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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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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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My Dear and Faithful Friends:

That is the way I think of you who have, through these many years, been constantly in touch with our family by way of our radio program and the pages of *Kitchen-Klatter*. We have shared our joys and our sorrows with you and, in return, you have been understanding and loyal.

Perhaps it is because of the fact that so many old listeners have called on us this summer that I realize as never before what a wonderful blessing these *real* friends are. I earnestly hope that you keep in touch with *your* old friends through phone calls and letters. It may be a blessing to them and to you, "As long as you love, you serve. As long as you are loved by others, you are indispensable, and no man is useless while he has a friend."

I'm thinking back to the beginning of many of my friendships—my first years in radio. God works in a mysterious way to guide our lives. If I hadn't come back to Iowa from California in 1912 to help my sister Jessie in her work as the Page County Superintendent of Schools, I would not have met the man who was to become my wonderful husband. We were married in 1913 and after living in Iowa a little over ten years, we decided to move to Los Angeles where Mart had a business that needed his attention. We had lived in California only a short time when an old injury to Lucile's knee began to give her some trouble. It was eventually diagnosed as a rare form of sarcoma, necessitating amputation. Naturally, we wanted to be near relatives and friends and since the leading orthopedic surgeon in the country was located in Iowa City at the University Hospital, there was no question about the move back to Iowa.

My brother, Henry Field, had just installed Radio Station KFNF and while visiting with him one day, he asked me if I thought I could broadcast a daily program for mothers. Since I had a family of seven children, he could think of no one more qualified. I agreed to give it a try!

The program, as many of you will remember, was an hour long. I read poetry, answered questions (or *tried* to answer them) on every subject imaginable, gave recipes and even sang songs until one unappreciative lady wrote to me, "Please leave out

the singing for you sound like a crow!"

The children helped with these programs. Lucile played piano selections and gave book reviews, Dorothy sang, and the younger children recited little pieces. All helped with the Morning Worship broadcast conducted in our family home as well as with the children's weekly birthday parties at the studio.

Without excellent cooperation from the family, I couldn't have kept up with such a full daily schedule, for there were washings, ironings, cooking and countless homemaking jobs to be taken care of. When I think of these days, I marvel at how I got through them but I loved every busy minute. I loved people and radio gave me the opportunity to enjoy more friendships.

I could reminisce for pages and pages about those early years of radio and the wonderful good times we had. Many of you can also recall the yearly jubilees, the fiddlers' contests, the watermelon feeds. Do you remember when Radio Pastor James Pearson married something like twenty-four couples the same day? Do you remember the year Billy Sunday spoke? This was the most *active* part of my radio service—before 1930, the year my back was broken in an automobile accident. For several months I felt lucky just to be alive and with my family. Gradually, I was able to return to the work I loved so much and with the help of dear friends, my loving brothers and sisters, and most of all, my precious family, I was able to resume an active life from my wheel chair. God has been good to me.

The rest of the story is familiar to most of you. A few years ago, at the insistence of the family, Mart and I retired from "active duty" and joined the "reserve corps"—always ready to help out when needed.

This summer has seemed extremely short for it has been such a busy one. We had our wonderful trip to see Frederick and his family in Massachusetts, weekends at the Johnson farm, a visit from Wayne and Abigail and their children, as well as innumerable other pleasures that came our way. Before September is over, we hope to make a trip to Milwaukee, Wisconsin to see our son Donald and his family, but definite plans for that are still in the making.

I could write pages about the Denver grandchildren's visit with us while their parents were in the East! They were obedient, cooperative youngsters. Their parents have made them a pleasure to have in the home. Thanks to this big roomy old house, we could turn over the upstairs to them, and not only did they sleep upstairs, but they spent many hours playing there, too. Kristin and Juliana are wonderful with children and took over complete supervision of their activities.

Wayne and Abigail spent a few days with us before going on to Washington, D. C. and New York, and stopped again, of course, to pick up the children. They had left their station wagon here since they continued their trip East by train, and as they unloaded it the evening of their arrival, I marveled that it held so much. I marveled even more when it came to packing up to go home, for the children had accumulated some *treasures* to add to the original collection.

One of the treasures was our son Howard's old army uniform. When seven-year-old Clark found it in one of the closets, it became the dearest thing to his little heart! That afternoon he came bounding down the stairs with speed to alarm his grandparents. Where did *this* come from? *Whose* was it? Could he *have* it for his *very own*? I doubt that there was a prouder little boy alive than Clark Driftmier when we helped him on with the uniform. The sleeves were folded up almost to his shoulders; the jacket came to his ankles; he could scarcely see out from under the cap, but it was *his*! The temperature hovered around ninety degrees all afternoon and the following day, but he was never without his precious uniform. It was all that Mart and I could manage to withhold our laughter until he was safely out of the room!

Emily and Alison left with *treasures*, too. While spending a morning with their Aunt Mae, they learned how to knit. You would have thought that they had been given the moon when I unearthed a box of yarn. They could scarcely contain themselves until lunch was over so that they could run down town to buy knitting needles. So somewhere in the car space was found to hold a big grocery sack full of knitting needles and balls of yarn.

Naturally, they were also well loaded with boxes containing our products and when they piled into the station wagon the morning of their departure, we hoped that they had allowed enough room for *themselves*!

You won't find a letter from Lucile in this issue. She said I should tell you that there was so much interesting material to share with you this month that she would skip her page and catch up on things next month.

I was intending to close with a favorite verse from my scrapbook, but I just now had a call from my brother Henry's wife, Bertha Field, with news that I think should be passed on instead. She received a letter from Henry's son Phillip, saying that a leave home from his government job in Korea had been canceled and that he

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## DOROTHY AND KRISTIN HAD A DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE

Dear Friends:

Summer vacation days are almost over for the boys and girls and I expect that most of them are eager for school to start. I vaguely remember that the last few weeks of vacation seemed endless to me when I was a child. At this house, this year, it has seemed much too short. Kristin has been so busy all summer that she is just now beginning to get a little excited about college. I don't think it actually became a reality to her until she received a letter from the college office, telling her the name of her roommate, the color of the room they will occupy, and a list of the items they will be expected to furnish for it.

She has already been corresponding with the girl assigned to be her "big sister." I think this is a nice thing for colleges to do because going away from home for the first time is a big step for girls (boys, too, for that matter) and they are bound to be a bit uneasy. Many questions arise that need answers and, knowing that there is a girl who has gone through this same period of adjustment and who is anxious to help you the first few weeks of school, is a big help and morale-booster.

One of the highlights of the summer for Kristin and me was the trip we made to Norfolk, Nebraska to represent the Kitchen-Klatter family at the opening of Ed Harmel's big new supermarket. When Lucile asked me to go, she said that it would be wonderful if Kristin could accompany me. Although this busy girl of ours had several big things planned for the summer, they fell so that she was free at this particular time and everything worked out fine. We prepared some food for Frank (things that he could simply reheat so he wouldn't go hungry during our absence) and took the train to Shenandoah.

Wayne, Abigail and the children had arrived from Denver, so we were able to have a visit with them that evening.

The following day we drove to Norfolk with Mr. Ed Maxine, who sees that our Kitchen-Klatter products are in your grocery stores, and his son Chuckie.

Kristin had never traveled into Nebraska further than Lincoln, so the country we went through was all new territory to her. She was happy that our route took us through Fremont so she could see the lovely Masonic Home for Children since, as a member of Rainbow Girls, she had heard a great deal about it.

I had been in Norfolk only once, and that was thirty years ago when I was a student at the Teachers' College at Chadron, Nebraska. When I came home for Thanksgiving or Christmas (I've forgotten which), I caught a ride with friends as far as Norfolk. Of course, now that I'm a farmer's wife, I was more interested in looking at the farms and crops as we drove through the country than I was thirty years ago! Kristin had never seen an alfalfa mill or irrigated cornfields and



Dorothy visited with many of our friends when she and Kristin attended the opening of Harmel's Supermarket in Norfolk, Nebr. This picture was taken as she greeted a shopper, Mrs. Leonard Gadeken of Norfolk, who said, "I never miss the program!"

we were both impressed with the enormous feed lots and the number of cattle. Everything looked lush and green.

We didn't see any hail damage, but were told that a few days before our arrival there had been a heavy hail storm near Norfolk, and in some places the corn was completely stripped of leaves. On one of the days we were there, the town of Clarkson had a hail storm which did considerable damage. This same storm reached our own county the next morning but, although there was some crop damage four miles from us, our farm wasn't affected.

After we located our motel and unpacked our suitcases, we enjoyed a delicious shrimp dinner. Shrimp is one of Kristin's favorite foods and she always looks for it on the menu when eating out.

Returning to the motel, we decided that our dresses weren't going to "hang out" so we borrowed an ironing board from the manager and took care of that little job before going to bed. We wished that there had been enough room in the station wagon to hang one of our garment bags.

When Kristin and I arrived at the market the next morning, a lot of people were milling around although it was only 8:30. Kristin learned that she was to be just inside of the front door where the School Day Peanut Butter was displayed. She handed out samples of the peanut butter on crackers as she greeted our friends. Although our Kitchen-Klatter listeners knew that I was going to be there, they weren't certain that Kristin would be with me. Practically everyone recognized her immediately (which surprised me) although she was wearing her hair in a completely different style since her picture last appeared in the magazine.

I stood at the back of the store between stacks of Kitchen-Klatter Kleener and Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach. It was thrilling to hear the wonderful comments about our products!

We don't have an accurate count, but we do know that we shook hands and talked with *thousands* of our loyal

friends from the Norfolk area in the two days we were there. We both want to thank each and every one of you for taking the time to come to the store in order to meet us personally. In many instances it necessitated a drive of miles and miles. It is difficult to express in words just what this meant to us. Now, when I sit down in front of the microphone, I'll have a visual picture of our good friends in Nebraska and South Dakota.

Our only regret is that we couldn't have lengthier visits with each of you. When so many were standing in line waiting to say a few words, it wasn't possible to visit at length with any one person. I'm sure that those of you who were there and saw the crowds understood the situation.

Poor Chuckie Maxine! On the trip back to Shenandoah, he said that he hoped there weren't too many disappointed children. The little School Day Peanut Butter truck had been taken along so that Chuck could give the kiddies rides in the parking lot. He did as long as it was safe, but the traffic became too congested and he simply had to stop. He felt very badly about it and hopes the children understood.

For your September entertaining you might like to use a "back to school" theme. The centerpiece could be a schoolhouse made from a rectangular-shaped cardboard carton, or from a square layer cake. With a little imagination you can create something that resembles a little schoolhouse, so I'll devote what space I have left in suggestions for using the little peanut pixies.

When Kristin was small, she had tiny plastic playground equipment for her little doll house. I imagine that these slides and swings can still be found in the dime stores. They would be just the thing for the pixies to play on in the "schoolyard."

If your centerpiece is to be for a special party, you probably would want favors, too. I would suggest that you attach a pencil to each nutcup (upright) and wrap a pixie's arms and legs around it as if he were climbing the "pole."

Since I promised Kristin we would shop this afternoon to select a few items she needs for school, I must close so we can be on our way.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

## A PRAYER FOR HELP

I know that there is work for all  
Within our family,  
And even though they may be small  
There are jobs for me;  
But sometimes I get busy  
At the things I like to do,  
And I forget important work  
That needs attention, too.

Please, God, help me remember  
The tasks assigned to me;  
Help me work my very best  
And do it willingly.

—Mabel McCaw



## YOU WERE THERE

A Farewell Party for the Minister

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Reluctant as a little child,

When Father sends him off to rest,  
I yield the task to other hands

I feel will try to do it best.

Beloved, through these years I've tried

To serve you always with a smile.

Forgive me if I've ever failed

To walk with you that extra mile.

And now I pray the Lord may bless

And keep you, each and every one.

You'll be with me in all my prayers,

Although my work with you is done.

These lines probably sum up fairly well the feelings of a pastor as he must take leave of a beloved congregation to move on to a new charge. He is well aware that the new church offers new challenges, new inspirations, new friends; yet it is difficult to break familiar ties and to leave old friends.

The congregation immediately begins to plan some party, or tea, to show their appreciation of the minister and his family before they move on to their new parish.

To help those who are (or may be at some future date) planning such a farewell, we are offering some suggestions to help you. While expressing appreciation, esteem and goodwill, you won't want it to be bogged down with too much sentiment. The planning committee should strive for a light, happy evening of good fellowship, rather than dwelling too much upon the loss of a good minister or the sad experiences that have been shared.

The committee in charge could be chosen from the official board, from the women's society, or could be made up of persons from each organization within the church. The chairman of the official board and his wife, along with other church officials, should act as hosts and hostesses on the evening of the party. It will be their responsibility to see that each person present has an opportunity to greet the pastor's family and wish them Godspeed.

You will need to designate someone to act as Master of Ceremonies—to take charge of the program, to see to the presentation of a farewell gift, etc.

It will help those who are to make talks, or those on the entertainment committee, as well as those in charge of the decorations, if some general theme is selected for the evening's festivities.

Churches have varied local customs and different organizational set-ups so the following program is only intended as a guide which you can adapt to your particular needs.

Before the program starts, have the guests of honor escorted to special chairs at the front of the room or on a stage. On a small table beside them, put a vase in which will be placed the "Roses of Remembrance" as they are presented during the program.



This lovely girl is Sharon Brown, daughter of Dale and Mabel Brown, Ogden, Iowa.

### Program

#### Master of Ceremonies:

"It is most seemly and quite right

That we gather here tonight

To honor friends who've given us so much.

We may stammer, pause and stutter;

Some'll speak loud and some may mutter,

As we try to say 'farewell', 'thank you' and such.

But, dear friends, please never doubt it,

Though we may speak it, sing it, shout it,

Each sentiment comes straightway from the heart.

We've been lucky and we know it,

We're here to try to show it,

Though 'tis hard to know exactly where to start.

So without more fuss or trimming,

Let's go back to the beginning

When you, our parish life, first came to share.

May each rose we bring to you,

Recall a memory or two

Of a time we all were glad that YOU WERE THERE!"

(Congregation sings *Onward, Christian Soldiers* while the chairman of the pastoral committee comes forward, carrying the first rose. When the song ends, he begins to speak.)

**Chairman:** "I imagine we all had much the same feeling on that day when you, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. ...., first came to us. You were wondering what we were like behind our 'how-do-you-do' smiles, and we were wondering if you were always so dignified and serious. We now know the answers. We even know more! We know enough to play on the same side with the preacher in contests and games or get badly beaten! And we know that Mrs. .... can make the best pizza (or some other specialty) in these parts. Best of all, we found in you a sincere spiritual leader whom it has been our joy to know and to follow. And we found a lovely family

with whom we wish to share this first 'rose of remembrance.'" (Places rose in vase and returns to sit in the audience.)

(Wedding music is to be played softly as the first couple to be married by the minister comes forward.)

**Husband:** "Anyone who was at our wedding can see that I'm not nearly as nervous as I was at the wedding when I dropped the ring (or some other incident that occurred at the wedding). Believe me, I'll never forget that moment. I guess everyone was nervous except the preacher and he remained just as calm and smiling then as he has every time we've come up against a crisis in this church. We truly are very happy to place our 'rose of remembrance' because YOU WERE THERE." (Wife places rose in vase.)

**Master of Ceremonies:** "Speaking of that first wedding, did you hear about the first time Jane (wife) baked biscuits? John (husband) said, 'My dear, don't bother to make any more of these biscuits. You're too frail for such heavy work!'

"Now, here's someone else who appreciates the fact that YOU WERE THERE."

(A baby baptized in this pastorate by the minister is now accompanied on stage by parents, as someone softly sings *Brahm's Lullaby*.)

**Child's Father (or mother):** "I know of no better way to express our appreciation to you, who baptized our ..... (name of child) than to read this little verse. You have made us appreciate its meaning.

'Almighty Father, help us to be a kind mom and loving dad

That this dear child may, too, enjoy the blessings we have had.

Give us the wisdom that we should use to teach her right from wrong,

And how to keep on going when the way is rough and long;

To do the duty that is hers until its very end;

To look for lasting beauty; to appreciate a friend.

Endow us with the grace we need to mold her gentle youth

According to the measurements of loyalty and truth.

Enable us to comfort her whenever she is sad,

And O, Dear Father, grant that she will always love her Mom and Dad.'" (Places rose in vase.)

**Master of Ceremonies:** (Reads some of the humorous poems on The Ladies Aid. Several have been printed in back issues of *Kitchen-Klatter*.)

**President of the Ladies Aid:** "Certainly the Ladies Aid feels especially close to the minister and his family. As the poems indicate, they certainly work together to iron out many problems of the church and to help with the 'extras', so to speak. We are especially appreciative of all that Mrs. .... (minister's wife) has done in our women's group. I'm sure that it hasn't always been easy, but she has graciously and humbly kept right on doing her best, realizing, as we all do, how important it is that the parsonage

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## WE WISH FREDERICK HAD A MAGIC WAND

Dear Friends:

If I could wave a magic wand I would wave *all of you* to this very spot for this exact moment of beauty. I am seated at a picnic table on the shore of Lake Wincheck in the little state of Rhode Island. The sun shining through the dense foliage is making shadow patterns along the water's edge and in the cove a thousand water lilies are entertaining twenty thousand bees for lunch. For ten summers I have written you letters while seated right here and always I have wished that you could share this loveliness with our family. If you *were* here now you would surely say what so many others have said, "I can't believe that this place is in Rhode Island, it is so much like Maine or Quebec!"

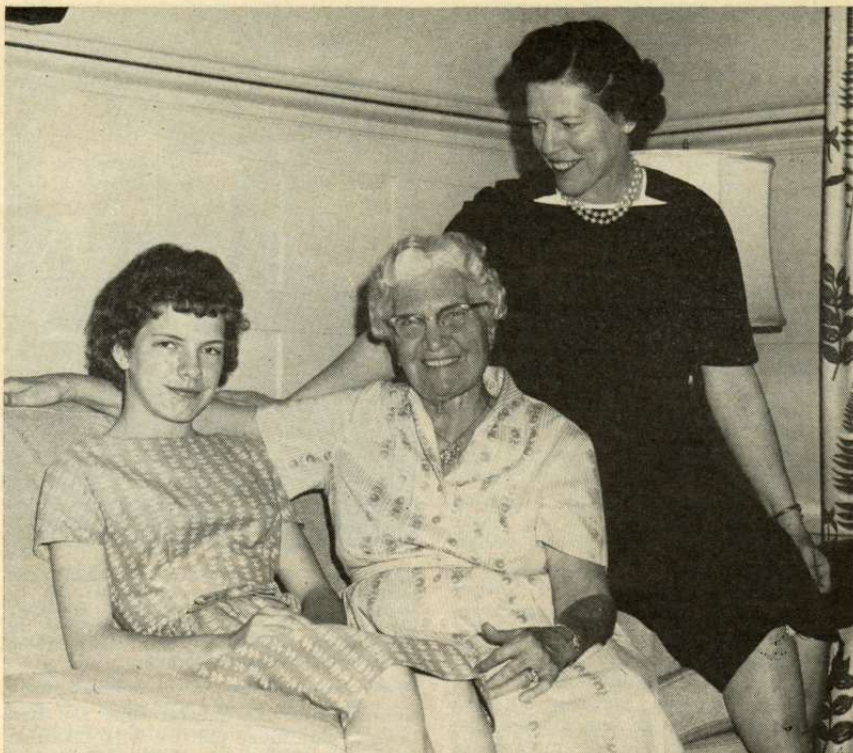
We hate to think of the fact that by the time you read this we will be in Springfield and back to the mad pace of city life. Much as we love our church, and school, and friends we also love our cottage in the woods, the people in the village at the far end of the lake and this relaxed way of living. Of course all vacations must come to an end and so we shall once more adjust to our labors.

After several Sundays in the tiny rural church in the village our home church will seem enormously large with its pews for 1,100 persons, its magnificent organ and its great rose windows.

Since last writing to you I have made a journey to Philadelphia. You true Westerners will see the humor in a comment made by a member of my church who said, "I hope you have a nice trip. I have never been as *far west* as Philadelphia." The one who made that admission has been to Europe several times! My trip to the Quaker City was a short one by air; just one hour of delightfully smooth flying. It is a beautiful city; while there I found it hard to realize that I was actually in the third largest city in the United States.

Practically all of my time in Philadelphia was spent at a national meeting of my particular denomination. Meetings of that kind are enjoyable for two reasons; the preaching is inspirational and there are always so many old friends in attendance. This meeting gave me an opportunity to meet several of you who read *Kitchen-Klatter*. Some fine new friends from Nebraska, the Dakotas, Iowa and Missouri introduced themselves to me and how *very glad* I am that they did.

Do you remember my telling you some weeks ago about a family in my parish who managed to entertain dinner guests on the same day the fire department had to put out a blaze in the kitchen? Well, that same family had *more* fire trouble last week. Some professional floor waxers accidentally set a fire in the kitchen when a lighted cigarette fell into the wax. Fire trucks arrived in time to confine the fire to that one room, but shortly after they left the scene some smoldering rags which had been thrown into



When Mother and Dad (Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) visited their son Frederick and his family in Springfield, Mass. this summer, a number of pictures were taken. We particularly like this one of Mother with Frederick's wife, Betty, and their daughter, Mary Leanna.

the back yard burst into flames and set the outside of the house afire! My friend dashed out with a fire extinguisher and was putting out the fire when she heard the phone ring. She later said, "Why I left the fire to answer the phone I shall never know, but I did. Of all things, it was a newspaper reporter asking, 'Did you have a fire at your house?' I replied, 'Yes we did and we *have one now!* If you will *excuse* me I shall go and finish *putting it out!*'"

This has been one summer when we have had no fear of fire here in the woods. Most summers we do have a dry period that causes some concern, but not this one. As a matter of fact, it has been anything but dry! We had one whole week of drizzle and fog. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could always arrange weather to our liking? I would order sunshine every day and rain every night.

Something happened to hurt my pride yesterday. We have a small and sleek racing sailboat. It is a tricky little craft to handle in a stiff breeze but for the past two summers I have boasted of the fact that the only time I ever capsized her was the day we bought her. I boast *no longer!* A sudden gust of wind caused the sail to swing about in such a way that a rope caught under my chin and knocked me overboard. The whole boat came after me into the water, *passengers and all!* Is it any wonder that Betty now questions my *ability* as a sailor?

Even while here at our summer cottage I do not escape all of the concerns and responsibilities of a pastor. Several times a week I am in telephone contact with the church office

or with people in the church. Twice this summer I have been asked for advice on a matter that may one day confront many of us; when should a seriously ill patient be told the true facts of his case? If a person is about to die should he be told and, if so, who should do the telling?

There is no hard and fast rule to follow here. Often it would be cruel and inhuman not to tell the truth, and yet, there are some people who react very poorly to word about a critical condition and should not be told. If the doctor thinks the patient is strong enough to stand the truth then the truth he should have. Only the doctor can judge the fitness of a patient in this matter.

It has been my experience that the doctor, after taking the relatives and the family clergyman into his confidence, is the one best prepared to make the decision and to speak to the patient. Naturally, questions will arise which only a doctor can answer. I can testify to the fact that most people who have a fatal condition are far more at peace with the truth than with a falsehood. Almost without exception they are stronger mentally and emotionally than their relatives believe them to be.

Since I spend a great deal of time with seriously ill patients and their families I have seen enough to believe that miracles *actually* do happen. By that I mean people do, at times, recover from conditions believed to be hopeless. I have had the most learned physicians tell me that a patient would die in a matter of days and then have had that same doctor say to me later, "We can't explain it but that man is

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## A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Last month at this time, we were making final preparations for the arrival of the Denver Driftmier children. Since then, they have come and gone and the house seems mighty empty without the sounds of their voices. I was just becoming accustomed to setting the table with four more places when here we are, back to our usual three!

This month we are running against another deadline, for we're crowding in some last minute details before embarking upon our family vacation. It is a blessing that Martin has plenty to do for he felt a terrific let-down when the youngsters left. Oliver and I have stretched our imaginations to think of things to occupy his time these last few days before we leave. As usual, he would much prefer giving his time and thought to packing. However, the boy must wear the clothes he has until the last washing and ironing—they can't be spared for premature packing.

This has been the ideal time to do some much-needed weeding in the flower borders, clean the garage, polish the car, test the air mattresses for leaks, etc. These are all *time-consuming* jobs which have helped considerably to forestall the packing.

We had a delightful time with Emily, Alison and Clark and due to the fact that there was not the least evidence of homesickness, I think it is safe to say that they had an equally good time.

I mentioned the fact that we set *four* extra places at the table. This is because Kristin came to help with the children. Goodness knows, they are old enough that they don't require waching! She came because there were many times when I wasn't available to make the trek back and forth to the swimming pool, to one of the parks, or to one of the many other places of interest where it was necessary to drive them. She was also a great help when it came to packing picnic lunches, sorting laundry and helping with the dishes! Juliana was right on deck too, and both girls said that it meant a great deal to them to have this time with their cousins. More than once, we heard them say that they wished so much that Frederick's and Donald's children could come for such a visit so they could have the same fun with them.

The girls slept at Mother and Dad's house and Clark stayed with us. The children usually ate together at the folk's house at noon and came here for their evening meal. It worked out nicely that way for the folks eat their big meal at noon and we eat ours in the evening. After a long swim at the pool every afternoon, these youngsters worked up terrific appetites and were ready for another heavy meal!

We took a number of pictures while they were here which we will be sharing with you from time to time. The children were most enthusiastic to have their pictures taken with their grandparents but we didn't realize how much it meant to them until we



One interest that Clark Driftmier and Martin Strom share with their grandfather, M. H. Driftmier, is a love of trains. Grandpa's library contains a choice collection of material on the subject and he is always ready to help look up things.

heard Clark tell Alison that *she* had been in one more picture with Grannie than *he* had. Alison said, "Yes, but in one of them I had my head down!" We did our best from that point on to see that they appeared in the same number of pictures!

One thing that the children enjoyed very much was our new stereo-phonograph. This is our latest purchase for the house. Wayne and Abigail also have a fine phonograph so Emily, Alison and Clark are accustomed to hearing fine music. They usually rested at our house before they went swimming, so I would put some records on the machine while they stretched out on the living room floor to read.

This is a good time to make a few comments about records for children. Parents constantly ask, "What records should we buy for our children? We have always wanted them to be interested in music and to enjoy it." Music specialists have given this much thought. At first, they tried to prepare special lists of music recorded especially for young folks and then it occurred to them that the great masters, such as Bach, Mozart and Beethoven, didn't develop their love of music through music written especially for children.

We learned very soon that Martin enjoyed skipping and hopping to a fast-paced Bach selection as much as to a simple little "skip-hop" child's record! He could feel as restful and dreamy to a Schubert's or Schumann's piece of chamber music as to a soothing, simple child's record. And more too, we received more pleasure in our listening to such numbers with him. Keep these thoughts in mind when you purchase records.

We have only a good start of what we hope will eventually be a fine library of recordings. Martin has some choice in the selections of those we have purchased and we've been delighted with his taste.

This summer I had a most pleasant experience which I don't believe I have mentioned in my letters. While in college at Maryville Missouri, I had the privilege of singing in groups with Merrill Ostrus, formerly of Atlantic, Iowa, and the lovely girl who is now his wife. She was Charlene Barnes before her marriage and was a Missouri girl. Her parents have moved to a farm near Shenandoah, so she and Merrill come for visits occasionally. Unfortunately, these visits have fallen when we've been on vacations, and it is due to the fact that we are taking a late vacation this year that we were able to see them.

Merrill's professional name is Merrill Staton and he is making a great contribution to the music world. He went to college on an athletic scholarship, but later won voice scholarships and graduated from Northwest Missouri State College with a degree in music.

He conducted a 75-voice group when he was in the Navy Air Corps and after the war, continued his musical studies in New York City at Columbia University. After receiving his Master's and Doctor's degrees, he began working as an arranger, preparing vocal groups for many television and radio programs, as well as for records. Recently, he has been choral director for television productions of "Kiss Me, Kate," "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," "Goldrush," "Meet Me in St. Louis," Hallmark Hall of Fame shows, Steve Allen shows, and the Bell Telephone Hour series. He has also appeared with the New York Philharmonic.

His choral group, called the Merrill Staton Choir, has received national recognition as being one of the finest in the country. I was delighted to find several of his albums in our local record shop, and we have been enjoying them on our new phonograph.

Charlene has sung professionally for several years also, but has limited her work since the arrival of their two little sons. It was such a pleasure to have a nice visit with them and to catch up on their activities. In spite of their outstanding accomplishments, they have maintained their same sweet personalities. Our visit together was not nearly long enough, for we barely got started on our reminiscing. There is always so much catching up to do when old friends meet. It seems to be the story of our summer for we've had several such experiences in the past few months. The older one becomes, the more important old friendships mean. Don't you notice this too?

One of Clark's socks turned up in the laundry this week and I must stop so that I can wrap it and get it in the afternoon mail.

Sincerely,

*Margery*

True maturity lies in balance, in accepting today, using yesterday's mistakes as lessons we need not learn again.—Faith Baldwin



## WAY BACK WHEN—

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

#### The Dishrag's Lament

I am just a dishrag at this house. Mrs. Don't Care calls me that. Across the road at Mrs. Eatkins, my sister is called a dishcloth. Why can't I be treated with as much respect as she is? Here, I am made from an old rag—a piece of a man's shirt or a gingham apron. I am never washed out from one day to another, and think of it, I am used to wash glasses, babies' bottles, lids, anything. I would rather be made from a five-pound salt sack. It is of coarse weave and particles of food don't get caught in my meshes. Then I wish there were about a dozen of me, so that when I got the least bit grimy, I could go to the wash just like the rest of the clothes and be washed and boiled and spread on the grass to be shot through and through by the rays of the sun.

One day's work is about all I am good for anyway. There should be a new me every day, but no—I go day after day until I am worn to shreds—then thrown out, instead of into the stove. I am for cremation. Then the flies come along and find me and shout gleefully one to another. Many times through the hot weather Mrs. Don't Care has to be up nights with the kids. She can't seem to tell what is the matter with them. The chances are if she had given me a good scalding they would not have been sick.

Big sister sweeps and dusts when her beaux comes to see her. If he wiped the dishes for her I bet they would have had a falling out over my complexion.

Mrs. Don't Care can tell you all about how to feed children—regular meals, school lunches, vitamins, minerals and everything—but she doesn't give my life's history a thought.

Once I was so embarrassed when the Ladies Aid was at our house. Some of the women started to wash the dishes and they hunted for the dishcloth and could not find her anywhere. I was just sick. Finally, one said as she took hold of me "Can this be she?" You don't know how ashamed I felt and I couldn't tell her where there were several clean ones with the clean dish towels because there were none at this house.

Talk about being up-to-date and everything, why can't the dishcloth come in for a share of the family pride as well as the livestock.

Yours in disgrace—Dishrag

### From "Kitchen-Klatter News" Twenty-Five Years ago

Leanna wrote in her letter those many years ago, "In this little magazine I try to bring *Kitchen-Klatter* to you in the printed form, keeping in it the personal touch that makes broadcasting to you such a pleasure for me.

"Somehow, through my visits by air, I have made you realize that I want to



This picture of Margery Driftmier (Strom) appeared in an issue of "Mother's Hour Letter" in 1926. Typical of a five-year-old, she was proud of the dolly her father had sent to her from New York and wanted it in the picture, too. Incidentally, she named it "Dorothy Dot."

be a *real* friend, helping you in any way that I can. I have found out that there are many lonely people, many carrying burdens far greater than mine. I want to bring friendship to the lonely and a measure of courage to those discouraged.

"A friend of mine once said to me 'It was never intended that people should live absolutely to themselves, never reaching out for the kindness and comfort that is somewhere close at hand if they only knew it.' Without your letters and friendship some of the difficult days I have known would have been much harder.

"As you give you shall receive, and I have been made braver and happier by your messages of encouragement. Let us live, building our house of happiness, taking from each day as it comes, some good thing and in return sharing what we have found with others."

"Thomas Edison said that he made it a rule to do the hardest things first. When ironing, it might be the tablecloths or men's shirts that you should iron first. When you have little children, something must be neglected—and let it not be the children or their mother's health. Do not let small details make you a nervous wreck. Plan your work so that you can manage several tasks at once without being on a strain. Does that seem impossible? It is not!

"One of the most important things is to have the right attitude about your work. Make a game of it. Time yourself while doing certain tasks and then try to break your own record. Be contented; be enthusiastic; and be happy. Don't worry over things that can't be helped. Know the conditions you face and then take steps to improve

them. Remember, 'Some have been given more but many have been given less with which to build their house of happiness.' "

## Economy Helps

Add a little chopped celery (use pieces that aren't so nice for the table) to canned tomatoes and stew them together. The flavor is fine.

Use the vinegar from your pickles when you make salad dressing. It is better than plain vinegar and also saves the pickle vinegar.

The next time you have beet pickles use the vinegar from them and make pickled eggs. They are nice for garnishing or just as an egg dish.

When you have dry cake, instead of putting a custard sauce over it, try this: Break or cut the cake in small pieces. Have some cream whipped and stir the pieces of cake into the whipped cream. It is so good. May be put in individual dishes and a little coconut sprinkled over the top, or sprinkle a few nuts over the top.

To make hamburger go farther, beat two or three eggs, depending on the amount of hamburger, add bread broken up in small pieces, mix with hamburger, and cook in skillet until meat is done. A little chopped onion may be added.

## The Ladies Aid

The old church bell had long been cracked,

It's call was but a groan;  
It seemed to sound a funeral knell  
With every broken tone.

"We need a bell," the brethern said.  
"But taxes must be paid.

We have no money we can spare,  
Just ask the Ladies Aid."

The shingles on the roof were old,

The rain came down in rills,  
The brethern slowly shook their heads,

And spoke of monthly bills.

The chairman of the board arose,

And said, "I am afraid  
That we shall have to lay the case  
Before the Ladies Aid."

The carpet had been patched and patched,

Till quite beyond repair,  
And thru the aisles and on the steps,  
The boards showed hard and bare.

"It is too bad," the brethern said,

"An effort must be made  
To raise an interest on the part  
Of members of the Aid."

The preacher's stipend was behind

The poor man blushed to meet

The butcher and the grocer

As they passed him on the street.

But nobly spoke the brethern then,

"Pastor, you shall be paid!

We'll call upon the Treasure

Of our good Ladies Aid."

"Ah!" said the men, "The way to Heaven

Is long and hard and steep;

With slopes of care on either side,  
The path is hard to keep.

We cannot climb the heights alone  
Our hearts are sore dismayed;

We ne'er shall get to Heaven at all  
Without the Ladies Aid."



## PRECIOUS PICTURES

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Back in September of 1956 the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine had a picture of six-month-old Craig Stephen Birkby. The caption underneath read as follows: "*The way time flies it won't be long until Craig Birkby is starting to kindergarten.*" No truer statement could have been made. Now, quicker than a wink, Craig is ready to launch out on the great adventure of life beyond the sheltering confines of home.

This is the fourth time I have watched a child of mine go on such an adventure. It is a tremendously rewarding feeling to know that each one was mature enough, wise enough, developed enough, and (I hoped) sensible enough to be on his own. Each time I breathed a thankful prayer that I had been able to get this far along the path of motherhood without too many untoward incidents in guiding the lives of my little ones.

While our first born, Dulcie Jean, died before the end of her Kindergarten year, her great love of learning and her zest for growing along with her fellow students kept us from being resentful when it came time two years later for young Bob to start. She would have wanted her brother to launch into these new experiences, just as she had. We were thankful she had the opportunity to taste a little of the field of learning before she had to go on to another "school-room." (And, I remain of the firm conviction that a loving Heavenly Father has a place for those who reach heaven so young to continue growing and learning and developing, undoubtedly in more spiritual and magnificent ways than we can imagine.)

So Bob started off to school and I felt most fortunate to have baby Jeffrey to keep me company. Soon Craig joined our family, and before it seemed possible it was time for Jeffrey to start off to school. Now, suddenly, it is Craig's turn. He is so ready to begin that it will truly be a joy for him to go. His home is too confining, his mind too outgoing, to be contented here any longer. But I am already feeling the pangs of adjustment. For, no matter how much my mind tells me he will be far better for these widening experiences, my emotions moan at the prospect of a lonely house. For fourteen years I have had at least one tiny one at home to be my "company keeper." This is such a long period of time to dedicate to the profession of being a mother to make it a real pull now that it is time to change pace. And change pace I must, and I will. But if I shed a tear or two it will not be from regret or sadness, but rather from the feeling that the door has shut on a very important part of my life . . . possibly the most important part I will ever have.

Every change in life can be made into an opportunity, I must remind myself. Every shut door presents an-



Craig Birkby will start to kindergarten.

other door to open. I will look around for the advantages presented by my growing children and the joys each day brings as they go on advancing in this wonderful world of knowledge which is ever opening to them.

A word of explanation about the picture of Craig shown on this page; as is true in many families, we have taken quantities of snapshots and had a number of portraits made of our children. The year of Dulcie Jean's death however, had been a very difficult one financially for us and we had taken very few pictures through that winter. But as we searched back we discovered that her picture taken by the school photographer was really an excellent one. The Superintendent helped us locate the company which had made it and we ordered a large colored print. It proved to be all we desired, in fact, a very realistic, natural picture of our blue-eyed, brown-haired oldest child. She had been five years and three months old when the picture was taken.

Now, I got the notion that I wanted to be sure young Bob realized that our love for him was just as great as for Dulcie. We did not want him to feel any less loved because she had been taken and he had been left. (I have known families where children's lives have been clouded by comparisons between dead and living children.) So, when Bob was five years and three months old we had a portrait made of him and had it tinted and framed to match Dulcie's. When it came time for us to hang the two pictures side by side on the dining room wall, Bob's happy pride more than justified the plan.

Jeffrey, too, could hardly wait until he was old enough to join the family gallery. Then this spring Craig reached the magic age. The picture on this page is a print of his portrait which now hangs on the wall beside his two brothers and the sister he never knew. The whole family is proud of the display of their happy smiling faces.

Personally, I like to see family pic-

tures used on the walls of homes for it gives such a friendly, loving appearance. For some time decorators banished them into albums or, at the most, to bedroom display, with the idea that family prints were too personal to bring into the living or dining rooms. But if a home isn't supposed to be "personal" then I don't know *what is*. If you like to line your pictures up on the top of the piano or along a long table in the hall, go right ahead.

There are so many attractive ways of arranging pictures on the wall I really lean in that direction in my own home. The big prints I just mentioned are hanging in the dining room, two on each side of the hutch cupboard. I have seen the same type hung either in a straight row, or in two rows over a davenport or a fireplace. Any large wall space can take such a grouping of pictures.

In the bedroom I have a display of pictures hanging on the wall which go way back to pre-wedding days, two of our wedding pictures and then five pictures of each of the children starting at the age of six months. These are all black and white 5 by 7 prints which are mounted in light wood frames. I fastened them to a heavy, black grosgrain ribbon in series of five. At the top of each row the ribbon fastens to a big brass curtain ring. These are hung in even rows on the wall at the head of our bed. Against the pale yellow wall the black ribbons and the wooden framed pictures make a very pleasing arrangement.

Pictures do not need to be put together in such even rows or in the same types or sizes of frames. In fact, variety of shapes and edgings add interest. Lay the pictures on the floor in the pattern you think would be pleasing and move them around until you find the arrangement you like best. Just remember, a large wall space or a large piece of furniture like a davenport or bed can take a grouping of many small pictures.

Small prints, which would be lost if hung alone, take on real importance when put together in groups. A friend of mine has a piece of wall board hung in her family room and painted the same color as the wall. Here she hangs both old and new family pictures. Hers are framed, but the same idea could be worked out by matting each picture with a piece of colored Construction paper, bright wallpaper, checkered material, grass cloth, burlap or whatever blends with your decoration scheme.

A hall wall or the blank-looking space around a door provides excellent places to arrange family pictures. A little imagination, some cardboard, pretty matting material and the "nerve" to be a little different will show in a personalized spot of friendly faces of those you love best. They are indeed *precious pictures*. I enjoy living with mine out where I can see them. My guess is that many of you do also.

Not what we have but what we enjoy constitutes our abundance.



## MARY BETH AND DONALD ARE IN THEIR OWN HOME

Dear Friends:

Well, we've moved! We're very well settled and life has again returned to a more normal pace than seemed possible two weeks ago. Moving twice in a four month period isn't my idea of a pleasant way to spend an afternoon (I hope no one even *mentions* moving to me for at least two years) but it is *done* and we are *greatly* relieved.

This house is *more* than worth the effort of having had to move again so soon. Donald and I simply *love* it! We've loads of space and the floor plan makes it unusually functional. We have taken the plunge into split-level living. Surprisingly enough, I do not run up and down stairs all day long as I had imagined might be the case. On those occasions when I do go, the flights of stairs are short; going down involves seven steps and going up only six.

Here is a brief description of the house. On the very top level, or third floor, are the bedrooms and full bath. On the second floor, the level into which the front and back doors open, are the living room, dining area and kitchen. The family room, utility room, small bathroom and den are on the lower level. Immediately underneath the living room and kitchen is a basement where the furnace, tank for the pump, other equipment and a large storage space are situated.

The location of the garage is one unique feature which we have not noticed in other split-level plans. Instead of being right in the shell of the house, the garage is built at a right angle to the front. There is no entrance into the interior from the garage but I'm sure we'll get accustomed to the fifteen foot walk in spite of exposure to the weather. With the garage built outside we have larger living space inside so we won't complain!

The family room is a real luxury for us. Its special attraction is a lovely fireplace. Donald has yearned for a fireplace every since we first started looking at house plans years ago. We always had other necessities to take care of first so never achieved this dream before. Another boon of the family room is getting the television located there and *out* of the living room. This has resulted in considerably less televiewing, which I think is a most healthy situation for the children.

The children's toys also have found their place in the family room. For the first time in our lives they are *out* of the bedrooms! Mothers reading this know what a relief it is to be able to clean and dust the children's rooms without the task of moving toys from chest to bed and all around in an attempt to clean thoroughly. More beautiful, even, than the ease of cleaning, is the added length of time that the bedrooms *stay neat*.

The young couple who built this house last fall moved into it just at the end of the grass growing season so the first task to confront Donald



Paul and Katharine Driftmier were leaving for Sunday School when this picture was taken shortly before the family moved.

was to put in a lawn. In an effort to give the children a grassy place to play he had the area directly in front of the house planted with sod. In a matter of *one week* (with constant watering) this sod was ready to be walked on and now it has taken root well enough for the children to play there. It is truly *instant* grass! The balance of the front yard was seeded and we're hoping that it will grow even this late in the season. The side and back yards will be seeded later this fall. Don has much to do to keep him busy until snow flies!

When we came here we bought a second gate to protect Adrienne from the other flight of stairs. The day we moved Donald was installing the gate when Adrienne managed to slip past him and rolled and bumped down one short series of steps. She recovered from the shock of this experience only to shoot down the lower flight of stairs later in the day. This time she was leaning against the other gate and suddenly gate and baby went tumbling down together. Fortunately, once more she was only bumped and within minutes was up and going again. The rest of us were much more "shook-up" than she was! (Little ones surely do make a *sickening* noise when they fall down steps.) Don has since tightened both gates and we've had no repeat performance. We still *all* watch to be sure she doesn't attempt to climb up from the bottom. When she is steadier on her feet and stair climbing comes naturally we'll let up on such stern restrictions.

During the length of time my mother was here helping with the children while we moved, Adrienne seemed to go through a period of constant learning. She had been a diffident walker, but slowly, with each successive step, she became more sure of herself. Soon she was doing such

things as standing up on the rocking chair and walking the length of the davenport cushions. About the same time she began to grow dissatisfied with her baby bottle. Since Mother was on hand to help while I prepared supper, she supervised a try at cup drinking. Now Adrienne completely refuses her bottle! Her self-feeding cup has a covered top and a lip spout to control the flow of milk.

Every time Mother comes to see us I run her legs off doing things which have accumulated between visits. I don't mind taking the children along on grocery trips, as indeed I must when Don is away, but I simply cannot keep an eye on all three and do other types of shopping. It is different with Mother along; the two of us can control the children and still have the fun of making major decisions together.

This time our shopping spree was needed to buy curtains since I have several more windows to cover in this house. We went to a big new shopping center ten miles north of here. It has about thirty different types of stores facing out upon a mall and includes a large branch of Marshall Field's. As we walked along we came to a store front through which we could see children playing. It was a baby-sitting service for those who can't cope with all of their little ones and shop too. In order to give Katharine and Paul a treat I left them there while we shopped. A registered nurse was on duty and a school teacher supervised their play time. Wonderful toys were provided. Children are kept for a limit of two hours. The minimum age is three, I suppose to discourage the diaper trade. All of this is provided for twenty-five cents an hour per family regardless of the number of youngsters brought. When I registered the children I *even* had to include a record of communicable diseases they had had. Tags with numbers were put on Katharine and Paul and I was given identical tags which had to be presented later in order to get the children's release. Needless to say, I was *impressed*.

Those of you who live near shopping centers should prevail upon the owners to establish a similar child care service. Surely such helpful assistance would result in increased good will and a larger number of mothers free to shop in their stores.

More next month,

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*

## COVER STORY

Probably, many of you have already identified the three children who appear on the cover this month. Certainly, after reading Mother's letter, you can guess that they are Alison, Clark and Emily Driftmier. This picture was taken on the morning the children left for Denver, Colorado, following a two-weeks' vacation with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin H. Driftmier.



## Recipes Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### SWISS GREEN BEANS

(An elegant vegetable for company)

- 2 9-ounce pkgs. frozen French style green beans
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 cups milk
- 3/4 lb. Swiss cheese, cubed
- 1/4 cup coarsely chopped cashew nuts

Cook the green beans in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain. Melt butter over low heat; add onion and brown lightly. Stir in the flour, mustard, salt and pepper. Gradually add the milk and cook, stirring constantly, until the sauce is smooth and thickened. Add cheese and stir until it has melted. Combine the sauce and green beans and pour into a 1 1/2-quart greased casserole. Sprinkle the nuts over the top and bake in a 350 degree oven for about 20 to 25 minutes.

### ORANGE BREAD

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
  - 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
  - 2 Tbls. sugar
  - 1 egg
  - 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
  - 1/4 cup milk
  - 1/2 cup orange juice
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
  - 1/4 to 1/2 cup pecans (optional)
- Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter and sugar. Beat in the egg and Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener. Mix milk, juice and Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring and add alternately with the dry ingredients. Bake in a small loaf pan, greased, for 40 to 50 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool before slicing.

### KRISTIN'S APPLE DELIGHT

- 1 No. 2 can (2 1/2 cups) apple pie filling
  - 1 loaf size package yellow or white cake mix
  - 1/3 to 1/2 cup butter or margarine (melted)
- Spread the pie filling in a well greased 8-inch square cake pan. Sprinkle the dry cake mix evenly over the top. Dot with the melted butter. Bake in a 350 degree oven 40 to 45 minutes or until the top turns a golden brown. This can be served with whipped cream, or served warm with a little ice cream.

### EGGS A LA KING

- 1 cup chopped celery
  - 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
  - 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
  - 1 can condensed cream of celery soup
  - 1/2 cup milk
  - 3/4 cup diced sharp cheese
  - 5 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
  - 8 stuffed green olives, sliced
- Cook the celery, green pepper and onion in 2 Tbls. hot fat until tender. Add the soup, milk and cheese; heat and stir until the cheese melts. Add the chopped eggs and olives. Serve hot over toast or toasted English muffins. Serves 4.

### SWISS STEAK

- 2 lbs. round steak, cut 1" thick
  - 1/2 cup flour
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 1/2 tsp. pepper
  - 1 tsp. paprika
  - 1/4 cup fat
  - 1 large green pepper, sliced
  - 1 large onion, sliced
  - 1 3 or 4-ounce can mushrooms (stem and pieces)
  - 1 14-ounce bottle catsup
  - Water to cover
- Cut the steak into serving pieces, trimming off all fat. Combine the flour, salt, pepper and paprika and pound it into the meat until all is used up.

In a large skillet, brown the meat in the fat. Spread the green pepper, onion and mushrooms over the meat and then pour the catsup over all. Add enough water to cover the meat. Simmer for 1 1/2 to 2 hours until meat is tender.

### RUBY PEACH SALAD

- 1 pkg. cherry-flavored gelatin
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
  - Dash of salt
  - 1 cup hot water
  - 3/4 cup cold water
  - 2 Tbls. sugar (See below)
  - 2 Tbls. cold water
  - 1 1/4 cups sliced fresh peaches
  - 1 cup cottage cheese
- Dissolve the gelatin and salt in hot water. Add the cherry flavoring. Add the cold water and chill until slightly thickened. Meanwhile, add the sugar and 2 Tbls. cold water to the sliced peaches and let stand for about 15 minutes. (Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener may be substituted for the sugar, following the directions for substitution on the label.) Divide the slightly thickened gelatin into two parts. Add the peaches to one part and return to refrigerator. Place remaining half of gelatin into a bowl and place in ice water. Whip until the gelatin is fluffy and thick and then fold in the cottage cheese. Pour over the firm gelatin containing the peaches and chill the entire salad until firm.
- This is very attractive when put into a ring mold. When the salad is unmolded, fill the center of the ring with additional cottage cheese or sliced peaches and place salad greens around the edge. Serves 6 to 8.

### 24 HOUR SLAW

- 1 medium head cabbage, shredded
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 1 small onion, chopped
  - 1 green pepper, chopped
  - 6 stuffed olives, sliced
- Toss these ingredients in a large bowl. Prepare the following dressing.
- Dressing**
- 1 cup white vinegar
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 1 tsp. celery seed
  - 1 tsp. prepared mustard
  - 1/8 tsp. black pepper
  - 1/2 cup salad oil
- Boil for 3 minutes. Add hot to the cabbage mixture. Cover and let stand in refrigerator for 24 hours before serving. Stir occasionally.

### BURNT SUGAR SOUR CREAM COOKIES

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
  - 2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
  - 1 egg
  - 1 cup sour cream
  - 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
  - 4 cups flour
  - 2 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1/4 tsp. soda
- Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg and beat well. Add the sour cream and flavorings. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Drop by teaspoon on greased baking sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for about 15 minutes.

### SALLY LUNN BREAD (1 loaf)

- 3/4 cup milk
  - 2 Tbls. sugar
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 2 Tbls. shortening
  - 1 pkg. dry yeast or 1 cake compressed yeast
  - 1/4 cup warm (not hot) water
  - 2 3/4 cups sifted flour
  - 1 egg
- Scald the milk. Add the sugar, salt and shortening and stir until dissolved. Pour into a mixing bowl and cool to lukewarm. While the milk cools, sprinkle the dry yeast into the warm (not hot) water. (Crumble compressed yeast into lukewarm water.) Stir until dissolved. To the cooled milk add 2 cups of flour. Mix well, then beat until smooth. Stir in the dissolved yeast. Add the egg and beat at least 1 minute. Stir in the remaining flour and beat until smooth (about 2 minutes). Scrape batter down from side of bowl. Cover and let rise until doubled (about 1 hour). Stir down and turn batter into a greased 9-inch round cake pan 1 1/2 inches deep, or into a loaf pan 4 1/2 x 2 3/4 x 9 inches. Let rise until doubled (about 1 hour). Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 45 minutes. Turn out on a rack and cool slightly. Serve warm, with margarine or butter and marmalade. Separate pieces with two forks instead of cutting with a knife.



**PEACH UPSIDE DOWN CAKE**

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. peach juice
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar

Combine all the ingredients and simmer until of syrup consistency. In this syrup place 3 or 4 sliced peaches (fresh, cooked or canned. Be sure they are well drained.) Stir carefully to coat the peaches with the syrup. Place the peaches and syrup in a well greased 8 by 8 baking pan and allow to cool as you mix the batter for the cake.

**Cake Batter**

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cup sifted cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk

Cream the shortening, add the sugar, well beaten egg and the Kitchen-Klatter vanilla. Beat well. Sift the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk. Pour the batter carefully over the peaches and syrup in the pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 300 to 325 degrees, for 45 minutes. Loosen the sides of the cake and turn carefully upside down as soon as you take it from the oven. Serve with whipped cream or hard sauce.

**EASY-TO-MAKE HAM-RICE CASSEROLE**

- 2 cups coarsely ground ham
  - 1/2 cup uncooked rice
  - 1 pkg. dry onion soup, prepared according to directions on package
- Pour all ingredients into a casserole and bake, covered, about an hour at 375 degrees. Remove cover and continue baking for 15 more minutes.

**BLACK RASPBERRY PIE**

- 1 can black raspberries
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3/4 cup sugar
- A dash of salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. butter

Drain the juice from the berries and put in a saucepan. Combine the cornstarch, sugar and salt and stir into the juice, beating until smooth. Cook over very low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire, fold in berries and flavoring and pour into an unbaked pie shell. Dot with the 1 Tbls. butter and top with a crust. Bake at 425 degrees for about 40 minutes or until the crust is nicely browned. Cut into serving pieces and top each piece with a pat of butter and sprinkle with a generous amount of sugar. If you do not serve this pie "hot from the oven" put the butter and sugar on just before serving time and pop it back into the oven long enough to melt the butter and warm the pie again. It is a delicious, "buttery" raspberry pie.

**INDIVIDUAL HAM LOAVES**

- 3 1/2 lbs. cured ham, ground
- 2 lbs. lean pork, ground
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 3 eggs
- 3 cups crushed graham crackers
- 2 cups milk

Combine all of the ingredients and mix well. Use a one-half cup measure and shape into 25 individual loaves. Place in baking dishes and cover with the following sauce.

**Ham Loaves' Sauce**

- 2 cans tomato soup
  - 3/4 cup vinegar
  - 2 1/4 cups brown sugar
  - 2 tsp. dry mustard
- Stir all of the ingredients together. Pour over the ham loaves. (This sauce is not heated first.) Bake for 1 hour in a 350 degree oven.

This recipe may be prepared in quantity and frozen in either individual portions or family sized portions. Do not keep for too long; it is best frozen for only two or three weeks and then used. This is an excellent recipe for church dinners.

**HOT GERMAN POTATO SALAD**

- 6 medium sized potatoes
- 1/4 to 1/2 lb. bacon
- 3/4 cup onion, chopped or sliced
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 to 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- A dash of pepper
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/2 cup vinegar

Boil the potatoes in their skins until tender. Peel and slice thinly into a bowl. Cut the bacon into small pieces and fry until crisp. In 1/3 cup of the bacon fat brown the onion until it is yellow and transparent. Stir in the flour, sugar (use 1 to 2 Tbls. depending on how sweet you like the dressing), salt, celery seed and pepper. When the flour mixture is well blended with the hot fat, gradually stir in the water and vinegar. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, until the mixture boils. Boil for 1 minute and then pour hot over the potatoes. Add the crisp bacon pieces, reserving a few for garnish. Stir the potato salad enough to coat the pieces of potato with the dressing. Cover and let stand until ready to serve. If needed, reheat over hot water. Serve in a large bowl garnished with pieces of the crisp bacon and minced parsley or chives. Serves 6 generously.

—Mary Beth

**A FAVORITE SALAD DRESSING**

- 1 can condensed tomato soup
  - 1/4 cup vinegar
  - 1/3 cup salad oil
  - 2 buds garlic, cut fine
  - 1 medium onion, minced
  - 1/4 cup water
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 4 Tbls. sugar or 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener
- Measure all ingredients into a quart jar and shake vigorously. Store in refrigerator and let marinate for several hours. Shake well before using.

**BEAUTIFUL GRAPE SALAD**

- 1 can frozen grape juice concentrate
- 3 cans of water
- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup sugar (or 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener)

- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 cup celery, diced
- 1 cup white cherries, drained (or small green seedless grapes or canned spiced grapes, drained)
- Grapes for garnish

Mix the 1 can of frozen concentrate with the 3 grape cans of cold water. Dissolve the gelatin in 1 cup of the cold juice. In another cup of the juice stir the sugar or Sweetener and salt and put in a saucepan over the fire until it is heated. Add the gelatin mixture to the lemon flavoring, the vinegar, and the third cup of juice. When this has cooled until it begins to thicken, stir in the diced celery and grapes. Pour into molds or an oblong pan and refrigerate.

Serve the salad on a lettuce leaf. Frost big purple grapes for garnish by beating the white of an egg until frothy, dip the grapes into the egg white and then into granulated sugar. Let dry on absorbant paper and chill in the refrigerator until ready to serve. This is a beautiful salad for a company meal. It can be served with tiny crispy crackers or finger sandwiches for a club refreshment.

**BEVERLY'S BROWNIES**

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 1/2 sqs. chocolate
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- Dash of salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup (or more) black walnuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring (if only 1/2 cup of black walnut meats is used)

Melt together the vegetable shortening and the chocolate. Beat together the sugars and the eggs. Then add the melted shortening and chocolate. Sift together the flour, baking powder, and salt. Stir in. Add the black walnuts and the flavorings. Bake at 325 degrees for 40 to 60 minutes, depending upon how thick the batter is in the pan you are using. Do not overbake them. Sprinkle with powdered sugar after they have been taken from the oven and cooled slightly.

**TOASTED CARROTS**

Scrape and wash enough carrots for your family. New fresh carrots may be left whole, but cut older carrots into four long quarters. Boil in water to which 1/2 tsp. sugar and salt to taste has been added. When the carrots are *almost* tender, drain well and roll in melted butter and crushed cereal flakes. Brown in a 350 degree oven.



# **RECIPE OF THE MONTH**

## **Chinese Spareribs**

This is a meat dish that seems to make a big hit with everyone who eats it. Years ago when I first came across this recipe and shared it with you, we had "old-fashioned" spareribs that needed to be boiled first and then prepared with the simple (but delicious) sauce. Now that the new meaty spareribs are available, the whole first step of boiling them can be skipped.

Here is the way I fix them today. The exact amount of spareribs must be determined by your specific needs. I purchased approximately 6 lbs. of meat to serve six people—we had a substantial meal along with the spareribs, but everyone had two generous helpings of meat.

### **Spareribs**

3 Tbls. cornstarch  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1/2 cup white sugar  
Juice drained from #2 1/2 can of pineapple chunks (almost 1 cup of juice.)  
1/2 cup water  
1/2 cup white vinegar  
2 Tbls. soy sauce  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1/2 tsp. dry mustard  
Pineapple chunks  
1 green pepper

Put spareribs in open roaster and bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 1 1/2 hours. (These new "country style" or meaty spareribs are very thick and require a much longer baking time than the old-fashioned type of spareribs.) Turn meat to other side, sprinkle with salt and bake another 30 minutes.

In a pan mix together the cornstarch with both sugars and dry mustard. Add all liquids and stir until well blended. Cook over direct fire, stirring constantly, until sauce is clear and slightly thickened.

Remove from fire and add pineapple chunks. Then pour over the spareribs and return to oven. Bake. Turn ribs to other side to absorb the sauce. About 10 minutes before serving, sprinkle the chopped green pepper over the ribs and return to oven.

These ribs can be "held" indefinitely. The longer they stand, the better they taste. And you want the shiny glazed look they pick up as they bake. The addition of the bright green pepper just before serving makes the dish doubly attractive.

With these ribs I like to serve rice as a starch—not potatoes.

—Lucile

## **KITCHEN-KLATTER MAPLE SYRUP**

1 cup white sugar  
1 cup brown sugar  
1 cup water  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Combine all the ingredients and boil for three minutes. Serve over pancakes, waffles, French toast, etc., piping hot.

## **RAISIN MERINGUE PIE**

1 1/2 cups raisins  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
3 Tbls. sifted all-purpose flour  
1 1/2 cups cream  
4 egg yolks, well beaten  
1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
1 baked 9- or 10-inch pie shell

Cook raisins in small amount of water until tender, or about 3 minutes. Drain. Mix sugar, salt, spices, and flour together. Add cream and raisins. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Gradually stir into egg yolks. Cook 2 to 3 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Add lemon flavoring. Mix thoroughly. Cool. Pour into pie shell. Spread with meringue and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 10 minutes, or until delicately browned.

### **Meringue**

Beat 4 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in 1/2 cup sugar. Spread on pie and bake about 5 or 6 minutes in a 425 degree oven.

## **PEANUT BUTTER-OATMEAL COOKIES**

This is a nice variation of a plain peanut butter cookie as the addition of oatmeal gives it an added "nutty" flavor.

### **Cream:**

1/2 cup peanut butter  
1/2 cup shortening  
Add:  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1/2 cup white sugar  
1 beaten egg  
1/4 cup milk  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

### **Add:**

1 cup raw oatmeal  
Sift and add:  
1 3/4 cups flour  
3/4 tsp. baking soda  
3/4 tsp. baking powder  
1/4 tsp. salt

Roll the dough into balls about the size of a walnut and press down on the cookie sheet with a fork (criss-cross). The cookie sheet should be only lightly greased. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 10 to 12 minutes, the length of time depending upon the size of the cookies.

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**Maple**

**Almond**

**Orange**

**Strawberry**

**Black Walnut**

**Burnt Sugar**

**Cherry**

**Banana**

**Mint**

**Vanilla (both 3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)**

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**  
**Shenandoah, Iowa**



## THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By  
Frederick

Each section of our country is famous for its good cooks and New England is no exception to the rule. When next you travel along U.S. highway number 1 from New York to Boston, don't let the road signs mislead you. Just because the signs say: "Chicken, Maryland Style" or "Italian Pizza" or "Western Sandwiches" or "Southern Biscuits" does not mean that *New England* cooks have no style of their own! The old sailing ships were providing the cupboards of New England mansions with fine spices and rare condiments long before these things were available to the rest of the country. That is why *Gingerbread* was a New England creation. One of Rhode Island's oldest families has handed down this recipe from generation to generation.

### NEW ENGLAND ORIGINAL GINGERBREAD

1/2 cup butter  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1 tsp. soda  
1 tsp. ginger  
1/2 cup molasses  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
1 1/2 cups cake flour  
1/2 cup boiling water

Cream together the butter and sugar. Stir in the molasses and beaten egg. Add the dry ingredients and lastly beat in the boiling water. This will be a rather thin batter. Bake in a 375 degree oven for 30 to 40 minutes.

In an old New England cookbook I found a recipe for *Hermits* which shows the culinary artistry of women who had their choice of fine spices whenever their men came home from the sea. This recipe is so *simple* but the end product is *superb*!

### NEW ENGLAND HERMITS

1 3/4 cups flour, sifted  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1/2 cup nuts, chopped  
1/2 cup shortening  
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
1 egg  
1/4 cup cold coffee  
1 1/4 cups seedless raisins

Cream the shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the egg and coffee and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the shortening mixture. Blend well and then stir in the nuts and raisins. (While the original recipe does not call for flavoring, the addition of 1 tsp. *Kitchen-Klatter* burnt sugar flavoring increases the excellence of these cookies.) Drop by teaspoonfuls on a lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake in a 400 degree oven for 8 to 10 minutes. This recipe makes about 3 dozen very delicious cookies.

## MY DILIGENT YESTERYEARS

By  
Etta Pearl Richardson

When I enter the modern supermarkets I'm amazed at the array of vegetables and fruit displayed on their spacious counters. I'm a grandmother who grew up in an era long past and I marvel at the ease and the many conveniences the women of today enjoy in their homemaking.

How we toiled on the farms of yesteryear! We planted, we tilled, we garnered; if we didn't eat, it was as simple as that! We also learned early the art of being diligent and thrifty. For example, an abundance of dried sweet corn was put in freshly laundered flour bags. We filled another with dried apples and a third with speckled lima beans. Those beans climbed on poles, wigwam fashion, and on hot sleepy afternoons the children liked to climb into the shade under the vines. Pole beans were always planted because of their profuse bearing, their hardness, their flavor and their coloring—as speckled as a wren's egg. We put these beauties in a sack and placed them in the sun, soon they hulled themselves.

Nostalgic are the memories of the hard work and the good times. As the changing seasons came so came different varieties of tasks and food to put on the table. Autumn was my favorite time, for harvest meant yellow pumpkins, yams and tawny wild honey found in a hollow tree.

Fall was the time when we filled the old dugout behind the house with the result of our long summer's work. Bins bulged with potatoes, turnips and apples. Shelves were loaded with stone jars filled with sauerkraut and pickles.

As the days grew cooler butchering time arrived - ah, now we ate headcheese, spareribs and wonderful tenderloin. Later the hunters of the family would go forth and return with limitless bags of game. The men were governed by no laws or restrictions

save the consent of their neighbors whose woods they used for hunting. Undoubtedly it was good sport, but the main purpose of shooting the whirring quail and the bounding cottontail was to add variety to our menus.

Autumn views along the countryside were my favorite, also. Strolling down the dusty lane I reveled in the golden-roads whose saffron flame fringed both sides of the roadway. Nearby stood a spreading hackberry tree closely entwined with twisting wild muscadine with its heady purple fruit. Sauntering on I would come to the old sorghum mill where the sweet, heavy nectar was being ladled from vast pans into cans and casks. Chilly winter mornings would find this a sweet addition to stacks of succulent buckwheat cakes.

Depending as we did on the rain, the sunshine and the cooperation of the elements for our livelihood from the land, we felt a very close affinity with the Supreme Master. We gave thanks, always, for our many blessings.

An abundance of a great many kinds of food is in the markets now at all times of the year. I'm not envious of today's young homemakers, however. Honestly, I feel a little worthless and lazy when I pick the vegetables and fruits off of the store counters instead of raising them myself.

Am I just an old fogey?

### YEAR-ROUND FRUIT CAKE

2 cups of love  
1 cup of friendliness  
1 cup of kindness  
4 teaspoons of gentleness  
1 pound of joy  
1 box of faith  
1 package of peace  
2 tablespoons of long-suffering  
A pinch of meekness

Method: Mix in a large bowl of tolerance until well blended, pour in your favorite mold and serve, with a sauce of prayer.

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It's the one perfect way to encourage young women who are starting out in their own homes.

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*Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* is \$1.50 per year. Foreign countries \$2.00 per year.

Address your letters to **KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa**



## ABIGAIL REPORTS ON A TRIP TO WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Friends:

The past months were travel months for our family and it is still early to assess all that we have seen, experienced and absorbed. We just don't traverse great distances often enough to be blasé. Frankly, I find it thrilling and impressive beyond adequate words to see this great country stretch out ahead, on either side, and backwards, as far as the eye can peer. It has been a tremendous experience to roll along the highways and rails that traverse the mid-section of the continental limits of these United States.

One Tuesday morning in July the five of us, plus enough luggage to see us through two weeks, crowded into our trusty old station wagon. Putting

the towering peaks of Colorado at our backs, we headed East into the rolling High Plains country. There is always the difficult decision to make as to whether it is preferable to drive the straight tree-less ribbon across Northern Kansas or curve along the tree-lined river valleys of Nebraska. We chose Nebraska this time and were delighted to find that the highways had been considerably improved.

The spring and summer rains had kept even the unirrigated plains alive with green grass and bright wild flowers. But before the afternoon was over we encountered more rain pouring down than anyone really cares to see. Never, never have I experienced such a prolonged drenching! We couldn't see well enough to drive ahead safely, and we couldn't see well enough to turn off the road. Continuing on at a snail's pace, we made it through

the leading edge of the storm and arrived in Shenandoah about two hours later than we had been expected.

Two pleasantly cool days is a mighty short time in which to visit with everyone in a family the size of the Driftmier clan—especially since Wayne had buying to do at the two big wholesale nurseries located there. We missed seeing several of our old friends but did manage to consume quantities of coffee, food and good conversation. The children were at home from the moment of arrival and started right out going at full speed. As Wayne and I climbed aboard the California Zephyr in Red Oak that Friday, we could only hope that our youngsters ran out of energy before their relatives were exhausted!

Everyone seemed to assume that we would fly to Washington but Wayne and I were anxious to see the country and the extra hours consumed by rail gave us the valuable dividend of rest and quiet relaxation. Our lives have been fraught with busyness this year and it was wonderful just to sit and look out the window.

The fields of Iowa and Illinois couldn't have looked richer in productivity and high broad trees were everywhere. For the first time I comprehended fully a remark made to me several years ago while we still lived in Shenandoah. A visitor, who was a native Iowan but who had lived in Southern California in recent years, arrived at our home. She exclaimed again and again, "It looks just like a jungle—just a jungle! I had forgotten what it is like to have towering trees all along the countryside." At that time I never could think of Iowa as a jungle, but now I know what she meant. Our two previous visits to Iowa had occurred in the winter and I, too, had forgotten how lush and even jungle-like it appears to anyone living in the semi-arid sections.

The Zephyr arrived in Chicago in mid-afternoon and in less than an hour we were aboard the Pennsylvania Railroad's "The General." Trains rarely move through the attractive parts of a city and the slums and tenements were evident. As we passed one shack, our eyes met the absolutely forlorn face of a woman seated in an open window. Her expression of complete despair was not one readily forgotten.

The twilight lingered long enough to permit us to enjoy the flat terrain of Indiana and Ohio and their numerous small manufacturing communities.

From the train it is possible to see one of the noted characteristics of Baltimore—the row-houses with their white marble steps. The morning ride into Washington, D. C. was lovely—very woody with occasional breaks into cultivated farmland. Upon emerging from Union Station the traveler is greeted with the magnificent spectacle of the Capitol building straight ahead.

Our heads were turning busily from side to side as we attempted to identify government buildings and our hotel, the Statler Hilton. After unpacking and getting settled in our room, Wayne and I set out on foot to walk

(Continued on next page)

## KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

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**Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**

Shenandoah, Iowa



to the main shopping district. He needed an additional brown necktie and I was looking for some china in the folks' pattern. The store where Mother used to order it has discontinued carrying that particular pattern and she had expressed concern in replacing the inevitable broken pieces. After visiting several department stores we found one that stocked it and ordered some plates and cups for her.

We walked past the White House on our return to the hotel and found the building grounds swarming with tourists and pigeons! The Wilmores had flown in from Denver in the meantime and the entire hotel was alive with nurserymen. To our great delight we found many familiar faces—old friends and acquaintances whom we hadn't seen in years.

Until this occasion, our first national nurserymen's convention, we hadn't realized that one of Shenandoah's greatest exports is trained nurserymen! I had expected to have considerable time for sight-seeing, but instead of touring Washington, most of the time was spent in one friendly reunion after another. It was perfectly wonderful to visit with old friends but I can't claim to have learned a great many new things about the National Capitol.

Wayne, as the delegate from Colorado, was busy every day until after 6:00 P.M. with meetings. I participated in all of the women's meetings in an attempt to learn *what* and *how* their activities are accomplished. Denver is the host city next year and the responsibility of a successful convention looms rather large. There were few evening convention dinners so we did enjoy sampling some of Washington's famous restaurants.

The first evening we went to perhaps the most famous—"Hogate's Seafood Restaurant." It is adjacent to the banks of the Potomac River. We are very fond of seafood and for the first time had an opportunity to taste a local delicacy—Maryland Soft-Shell Crabs. These were deep-fat fried and perfectly delicious, shell and all.

On Sunday, Wayne and I took a taxi out to the Washington Cathedral (Episcopal). It is located along Embassy Row and our driver could identify almost every building. Unfortunately, he didn't know that the 9:30 service was held in the Bethlehem Chapel and he let us out at the main entrance. The great nave was empty and by the time we found the proper location, the service had started.

After the conclusion of the service we wandered about on our own in the huge and confusing building, which is only partially completed. From a side corridor we listened to a Greek Orthodox service which is sung in a minor key plainsong.

Returning to the hotel via Embassy Row we grabbed a quick lunch before beginning the scheduled convention activities. This makes for a convenient stopping point for my letter, so I'll write a further report next month.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

## HOW YOU CAN HELP YOUR CHILD WITH HOMEWORK

by  
Mildred Cathcart

Homework has recently made parents the target of many jokes. I have tackled the homework problem from various angles—student, teacher, parent and parent-teacher. There are arguments pro and con but since it seems that homework is here to stay, I think there are a few things that would alleviate the unpleasantness of these after school assignments.

First, we can make sure that our child is physically up to par. Often we find that a pair of eye glasses means the difference between failure and success.

Secondly, we can see that the child has a place to study where there is good light and a sense of quiet. You may find, as we have, that the desk is discarded and all of the school books are piled on the kitchen table after the evening meal. You may find, too, that your child concentrates better in the family group than when isolated in another part of the house.

Thirdly, set aside a time to study. No matter how attractive teachers try to make an assignment, one can hardly compete with a favorite television program, so arrange a study schedule so that the child doesn't feel that he is completely denied some recreational privileges.

Fourthly, remember that homework is a continuation of some learning activity that was begun at school. You can help your child enormously by having a dictionary, globe or atlas, newspapers, and a set of reference books on hand. If your child asks a question of you and you know that you can't give him the absolutely correct answer, these references can—and should—be used.

If you are an average, normal person who has been out of school for a number of years, much has escaped your memory and I'm sure that you would find it interesting, as well as beneficial, to brush up on your mathematics, science, language and social studies. Although your child will admire your integrity when you admit that you *don't* know an answer, they will admire you *even more* if you take some initiative to study up on a few things!

It is extremely important that you take a positive, cooperative attitude with homework in general. Nagging a child, railing a teacher, or feeling sorry for yourself because you must forego an evening of visiting is scarcely conducive to good study habits on the part of the child. If, after you meet the problems squarely and honestly, you find that your child's homework is still a problem, arrange for a talk with the teacher.

At any rate, now that the homework season is upon us, why not try to help your child so that this study session is more enjoyable? I have found in my own home that a dish of popcorn, or some other special treat, will make a mathematics lesson far more bearable!

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### FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

getting well!" While in such cases there may be no medical explanation for the denial of death, there is always a theological explanation. One day I shall take the time and space to talk more about it.

Sincerely

*Frederick*

### LISTEN TO KITCHEN-KLATTER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

is to report on September 4th in Nairobi, Kenya, Africa. One doesn't know what to expect these days. We can only pray that our President and his advisors are given the wisdom and strength to guide our country along the paths of peace.

Sincerely,

*Leanna*

### YOU WERE THERE—Concluded

family share wholeheartedly in the minister's work. Because we *do* understand, I'm going to dedicate this bit of verse entitled 'The Preacher's Wife' (see April, 1959, *Kitchen-Klatter*) to you, Mrs. .... I salute you with this 'rose of remembrance' for your patience and your good works. God bless you." (Places rose in vase.)

*President of the Youth Group:* "We young people have a great deal to thank Rev. .... for, also. He was always ready to show us a good time. But more than that, he helped us to express our thoughts, not just in idle chatter, but on our aims, our goals and our faith—the things that really matter. The youth of our church salute him as our friend as well as our teacher. We'll remember his counseling always."

"We've also appreciated the friendship of Mrs. .... (minister's wife). And if I might make a rhyme, 'For Mrs. Preacher, too, she's been a shining star—not only for her good, gay times, but also her cookie jar!'"

"The youth of the church present our rose, knowing that in the future, as we must make many decisions in life, we will often remember our associations together, being glad that **YOU WERE THERE!**" (Places rose in vase.)

(NOTE: Other representatives of various groups within the church such as Sunday School Superintendent, Men's Fellowship, etc., could also be called upon to present a rose and speak a few words.)

*Master of Ceremonies:* "Words always fail us when we want adequate ones to express all that is in our hearts on such occasions as this, but we all bid you Godspeed in the name of the church as we sing together *Bless Be The Tie That Binds.*"

When a minister and his family leave a church, it is usually customary to present a gift to them. If this gift is made up of several parts, such as a set of books, a tea service, or a set of china, it might be wrapped in several packages and each one making a presentation of a rose could also place a package on the table.

If a purse of money is to be the gift, you might consider making a silver money tree which could be carried to the honored guests.

### OPERATION LOST-AND-SEEK

By

Hilda Gieseke

At least once a day, and often times more, our family engages in a hectic maneuver somewhat resembling a game of hide-and-seek, or maybe it should be called lost-and-found. I guess we really should combine the appropriate parts of those two names and call it "Operation Lost-and-Seek". And it's no game, it's a grim business.

What is the reason for this scrambling about? We can lose *anything!* Well, we've never misplaced the house or the car, *not yet*, that is!

It's the custom these days for suburbanites to label their domains and I think it would be most appropriate for us to have a hand-lettered sign proclaiming the name of our scraggly five acres as "LOST-and-Seek", making certain the first word is in capital letters. The only people who would be confused by such a name are the ones who don't know us very well. Our friends will agree wholeheartedly with the choice when the new sign is erected.

On a typical morning at our house we usually seek at least one item before breakfast. This is due to the fact that with a family of six, such as ours, there is a formidable list of items to be assembled before anyone steps out of the door on the way to work or school—twelve socks, twelve shoes, six shirts, five pairs of pants and a skirt are the basic items (thirty-six by number). Add to this: belts, handkerchiefs, coats, hats, gloves, schoolbooks and musical instruments and the list grows considerably.

One morning, not too long ago, two of the boys came up with only one shoe each. The resulting turmoil would have put a good healthy tornado to shame. The boys would not be shaken from the time worn statement—"I put my shoes right by my bed when I took them off". My scathing remark, "Shoes can't just walk off, you know!" made no dent in their alibi.

As the frenzy increased in tempo, the minute hand on the clock greedily erased the minutes until school bus time. After we had looked in every room I suddenly struck my forehead in consternation for I had just remembered that the baby recently discovered the clothes chute and its possibilities for sending things to the basement. Sure enough, the lost shoes were found among the dirty clothes along with two picture books, a golf ball, the remains of a worn peanut butter sandwich and other objects too numerous to mention—most of which we had not even missed.

So began the era when everything that wasn't nailed down became a candidate for a fast trip to the lower regions of the house. Each one of our searches now starts at the bottom of the clothes chute.

While searching for a lost item we frequently find things which had been given up as irretrievably lost. Take last June, for instance, when we ran

(Continued on next page)

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sacked all the closets looking for swim suits and found the Christmas cards which vanished last December. Life around here is full of surprises, never dull.

Our entire family subscribes heartily to the "do-it-yourself" theory and we have successfully undertaken many projects in this field. Usually, however, the start of an important project is delayed because the proper tools are missing. It is *positively uncanny* the way the hammers all disappear when the task at hand calls for hammers, but, when the need is for cement finishing tools the hammers are all in place and the trowels vanish.

Needless to say, the children get the blame when the tools are gone—they're guilty until proven innocent! Most of the time the accusations seem justified in this respect, but the two weeks last summer when the boys were away at Grandma's we had no culprits left to charge with taking the screwdrivers and chisels. The timely return of the boys and the simultaneous discovery of the tools saved their parents from complete frustration on the Home-Repair-Front.

Suffice to say, we never seem to be able to find a pencil or a pen when needed most. Telephone messages are written with whatever is near, such as crayons, chalk or finger paints, and I have even considered using blood when the message was really important. These messages are also written on anything available, as a pad of paper is seldom near the telephone. One day the confusion resulting from an important business message written with a fingernail on the margin of a phone book almost wrecked our happy home; the words became garbled in the process of translating them to the perplexed head of the house.

It's true some members of the family are more prone to lose things than others, but we are all guilty over and over again. Different individuals tend to lose different types of objects. Lost items fall into these categories:

The baby, who now toddles and climbs everywhere, loses his spoon—most of the time by throwing it when he finishes eating. He also loses various snacks which he tucks into odd places, like the sticky lollipop Daddy found in the drawer with his socks this morning.

The older boys lose their clothes, also balls, bats, books, marbles, string, kites, galoshes, ropes, ad-infinitum. These three boys collectively, and that's the way they do most things, have lost enough pocketknives to stock a nice display in a hardware store.

Daddy has lost his share of things, too, but we think losing the baby in the grocery store has topped us all! He had the baby in tow when they went into the supermarket but while examining some merchandise he carelessly let go of the toddler's hand. When ready to leave, he just walked off and left the baby standing in the middle of the aisle. He got all the way through the check-out and as far as the car before someone called his attention to the oversight.

Since I am the one writing this I choose to ignore myself and any items I *occasionally* misplace.

Rarely will anyone around here confess that he has *lost* anything. Rather, the usual story is, "Somebody took my ----- (whatever the case may be)". Now, I can't abide a buck

passer; give me a good honest loser who will own up to his own carelessness. I would erase the word "carelessness" in the last sentence, but *somebody* took my eraser!

## KITCHEN-KLATTER SAFETY BLEACH

We have room to share with you exactly three letters from friends who took time to tell us what they think of our **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, and we are of the opinion they "get it said" far better than we could ever say it.

"A few weeks ago I was given a beautiful pair of hand-embroidered lace curtains that my great-grandmother once treasured. They had been folded away for almost 30 years and were actually yellow with age. No "professionals" would tackle them—told me that they were too fragile to be bleached and restored to their original whiteness. I decided that I'd never be able to use them unless I tackled them myself, so I gave them two careful treatments with your **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** and I just wish you could see those curtains today! They are sparkling white and the joy of my life!"—Omaha, Nebr.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My three little girls, all under five, wear many print dresses, and even though I washed them carefully it seemed that the colors looked faded and the white background was a dingy gray. I knew from experience what would happen if I used some of the bleaches that are made today, and I'd just about made my peace with those sorry looking prints when you started making your **Safety Bleach**. It's **wonderful**. Now my little girls' clothes look the way they should look, and every time I do an ironing I'm thankful for such a wonderful product."—Sioux City, Ia.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I think you should say more about your **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** for all-around use. It cleaned an enameled tea pot I'd given up as hopeless, and removed yellow stains from a laboratory bowl that nothing else had budged. (I sprinkled it on right from the box and repeated it several times.) My son says there's nothing else like it for keeping white sidewall tires really white, but to my way of thinking it stood the real test when I managed to remove two bad stains from a marble top chest. I didn't think **ANYTHING** could restore the original beauty of that marble, but your **Safety Bleach** got the job done. These are some of the reasons I think you should talk about more than just the laundry."—Columbia, Mo.

It would be gilding the lily to add anything to these comments, so we'll just say that you too should be using **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

Shenandoah, Iowa



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## A SURPRISE A DAY

By  
Hilda Gieseke

Here's an idea for a gift for a shut-in friend or relative that keeps on giving for many days after your visit.

Chose a number of small items suitable to the interests of the shut-in and wrap each one individually with various attractive papers and ribbons. Attach a tag to each package with the name of a day of the week and assemble the gifts in a basket or other container. Leave instructions that the packages are to be opened according to the tags. The anticipation of opening a gift each day will give a lift to your friend and bring pleasure over a longer period of time than one large gift might give. A youngster forced to stay indoors because of illness will particularly treasure a daily surprise.

A club might find this a nice way to remember one of their group who is ill. Each person could bring a gift already wrapped so that the packages would come in a gay profusion of colors. Tag the packages denoting the days of the week that they are to be opened, and if the number of packages exceeds the number of days in one week, so much the better, for what fun it will be for the shut-in to choose between two packages—one to be opened today and the other to be saved for that day the following week.

In our club, we have frequently used tricks to keep the identity of the gift a secret until the package is actually opened. People like to be fooled, you know! (Haven't you too enjoyed trying to guess what a package contained, only to find that it was disguised in such a manner that you were far from right?)

Use ingenuity when selecting gifts for this kind of giving, choosing items that will give your friend's spirits a lift. Hobby gifts are fine, both for existing hobbies or for starting brand new ones. The paint-by-number sets, for example, will make an artist of someone who has never painted before. Not only will it help to fill the long hours but will result in a lovely picture to be treasured.

Children enjoy receiving books, candy bars, gum, paper dolls, coloring sets, balloons, puzzles, games and a variety of toys.

Young people and adults might like magazines, books, handkerchiefs, crossword puzzles, records, games and toilet articles as well as hobby crafts.

Time drags heavily for shut-ins, especially this time of the year, for surely their thoughts are on various activities that this season brings and it is more difficult to accept being housebound. Why don't you see what you can do about bringing a bright spot to each day of the week for some shut-in?

Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well, when they cannot be seen from the top of the mountain. So are many things learned in adversity, which the prosperous man dreams not of.

—Spurgeon.



We're very fond of this picture of Emily, daughter of Wayne and Abigail Drifmier.

## A FLOWER

A flower is a petaled mystery  
That chalice pure nectar for the bee  
And butterfly. It freely offers up  
Its store of fragrance from its fragile cup,

To vagrant winds and any passerby...  
She has her mission as do you and I!

—Thelma Allinder

## GOD SPEAKS

Be still at night and listen for  
The crickets' song and the wild, free wind  
That tolls the vespers in the wood.

*Be still, and know that I am God.*

Pause and watch the colors of the setting sun;  
View the great expanse of universe laid out;  
The marble clouds that shroud the evening star.

*Be still, and know that I am God.*

Breathe deep the fragrance of the pines—  
The rose's sweet bouquet—  
Whiff the incense of a day now done.

*Be still, and know that I am God.*

Stroke the shapely lily stalk,  
Feel the leaf's veined tapestry,  
And know eternity in the petal's perfectness.

*Be still, and know that I am God.*

Then lift some water from the spring  
And take its coolness on your tongue—  
The taste of purity and faith... and then—

**BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.**

—Marilyn Dorf

## GOOD HABITS

Some good habits are happiness, usefulness, cleanliness, promptness, thoroughness, appreciation, thoughtfulness, accomplishment, correct speaking, neatness of work, enjoyment of work, and telling the exact truth.



## "Little Ads"

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Name .....

Address .....



## SEPTEMBER RECREATION

**Balloon Race:** Divide the group into small relay teams and give each team an inflated balloon. At the signal to start, the first player in each line throws the balloon in the air and then advances it over the route as fast as he can by bumping it along with his head. Every time a balloon falls to the floor a point is counted against his team. A short relay route and teams of not more than four or five members each should be used to keep this game moving.

**Partner Snatch:** This is a wild and noisy game which should liven up a children's or young people's party. It can be played outdoors but use it indoors only if space permits. It is *not* a parlor game! The players stand in couples around a circle. Have the inside member of each couple turn around so that one circle of players is facing to the right and the other to the left. When the whistle blows, everyone begins to walk away from his partner, going in the direction he is facing. When the whistle blows the second time, everyone dashes back to his original partner, takes his hand and they stoop or squat to show that they are "safe". The last couple down must drop out of the game. The circle is formed again and the game repeated until two couples are all that are left. They are the winners!

**Cinderella's Slipper:** Have each girl present place one of her shoes in the middle of the room. Mix the shoes in a pile. The boys stand in a circle and when the leader blows his whistle each boy makes a dive for one shoe, finds its mate and the girl then becomes his partner for the next game.

**Bean Bottle Fill:** Select four or five couples to come to the center of the room. Give each couple a small-necked bottle, a bowl or cupful of dry navy beans and a large kitchen spoon or tablespoon. The couple to transfer all the beans from the bowl to the bottle first, using only the spoon, wins.

**Lyrical Guesses:** Provide pencil and paper and set a time limit. Ask the guests to write down the names of all the song titles they can recall which contain people's first names; *Chloe*, *Betty Co-ed*, *My Buddy*, *Old Black Joe*, *Mary Ann*, *Margie*, etc.

**Musical Colored Squares:** Buy a package of colored construction paper. Using one less than the number of players, place these around the floor of your playing area in any way you desire. A large circle is all right but this game is more fun if the colored squares are scattered around. Have someone play the piano or a phonograph. The guests walk on the floor between the colored squares until the music stops and then they must step onto a colored sheet. The player who has no square must drop out. Remove one more square from the floor before the music starts each time. The fun of this game is heightened if the players keep moving and do not stop beside a sheet of paper to wait for the music to stop. Don't limit this game to children—it is lots of fun for adults to play also.



Frankly, folks, we think it is high time to put two things together: a member of our Kitchen-Klatter Family (Margery Driftmier Strom) and one of the truly wonderful products we manufacture, our **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

So many, many people are now buying **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** that it keeps us humping to keep our grocers supplied. No housewife ever wants to run out of sugar, salt, flour or anything else absolutely essential, and **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** has now been added to the list of bedrock needs.

The letters of testimonials we've received would fill a whole fleet of big trucks! It makes us proud when you folks write that our **Kleaner** does a lot more than we've ever claimed it would do. That's our idea of a **REAL** compliment in this day and age when everything is advertised with such fantastic claims—and so much shrieking and hollering.

We just say that our **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is filled with expensive chemicals that turn out marvelous results on any job where water can be used. Use just one box and you'll know why people say: "I couldn't keep house without it."

Buy it today and hang on to every single box top. They'll make it possible for you to get top quality premiums that you couldn't hope to get in any other way.

**Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**

Shenandoah, Iowa