "Tell them this: do you remember one night when you were so tired you just couldn't walk upstairs to bed, and so your daddy put his big hands under your arms and picked you up and carried you to bed? Do you remember how big and strong his hands felt? Well, God feels like that. And then do you remember the day that you were sick in bed and your head hurt and felt so hot, and then your mother put her hand on your forehead and gently rubbed it until it felt better and you fell asleep? Well, God feels like that. And then remember the time you saw a little child crying, and you went over to it and the little child held onto your hand so tightly and you felt so big and proud and good to be able to help someone smaller than you? Well, God feels like that."

Such an answer may be too naive for adults, but a child will understand!

It is a true saying: "Christ has no hands but ours." If the touch of His hands is to be felt in your home and neighborhood, it will be through the touch of your hands. Yours are the eyes through which must look out Christ's compassion to the world. Yours are the feet with which the living Christ is to go about doing good. Yours are the hands with which God can bless your home, your club, your church, your world.

As your hands busy themselves in

the daily routine of work and play, ask yourself if you have used your hands to lift the burden from the shoulders of someone much less able to carry it than are you? Have your hands helped that aged couple living near you? Have your hands done something kind and good for the lonely old lady who sits not far from you in church? What generous, loving selfless things will your hands do before another year has come and gone?

(Reprinted from *Federation Topics*, publication of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, April, 1960 with permission of the author.)

WE COULD ALL DO MORE

By

Mabel Nair Brown

One place where many churches fall down is giving loving thought and attention to their members in those last sunset years. Some of these people have been faithful to every church service, have spent countless hours washing dishes, cooking for church dinners, ushering or teaching. Then they become older and must taper off their activities, perhaps giving up their own homes and moving into homes for the aged or placed in the care of relatives. Days and weeks go by and no one comes to visit them except the pastor or priest. We know that our churches could do much, much more and, fortunately, many congregations are taking steps to remedy the situation. After all, we wouldn't have the churches we have today if THEY HADN'T KEPT THEM GOING FOR US!

Our women's society has done a great deal in this direction and in our projects we have gained a real insight as to what is most appreciated. Perhaps some of the following ideas could be put to use in your own church.

At Christmas time we gave Christmas Plates. All who could, donated cookies, homemade candy, jelly, and other choice items. The ladies gathered on a certain day, filled the plates and, in teams, called on the sick and the shut-ins. After presenting the plates WE STAYED FOR A LITTLE VISIT. The latter is most important of all for in every instance we could readily see that our elderly, shut-in members were hungry for company and eager to hear what was going on at the church. And how their eyes sparkled when we told them of future plans and events that were coming up soon.

Throughout the year we planned special treats to take to our friends. At Easter time we took a large pink carnation, accompanied by a beautiful Easter card. In May the Adult Sunday School class fixed up lovely maybaskets filled with candy and flowers.

On one of our visits we took along a church bulletin. When we learned how much it meant to them, we decided to mail the bulletins to them every week. This has made them feel that they are still very close to the church.

In our visitations we discovered that some of our elderly or disabled members could come to services if they had transportation and strong arms to help them. Since that discovery we

have kept a standing offer of rides to church for those who needed this assistance.

One thing I would like to make very clear: we who make the visits derive more pleasure and inspiration from our calls than those we visit! Who wouldn't when you see lifeless eyes take on new sparkle, feel handclasps that are warm with love, and see tears of joy for being remembered?

BE USEFUL WHERE THOU LIVEST

Be useful where thou livest, that they may

Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.

Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way

To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,

And meet them there. All worldly joys go less

To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

—From "The Temple,"
by George Herbert.

A SWARM OF BEES WORTH HIVING

B-patient, B prayerful, B humble,

B mild,

B-wise as a Solon, B meek as a child,

B-studious, B thoughtful, B loving,

B kind,

B-sure you make matter subservient to mind,

B-cautious, B prudent, B trustful,

B true,

B-courteous to all, B intimate with few,

B-temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,

B-careful of conduct of money and time,

B-cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful,

B firm,

B-peaceful, benevolent, B willing to learn,

B-courageous, B gentle, B liberal and just,

B-aspiring, B humble because thou art dust,

B-penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,

B-active, devoted, B faithful till death,

B-honest, B holy, transparent and pure,

B-dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll be secure.

COVER PICTURE

I think this is the first picture we have ever taken of the graceful staircase in the front entrance hall of Margery and Oliver's home. The Stroms count themselves among the many "do-it-yourself" people and in their spare time they've done much to improve their home. Margery made the drapes which hang at the hall window and with Oliver's assistance they carpeted the stairs and painted the woodwork — a time consuming job when you count all of those spindles! The deacon's bench in the foreground is one of Margery's favorite pieces of maple furniture. It "moves around" so you might possibly recognize having seen it in other pictures.

KRISTIN'S COMPANY FINDS FARM ACTIVITIES FUN

Dear Friends:

Dinner is over, the dishes are done, and Frank has returned to the field where he will finish the last bit of cultivation for the year. Everything looks wonderful! We have been fortunate in the fact that nice rains came just when we needed them and so far there have been no floods. So, this is indeed a happy summer for the Johnsons.

The house is so quiet today that I feel almost dislocated. For the past two weeks Juliana and her friend, Becky Kempton, have been visiting us and we just put them on the train for home last night. Kristin thought it would be so lonesome around the house without the girls that she took the train to Allerton to spend the night and today with her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls. We'll drive to Allerton tonight to bring her home for tomorrow she is to give a report at the church on the past six months' activities of the Youth Group. Kristin is the retiring moderator of the group.

When Juliana called to see if it would be all right to bring Becky with her, I said that it would be fine, but reminded her that I would be in Shenandoah addressing the magazine during part of their visit and that they would have to "batch". She assured me that she was aware of this but thought it would be fun to help Kristin with the cooking. I was scheduled to leave the day after the girls arrived and while I was at the depot waiting for the train, I thought of something I had forgotten to tell Kristin. When I called home the girls were in the midst of making cookies so they didn't waste much time getting into the kitchen.

My magazine days this month included a weekend. When it looked as if the weather was going to be nice I suggested that perhaps Mother and Dad would like to drive to Lucas on Saturday and come back on Sunday since I could do the driving both ways. They were happy about this arrangement so I called home to let the family know that we would be there by dinner-time Saturday. The report was that the girls were getting along fine — had fed extra men for dinner that day and not only did they have a good meal, but that it was ready on time!

When Kristin came to the phone she told us to keep our eyes open when we drove into the lane because there were several surprises. All the way to Lucas we tried to guess what they could be. She and Frank always try to have some little surprise in store for me when I come home from Shenandoah, and this time Juliana and Becky had their hands in it too. The minute I drove through the gate I noticed that one thing had been accomplished that I have wanted taken care of for a long, long time. Over twenty years ago Frank laid a beautiful curved walk of natural flat rocks hauled from the big ditch that runs through the timber pasture. It starts



This is one of the activities that Juliana and Becky had looked forward to when they visited Kristin on the farm, but poor Becky was forced to give up because of an allergy. Fortunately, a young neighbor boy could take her place on the wagon and proved to be a big help to Juliana, on the left, and Kristin, on the right, while they stacked the bales of hay.

at the front gate and ends at the front door — about 80 feet in length. The grass had grown so thick between the flagstones that you could scarcely see them. It was a beautiful sight to see this lovely walk winding up through the front yard once again.

Whenever Mother comes to see us the car is driven right up to the back door so her wheel chair won't have to be pushed over rough ground. Therefore, the next surprise was also easy to see. The old wire fence and gate that had bordered the north side of the yard were no longer there. As time permits Frank hopes to replace them with a picket fence but until this can be done, the yard looks much prettier with nothing at all. There used to be a row of Cedar trees there also but heavy winds through the years have gradually broken off all but one. It was nice to see that the old tree stumps were removed along with the fence. It is amazing how much difference these changes make in the appearance of our yard.

The girls had busied themselves inside the house as well. They had done a thorough job of cleaning, even rearranging the furniture on the front porch. Some houseplants were moved out onto a small table and a red-and-white checked tablecloth on the picnic table made everything look bright and gay.

In their spare time the girls tore more shingles off the old barn. In fact, this is what they were doing when we pulled into the yard. They had put on their bathing suits in hopes of acquiring a tan and had a portable radio up on the roof with them. I wheeled Mother out where she could watch them and she said that they were singing and having lots of fun along with their work.

This was Becky's first real visit on the farm and she could scarcely wait until Frank put up hay. The day finally arrived. Kristin drove the tractor and Juliana and Becky were stack-

ing the bales as Frank threw them up on the rack. But poor Becky — she didn't last ten minutes! In the excitement of this new activity, she completely forgot that she had hay fever and had hardly started when she began to sneeze. It was a mighty disappointed girl who had to head for the house just when the fun began.

Juliana said when she left that she would be back when it was time to put up hay again for she really enjoyed it. Becky, (who had planned to stay only a week and stayed two weeks) said that she would like to come back again then too, even if she couldn't be in the field with the girls. Of course we will be delighted to have them.

If your husband is a fisherman and you're going to have friends in for a dinner to enjoy his "catch", here is a suggestion for your table centerpiece. Make a sailboat from a nine-inch square cake. Cut the cake diagonally in half to make two triangles. One triangle will be the large sail. Measure down two and one-fourth inches from the cut edge of the other triangle and cut across the cake again. The small triangle is for the second sail and the strip left is for the hull.

Arrange the cake pieces on a blue tray, or a cardboard painted blue with tempera paints and covered with clear plastic wrap. Place the two triangles together so that they are even across the bottom, and the two cut edges are toward the outside. These are your sails and should be frosted with white icing. I suggest that you frost the sides where they join so that they will stick together. Also frost the bottom edge and then center the long side of the hull against this. Frost the hull with chocolate icing and put a line of the chocolate between the sails for the mast. Across the middle of the hull, space three or four white Life Savers for portholes. You might stick a small flag in the

(Continued on page 18)

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

ELEGANT BLACK WALNUT ICE CREAM

- 2 cups scalded milk
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 beaten egg yolks
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 stiff-beaten egg whites
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1/4 cup black walnut meats

Scald the milk and stir in the sugar until it is dissolved. Add the beaten egg yolks and cook in top of double boiler until thick. Remove from heat and stir in salt and flavorings. Freeze until firm in refrigerator tray. Remove and break in chunks; put into a chilled bowl; beat smooth. Fold in the beaten egg whites, whipped cream and nuts. Return to a double refrigerator tray and freeze until firm.

ICE CREAM COOKIES

- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 6 Tbls. confectioners' sugar
- 1 beaten egg yolk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup sifted flour

Thoroughly cream together the butter and sugar; add egg yolk and vanilla and beat well. Add flour. Drop from teaspoon onto ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

Makes two dozen.

SPINACH SOUFFLE

- 2 pkgs. frozen spinach
- 1 medium size onion, chopped
- 2 cups medium thick white sauce
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 2 egg whites, beaten stiff

Cook spinach according to directions on package. Drain very thoroughly. Cook onion in 2 Tbls. butter until tender. Combine spinach, onion, white sauce, bread crumbs and egg yolks. Mix well. Fold in egg whites beaten until stiff, but not dry. Turn into a buttered casserole, place casserole in a pan of hot water and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

Spinach is a vegetable that people like or dislike — no neutral territory here! Crisp fresh spinach is delicious but we very rarely see it in our markets. Canned spinach leaves a lot to be desired. But frozen spinach is a halfway satisfactory substitute for garden-fresh spinach, and this particular recipe turns it into a dish that everyone seems to enjoy — including the people who don't like spinach!

TANGY LIME GELATIN SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 Tbls. shredded onion

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water to which the lemon flavoring has been added. Add the mayonnaise and stir well. Add the cottage cheese, chopped celery, chopped green pepper and the shredded onion. Chill until completely set before serving on salad greens.

STRAWBERRY SAUCE

- 1 cup strawberries, fresh or frozen
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice or 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
Put the strawberries into a saucepan and mash them slightly with a fork. Remove 2 tablespoons of the strawberry juice and mix with cornstarch to make a smooth paste. Set aside. Add the lemon juice or lemon flavoring and the Kitchen-Klatter sweetener and strawberry flavoring to the berries. Cook to a boil, then stir in the cornstarch mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, for a minute or two to thicken. Serve hot over cake or puddings, or cold over ice cream.

KRISTIN'S PICNIC BROWNIES

- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate bits
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Melt the chocolate bits and the shortening together in a pan over hot water. Put the eggs and the sugar in a mixing bowl and beat until thick. Add the dry ingredients and mix well. Stir in the chocolate mixture, flavoring and nuts. Pour batter into an 8 x 8-inch well-greased pan and bake in a 375 degree oven for about 25 minutes.

SALMON-MACARONI SCALLOP

- 1 cup macaroni
- 1 7 1/2-ounce can red salmon
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- Salt to taste
- 1 1/2 cups thin white sauce

Cook the macaroni in boiling, salted water. Drain. Alternate layers of macaroni and salmon and the vegetables in greased casserole. Sprinkle with a little salt. Pour the white sauce over all and top with cracker or bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Tuna or shrimp could be used in place of salmon.

EASY CHICKEN LOAF

This is the kind of recipe it is easier to "tell about" rather than to put down in the usual way.

Any kind of chicken will do, but there was a special on chicken wings so this was the chicken that I utilized.

Cover chicken with water, add salt and pepper, and boil until meat is ready to fall from the bones. Then remove the chicken and cook down the liquid until 2 cups remain in the pan. When chicken is cold, remove from the bones and eliminate all skin and gristle.

Dissolve 1 envelope of plain gelatin in 1/3 cup water. Then add dissolved gelatin to the 2 cups of hot chicken broth. Stir.

Put pieces of chicken in a glass bread pan and pour the broth over it. Refrigerate until ready to serve. This loaf is firm and cuts beautifully if you have a good sharp knife. It made delicious slices for one meal, and sandwiches for a second meal.

(You will note that only salt and pepper were used for spices. Other things could be added, but I wanted plain jellied chicken for a change.)

The amount of liquid accounted for here is enough to cover one glass bread loaf pan filled with chicken.

MARASCHINO ICE CREAM

- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup cold milk
- 2 1/2 cups scalded milk
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 cup diced maraschino cherries
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 2 egg whites

Mix together the flour, sugar and salt. Add cold milk. Add to the scalded milk and cook for 20 minutes in top of double boiler until thickened. Cool. Add the flavorings and maraschino cherries. Whip the cream and fold in. Lastly, fold in the beaten egg whites. If you would like a deeper pink, add a few drops of red food coloring when you add the flavorings. Freeze in refrigerator trays until firm.

BLUE CHEESE STUFFED PORK CHOPS

- 6 double-thick pork chops, with pockets cut
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. onion, minced
- 1/4 cup mushrooms, sliced fine
- 1/2 cup blue cheese, crumbled (about 3 oz.)
- 3/4 cup bread crumbs
- A dash of salt

Melt the butter in a skillet and add the onion and mushrooms. Cook for five minutes. Remove from the heat and stir in the blue cheese, bread crumbs and the dash of salt. Stuff the pockets cut in the pork chops with this dressing and secure with toothpicks. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour or until the meat is nicely brown and cooked through.

SUMMER PUNCH

- 3 large cans unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1 large can unsweetened orange juice
- 1 6-ounce can lemon juice
- 2 pkgs. powdered orange fruit drink
- 4 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 quarts water
- 3 quarts gingerale

Combine all but the gingerale and chill. Add the gingerale just before serving.

It is very effective to freeze some of the punch in a ring mold with mandarin orange sections to float in the punch bowl.

MAPLE NUT CHEWS

- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup English walnuts, chopped

Cream the shortening and sugar together; add the maple and burnt sugar flavorings and the egg and beat well. Sift the flour with the salt and baking powder and add to the creamed mixture. Stir in the raisins and nuts. Spread in a greased 8-inch square pan and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool slightly before cutting into bars.

AL'S SANDWICH SPREAD

- 3/4 cup dill or sweet pickle, chopped
- 1/2 cup chunk style School Day peanut butter
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 salad dressing
- 1 tsp. soy sauce, optional
- Dash of onion salt

Combine all the ingredients. Excellent on any kind of bread. Equally good on crackers. This is a favorite of the Boy Scouts in many areas.

HAM AND NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 2 cups diced cooked ham
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup shredded cheese
- 1 tsp. salt (about)
- 2 Tbls. catsup
- 1 cup cooked lima beans or green beans
- 1 1/2 cups cooked noodles
- 1/4 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 Tbls. butter

Melt the butter in saucepan. Blend in the flour, mixing well. Pour in milk slowly, stirring until the sauce is thick and smooth. Add cheese and cook slowly, stirring until melted. Add all the ingredients except the bread crumbs and 1 Tbls. butter. Turn mixture into a 1 quart casserole. Top with the crumbs and butter. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 30 minutes.

STRING BEAN & BACON SALAD

- 2 cups cooked green beans
- 3 slices cooked bacon
- 3 or 4 sliced radishes
- Salad greens
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 3 Tbls. catsup
- 1/2 tsp sugar or a few drops Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Make a dressing by combining and beating well the salad oil, vinegar, catsup, sugar, salt and pepper. Toss green beans and radishes with the dressing. Arrange the greens in the bowl, fill with the green beans, crumble the bacon and sprinkle over the top. Serves 6.

FAMOUS STRAWBERRY PIE

- 9" baked pie shell
- 1 qt. strawberries (see below)
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup whipping cream

(Frozen strawberries are now available in so many ways that it seems best to give the total amount of berries needed as 1 qt. This means 4 cups, fresh or frozen.)

Simmer together 1 cup of strawberries and 2/3 cup of water for 3 minutes. Mix together the sugar and cornstarch and then add 1/3 cup water. Add to cooked strawberries, bring to boil and boil exactly 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring.

When mixture is cool, pour over the remaining strawberries that have been placed in the pie shell. Let stand in the refrigerator at least two hours, or until firm. When ready to serve, swirl the whipped cream over the top and decorate with a few of the most attractive berries.

This is a heavenly pie made with fresh berries, but it is almost as heavenly made with frozen berries. Be sure to add the Kitchen-Klatter Strawberry Flavoring. Not only does it make the color bright and attractive, but it adds a great deal to the strawberry flavor.

KRISTIN'S SWEDISH MEATBALLS

- 3/4 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 lb. ground pork
- 1/3 cup bread crumbs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. onion, finely chopped
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. white pepper
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 2 or 3 Tbls. butter for frying

Saute the onion in 1 tablespoon of butter until golden brown. Soak the bread crumbs in the milk. Add to this the beef, pork, onion, and seasonings. Mix well. Shape into very small balls using a tablespoon dipped in cold water. Fry in butter until evenly browned. Shake continuously to make them round.

PARTY CHICKEN SALAD

- 2 cups cooked diced chicken
 - 1 cup finely diced celery
 - 1/3 cup sliced stuffed olives
 - 1 cup sliced seedless grapes
 - 1/3 cup slivered almonds
- Mix lightly with 1 cup mayonnaise. Add salt and paprika to taste. Serve in a lettuce cup. 1 cup of chunk pineapple may be substituted for the grapes if you prefer.

WONDERFUL CARROT SOUFFLE

- 2 cups cooked carrots
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup strained honey
- 1 1/4 cups very rich milk or thin cream
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3 eggs
- 4 Tbls. melted butter

Peel carrots, cook until tender and then press through a colander or large sieve. Stir in the salt and honey, the milk in which you have dissolved the cornstarch, and then add the well beaten eggs. Lastly, stir in the melted butter. Pour into a buttered casserole and bake for about 45 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

People who HATE carrots are so enthusiastic about this dish that they'll have two or three helpings. It goes together quickly and is a highly successful casserole to take for any affair when your name is down on the list for some hot vegetable.

EDNA'S MARSHMALLOW DESSERT

- 2 10-ounce pkgs. strawberries
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch

Combine these ingredients in top of double boiler and cook until thick. Melt 25 marshmallows in 1/2 cup milk. When cool, fold in 1 cup of heavy cream which has been whipped. Crush 1/4 pound of graham crackers until fine. Place a layer of the crumbs in a 9 x 13-inch pan. Over this spread a layer of the marshmallows, a layer of the strawberry mixture, then another layer of the marshmallows. Top with the remaining crumbs. Chopped nuts may be added if desired. Refrigerate the dessert until firm before serving.

This dessert is also very delicious when made with raspberries.

ZUCCHINI-TOMATO DISH

- 3 Tbls. fat
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 2 8-ounce cans stewed tomatoes
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/8 tsp. garlic powder
- 3 cups unpared zucchini, cut into 1/4-inch slices

In hot fat in a saucepan, saute the onion until tender. Add stewed tomatoes and heat to boiling. Add salt, garlic powder, pepper and zucchini. Simmer over low heat, uncovered, until zucchini is tender — about 20 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

BIG, SOFT SOUR-CREAM COOKIES

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 large eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1 cup thick sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 4 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup broken pecans

Cream together the sugar and shortening. Add eggs, one at a time, beating until well blended. Stir in sour cream and vanilla. Sift the dry ingredients together and stir into the creamed mixture. Add the nutmeats. Drop by Tbls. onto greased baking sheet and bake about 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven. One thing I want to make clear, the flour *must* be sifted before measuring or your batter will be too thick. This recipe is a good basic cookie dough. These can be made using coconut and Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring. You can also use dates or raisins in place of nuts. Variations are possible with the wide assortment of Kitchen-Klatter flavorings.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

AN EXCEPTIONAL PICKLE

This is the time of year when cucumbers begin to come into their own. Pickle recipes are taken out of the file where they have been kept since last summer. Getting new recipes from neighbors and friends becomes an interesting pastime. Perhaps a different combination of spices, vinegar or time for soaking in a brine will bring about an exciting, tantalizing flavor not discovered before.

Last year I made up a large quantity of pickles from this marvelous recipe. I also passed it along to several friends, one of whom liked it so well she made her entire year's supply from this one recipe . . . and she made a *huge* amount.

These pickles are green in color with just the right crispness. When they are boiling up in the kettle and being tucked into the jars they are soft and rather limp in appearance, but as they cool and set they grow crisp and firm. This is a sweet pickle and one which children especially like.

If you are the skeptical type of person who wants to be shown before going into anything in too great a quantity, prove to yourself the excellence of these pickles by making up just one "batch". Put a few of the completed product into a dish in the refrigerator for twenty-four hours and then taste. This gives you a good clue as to the fine flavor and texture of the finished pickle and you can then decide whether you want to make more.

My guess is that you will not be able to make enough of these fine pickles to last through the winter! They are *that* good.

Marvelous Sweet Pickles

- 1 gal. of medium cucumbers
 - 1 gal. water
 - 1 cup pickling salt
 - 1 Tbls. alum
 - 1 Tbls. ginger
 - 8 cups sugar
 - 5 1/2 cups vinegar
 - 2 2/3 cups water
 - 1 tsp. celery seed
 - 1/2 box mixed pickling spices
- Wash and slice the cucumbers. Place in a brine made of 1 gal. of water and 1 cup of pickling salt. Soak the cucumbers in this brine for four days. Stir each evening.

On the fifth evening remove the cucumbers from the brine, wash and return to the jar and cover with 1 gal. of water and 1 Tbls. alum. Let this stand overnight. The next morning drain the alum water from the cucumbers. Put the drained cucumbers in a large kettle and add 1 gal. of

fresh water and 1 Tbls. of ginger. Boil for 10 minutes. While the pickles are boiling make a syrup of the sugar, vinegar, the 2 2/3 cups water and the celery seed and mixed pickling spices which have been tied together in a bag. Cook this syrup up until it boils well and becomes clear.

At the end of the 10 minute boiling time, drain the ginger water from the cucumbers and discard. Pour the hot syrup over the pickles. Continue boiling until the pickles become transparent. Seal in hot sterile jars.

A recipe such as this tends to sound complicated, but it goes slowly, one step at a time, and is not really difficult at all. Do try at least one gallon. Use the proportions and method just as they are given. The recipe may be doubled or tripled with equally good results.

—Evelyn

KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

This is the sugar substitute you should be using

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- IF** —you're trying your level best to follow a rigidly restricted diet that makes the difference between being sick or well.
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- IF** —you're "beating your brains out" trying to cook satisfying meals for some member of the family who can't pitch into dishes loaded with calories and enjoy them.

Only one of these IFS would be reason enough for making a real effort to find our **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener**.

Not a single calorie! Completely different!

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- 6 oz. bottle for regular kitchen use.
- 16 oz. Giant Economy Size now available for processing or canning fruits and vegetables, and for refilling smaller size bottles.

IMPORTANT: Be sure to save the cap liner from every single bottle of KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER. We offer one tremendous premium after another with our **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**, and these same premiums are available to you for cap liners from our Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener.

Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

Shenandoah, Iowa

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by
Frederick

If you come to visit the East this summer you simply must have some of our famous New England lobster. To me there is no seafood more to be desired than lobster. The pity of it is that so many people are afraid to order it in a restaurant because they don't know how to eat it. There is always a first time to learn and all you have to do when in doubt is ask the waiter.

All of the New England lobster is edible except the bony shell structure, the small crop, or craw, in the head of the lobster and the dark sand vein running down the back of the body meat. The green is the liver, or tomalley; it is highly seasoned and should not be discarded. The red, or coral part of the lobster, is actually the undeveloped spawn and is very tasty.

If you have an opportunity to buy a fresh, live lobster, here is the best way to prepare it. Place the live lobster in a kettle containing about three inches of briskly boiling salted water. Cover immediately. From the time the water boils again, cook for 18 to 20 minutes. Serve the lobster whole, either hot or cold, with a side dish of melted butter.

But now let's assume you don't have fresh lobster but can buy frozen lobster meat. The best way to use this frozen meat is in a stew. Here is a wonderful recipe to thrill your friends when they drop in for a Sunday night supper.

Cut the lobster meat into fairly large pieces and let simmer in one-half cup of butter for about 10 minutes in a heavy kettle. For two lobsters just add more butter. Remove from the heat and cool slightly. Add, very slowly, one quart of rich, hot milk. Stir constantly. This stirring is most important, for it is the stirring which prevents the milk from curdling. Use salt and pepper to taste. Allow the stew to stand five or six hours in the refrigerator before reheating to serve. Letting the stew stand in this manner is the secret of its truly fine flavor.

You can make a crab stew or a clam stew in the same way, but please do not try any short cuts. The "aging" process is absolutely vital with five or six hours being the minimum and two days the maximum. I sometimes make a stew in the morning and let it cool all day before reheating it and serving it in the evening.

Last night Betty and I had several Congregational ministers and their wives as guests for dinner. We served boned breast of chicken fried lightly and then baked. When we were ready to serve the chicken we poured over it a gravy into which we had mixed a full pound of browned-in-butter mushrooms. It was simply *delicious*! You may not want to use so many mushrooms, but the important thing is to use as many as possible — the more you use the better the dish! Candied sweet potatoes go well with this.

Do You Cook Everything From Scratch?

OR

Do You Reach For a Mix?

Well, whatever it is you turn out, the taste will be licking good if you have all twelve of our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings in your kitchen.

Be adventurous with these Flavorings. Use your imagination. As one Nebraska friend wrote:

"My angel food cakes (always made with a mix) are the talk of this community because they taste so much better and have that real made-from-scratch flavor. You can work wonders by getting out of the plain old ruts and adding small amounts of **Kitchen-Klatter** Cherry and Almond Flavorings. Or Burnt Sugar and Black Walnut combined. Or Lemon and Orange for a fresh fruit taste that has everyone asking what in the world I used to get such a wonderful flavor. There's just no limit to what you can do with cake mix and your **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**."

Our Nebraska friend is right. There's no limit.

BUT—We do want to make one point crystal clear:

Measure carefully.

Never pick up a bottle and pour.

Our superb quality Flavorings are highly concentrated and a little goes a long, long ways. Use a light hand when you pick up any bottle of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**.

These are the twelve **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** you should be able to find wherever you shop. Be sure to save the cap liners. They'll make it possible for you to get in on wonderful premiums.

Banana	Coconut
Strawberry	Maple
Cherry	Burnt Sugar
Orange	Black Walnut
Lemon	Mint
Almond	
Vanilla (both 3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)	

Your grocer can get our **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**—we hope you'll find all of them the next time you go into his store.

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any 3 flavors, 3 oz. bottles. (Jumbo Vanilla, \$1.00) We pay the postage.

Kitchen-Klatter Products Co.

Shenandoah, Iowa

IT'S RODEO TIME

by

Evelyn Birkby

When we first moved to Sidney, Iowa, I was surprised to learn that practically all the little boys intended to become cowboys when they grew up and practically all the little girls intended to become cowgirls. Such singleness of purpose is unusual; somewhere along the line *some* youngster decides to become a doctor or a nurse or an engineer. Instead of playing "cops and robbers" or "soldiers on the playground" the children played bucking bronco and calf roping. Finally I discovered that this consuming passion did not come from movies (at that time no television sets were in use in private homes) but, rather, from the close contact the entire community has with the Iowa Championship Rodeo which is held each August right here in Sidney.

To my uninitiated mind the word "rodeo" meant one or two bucking horses, a Brahma bull and perhaps a calf roper. To my amazement I discovered that the town of Sidney, which boasts a population of 1,100 produces one of the largest outdoor rodeos in the United States.

It started, interestingly enough, in 1920 as entertainment at the Old Settlers and Soldiers Reunion held for three days annually. At the close of World War I, two local men went out to Wyoming to work for a time and returned with exciting ideas about bronc busting and calf roping. With a few old farm horses they put a program together. Guests liked it so well the amateur performance was repeated for several years. Five dollars a day was given to each person who would ride. The passing of a hat paid the expenses. As time went by more and more spectators attended until finally the local American Legion Post took over the sponsorship of the project and developed it into a real commercial rodeo with all the trimmings. It is now really big time with an average of 80,000 people attending yearly and such stars as TV's Hoss and Little Joe Cartwright and Marty Robbins brought in for special added attractions.

Naturally the entire community is thrown into this tremendous project. Flags fly, people sweep their front porches, mow their lawns extra close and straighten up the guest rooms to rent to visitors. With one motel and one hotel in town this friendly sharing of homes is necessary to accommodate those who wish to stay overnight. Some residents find the hustle and bustle the most exciting time of the year for this normally quiet mid-western town. Others would just as soon take their vacation and get completely away from it all.

The churches, not only of Sidney but of neighboring communities as well, help feed the huge crowds. Some local groups serve in their church basements, for many people would rather sit at a table in such surroundings than at a concession or tent. Others own dinner tents and pitch them out near the rodeo grounds. Ei-



Jeffrey Birkby stops for a drink, for a wild little "cowboy" can get mighty thirsty!

ther way, to the members of the church it means extra cooking, carrying equipment, waiting tables, cleaning up and all the other jobs connected with such a venture. When I stop and think how many meals these fine church folks serve it seems as if the rodeo could not exist without them. Of course they do it to raise money for sorely needed projects but it is also a public service to the many who come who might not be served otherwise.

When they lived in Sidney my parents turned over the two upstairs bedrooms to out-of-town visitors. Mother also cooked two or three meals for the roomers and their friends. Since this was at the tail end of the depression Mother could well use the extra income this work brought. Favorite guests were the married cowboys and their wives, for they were interesting, hard-working and colorful. Like other athletes they came in soon after the evening performance and did not lead the legendary wild lives so often attributed to their profession. For these people the rodeo was just plain hard work and they trained and kept in top-notch condition.

An interesting event occurred one summer. The young wife of one of the cowboys was using our washing machine to do some needed laundry. Suddenly a great wail of consternation rose involuntarily from her and she rushed into the kitchen where Mother was working. "I washed my husband's check through with his shirt. It was all his winnings from yesterday and I'm afraid of what he'll say when he comes home tonight!" And she held up a soggy mass. Great tears welled in her eyes as she showed the crumpled wet ball to Mother. It did not take long for Dad to take the situation in hand. He went with the young wife to help her explain and get a duplicate check. I would guess she never again washed her husband's clothing without going through his pockets and that she never forgot the kindness of my parents in helping her solve a critical situation.

My first rodeo attendance took place when, as a high school girl, I ushered through every afternoon and evening performance. Each moment was thrillingly new. As the years passed some

of the fresh glow has rubbed off, but now I have the eyes of my boys, excited young eyes, with which to view the affair. With them around it is never dull, never the same and always full of the unexpected.

Some of the comments made when we took Craig, then four years old, to his first rodeo contributed a new perspective on the usual vocabulary. They ran as follows; a bucking bronco . . . "Look at that horse jump up and down." (No mention of the rider!); a thrown cowboy . . . "Did you see the man fall off the horse? Wasn't he funny? Is he a clown?"; steer wrestling . . . "What is that man doing to the cow?"; calf roping . . . "Hear the little calf cry? He doesn't want to be tied up"; trampoline act . . . "Look at that man jump up and down. I want to do it!" clowns . . . absolutely *no comment!*

It really is fun to see what the children finally decide to buy on such excursions. We always impress upon them before they leave home that they can choose only *one* thing to purchase. Craig asks for everything which comes by but cannot make up his mind which one he wants. Jeffrey invariably chooses the first thing he sees, spends his money immediately and then complains and begs every time he sees something new or different. Bob carefully looks over everything, tries to talk his brothers into sharing whatever they have with him and frequently takes his money home. If he does spend it the choice is usually a toy or a balloon. This causes a problem with his two brothers who decide, after the big day is over and their edibles are all gone, that they should have gotten a plaything just exactly like Bob's.

My boys, like most all the others in and around Sidney, enjoy playing rodeo for weeks after the season is over. The year Dale Robertson, of the Wells Fargo TV program, played here Robert took his three young sons, leaving hay-fever ridden me at home. The reports they brought back were exciting. I heard three versions of the clowns, the calf roping the bulldogging and all the rest. But when the discussion turned to Mr. Robertson three voices said in unison, "We shook hands with him!" (I was so stupid they had to explain to me *who* he was and *what* he did!)

Naturally as day follows night, the day after their trip to the rodeo the three boys started play-acting. Anticipating a violent argument as to which one would play the part of Dale Robertson, I hurriedly suggested that they could pretend he was triplets. My psychological approach went begging.

"No," said Bob, "I want to be the cowboy who rides the bucking bronco."

"No," said Jeffrey, "I want to be the cowboy who caught and tied the calves."

"No," said Craig, "I want to be the clown."

Much as they enjoyed seeing a television personality, the exploits of the action-filled events were the ones they wanted to imitate.

MARGERY'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

This morning dawned hot and humid so everyone in this household jumped out of bed at an early hour to get the outdoor work done before the temperature *really* soared. Oliver and Martin weeded and thinned the strawberry bed before the heat sent them indoors. Later in the afternoon they plan to go fishing but that won't take much exertion if their luck is as poor as it was *last* Saturday.

When I wrote to you last month Martin was in the midst of preparations for a fishing trip to Minnesota. Our minister took four boys on this little expedition and they had a marvelous time. The drive up was made at night and by mid-morning the next day the group had arrived at the lake. All of the gear was loaded into two boats and transported to an island where the cabin was situated. Before putting things where they belonged, the boys spent several hours exploring the island. Martin made a fine map to bring home so that we could visualize everything more clearly—"Here's where we swam; here's where we seined for minnows; here's where the best fishing was, etc."

The first morning the following schedule was worked out which appealed to the boys and which they maintained during the remainder of the week: Rising about 5:30 or 6:00, they fished for several hours before breakfast. Following this they went swimming, seined for minnows and then returned to the boats to fish until about 5:00 or 5:30 when they returned for a hearty lunch. Gathering up their fishing gear *again*, they fished until about 10:00 or 10:30. While one of the group prepared supper, the rest cleaned the fish and prepared the equipment for the next day. Those who could at this point stay awake, read a little before turning in, but I have a sneaking suspicion that more often they collapsed from exhaustion! I couldn't have stood up under this schedule, could you?

Martin and another young friend fished in the same boat with the minister while the two older boys manned the second boat. I gather that the high point of each outing was meeting in mid-lake to check on one another's luck. And Martin did truly feel that he was fortunate for he caught the largest Walleye and the second largest Northern Pike. Because of the excellent luck, fish made up a goodly part of their diet and each boy brought some home for his parents also.

While Martin was away I took a short trip also. This was the first time I had ever driven any distance alone and I'll admit that I had "butterflies" when I started out! However, with the car radio to keep me company, I soon relaxed and enjoyed my trip immensely.

My first day's destination was Cedar Falls, Iowa to meet the personnel of radio station KCFI. We are fortunate that we can get onto Interstate Highway 80 just north of Atlantic, for it makes a quicker, safer trip when

crossing Iowa. Close to Des Moines, it joins Interstate Highway 35 to skirt around that city and continues on to Newton, where the present super construction ends and Highway 6 continues on east. Upon reaching Grinnell, I drove north to Tama. How beautiful the valley of the Iowa River is here and what a lovely setting for a town!

After meeting the staff at the radio station in Cedar Falls I had dinner at the Convair Room at the Waterloo Airport and then returned to the motel.

Since this was my first visit to Cedar Falls I was very interested to see the campus of the Iowa State Teachers College so I got up very early the next morning to look around. Like other colleges throughout the length and breadth of the United States, it too is expanding and I saw what were obviously very newly constructed buildings. Had it not been for the early hour (it was not yet six o'clock) I would have enjoyed going through the buildings.

We have passed through Dubuque on previous trips and I have often wished that I could see more of the city for it is such an interesting old river town. This trek provided the opportunity since I was "on my own" and could "take my time." The weather wasn't favorable for photography, but I did take a few pictures. Unfortunately they didn't reproduce well enough to share with you.

Oliver's sister Nina and her husband, Robert Lester, live in Rockford, Illinois, and when I realized that only 93 miles separated us at this point, I drove on over. We had a very nice, but brief, visit and then I drove back towards the Mississippi River to Davenport.

Perhaps you will recall reading in the June issue that I drove Mother to Davenport this last April for the houseparty of the Iowa Mothers of the Year and that I was privileged to see an old college friend. I had telephoned ahead that I would be passing their way again and they were watching for me. We spent a delightful evening together and enjoyed more reminiscing.

My next stop was Muscatine, Iowa where I met the staff at radio station KWPC. We have made many new friends in this section of the country since the Kitchen-Klatter program has been heard over this station. Marion Templeman was broadcasting when I arrived and as soon as she finished her program I had a nice visit with her and with Mr. Volger, the manager of the station.

I wish that I could report more of my impressions of the countryside as I drove on to central Missouri, but rainy weather seemed to be my constant companion and my attention was given wholly to driving. However, I can tell you my route for I drove south of Muscatine on Highway 61 and 24 and west to Moberly, then south again on Highway 63 to Columbia. My destination was Jefferson City to visit radio station KLIK where you friends in central Missouri tune in our program, but not being accustomed to such steady hours of

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driving alone, I became road weary and knew that it was insensible to continue in such a condition.

Since Lucile, Dorothy, Mother and I had made a trip to Columbia last year for a television appearance, I was not completely unfamiliar with the general layout of the city. This was fortunate for I arrived in a cloud-burst! Without too much difficulty I located the Travelier Motel which has a Howard Johnson restaurant conveniently located next door.

I expected to spend the evening reading a book on the Civil War that Dad had loaned to me for the trip but suddenly, remembering that old friends lived in Columbia, I called them and was invited to their beautiful new home for the evening. It was an unexpected pleasure and I spent a thoroughly delightful evening.

Early the following morning I drove to Jefferson City. We had stopped there several years ago on a family vacation to see the State Capitol building so again I was not in a completely unfamiliar city. I might add that I listened to the Kitchen-Klatter program between Columbia and Jefferson City and it gave me a strange sensation to listen to family voices so far away from home!

After a pleasant visit with Mr. Grieve, the station manager, he gave me a tour of the station and I met the friendly people who make up the staff.

Since visiting these stations I feel much better acquainted with you friends who live in these particular areas. I have driven down many of your streets, have undoubtedly passed some of your homes, and perhaps even passed you on the streets. The goal I have in mind is to visit all of the stations where our program is heard so in the near future I'll try to get away for another such trip to other parts of the Midwest.

After stopping in Independence, Missouri to look up another old friend whom I was most eager to see, I was homeward bound. Martin was expected to arrive home the same day and I didn't want to miss his homecoming for first-tellings are the most fun! There was considerable catching up to do on each one's week of experiences.

Very soon the Denver Driftmiers will be arriving and that day can't (Continued on page 17)

POLAR BEAR PARTY

By
Mabel Nair Brown

This is a party designed to take our thoughts far away from hot weather. You won't need to be young-in-years to take part in the activities—just young-in-heart!

INVITATIONS

Written invitations will not only pep up lagging summer spirits, but they will also set the theme for the party.

Cut out the invitations in the shape of penguins using black construction paper. Don't forget to glue on the familiar white "bib". Tie two penguins together with white ribbon and write the invitation on the inside with white ink. It might read: "You're invited to step into my 'Deep Freeze' for a Polar Bear Party." Give name, date and time.

DECORATIONS

Cut various-shaped icebergs from blocks of styrafoam and sprinkle them with artificial snow. Make large stand-ups in shapes of penguins and polar bears and place them on or about the icebergs. Large sketches or cut-outs of Eskimos placed about the room would be effective also. Do try to add an igloo, easily made out of blocks of foam. (Bricks or boxes covered with cotton or white paper could also be used.) A large igloo placed in one corner of the room would provide real atmosphere. These decorations could be easily arranged out-of-doors for a porch or patio party.

ENTERTAINMENT

As each guest arrives, start the party off with laughter by pinning on him a large white paper penguin "bib" and black "tails". A get-up such as this will break the ice at a party for no one can hold his dignity long in such a garb!

More Ice, Please: Two teams are chosen for this relay race. Supply each team with ten or more ice cubes in a container and a pair of ice tongs. At a given signal, the leader must pick up a cube with the tongs and hand to the next in line. At the opposite end, the ice cube is deposited in a container and the tongs passed back up the line to the leader, where the next cube is started. If a cube is dropped from the tongs to the floor, it must be returned to the container and started down the line again. The side to get all of the cubes safely into the end container wins.

Antarctic Expedition: Give the guests paper and pencils and have them make up a wardrobe that one might wear on an antarctic expedition, the items beginning with the letters found in the words *Antarctic Expedition*. You can be sure that you'll get some brand new kinds of clothing as some of the hard letters will prove to be "brain teasers."

Ice Cube Race: Each player must carry an ice cube on a knife from one location to another. As if this in itself wouldn't be difficult enough, set a genuine obstacle course which



Mae Drifmier especially enjoys the clusters of old fashioned climbing roses.

the players must step over, such as an inverted pan or bowl, a stack of bricks, a low stool, etc.

The Salmon Run: This is just a new name for the old "fish pond" game. Each guest is allowed to fish over the top of a screen, such as a sheet. The packages to be "caught" could be real gifts or items that would provoke merriment.

A FAVORITE TRIP

By
Mildred D. Cathcart

Last year we had one of the most interesting vacation trips we've ever taken and I want to share it in case you are looking for suggestions for someplace to go.

Since it was very hot here in Iowa when it was convenient for us to leave it seemed like a "cool idea" to head north. By us, I mean my mother and father, my husband, our two daughters, Jean Marie and Kerry Lee, and myself. We decided to go to The Dells of Wisconsin and on to Mackinac Island since these places would have something of interest for all of us.

The last time we visited *The Dells* was six years ago and we were amazed at the growth and additions to the entertainment. There was the Enchanted Forest, Story Book Gardens, The Pioneer Village, Santa Claus Land and many others. Exciting, too, were the Indians, their villages and displays of craftsmanship. A boat ride was a *must*! Naturally, we had to visit the shops—the girls couldn't possibly come away without a pair of moc-casins and a bit of Indian jewelry. Most of the stores stay open until eleven or twelve o'clock at night for the convenience of the tourists.

The two girls felt that the water show was the highlight of the trip. There were famous water skiers, a clown, ballet on skis, and a kite flight. I was sure nothing could have been more inspiring than sitting among the pines with the moon shining down on Lake Delton as we watched the fabulous Dancing Waters. With the multi-

colored lights and the water rising, falling and swaying to the accompaniment of music, it was indescribably beautiful.

All too soon we felt we should leave this famous area. We could have spent weeks seeing all the attractions available for sightseers.

Mackinac Island was the next high point of our trip. (By the way, this is pronounced Mack-i-naw.) Since no cars (except an ambulance and a fire truck) are allowed on the Island, our car was left at St. Ignace. Tourists reach the Island by boats which leave every half hour. We preferred to call our boat a *ship* since it had three decks and could accommodate 1,000 passengers. Fares were \$1.65 for adults and \$1.00 for children. On board was an Indian chief with two boys to entertain us with various Indian dances.

On Mackinac Island tourists may rent a bicycle, go by carriage or walk to see the sights. We found the least expensive transportation for the six of us was a private "surrey with a fringe on top". The driver wore a golden colored coat, black trousers, shiny boots and a tall black hat. The horses had fancy golden plumes. One of the horses, named Ted, was very lazy and expected the other horse, Tom, to do all the work. On one of the extra steep hills I was about ready to bail out and help Tom! Our tour lasted one and three-quarters hours.

Among the interesting and historically significant things we saw were: *Fort Holmes* with its brig, an underground section where food was stored and another where ammunition was kept. A *cemetery* where soldiers of the War of 1812 are buried. *Skull Cave*, where fur trader Alexander Henry hid from the Indians after the 1763 massacre. (After he spent a terrified night hiding from the Indians, daylight brought him the realization that he had spent the night in a cave filled with ancient human bones.) *Marquette Park*, named for Father Marquette who visited Mackinac Island Mission in 1671, included a replica of a bark-covered Jesuit chapel. The impressive official *summer residence* of Michigan's governor. The *Grand Hotel*, listed as the world's largest summer hotel, boasting the longest porch in the world—880 feet!

Our guide told us the entire island is just three miles long by one and one-half miles wide. There are beautiful parks for walking and it is all very lovely.

When we got back to our car we crossed the famous *Mackinac Bridge* (Big Mac). It is five miles long and accommodates four lanes of traffic with a crossing time of about ten minutes. It was built at a cost of almost 100 million dollars and has an 8,614 foot span between anchorages, the longest in the world. The weight of the cable, wire and fittings is 11,840 tons. The estimated weight of the super-structure is 104,400 tons. And, I might add, it costs \$3.25 to cross the bridge!

This trip took us away from home for only one week but it did provide exactly what we wanted—a variety of interesting experiences.

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

doah, Iowa; Ruth Seehawer, Appleton, Wisconsin; Georgia Talbert, Aurora, Missouri; Lettie Bianco, Marseilles, Illinois. If their children and grandchildren were included, this would be quite a gathering.

When I asked Betty what I could do for her in the line of handwork when I got home, she said that she would love to have some more BIG tea towels like I gave her a few years ago, so I have been working on a set this past week. I hemmed them on my little portable sewing machine and have them stamped for embroidery. Now that I'm ready to put my pen away, I'll get out my old wicker sewing basket and see what I have in the line of embroidery floss. I'm glad that I have them to work on for I wouldn't feel natural without a project on my hands.

In closing, may I leave you with this bit of philosophy written by Ivy D. Mengel.

To greet with eager interest each day—

To meet and make new friends along the way;

To work, to play, to do wholeheartedly

The little things which others ask of me;

To smile, to sing, to strive for true sincerity—

This is my philosophy.

To glory in the beauty that I see—

A glowing sky, a starry night, a leafing tree,

A garden gay with blossoms dancing free;

A little house, someone to love, a sense of sweet security;

A prayer of thanks to Thee, O God, who giveth this to me—

This is my philosophy.

Sincerely,

Leanna

My life shall touch a dozen lives

Before this day is done,

Leave countless marks for good or ill

Before the evening sun;

This is the wish I always wish,

The prayer I always pray—

Lord, may my life help other lives

It touches by the way.

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

come soon enough for Martin. He can scarcely put his mind to anything else for wanting to sit down and "plan". At the other end of the line, Wayne and Abigail's children have camp, mountain trips and various important activities up until they depart for Shenandoah, so they're having an easier time of it than we are!

Oliver and Martin are ready to leave for their fishing now and have asked me to pack a little lunch for them to take along so I must close.

Sincerely,

Margery

IT'S TIME FOR KITCHEN-KLATTER!!

Yes, every day of the week (except for Sunday) you can tune in our half-hour visit and get "a breather" with members of the Kitchen-Klatter Family.

No matter what happens, we're always right on deck. Sometimes we're all slicked up and look as if we really could step straight through your door without making apologies of any kind. Other times we look like we'd just finished cleaning out the brooder house!

But you're in the same boat, aren't you? That's what we figure! And one of the nice things about visiting by way of a radio dial is that none of this makes any difference. We'll take you the way you are and you can take us the way we are.

So . . . if you get lonesome for someone to stop by and break up the usual daily round that all housewives know so well, just remember to turn on your radio and let us drop in.

KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

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

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

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

KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

KWPC Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 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.

PEANUT PIXIES

Keep a box of these clever little fellows on hand. Use them as a birthday remembrance, a bridge prize or a hostess gift for that friend who "has everything". They are the perfect gift for a child in the hospital! These gay little pixies bring smiles wherever they go and will furnish hours of entertainment. Made entirely by hand with red trimming **ONLY** — 12 for \$1.00, postpaid. (No orders accepted for less than a dozen.) Entirely handmade, so allow ample time for delivery. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

SUMMER SALE

No. K-3 TABLE—
Tempered
Masonite Top,
Stain-resistant
Waxed Finish

**STEEL
FOLDING
CHAIRS**

**TRUCKS FOR
TABLES, CHAIRS**

**MOVABLE
PARTITIONS**

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**Monroe
CATALOG
in COLORS**

MONROE FOLDING PEDESTAL BANQUET TABLES

Churches, Schools, Clubs and all organizations — **SAVE NOW** on famous **MONROE FOLDING TABLES** at our direct from factory, **LOW SUMMER PRICES**. The leader for 53 years — still unmatched for quality, durability, convenience. Automatic lock on legs. 68 models and sizes.

FREE CATALOG

Big, new 1961 catalog. Beautifully illustrated in full color. Shows full line of **MONROE** folding tables, chairs, platform-risers, table and chair trucks, portable partitions. Lists prices, discounts, terms. Write for yours today!
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59¢

12 Exposure Rolls, 59¢, Jumbo prints. Guaranteed work, one day service.

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JOIN US IN MAKING EXTRA MONEY WITH Creative CHRISTMAS CARDS

Make 75¢ on each \$1.25 Box of 21 fast-selling "Pageant" Christmas Cards. Just show to friends. Easy to make \$75.00 and more in spare time. No experience needed.

Send Coupon for Samples! You'll have all the newest, easiest money-makers—Cards, Candy, Gifts. Biggest profits! **FREE** Gift Bonuses. 52-Card Personal Album **FREE**. Assortments on approval. \$1.25 Poodle Planter **FREE** for prompt action. Mail coupon today.

CREATIVE CARD CO., Dept. 120-A
4401 W. Cermak Road, Chicago 23, Ill.

Send Samples on approval; include \$1.25 Gift for promptness.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ACT FAST—

Get Exclusive \$1.25 Gift **FREE**

It was a joy to sell Creative Cards. I earned nearly \$200, made many new friends.

Mrs. M. G., Iowa.

ACT FAST—

Get Exclusive \$1.25 Gift **FREE**

It was a joy to sell Creative Cards. I earned nearly \$200, made many new friends.

Mrs. M. G., Iowa.



THE FINEST ALL-PURPOSE CLEANER MADE TODAY!

There are all kinds of so-called "cleaners" on the grocer's shelves today, but none of them can dig in and do the job like **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

This is why so many, many people say: "I just couldn't keep house without your **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**."

It leaves everything sparkling clean in half the time since you never need to rinse or try and wipe off all the froth and foam that you fight with so many other products.

Our **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is made with very expensive chemicals. It works like a tiger! But it's gentle as a lamb when it comes to your hands.

Most of us need every bit of help we can get these busy days. Let **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** be your helper. It will never let you down.

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded
the time you get this letter we shall be 200 miles east of New York with ten of our church young people. The youngsters who did the best work in our high school class for the study of the life of Christ were given this ten-day trip to the summer home of Betty's parents located just outside of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. It will be the first time many of these young people will have had the opportunity to travel on a large ship; imagine what a thrill it will be. I just hope none of them get too seasick. The crossing of the Bay of Fundy can be very rough indeed, but then again it can be as smooth as the proverbial mill-pond.

Do you know what the nicest part of the summer is for me? It is the Sundays when I am free to go to church with my family. All year long I am in the pulpit on Sunday and now in these summer weeks I can have the blessing of sitting in the pew with Betty and the children. I hope that all of you are making your Sundays religiously significant this summer. If you are staying at home, keep up your Sunday worship habits. If you vacation away from home, be certain to attend some church even though it be at considerable inconvenience. Don't put off going to church simply because you may have to drive several miles to get there. Nowadays everyone travels long distances for many reasons a lot less important.

Sincerely,

Frederick

DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

top of the large sail for an added touch.

Little plastic boats from the dime store make cute nutcups. A peanut pixie "fisherman" could sit in each boat holding a toothpick fishing pole with a string or thread tied to the end for his line. At the end of the line, his "catch" could be a placecard.

I must drive to town this afternoon to pick up a few groceries for over Sunday, so I had better bring this letter to a close. Until next month. . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

it has the one thing we distinctly said we did not want — stairs! However, we needed more space than we could afford spread out on one floor. I've been managing very well with the basement stairs here and as often as I wash I would surely know if going up and down was going to be too much.

I'll write you next month more in detail. Mother is going to stay over after Katharine's birthday and help care for the children while we wrestle with the moving details.

Until next month,

Mary Beth



KITCHEN-KLATTER SAFETY BLEACH

With this wonderful new product in the house you won't have anymore expensive accidents.

Almost every fabric manufactured today has been "treated" in such a way that little or no ironing is required. This is a great time saver, **BUT** if you use the wrong bleach you'll ruin a lot of things.

Why run such risks? Why lose the hard-earned money it took to buy those things?

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach is the **SAFE** way to keep **ALL** white clothes snowy white, and colored clothes sparkling bright.

No matter how stubborn the stain, turn **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** loose to show what it can do.

It's a brand new kind of bleach. It's 100% safe. Buy it today. And, like our **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, one box will convince you that you'll never want to be without it again.

"Little Ads"

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

October ads due August 10.

November ads due September 10.

December ads due October 10.

Send Ads To

The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa

CASH FOR FEATHER BEDS. New and old feathers—goose or duck—wanted right now! For TOP PRICES and complete shipping instructions with free tags, mail small sample of your feathers in ordinary envelope to: Northwestern Feather Co., Dept. E-6, 212 Scribner NW, Grand Rapids 4, Mich. (We return your ticking if desired.)

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

HIGHEST CASH FOR OLD GOLD, Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE information. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

STONEGROUND CORNMEAL from open pollinated organically grown yellow corn. Write for free recipes and list of over 100 Health Foods. BROWNVILLE MILLS, Brownville, Nebraska.

STAMPED LINENS FOR EMBROIDERY OR PAINTING. Buy direct from manufacturer and save. Send for FREE catalog. MERRIBEE, 16 West 19th St., Dept. 338, New York 11, N. Y.

ARIZONA. Acre Lots \$495. \$10 down, \$10 monthly. Free folder. Box 1051-KK, Sacramento, California.

TWO NEW BABY GIFT ITEMS. LITERATURE, information, free. Associated, Box 1441, Dept. K8, Des Moines, Iowa.

NEW CROSS STITCH BORDER PATTERNS for checked gingham aprons, skirts, Wild rose, orchid, morning glory, scalloped floral, water lily, grape, dove, lovebird, spider web, double cross stitch, 7 - \$2.00. Geometric borders, 7 - \$1.00. Descriptive catalog of 90 choice patterns available, 10¢ coin. Audrey Hutchins, Beaver, Iowa.

A QUILT THAT is quilted as you piece fascinating new idea directions only \$1.00, M. Stover, Circleville, Kansas.

MAKE YOUR WILL! Two approved Will Forms and simple "Instructions Guide" only \$1.00. National, Box 48313KK, Los Angeles 48, California.

MAKE beautiful rugs on barrel hoops, 35¢. Jessie Young, Red Feather Lakes 1, Colo.

LOVELY METALLIC 16" wheel doily \$2.50. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N.W., Canton, Ohio.

HOW TO RESILVER MIRRORS; Instructions - \$1.00. D. Dykes, 904 Sunset Drive, St. Joseph, Missouri.

HAND WEAVING ON DRAWN GINGHAM, sample and instructions 30¢. Pretty on aprons, pillowcases. Mrs. John Doud, 829 Sheridan, Salina, Kansas.

APRONS. Pretty petaled half aprons, two pockets, Iris, Tulip, Dahlia, Poppy. Also Sombrero (two Mexican Hat pockets) gay, colorful, different. Each \$1.00 postpaid. Irene Burkett, Rt. 8, Box 381, San Antonio 1, Texas.

SEQUIN and bead earrings, 75¢. Mrs. Paul Schaeffer, Colo, Iowa.

42" CASES EMBROIDERED LADY among flowers, and edge \$5.00; 24" Rose doilies, \$3.00; 7 dish towels embroidered, \$3.35; Lovely crocheted chair sets, \$5.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

LOVELY NYLONS - five pairs dollar - irregulars, fully guaranteed. National-K; 6709 East End, Chicago.

FELT GLOVE COMB HOLDER 25¢. Felt purse size Kleenex holder 25¢. Gingham girl tally cards 8 - \$1.00. Nut cups in sprinkling can motive tiny rose buds any color 8 - \$1.00. Helen Johns, 2222 Sheridan, Lincoln 2, Nebr.

PRETTY CROSS STITCH gingham aprons, tulip, star, dogwood, pansy, rose or cup and saucer designs, \$3.00. Mrs. Stanford Monson, Forest City, Iowa.

GINGHAM CROSS STITCH aprons, \$2.50; pillow slips, 42" tubing hemstitched with crocheted edge and medallions on front \$5.00; 6 large dish towels, embroidered, \$4.50. Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

CROCHETED HAIRPIN PILLOW slip edgings 42" - \$1.00 pair, on hand. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

PLANT FOOD SOLUTION made from ingredients on pantry shelf. For recipe send 10¢ to: Plant Food, Box 308, Newcastle, Nebr.

DAINTY GINGHAM CHECK pillowcases, deep ruffle, eyelet, ribbon trim \$4.00 postpaid. Make them for gifts. Mrs. John Doud, 829 Sheridan, Salina, Kansas.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

With the shingles behind them they tackled the yard, a huge one, and got it up into beautiful shape. All of this work was sandwiched in between getting meals for extra men and keeping the farm going - from the viewpoint of what womenfolk do on a farm. Becky's mother and I both know that our girls can heave to and get things done when the need arises, but after hearing how much they'd accomplished we sighed and said we'd surely like to see that kind of energy turned loose around home. If you have daughters seventeen or eighteen you know exactly what we mean!

I wish you might have seen the roses in Mae's and Howard's yard this summer. The old-fashioned pink climber that Mae is standing beside in the picture was planted years ago and bloomed for many a summer before Howard and Mae bought the place; but the hybrid teas and floribundas that they put out a year ago have been magnificent. In fact, after driving all around town we came to the conclusion that they had the nicest roses in Shenandoah this summer. (Howard had never planted a flower in his life until he bought his home, so I think he is still in a state of shock that he has such beautiful, beautiful roses.)

Roses bring me to something that I wanted to be sure and mention without fail. If you have stopped by to see our garden and found the gate locked I want you to know that there was a reason for this and we just didn't up and lock the gate to keep you out!

For the first time this year we have had genuine vandalism in our garden, and after surveying the havoc created by irresponsible young people who seem to have too much idle time on their hands, and no respect whatsoever for plantings, lawn furniture, etc., we decided that the only way we could protect our garden was to lock the gate when we were not right at home. So as I said, if you found the gate locked and couldn't get in, there was a good reason for this; and to me, a very sad reason for I worry about the kind of wanton destruction that seems to be so widespread these days. It has become almost a losing battle to try and maintain flower

gardens in parks, and in some places there have been entire avenues of trees destroyed, golf greens torn up, swimming pools littered with dangerous broken bottles . . . just a never-ending list of senseless destruction all over the country.

I don't pretend to know the explanation for these things and I'm not nearly wise enough to suggest a remedy, but it does seem to me an ominous portent for the future. It isn't too big a step from this kind of thing to wholesale bullying of human beings, and anyone of my generation has seen enough of that to last for a hundred lifetimes.

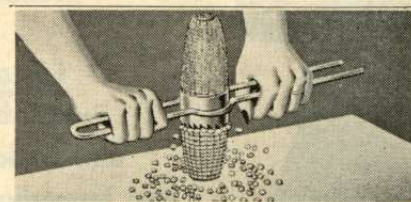
Well, there's heat lightning on the horizon tonight and the tentative smell of rain in the air. I'd better lug this typewriter back into the house from my little porch, close the glass louvers and call it a day.

But before I say goodnight I must add one last line.

No, I don't have my driver's license yet but I'm still working at it. One of these days I'll dredge up enough courage to start out with the highway patrolman and just show him how well qualified I am to possess a straight license with no "ifs" and "ands" about it!

Faithfully yours,

Lucile



STRIPS CORN FAST — \$1.95!

Corn strips right off any size cob when you use this marvelous all-steel Kernel Kutter. Prepare all the corn you want for freezing, canning, cooking, or creaming in minutes—cut a whole year's supply in an hour! Self-adjusting; Kernel Kutter trims off clean, whole kernels without crushing or mashing a one! Money-back guarantee. Only \$1.95, postpaid. Walter Drake, 2508 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs 9, Colorado.

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Get the lines of ALL the best-known Christmas Card Publishers FROM ONE COMPANY

Easiest way to make most spare-time money! Introduce biggest line of Christmas, Everyday Cards, gift tags, stationery, toys, gift wraps of all best-known, most-advertised greeting card companies. Get big new color catalog displaying more than 150 assortments, 600 Christmas money-makers! Make up to 100% profit . . . even more on Personal Imprints, other novelties. Big Cash Bonus Plan, ORGANIZATIONS: WE EXTEND CREDIT!

FREE CATALOG! Rush Coupon Now! Big Christmas "Wishing Book" Color Catalog of all leading lines, yours FREE, plus amazing Bonus Plan, money making details. Also sample boxes on approval.

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FREE Catalog contains more than **150 Christmas & Everyday Card Assortments;** **600 big money-makers.**

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DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

It costs you nothing to try

\$75.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 100 boxes of our Christmas Parchment Splendor Card assortment, \$32.50 for selling 50 boxes, \$15.00 for 25 boxes, etc. You can make a few dollars or hundreds of dollars. All you do is call on neighbors, friends and relatives anywhere in your spare time.

Everyone needs and buys Christmas Cards.
Cut out and fill in coupon below—mail it today
— and free samples of personalized Christmas Cards and stationery—plus other leading boxes will be sent you immediately on approval. No experience necessary.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY

Last year some folks made only \$25 to \$50 while others made \$150 — \$250 — \$500 and more selling our entire line of greeting cards. Many church groups, organizations, schools, lodges, etc. do this year after year. Everybody buys Christmas cards.

**FREE
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PERSONALIZED
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and STATIONERY**

**CUT OUT COUPON
AT RIGHT TODAY**

FILL IN AND MAIL

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY
Dept. C-44, White Plains, New York

Cut Along Dotted Line — Mail Today

Fill in Name And Address On Coupon Below — CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY

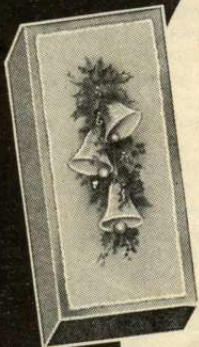
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**CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. C-44
White Plains, New York**

I want to make extra money. Please rush me free samples of Personalized Christmas Cards and Stationery. Also send leading boxes on approval for 30 day free trial and full details of your easy money-making plan.

Name _____ Apt. _____
Address _____ No. _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
If writing for an organization, give its name here _____



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21 deluxe parchment cards
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21 exquisite cards
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20 gay, colorful
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matching gift tags.
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**WHITE ROSE
STATIONERY ENSEMBLE**
Dainty raised white design
on rich blue vellum with
charming ribbon tie.
Just lovely

