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Kitchen-Klatter

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—H. Armstrong Roberts



Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

My pen is really busy this morning, for I've written to our three sons who live out of town (Frederick, Wayne and Donald) before starting this letter to you. Although we have a small office in our home, the desk is so loaded with Mart's papers that I don't attempt to do my letter-writing there, preferring to use the dining room table instead.

This morning the centerpiece on the table is a lovely pottery bowl (that my sister Susan made for me many years ago) containing a striking arrangement of flowers fresh from our garden. The blossoms were gathered by my sister Jessie early this morning. She loves to steal downstairs, slip out the back door, take up my favorite little pointed hoe and work in the garden before breakfast. When I called her in her arms were filled with flowers, and after breakfast she made several arrangements for the house. She takes great pleasure in searching out a perfect rose to put on Mart's bedside table each day.

As you know, my husband had trouble with his heart in December and after being kept in by the snows and cold weather of winter and early spring, he was able, at last, to drive the car. He enjoyed getting out again after his many shut-in days. However, late this spring he caught a very severe cold which turned into pneumonia and this left him very weak. He is gradually gaining back his strength but still spends a great deal of time in bed.

Along with this weakness came a general lack of appetite. My chief occupation has been planning meals that would be tempting. I felt a great sense of relief when he asked for certain favorite foods again. And do you know what his first request was? Cornbread!

It was such a comfort, as well as a big help, to have some of the children close at hand for they stopped in several times a day to see if there was anything they could do to help. My sister Jessie spent most of her time with us and, for that matter, is still here a great deal. One feels especially grateful to have loved ones near in time of sickness or other trouble.

Although Martin (our soon-to-be-fifteen-years-old grandson) and I had made some headway on the garden,

studies at the close of the school year limited his help, so I was also very grateful to have Jessie here for she has a far greater knowledge of flowers and their care than I have. It didn't take her long to get things put into fine shape.

There were those who felt sure that we were in for a very dry season—like we had in 1936—for we had very little rainfall when it was badly needed. No one predicted the hordes of canker worms that fairly took over the town. In a matter of a few days they ate all the leaves off of the elm trees and many shrubs. Our street is bordered by huge old elms and by the time the worms finished with them, it looked like mid-January! We usually have some worms on the elms but because of lack of rains (which would have killed the normal number of them) an unusual number survived. The school children were forced to walk in the middle of the streets for sidewalks were black with them. They even covered porches, the sides of the houses and *not a few* managed to "worm their way" inside! We wondered if the trees would survive, but little leaves are starting to grow back now. Another attack like this one, though, and they might die. People are advised to paint the trunks with a solution next spring so the worms can't get to the leaves. You can be sure that we'll be thinking about them next year! We were fortunate that the trees in our yard are maples and were left alone.

My "Flower Garden" quilt is finished as far as my own work on it is concerned. I hope that the quilting will be completed before long for I'm anxious to see how it looks in its finished state. The design consists of 12 bouquets of flowers made up of hundreds of appliqued pieces. These little pieces were stamped on sheets of material, each piece numbered. It gave me quite a sense of accomplishment when I came out EVEN! As I worked on it, it reminded me of putting a big jigsaw puzzle together!

One of our subscribers asked me to tell about the plates that she noticed on my kitchen wall in the picture on page 3 of the June issue. They are of white china with "Grandma Moses" scenes depicting the seasons. The kitchen paper has been on our walls for many years now.

It is a Pennsylvania Dutch pattern that I like so well, I'll be sorry to have to replace it and *won't* until it becomes *absolutely* necessary.

We've been enjoying our ever-bearing strawberries. The Stroms set out a 100-plant bed three years ago. Oliver and Martin have already picked gallons of berries which they've shared with the neighbors, as well as well as friends, and now that we have had our fill of the berries *fresh*, we're going to start freezing some for winter. We like preserves made from the frozen berries, as we want some, better than those which are made and stored in glasses, so we aren't making preserves from the freshly picked berries this year.

Our granddaughters, Juliana and Kristin, have completed their first year of college work and it has been a very happy one for both of them. Their plans for the summer will have been made by the time this letter reaches you, but they are still in the planning stage right now.

Howard and Mae's daughter, Donna, and her husband, Tom, expect to take graduate work this summer at Greeley, Colorado. Tom's classes will be in School Administration, and Donna will take some graduate courses in Primary Education. Both plan to teach in Shenandoah again next year.

For a combined Mother's Day and Father's Day gift, Frederick and Betty sent us a wonderful Civil War album of recordings, titled "The Union". It is devoted to authentic pictures taken during the years from 1861 to 1865 and recordings of the songs popular at that time with stories of their origin. Among the songs are many that I remember hearing my father, who was a Civil War veteran, singing to us when we were children. It is an outstanding piece of work and we appreciate having it so much.

I imagine that many of you will be visiting the World's Fair at Seattle this summer. It would be an interesting experience. Perhaps those of you who go will write to us about your trip. Since we *can't* go, we'll appreciate hearing the reports of others.

Sincerely,

Leanna

P. S. As those of you who hear the radio visits know, Lucile has been suffering with a back condition, which was complicated when she came down with pneumonia, was hospitalized for a time, and then had a bad fall, breaking several ribs. She is resting more comfortably now, but won't be able to write a letter for this issue.

WHEN WE TEACH THE CHILD

What do we do when we teach the child?

We put a thought that is sweet and mild

Into a mind that is waiting for seed,
Into a heart that has never felt greed,
The man with such thoughts is never beguiled,

For we teach the man when we teach the child.

FREDERICK REPORTS ON GYPSIES IN SPRINGFIELD

Dear Friends:

Remember the excitement we used to have as children when the Gypsies came to town? There were caravan wagons, gaily-dressed, dark-skinned people with long hair and much jewelry, and always some musicians. When the Gypsies arrived, children were told to stay close to the house; many were the rumors of dark and sinister things happening. Of course, if anything *did* happen in the town while the Gypsies were around, they were sure to get the blame.

Believe it or not, our city of Springfield, Massachusetts has Gypsies like some towns have politicians—all over the place! They started moving in here about a year ago when, for a variety of reasons, we began to have a number of empty buildings down in the business section of the city. Today, these same stores have several Gypsy families living in the back and the front areas have become fortune-telling parlors!

We knew a lot of Gypsies seemed to be around, but we had no idea *how* many until one day the newspaper headlines said: "King of the Gypsies Dead". Then it all came out—a Gypsy king and most of his kingdom had moved into the city where rents were cheap and gullible prospects were numerous. Now the health department, in cooperation with the police department, is investigating the situation. Even the school officials have become involved, for they have discovered dozens and dozens of Gypsy children who are not in school.

There is one thing that must be said for the Gypsies: they are *not on relief*! They do not ask for public welfare assistance, and that is more than can be said for many itinerant peoples. Wherever they go they try to make their own way—a way that may be strange to us, but is perfectly natural to them.

Now that I am the chairman of the Board of Public Welfare, my phone often rings late at night when some poor soul calls to ask that something be done to increase his or her welfare payments. It is difficult to understand why they choose such a late hour to call. A few nights ago the phone rang at eleven o'clock. It was a lady who wanted more money because of her *pet parrot's* big appetite. "But Dr. Driftmier," she said, "the welfare officials don't seem to understand that in the summer my parrot always eats more than in the fall and winter!" Oh dear! Such tribulation!

I have told you before about my college teaching and how I go to American International College three hours a week to teach a course in oral composition. This past month I finished my work for the summer. However, while I am spending July and August at our Rhode Island summer cottage, I shall be making plans for a new semester of teaching. There is nothing which gives me more change from church routine than this teaching assignment. I love *every hour* of it! It is a real thrill to see young men make progress in their ability to speak



Mary Leanna, daughter of Frederick and Betty Driftmier, has just completed her first year of high school and is quite a young lady now. As you can see in this picture, she is almost as tall as her mother.

fluently and with poise.

It has been my observation that the best college students today are the boys who have had military service. They come to college with more maturity and much more sense of responsibility than the boys just out of high school. If some of you are worrying about a young man having to take his military training before going on to school, please put those worries *out of your mind*. The chances are, when he does go on to college, he will be much *more stable* and get far *more out* of his education than if he had never been in service.

Each semester two or three married students are in my classes; they have my *sympathy*! For the most part, the married collegians are good students, but oh, how hard they have to work! Sometimes I have seen one come to class for an examination after having been up all night with a sick baby; how my heart goes out to him. If you have a son or a daughter who plans to get married and then continue his or her education, do *all you can* to prevent it. Those of us in educational work know that it is not good for their *scholastic* work even though they may be exceptional students. Certainly, it is not good for their *marriage*! Young people who get married while still in school have a *very high* divorce rate.

Mary Lea and David both had a good year in school. We were pleased with the results of Mary Lea's first year away from home in a boarding school for girls. She completed her

GIVE ME A FRIEND

Give me a friend, and I'll worry along.
My vision may vanish, my dream may go wrong;
My wealth I may lose, or my money may spend,
But I'll worry along if you give me a friend.
Give me a friend, and my youth may depart,
But still I'll be young in the house of my heart.
Yes, I'll go laughing right on to the end,
Whatever the years, if you give me a friend.

—Author unknown

ninth grade at the Northfield School for Girls, an institution founded by Dwight L. Moody. Each morning the girls had a quiet period of meditation. It was Mary Lea's custom to take a walk over to the little park on the campus where Dr. and Mrs. Moody are buried and there to read her Bible. No doubt this habit will continue next year when she returns for her tenth-grade work.

Few schools anywhere in the world have as beautiful a campus as Northfield. If you are driving along route 91 into Vermont this summer, you should stop and see it. The campus is just a few miles off of the main route, but the few minutes it takes to drive that distance is time well spent.

Just before the end of the school year, we drove to Northfield for a visit with Mary Lea and took the dog along. He is trained never to get onto the seats of cars. For the entire sixty-mile trip he stood on the floor with his head sticking out of the window. It was a hot day and he finally became so warm and was panting so hard we stopped to let him swim in a beautiful mountain stream. That water was *ice cold* and how the dog did love it! Then we had a problem of what to do with a wet dog in the car. Fortunately, his hair is very short and the hot wind soon blew it dry.

This dog amazes me sometimes! How can he know, for instance, when we are on our way to the cottage *within minutes* after we leave the house? How does he sense to the *exact* minute, when it is ten o'clock at night, the hour when he is supposed to go for a walk? And how does he know when it is Sunday, the day that he will *not* be given his morning run in the park?

How I do look forward to this summer's vacation! From September to July I work seven days and seven nights a week with only a rare trip out of the city, and then always on some kind of official business. But when July arrives I try to rest and think back over all that has been accomplished and all that I have to do in the coming year. It is good to think back over things that have been *well done* and check on those areas where *improvement* might be made. It is good to have time to pause and make plans for the coming fall and winter months.

John Sargent, the American artist, once painted a panel of roses which won the praise and admiration of other artists. Although offered a high price on many occasions, he refused to sell it. Whenever he was deeply discouraged, Sargent would look at his panel of roses and remind himself, "I painted that!" Somehow, confidence and skill came back to him.

Now all of us have done *something* of which we are justly proud. We should remember it *always*! Perhaps that memory will restore our *faith* in our ability to meet other challenges. It often takes a look to the past to find *courage* for the future.

Sincerely,

Frederick



WISHES DO COME TRUE—AT LEAST MARGERY'S DID!

Dear Friends:

Had there been room at the end of my letter last month to add a P. S., I would have asked that the big printing presses be stopped to insert "I'm leaving for Mansfield, Missouri to visit the Laura Ingalls Wilder home." I had no sooner written my June letter to you friends and sent it to the printers when the family decided that I had had my "nose to the grindstone" long enough and needed a break from routine. Remembering that I had just expressed hope to visit the Wilder home in Mansfield, I decided that it would be the ideal time to make the trip. Wishes don't usually come true so quickly!

It wasn't possible for Oliver and Martin to join me, but while I packed my suitcase, they poured over maps of Missouri and Arkansas and circled various places of interest that I might like to visit. That is exactly how this trip came about and now I'll start at the beginning.

I drove to Excelsior Springs, an interesting town we've mentioned before, and then on to Lexington. I wanted another good look at the Lafayette County Court House, built in 1853, which is the oldest courthouse being used in the state of Missouri today. You can see a cannonball lodged in the east column which was fired during the Battle of Lexington in 1861 during the Civil War. While I was in Lexington, I decided that I would drive out to Wentworth Military Academy and take a look at the school for I'd never seen it before. It has beautiful buildings and is a very old, well-known school.

Remembering that many of our friends live in Boonville where Kemper Military School is located, I drove on east to that lovely town and saw that fine school, also. Boonville is one of the oldest towns in the state and Kemper, founded in 1844, is the oldest military school west of the Mississippi River.

As it was then late in the afternoon, I drove on to Columbia to stay overnight. The following morning I was entertained at breakfast by friends and then headed south, via Jefferson City, Bagnell Dam and Camdenton. The Annual Dogwood Festival at Camdenton was over, of course, but I noticed that there were several other interesting events com-



Margery (Driftmier) Strom had the interesting experience recently of visiting the home of Laura Ingalls Wilder, author of the "Little House" books, in Mansfield, Missouri. She took a number of pictures and we're sharing these three with you. The picture at the left is the Wilder home. The center picture, taken in the room where Mrs. Wilder did her writing, shows the very desk she used when she wrote the books. At the right is her blind sister Mary's organ.



ing up this summer, such as the Square Dance Festival and the J-Bar-H Rodeo. This is a beautiful part of the Ozarks and it was a temptation to linger, but a happy experience was waiting for me at Mansfield, further south, so I moved right along.

Thousands of you are familiar with the "Little House" books but perhaps you don't know that the author, Laura Ingalls Wilder, and her husband, Almanzo, with their little daughter, Rose, left Dakota by covered wagon in 1894 to make their home in the Ozarks near Mansfield. And it was here that the books were written and where Mr. and Mrs. Wilder lived out their years.

The Wilder home was open only for previously scheduled tours at the time I stopped, but through the rest of the summer months it is open for visitors every day. Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Lichty, who are curators of the home, had just conducted a large group of school children through it and had left immediately afterwards on an errand, so I didn't get to meet them until late in the evening. After a lovely visit, we made arrangements to meet at the farm the following morning.

Everything in the kitchen, the dining room and the parlor has been left just as they were when Mrs. Wilder passed away in 1957 at the age of 90. In her later years, when the books became so widely sold, she could have made many changes in furnishings and other improvements, but like so many of us, she was happiest with the things that had become familiar and loved through the years. It was touching to see chairs and tables that her beloved husband had made for her, the fireplace with its huge single-stone mantelpiece, her dear blind sister Mary's organ, some of Mrs. Wilder's own handwork, her scrapbooks, recipe books and all the evidences of her life.

Her husband thought that she should have a special place to write and in this little room is her desk—the very one she used when she wrote the "Little House" books.

In the next room are exhibited many interesting items from her life such as her sewing basket, dishes,

a dress, pictures, Mary's diploma from the school for the blind at Vinton, Iowa, and items too numerous to list in full.

There are also a few items for sale, the proceeds of which go to the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home Association for the upkeep of the home. Naturally, this doesn't bring in a great deal of money, but people have been generous in their contributions. There is still much to be done, such as additional fireproofing on the buildings and work on a shed to convert it to a display center, office and store so that all of the rooms in the house can be furnished just the way they looked when Mrs. Wilder was living.

Said Mrs. Lichty: "It is a special thrill to watch the youngsters as they go through the home for they show such delight in being able to share associations that meant much to her. These children who have enjoyed her books so much don't think of them as 'Mr. and Mrs. Wilder', but speak of them as 'Laura and Almanzo', as though they knew them!"

You devoted fans of these wonderful pioneer stories have asked repeatedly if there will be another book. Of course, Mrs. Wilder has passed away, but it will be of great interest to you to know that she faithfully kept a diary throughout her lifetime and it very well might be that something will be done about its publication in the future. We'll just have to wait and see!

Having made my visit to this Literary Shrine and having met the wonderful couple who have given so generously of their time to help preserve it, I couldn't help but offer my prayer in gratitude for all those who have had a part in establishing memorials to authors whose writings have meant so much to us. To those who are dedicated to preserving our great American heritage for us, we should all be especially thankful. This became even clearer to me as I made other stops on my trip and I'll continue with these experiences next month.

Sincerely,

Margery

"THE DEW OF LITTLE THINGS"

By
Kristin Johnson

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." As we attain maturity we begin to examine our philosophies of life, which have actually been in the mold for many years. But now we evaluate. We slip our attitudes, prejudices, values, and goals out of the cast iron of our subconscious and let them lie naked on the table while our minds perform the surgery of self-criticism.

The most vital question we can ask ourselves at this time is, "Which things are the most important to me in life?" Thoreau found his answer in simplicity. He pointed out that, "Our life is frittered away by detail." He asked, "Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life?" In this modern world of stepped-up living, it might be well for all of us to think about this question. Evaluate and re-evaluate. What things are important? How shall we spend our time? What shall we do with our lives?

In analyzing my own set of values I find that I feel that my life and time belong to God. This makes my responsibility of stewardship very great. Using Jesus as an example, I must consider what He felt was important in His life. Doing the will of God was His work, and people were His main concern. Therefore, people must be important to me as well. This includes all humanity, but for the time being, especially my friends. When I cannot take time to help my friends and to enjoy their companionship, then I am too busy.

To be alive is mere existence, but to love to be alive is to drink life to its depths. Kahlil Gibran commented, "For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed." I must refresh my heart each day with little things—dandelions scattered like pats of butter on a green tablecloth, reflections of the sky in a mud puddle, the voice of someone I love, the laughter of children, the first star after the sunset, a quiet moment of prayer. I could list more of these glimpses of beauty, but I won't. I'll only say that in my own life, beauty is quite important.

Thoreau wanted to live deliberately. So do I. I want to see the small things that others miss. I want to develop an extra sensitivity to my surroundings, an extra awareness of my environment. I would have time to be my servant and not my master, so that I can be able to think, and to feel life to my heart's content. For instance, I'd rather walk through the country than ride, lest in riding I might not hear the meadowlark. I want to live deliberately. This is important.

Having fun is not my goal, but sharing happiness. Being popular is not my ambition, but being sincere. Let others have gold and silver and jewels; my wealth is life itself,



Kristin Johnson, pictured with her grandmother, Leanna Driftmier, particularly enjoys her college English classes. We're sharing one of her themes with you on this page.

and I do not want to keep it in a vault but give as much of it away as I possibly can. "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

GOLDEN JULY

by
Harverna Woodling

During the deep, deep snows and the scourging winds of winter we could not believe in July. It was only a fantasy, a chimera, a mirage vaguely remembered. Now the blizzards are the dream, and golden July the reality. The sky is the bright blue bowl that ancient peoples believed it to be and the sun is dripping molten sweetness.

The grass is green and it grows with incredible speed. The whole family takes turns with lawn mower, trying to calculate routes correctly in order to stay in the shade as much as possible. Bless those huge old oak trees! They are enormous umbrellas that cast delightful, far-flung coolness for the lawn work and for the croquet games that will follow. They are also the housing development for many birds and visiting balconies for the family-friend squirrels who live down the hill on the edge of East Forest.

When we hear Collie Tippy barking vociferously, we know the squirrels have come calling in search of a little excitement. The small bushy-tailed animals realize that they are quite safe as they leap gaily from one tree to another. They stop to perch on a limb and scold and sneer at frustrated Tippy and the cats, Buff and Muff. When they tire of their games, they hop across to the far side of the fence and scamper lightly and safely down the hill toward home.

We long, occasionally, for rain and love its blessed coolness when it comes. The deep July heat soon absorbs the moisture, but it urges the corn to produce more delicious, delightful roasting ears. We know a family who call roasting ears "cobby

corn" and we love the expression.

The smooth, juicy, red tomatoes are a complement to summer meals, either "as is" or used in salads. The bean vines are dripping with tender, green beans and it is high time to pop some into jars and some into the freezer. Soon, too, the horticulture beans, so delicious in next winter's chili, must be shelled and canned. They will mean sore July thumbs but happy December menus.

This is the year we *hope* to keep the garden weed-free. Last year and the year before we hoped that, too, and each year we "fell by the wayside", but we still try!

This is the month when the house is filled with bouquets of chrysanthemum-flowered marigolds, shaggy scarlet and bi-colored, peppermint-stick zinnias and, exquisite, easy-to-grow gladioli.

Before July is over, if it rains often enough, it will be time for Dad to pick gallons of sparkling, big, wild blackberries. I cannot help, for any trip to the berry patch sends me to the doctor for poison ivy shots. When Dad does come in from the berry patch, he showers and changes his clothes to be sure he is rid of "chiggers" and possible poison ivy. Then the family all enjoy a cold glass of ice tea while we exchange news.

My part of the work comes last. I wash and sort the blackberries, put on the syrup, package and place them in the freezer to join the brilliant red strawberries that were June's tribute to the larder.

But this mid-summer month is more than preparation of foods, it is also a medley of sounds and a genre painting of sights!

The sunshine-yellow oats and deep-golden wheat yield to the combine. Farmers watch the sky as they hope for rain to develop the dark-green corn, and, conversely, for dry weather to aid combining and hay baling. Tractors roar from early morning until far after dark. Trucks carry loads of golden grain, and pickups travel both roads and fields.

July is the month of straw hats, shorts, boats and travelers. It is fishing from the pond bank, a picnic at the park and a trip to the swimming pool.

July is the beauty of early morning when opossums and coons are sometimes seen greedily feasting under the big mulberry tree. It is the buzz of insects, the threat of a hot wind, the cry of a red, white and black woodpecker. It is nights when nothing in the world is worthwhile except a cool shower and cool sheets for tired people.

July is anticipated trips to town on Saturday afternoons and sudden trips at odd hours for repairs when machinery breaks down.

July is the comfort and fellowship of a white church each Sunday morning.

July is Little Sis with the collie and kittens that she loves. It is Older Sis with her constant companion, dearly beloved Pony Boots.

But most of all, July is a family, working and playing, living and loving together.

THE DENVER DRIFTMERS HAVE A NEW PET

Dear Friends:

In the past month the composition of our household has undergone a bit of a change. Tragedy struck "Peaches", our cat. Meeting the same fate as his predecessor, he was hit by a car. We frantically rushed him to our good friend, the veterinarian, who worked for an hour to save this beloved pet. No medical doctor could have made a more determined effort to save a human life, but Peaches didn't live long. The veterinarian knew the deep sorrow that the children would experience (In truth, we were all very fond of this unusually appealing cat.) and he told Wayne and me that he would like to arrange for the children to be given a puppy if we would give our consent.

This puppy was a special one in a number of respects. In the first place, he was a very valuable animal, a pure-bred male poodle who would become silver in color. The silver color made him worth considerably more than a poodle of another color. Secondly, he was sick and the owners had decided that he must be put to sleep. He had an infectious virus that endangered their other dogs. They couldn't afford the required lengthy care in isolation from their other dogs. The doctor was quite sure that they would agree to give him to our children provided we would agree to accept him without the papers certifying his pedigree. He was quite confident that the puppy would recuperate in time if given good care at home, but we would have to keep him isolated from other dogs for at least a month.

Wayne and I talked it over and decided to permit the children to accept the puppy. Alison had been receiving fine experience in dog training in 4-H, and for our family to own a dog had been her fondest dream. Also, the weather was warm and that would make the puppy's care a bit easier. Even though the puppy was a gift, he wasn't going to be inexpensive by any means. First, he would have to have anti-biotic pills three times a day. Secondly, we would have the cost of fencing the yard for this dog could never be permitted to roam.

(Jefferson County doesn't have a "leash law" but we have learned that here only an inconsiderate neighbor permits his dog to roam and ruin valuable landscaping and carefully kept lawns. Also, this dog would be a tempting victim to thieves.)

Having reached our decision, we permitted ourselves to take our first look at the puppy. It was love at first sight! All puppies are appealing but a poodle is especially so. He is a ball of fluff with merry black eyes and a jaunty cocked head. And poodles don't walk; they prance! Silver poodles are born black and only his face and feet had turned to their future color.

When the children returned home that afternoon, it was terribly difficult to tell them that we had both sad news and happy news to give them. They were very broken up over the fate of Peaches, but brightened up considerably when we suggested a

visit to see the puppy. He couldn't return home with us until the following day for an anti-biotic shot and a bath were on his schedule and we had to construct a sturdy wooden box for his bed. He couldn't sleep in the cold or in a draft. At last but by no means least, he must have a name. That took no time at all; the first and only suggestion was "Lucky Pierre" and within minutes he was just plain "Lucky".

Many people refer to this breed as the "French Poodle". This is incorrect since the breed actually originated in Russia where the word "pudel" literally means "splashing in water". The dogs were used as water retrievers for bird hunters. From Russia the breed spread to Northern Germany and then to France. It was the French who discovered that by clipping the hair off the body but leaving it on the paws, the dog was better able to move in the water. Different owners developed different clips as the most effective. And that is the origin of the fancy hair clips now characteristic of the poodle.

The poodle is considered to be one of the most intelligent of all breeds of dogs. It has become such a favorite as a personal pet that it is now classified as a "non-working" breed instead of a "hunting" breed. There are three sizes of poodles, the *toy*, the *miniature* and the *standard*. Lucky is a miniature which, in this country, means he will be from 10 to 15 inches in height.

He now sports a puppy clip, although when he gets older, he should properly wear one of the other recognized clips. It costs a good many dollars to have a poodle clipped by a professional. However, our veterinarian friend says that he will teach Alison the proper technique of clipping. We think that if she can practice on Lucky and become competent

at this skill, she could find it a good source of income in the future. Alison, who says that she is going to be a veterinarian when she grows up, is so excited over this suggestion that she can scarcely contain herself!

Lucky's hair looks tough and wiry but is, in fact, very soft. The children take turns each day combing him with a wire brush. He loves to be held and is more quiet than a cat when someone picks him up. Also, he has been a delight to take in the car for he lies or sits on the seat beside me just as quietly as if he were asleep. He is really a dear little fellow and I must confess that I worry terribly about him when he doesn't eat or has a bad spell of coughing and will be greatly relieved when he is completely over his illness.

As if taking care of the schedule of a sick puppy weren't enough to disrupt the summer, I'm also getting my initiation into being the mother of a Little League Baseball player. My goodness! but that takes hours out of every week!

Clark has two practice sessions and one game each week, all of which occur during Wayne's working hours. Yesterday, just to transport the three children to their various "wholesome" activities, I drove 43 miles and not one trip was to a neighboring city. I've about decided that "wholesome" activities may be fine for children but they are anything but "wholesome" for a mother's work at home. I'm getting just plain envious of my neighbor up the street who has a sixteen-year-old daughter with a driver's license. I understand now why a mother can become so eager for her teenager to become a competent chauffeur!

Now, just in case you're wondering why the children don't walk or ride their bicycles, let me repeat that it is too dangerous. To get almost anywhere beyond our neighborhood, busy and terribly hazardous streets must be used and we simply can't turn the children out on them. That is one characteristic of small-town living that could save me the most time for the children could then transport themselves to their own activities. One fortunate change along this line was the relocation of our branch library this past winter, making it within walking distance.

By the time this letter reaches you, we'll all be preparing to enjoy the Fourth of July holiday. Our plans are not definite yet, but usually a group of families in the neighborhood gets together for a picnic. Two years ago four of us pooled our books of trading stamps to secure an ice cream freezer and now homemade ice cream always completes the picnic menu each Memorial, Independence and Labor Day. This year our family will be able to contribute strawberries from our own yard. A year ago I put out slightly more than one hundred plants. We kept the blossoms picked off that first year and have had a fine crop this year. Incidentally, I might add that these strawberry plants make a very effective border in front of the plum hedge that encircles our back yard.

Sincerely,
Abigail

I LOVE THE FLOWERS

I love to watch the Rose unfold
To show its heart of living gold;
I love the elfin Pansy face
Which peers so pensive into space.

I love the graceful Bleeding Heart—
Its beauty is a thing apart;
I love the fragrant Mignonette
Sweet perfumed, quite a la coquette.

I love the gentle Violet—
A shy flower I have never met;
I love the gay Petunia,
For it I have a mania.

I love the Fuchsia, smartly dressed,
Whose color schemes surpass our
best;

I love the stately swaying Mums
And spicy bright Nasturtiums.

I love all gracious flowers seen
In garden, glass, on prairie green;
Each one has personality
From pride to deep humility.

Aristocrat or common plant—
Each rouses a peculiar chant
Of glamour fringed with happiness—
A symphony of blessedness.

— Eugenie G. O'Brien

A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

According to the calendar, officially it is still spring, although the weather we've been experiencing here in southern Iowa has been much more like summer—very hot and very humid. In fact, we didn't have much spring-like weather this year, jumping right from cold wintry weather into hot summery weather.

I said in my letter last month that I hoped by the time I wrote to you again the papering would be finished and the general turmoil of spring housecleaning would be a dim recollection. Things just didn't work out that way! Other matters kept popping up that demanded my services elsewhere, and by the time I had a few days that were going to be *uninterrupted* it was almost the date for me to go to Shenandoah for my "magazine week". I am home again, the paper hanger is spoken for and will be coming in just a few days. It will be *such* a relief to have it all over with! I don't mind housecleaning when I don't have to paper every room, but how I do hate that extra mess!

I've done a lot more yardwork this year than I normally do. It seemed to me that all the flowers and shrubs bloomed at the same time here this year. A nurseryman in the locality confirmed this the other day when he said flowers which normally bloom three weeks apart had all burst into blossom at the same time.

The flowering quince and beauty bushes which had been so beautiful last year both winter-killed, as did some of the roses. We missed this lovely color in our yard. The big elm trees and the Chinese elm hedge were stripped of all their leaves by the little black canker worms, and looking out into the yard, it looked as if it were early spring before the trees had leafed out. The big elm tree that provides shade for our house on the west gave us the most concern, but it is leafing out again.

Frank has all of the corn planted, and the first planting is ready to be cultivated. This is the first time in several years that he has been able to plant all the fields at the same time and at such an early date. Maybe that is an indication that we will complete the harvesting before snow flies this year!

Some time ago I received some interesting letters from one of our *Kitchen-Klatter* subscribers who lives in Taejon, Korea. Her husband is an agriculturist at an interdenominational social service project, and she is the director of a foundling home. On the side, they both teach at the Christian Rural Life Institutes for young men and women. Always needing fresh, new ideas to share with them, she very much appreciates our magazine. I thought you might be as interested as I was in some of the things they are doing in Korea.

Mrs. Schowengerdt has been helping the Church World Service Amputee Rehabilitation Center teach some of their trainee girls the art of making western clothes. This has



We're indebted to Mr. Herb Owens, feature writer of the "Des Moines Tribune", for this picture of Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson. Hardly a day goes by but what Dorothy turns out some little peanut pixies at her "factory", which, in reality, is her own dining room table. You'll find further explanation in her letter.

been a little difficult since they are unable to buy patterns there. The 4-H club to which Kristin belonged, and the one in which I was leader for four years, is always anxious to have an outside project. They were very interested when I told them about this friend in Korea and her problems, so scouted around to collect patterns for her. When I mailed them to Korea, I also sent the Pansy Quilt pattern. Mrs. Schowengerdt informed me that the Koreans don't use quilts as we do, but make quilt tops or embroider sheets and sew them on the upper side of the heavy, cotton, stuffed comforters which they sleep under. Sometimes they are used as wall hangings to cover a cupboard or simply to brighten up the home.

In the summer the Schowengerdts are extremely busy at the Center with a new community canning plant. This plant was started partly to help solve the food situation in the homes in the winter and partly to solve the marketing problem. In Korea the market price for vegetables drops to practically nothing when the vegetables are in season. To help the farm students, as well as the farming community around them, the canning plant was established. They have canned and sold beans, corn, peas, tomatoes, soy beans, tomato juice, grape juice and peaches.

There are thirty members in a class at the Girls' Institute. Although they are all over eighteen years of age, their education varies from none at all to two years of college. This would seem to present quite a problem, but she says that it makes an interesting group to teach and doubts that you would ever meet *any* more eager to learn than these girls. And although they can't begin to teach everything completely, the more interest they create, the more girls continue to seek after these experiences. Anything that can be done to enlighten them and to broaden their outlook is helping Korea.

The Schowengerdts have three children of their own, and with all the other children they are helping, as well as the young men and young

women, they certainly are leading busy and worthwhile lives. I thought that I was a pretty busy woman, but after reading these letters, I've come to the conclusion that I'm not busy at all in comparison.

I want to take this opportunity to thank the many friends who sent me copies of the *Des Moines Tribune* which contained the article about my Pixie Factory. By way of explanation for you friends who don't live in Iowa, the story of my peanut pixies was written up by Mr. Herb Owens, a staff writer for the *Tribune*. Mr. Owens has a daily column in which he writes about people with interesting or unusual hobbies. Perhaps some of you Iowa friends have also been interviewed and have appeared in one of his "Along the Way" articles. I'd love to hear from you if you have.

The first time Mr. Owens came to talk to me, I was just leaving to catch my train for Shenandoah for my magazine week. I only had time to show him some of the pixies before I left. He said that he would come back later when it was more convenient. This was in the winter and I didn't hear from him again until this spring when he told me that he had started to our house on two different occasions but couldn't get through because of snow-blocked roads. Frank and I enjoyed our visit with Mr. Owens very much, and were pleased with the story he wrote about "A Farm Wife's 'Pixie' Factory". Before he left, he took several pictures of me at my work, one of which we're sharing with you on this page.

The last day of Kristin's first year of college finally arrived, and I drove to Maryville to move her home again. I think she actually had twice as much "stuff" to bring home as she took to school last fall, in spite of the fact that she had already brought home her winter clothing. All her school books and papers made up the difference. She wanted to save *everything*!

As I write this, Kristin is enjoying a few days' vacation at home but she hopes to find a job for the balance of the summer. I'll be able to report more about this in my next letter.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

HOME

The braided rugs, chintz covered chairs,
Milk glass of satin white,
Geraniums in quaint old pots,
And rare books to delight.
The walnut table's marble top
Attracts one by its treasure—
Small Dresden cups and figurines
Of value beyond measure.

Yet eye can never see the wealth
Within these faded walls—
The loving warmth of hearts that
trust,
The joy each one recalls.

— Gladys Niece Templeton

SWINGING UP OR SLIDING DOWN

by
Enid Ehler

Swinging up or sliding down, most children seem to have a fondness for playground equipment. Our three youngsters are no exception. In fact, our youngest seems to be on her way towards setting a new two-year-old endurance record for swinging.

Cast a glance in the direction of our gym set. There she is: her short blond curls tossing in the breeze, skirts flowing with the wind, humming a happy tune, her blue eyes twinkling.

Of course, my youngsters by no means spend all of their time swinging and sliding and teetering, but I'm beginning to realize just what an important part a gym set has in a child's life. Long before astronauts and spaceships were common, everyday words, swings provided breathtaking trips through the air, perhaps to the moon, over the seas, into the jungles or beside the stars. The swing provided the transportation, the wind took breaths away, and a look down when the highest point was reached was enough to send the imagination whirling.

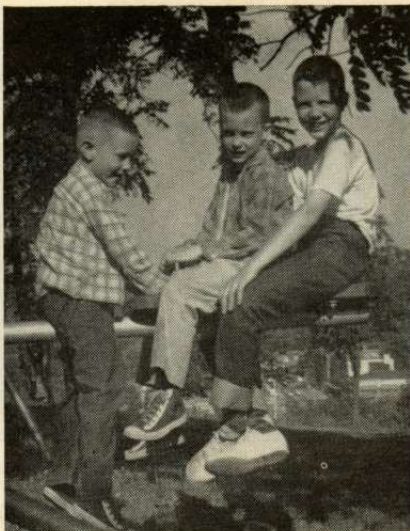
Playground equipment has not always been the strong steel or brightly painted, sturdy wood that we now find popular. What kind of play materials do you remember from your childhood?

Our one-room country school had a *plain rope swing* with a board that was notched on each end. This board was slipped into place by the person about to swing. The arrangement proved a bit hazardous; if the swing went too high, the board and the swinger could both *slip* right out!

We also had a *teeter* or *seesaw* at the country school. This was nothing more than a post balanced in the big elm tree. Schoolyard trees always seem to grow in some suitable shape for play use and this tree was no exception. It had formed a crotch just the right height from the ground to accommodate those wishing to teeter. The post, laid in the crotch of the tree, certainly was not the safest of playground equipment. (I have a finger which still bears the scars from being caught between the post and that tree!) But that improvised seesaw was in use during all of the recesses I can remember.

At home we had a *plain tire swing* with a rope tied to the tire and then to a sturdy tree limb. While other types of swings may be pure luxury in comparison, I still feel that the old-fashioned swing made of a tire cut to provide hand-holds, and a firm edge where the rope can be fastened, and made with a "coutour" seat, is one of the safest types of swing for tiny children.

Did you ever have the fun of swinging or climbing "monkey style" on a heavy rope with a knot in one end? Perhaps the swing you remember best was made with a *gunny sack* filled with straw and tied to a rope. These were terribly scratchy and it was best to have legs denim-clad before attempting any extensive play. Or, per-



The Birkby boys enjoy outdoor play, too.

haps, you were the most fortunate of all, with a large barn which had ledges on either side of the loft. When the hay was low enough, a *swing rope* could be propelled by standing on one ledge, pushing a foot through a loop tied in the bottom of the rope and with a big push, off you would go, swinging to the other side of the barn—a *real thrill*!

All of these swing ideas are still in use at many a home and farm today. Some of the best play equipment ideas are the *homemade* kind. How well I remember a *merry-go-round* my grandfather fashioned from a big wagon wheel. The axle was stuck in the ground and seats were made to fasten around the rim. If I only had such a wheel I know my own children would enjoy such a toy as much as I did.

Imagination and some needed pieces of raw material can develop into the most enjoyable equipment your children will use this summer. Make a *teeter-totter* from a barrel by laying it on its side and then nailing a board across the middle. Handles can be screwed near each end so the children can be more secure. Place a small nail keg on legs and make a "saddle" out of an old blanket or a padded sack to create a *horse* which young cowboys can ride. Another way to make a *horse* is to simply use a sawhorse with a padded "saddle".

Handicraft magazines and some lumberyards sell patterns for making your own gym set. They have everything from *clown seesaws* to *animal slides*. If you have trees in your yard you can hang *swings*, put up a *trapeze*, fasten a *ladder* firmly between two branches at the right height from the ground to allow small athletes to swing freely between the rungs.

If you do not have trees for all these purposes, ask the lumberman for help in making a gym set frame, if your desire is to make your own. Remember too, that simple *steps*, *boxes*, *tunnels*, *playhouses*, and *incline boards* are practical for hours of fun. If you live in a new housing development where trees are a scarce item, these ideas may be especially practical. But children everywhere love to climb and push and pull and use imagination in

their play.

Many families have to make a decision about buying or building play equipment. When our oldest child was two, we chanced to find a reasonably priced, ready-to-assemble gym set. It consisted of two swings, one teeter, a *big slide*, a glider and numerous bars meant to hold the set together but actually used to climb upon by young, aspiring trapeze artists.

I'm the wondering type and I spent many hours wondering whether to invest in such a set. Even reasonably priced, a sturdy gym set is no giveaway. We finally decided to buy it. Now the little two-year-old boy has grown into a gangling seven and has two sisters, aged five and two. Without any hesitation whatsoever, I feel free to say that weather and health permitting, someone uses that gym set in some way *every day* of the year. I *definitely* feel that a good, strong set is a practical investment.

If you plan to buy a ready-made set, may I urge you to get a *sturdy*, *heavy* piece of equipment. While flimsy models are available for less money, it is doubtful if they will stand lots of rough and tumble play. A *big slide* is a necessity. Since the children *do grow*, a big slide will be most practical to use for years and years. Ours is even big enough for grown-ups (*privately* tested). Be sure to place the set *VERY FIRMLY* in the ground. This cannot be stressed too much, for an improperly or poorly located gym set can cause injury or even tragedy. The very best way is to plant the legs into squares of cement.

Whether you decide to buy a ready-made set or plan to build your own outdoor play equipment, I'm sure you'll have as much pleasure as we have had watching the youngsters swinging up or sliding down.

AN INTERESTING 4-H DECORATION IDEA

Our 4-H Club decorated the stage for a County Style Review presented at the county fair. We took a big hula hoop, covered it with chicken wire and poked white napkins and green crepe paper squares into the holes to make the familiar pattern of the green four-leaf clover with the white background. This made a giant pincushion. Then we took dowel sticks and painted them silver. We fastened small painted jar lids on one end of the sticks to make the "pins" which we then stuck into the cushion. This was placed at one side of the stage so the girls could come out from behind it when they modeled their clothing.

At the other side of the stage we used a tree, sprayed white, to which we pinned small bows made of samples of each girl's material.

Across the back of the stage we fastened a clothesline and with clothespins pinned to it our motto, *Pin Your Hopes On 4-H*. Each large letter was cut from cardboard and then covered with a different piece of material (again from the girl's sewing). It was very attractive and received many compliments.

—(From a letter written by Mrs. B. P., Nebraska.)

MARY BETH'S LETTER IS INTERESTING

Dear Friends:

Last month my letter was almost an epistle of "gloom and doom" when I seemed to dwell entirely on the children's health. I'll make an effort to tell you about several really nice things which have been happening to us.

First of all, we are *all well!* The children are outdoors a great deal now and are developing deep sun tans. Sometimes Paul gives the appearance of being far darker than is actually the case—until bath time when his dark hue *washes off!* I can't help but chuckle when Don offers to help put the children to bed and asks if they *need* baths! One bath a day is a *bare minimum*.

Probably the nicest activity which the warm weather brings is picnics. Our favorite place for such outings is Whitnal Park. Remember my writing about the ice skating, sledding, tobogganing, saucer and skiing which we enjoyed during the winter months in this beautiful park? Its beauty is probably at its most spectacular during May when the 850 flowering crab apple trees reach their peak bloom. There are 125 varieties of crab apple trees at the park; it is considered one of the finest collections in the country. And now we are having summer picnics under those same trees. The snow of winter is gone, the blossoms of May are gone, but the green of the leaves and grass and the fun of the outdoor play equipment takes their place.

We won't picnic as often as the children wish we would, however, for Donald hopes to spend every spare minute working on the patio. He'll have to shovel and remove a lot of dirt to make room for a bed of sand. After the sand is dumped and spread, he plans to use wood dividers made of one of the toxic soft woods which will resist decay. These will be placed in an irregular pattern on top of the sand and then concrete will be poured into the sections. When Don's brother, Wayne Driftmier, visited us last summer, he suggested this fine idea, saying it was a plan used frequently in the Denver area. Don took several days' vacation earlier this summer, primarily to get this big task started. You can guess his general feeling when it rained almost every day. Now he is struggling to get in every hour of daylight available after his day's work to get the job completed this summer.

The school year just past was most interesting for both Katharine and me. I served as one of the three room mothers for the first grade and, as a result, had an opportunity to see many of the activities and learning situations. I would heartily recommend the position of room mother to any of you girls who have a youngster heading for school in September, especially if it is your first child to enroll. There was little involved in my work at school except helping to hostess a few room parties. On one occasion I baked two-dozen cupcakes. The most enjoyable part of all was



Mary Beth (Mrs. Donald Driftmier) says it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to bake cupcakes for a school party with three extra pairs of hands in the kitchen, but the youngsters were eager to "help"!

in seeing the children and getting to know them better.

We three room mothers put our heads together and decided that since all of the parties had been given for the children, we would provide them an opportunity to give a party for the teacher. There is a policy in our consolidated school district that no Christmas presents may be given to the teachers from the pupils. Nothing, however, was mentioned about a birthday party!

Through the school office, we obtained the birth date of the first grade teacher, Mrs. Kestin. On the proper day, we arrived at school with individual birthday cupcakes for each child and a large cake for the teacher to share with her fellow teachers. It was necessary to make all of the plans without telling the children until the day of the party as we wanted it to be a surprise. However, we did buy a birthday card and had each child sign his own name. This they did with great enthusiasm! Surely such a card, with the signatures printed painstakingly, would be a precious keepsake for a teacher who had taught the fundamentals of printing to those children.

To make a long story short, the party was held during recess and it was a *genuine* success. We room mothers had bought the teacher a present, but we helped the children understand it was really from them. They were quite caught up in the spirit of doing something nice for their teacher!

We gave considerable thought to her gift, being careful that it would not be too personal, and yet be something which might mean a great deal to someone in the teaching profession. We finally settled on a pair of bronze bookends designed in the shape of a large, regal American eagle with widespread wings. Printed in large figures beneath each eagle was the number, 1776. Since they were only first graders, the children did not immediately attach any significance to the date and the American eagle. Af-

ter the party the teacher explained the meaning of the date and the symbol of the eagle. Thus, they grew in understanding of their American heritage in a simple way. The bookends took a place of honor on Mrs. Kestin's desk in the schoolroom. I'm sure future first graders will enjoy seeing them and learn from them just as Katharine's grade did.

One of the activities I have pursued this summer is that of becoming an active member of the Milwaukee Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Shortly before Don and I moved to Hales Corners, my mother processed the papers for my sister Marjorie and me. I didn't have a chance to be active in the chapter in my home town of Anderson, Indiana, but as soon as time allowed, I began looking for a group near Milwaukee with whom to become affiliated.

Fortunately, the state convention of the Wisconsin D.A.R. was held in Milwaukee this year, so I took the opportunity to go down and meet many ladies from different chapters. I finally decided to join the Milwaukee chapter. One of the deciding factors was the fact that they have a very active group of Children of the American Revolution. Now I am busy typing up the genealogy papers necessary to prove that Katharine, Paul and Adrienne are eligible for membership.

The National Society of Children of the American Revolution was organized in 1895 and was the first national society devoted to the "cause of the child". The founder, Mrs. Daniel S. Lothrop, is the author, (under the pen name of Margaret Sidney) of "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew". Remember it?

I have no illusions that Paul or Adrienne will gain anything from this for quite a few years, but Katharine is ready and old enough to be learning more about her wonderful country and its heritage, the teaching of which is the goal of this organization.

Yes, life has calmed down considerably since our recent emergencies and we are now well into a fine, happy summer.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

TAKE IT FROM THEM

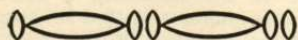
A child should never eat between meals,
Climb on the furniture or hang by his heels;
Forget to say "Please," "Excuse me," "Thank you,"
Leave the table until everyone's through;
Have dessert unless he's cleaned up his plate;
Fail to get to bed one minute past eight,
Or to pick up his toys without any fuss,
Or to do all his homework with no help from us.
Teach these things early—it's easily done!
Just ask any couple who has *not* a one!

— Mildred Grenier

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family



FROSTY FRUIT SALAD

- 1 box raspberry gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

1 10-oz. box frozen red raspberries
Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water, add raspberry flavoring and the box of frozen berries. Stir to dissolve the berries. Refrigerate in an 8-inch square pan until firm.

- 1 box of lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water, add the pineapple flavoring and chill until the gelatin starts to congeal.

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature
 - 1/4 pt. dairy sour cream
 - 1 cup drained crushed pineapple
- Blend the sour cream with the cream cheese and mix with the crushed pineapple. Fold into the lemon gelatin and gently pour over the firm raspberry layer. Chill until completely set. Cut in squares and serve on shredded lettuce. Top with a dab of salad dressing.

SWEET-SOUR CARROTS

Boil carrots in small amount of water, adding salt as usual. The carrots can be cut in slices or strips. When done, do not drain. To the liquid and the carrots, add a bit more salt, some pepper, 3 Tbls. brown sugar, 2 tsp. granulated sugar, a bit of garlic salt and about 3 or 4 Tbls. vinegar. Mix well. Add a lump of butter and heat all together. Thicken with 1 Tbls. cornstarch mixed with cold water. Simmer slowly until thickened. Cover and let stand until serving time, then reheat and serve.

BAKED SPARERIBS WITH DRESSING

- 2 large pieces of spareribs
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 cup chopped apples
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar

Combine all ingredients aside from ribs. Spread one section of ribs with the dressing, then cover with the other piece of meat and tie the two pieces together. Rub the outside of the meat with 2 Tbls. flour to which salt and pepper have been added. Place in a 450 degree oven for 20 minutes, and then reduce the heat to 325 degrees and bake for 1 hour. Baste frequently.

FILL-THE-BILL MEAT BALLS

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup catsup
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups water
- 1/8 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 cup catsup

Mix the ground beef, onion, milk, bread crumbs, egg and 1/2 cup of catsup together. Salt and pepper to taste and add the nutmeg. Mix *very well* and shape into meat balls. Brown the balls in the shortening. Remove the balls from the skillet and make a sauce using 2 Tbls. of drippings, the flour and enough water to make a thin gravy, about 2 cups. Season with the Worcestershire sauce, the 1/4 cup of catsup and salt and pepper as needed. Put the meat balls back in this sauce, cover and simmer slowly for 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until the meat balls are done. Turn them several times to prevent sticking and add more water if needed. This may also be baked as a casserole for 1 1/2 hours at 350. A covered baking dish will keep the meat balls moist.

PINK-AND-GREEN SALAD

- 1 box lime gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup applesauce

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water and add the lemon flavoring and the applesauce. Pour into a mold and chill until set. Cut into servings and place on lettuce, topped with the following dressing:

Dressing

- 1/2 cup salad dressing
 - 2 Tbls. mashed strawberries
- Top the pale green salad with this pink dressing for a very pretty salad.

ELLA'S BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 pint dairy sour cream

Cream together the shortening, butter flavoring and sugar. Add the eggs, vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings. Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and soda and add alternately to the creamed mixture with the sour cream. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake for 8-10 minutes at 350 degrees. These can be iced with a rich buttery, powdered sugar frosting if desired.

APPLE DELIGHT WITH SAUCE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 egg
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups chopped apples
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream together the sugar and butter. Add egg and vanilla. Sift together the flour, soda, nutmeg, cinnamon and salt and add to creamed mixture. Stir in the apples and nutmeats. Bake in 8x8-inch greased and floured pan at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

Sauce

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup water

Mix sugar and cornstarch in saucepan. Add orange juice, lemon flavoring and water. Stir as the sauce cooks until thickened and clear. Serve hot over the pudding.

EGG AND NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 4 hard-boiled eggs
- 1 tsp. minced onion
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup flour
- 2 1/2 cups milk
- 2 cups diced cheese
- 1 8-oz. package egg noodles

Cook the egg noodles until tender then drain well. Cut the eggs in half lengthwise. Mash the yolks and combine with the onion, mayonnaise and salt and pepper to taste. Fill the whites. Make a cream sauce with the butter, flour and milk. Salt and pepper to taste. Add the diced cheese and stir until melted. Mix half of the sauce with the noodles and pour into a casserole. Cover with the deviled eggs and pour remaining sauce over the eggs. Sprinkle with soft buttered bread crumbs and bake in a 350 degree oven about 20 minutes.

DO-NUT MUFFINS

- 1 1/2 Tbls. vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups flour

Cream together the shortening and sugar, add the egg and flavorings and beat well. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk. Stir *just* until blended. Fill greased muffin tins 2/3 full. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes at 400 degrees. Turn out while hot and dip tops in melted butter and then in a mixture of 2 Tbls. sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon.

RECIPE FROM ABIGAIL

One of the classic summer desserts of the by-gone days is rarely encountered today and I can't imagine why because it is delicious and very simple to do.

I refer to a slice of angel food cake topped first with a generous amount of thin custard sauce, then with several spoons of slightly crushed fresh strawberries, and lastly by a dollop of whipped cream on which nestles one perfect whole strawberry. Now doesn't that recall to you memories of happy family gatherings with your grandmother's wonderful cooking?

The custard sauce should be made well in advance so that it is thoroughly chilled at the time of serving. I don't use a mix for the custard but I do for the angel food cake. (Just be mighty sure to add the Kitchen-Klatter vanilla and almond flavoring so the cake will taste like something.) About 2 hours before serving, the fresh strawberries are washed, mashed slightly and sugar added. Reserve one whole strawberry per serving for garnish. When it comes to whipped cream I want the genuine article and none of this stuff out of a can for me, please! Add a tablespoon or two of powdered sugar and a teaspoon of Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring to the whipped cream.

Now, for the benefit of those who have never made custard in the original, put the package mix back in the cupboard and see how easy this is.

2 eggs, slightly beaten

3/8 cup sugar

Dash of salt

1 1/2 cups milk

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine eggs, sugar and salt in top part of double boiler, stir in milk and place over boiling water. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture coats spoon. Remove, add vanilla and chill. Yields 1 1/2 cups sauce.

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT PIE

1 box strawberry gelatin

1 cup boiling water

1/2 cup cold water

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

1 pint vanilla ice cream

1 cup mashed strawberries, drained (Frozen berries can be used, also.)

1 baked 9-inch pastry shell

Dissolve the gelatin in boiling water. Add the cold water, strawberry flavoring, and then add the ice cream in chunks. Stir until the ice cream is melted and blended. Chill about 20 minutes, until the mixture starts to thicken, and then fold in the strawberries. Return to chill until the mixture begins to hold shape when spooned. Pour into a baked 9-inch pie shell. Refrigerate until completely set. Just before serving, spread a generous layer of whipped cream over the pie. Garnish with fresh berries, if desired.

This pie was served for dessert at a large church dinner recently and made quite a hit, not only because it was so delicious, but also because it was so pretty.

SPINACH SUPREME

3 pkgs. frozen chopped spinach

1/8 lb. butter or margarine

1 or 2 medium sized onions

2 heaping Tbls. flour

2 cups milk

Salt and pepper to taste

Cut up the onions and saute in the butter. Cook the spinach in salted water and drain. To the onions add the flour and milk, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook until thick. Combine the sauce with the spinach and place in a covered casserole. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes.

SKILLETBURGERS

1 1/4 lb. hamburger

1 Tbls. fat

1 large onion

1 green pepper

3/4 cup catsup

2 Tbls. sugar

2 Tbls. prepared mustard

1 Tbls. vinegar

1 tsp. salt

Brown the meat in hot fat. Grind onion and green pepper and add to the meat with the remaining ingredients. Simmer for 30 minutes. Serve in toasted buns.

PITTSBURG POTATOES

4 cups peeled, cubed potatoes

1 small onion, chopped

1/2 can pimientos

4 Tbls. butter

4 Tbls. flour

2 cups milk

1/2 lb. cheese, grated

Salt and pepper to taste

Parboil the potatoes and chopped onion in salted water. Do not overcook. When partially cooked, about 10 minutes, remove from the fire and drain. Put in a buttered baking dish. Melt the butter, stir in the flour and when well blended add the milk. Bring to the boiling point and add the cheese. Salt and pepper to taste. Stir, over low heat, until the cheese is melted and the sauce is smooth. The pimiento may be diced and sprinkled over the potatoes or added to the sauce. Pour the sauce over the potatoes and bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes or until done.

ORANGE-PINEAPPLE MUFFINS

1/2 cup sugar

1/4 cup butter

1 egg

2 cups flour

2 tsp. baking powder

1/8 tsp. soda

1/2 tsp. salt

1 9-ounce can crushed pineapple (Do not drain.)

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Cream together the sugar and butter. Add the egg and beat well. Sift together the flour, baking powder, soda and salt and add to the creamed mixture, alternately with the crushed pineapple. Add the orange flavoring. Fill muffin tins about 2/3 full. Bake at 375 degrees for about 20 to 25 minutes.

QUICK CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 can cream of mushroom soup

1 can chicken with rice soup

1 small can boned chicken

1 3-oz. can chow mein noodles

Milk, if needed

Combine all of the ingredients, reserving a few of the chow mein noodles for the top. Put in a greased casserole and bake in a 350 degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. This will serve 5 or 6 nicely. If you want to serve 8, simply add another can of chicken. Tuna may be substituted for chicken if you like.

For a quick variation, combine all the ingredients except the chow mein noodles in a saucepan, thinning with up to 1 cup of milk. Heat on top of the stove until bubbly. Serve over hot chow mein noodles. If you are using this for a camping meal, one of the small cans of evaporated milk will be just right to dilute the soups.

COFFEE BREAK CAKE

1 cup chopped dates

1 1/4 cups boiling water

1 tsp. soda.

1/2 cup shortening

1 cup sugar

2 well beaten eggs

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1 1/4 cups flour

3 Tbls. cocoa

1/2 tsp. salt

Pour water over dates, stir, and when cool, add soda. Cream together the shortening and sugar, add eggs and Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. When well blended, add the cooled date mixture and beat thoroughly. Lastly add the dry ingredients that have been sifted together. Turn into a well greased 13" x 9" pan and cover with the following topping:

Mix together 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup butterscotch chips and 1/2 cup nuts. Sprinkle this over the batter and then bake at 325 degrees for approximately 35 minutes.

This is a rich, well flavored cake but it has a tendency to crumble—at least when it's not long out of the oven. The girls at the office had it for their afternoon coffee break and reported that it had a delicious flavor—but *did* crumble. It was baked about two hours before they cut into it, so perhaps if it stood longer it would hold together better. In any event, it's rich and delicious!

BARBECUED PORK CHOPS

6 pork chops

1 cup chili sauce

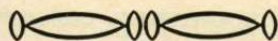
1/4 cup vinegar

1 tsp. mustard

1 tsp. celery seed

1 medium onion, diced

Brown the chops in hot fat; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in greased baking dish. Pour over combined remaining ingredients. Cover and bake in moderate oven, about 350 degrees, for 1 1/2 hours. Check the chops near the middle of the baking period to be sure that they have enough moisture and are not too dry.



BAKED COCONUT CUSTARD (Sugarless!)

- 3 eggs
- 2 1/4 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
- A dash of salt

In a bowl, beat the eggs slightly and add the other ingredients in the order given. Stir until well blended. Strain into individual custard cups. Set the cups in a pan which is deep enough to hold about 1 inch of water. It is best to set this in the oven and then pour boiling water into the pan.

Bake at 325 degrees for about 40 minutes, or until the custard is firm in the center when the cup is shaken. If you like, a little coconut can be sprinkled on the top of each custard during the last 15 minutes of baking.

For a low-caloried dessert skim milk may be used to make up this recipe.

PICKLED TONGUE

(Since I mentioned in one of my letters that I was preparing a pickled tongue, I've received many requests for the recipe. Rather than try to

answer these individually, I thought I would have it printed in the magazine. This recipe came originally from my Grandmother Schneider of Columbus, Ohio. We feel it is the very finest way of preparing this frequently-neglected, tasty main dish—Mary Beth)

You will need one good-sized fresh beef tongue. (I use a three pound one.) Wash it carefully, barely cover with hot water, add 1 tsp. of salt and cook slowly for 3 hours. (It can be prepared in the pressure pan also, following the directions in your pressure pan cookbook.) Remove from the fire and cool in the liquid just long enough to permit ease of handling. Remove skin and root tissue from the tongue.

Slice the meat in 1/4-inch slices and alternate layers of the tongue with very thin slices of Bermuda onion in a bowl or enameled pan.

Prepare the following:

Pickling Solution

- 3/4 cup cider vinegar
- 3/4 cup water
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 3 tsp. whole pickling spice

Combine all of the ingredients and simmer for 10 minutes. Pour this hot pickling solution over the tongue and onion layers and allow to stand, refrigerated, for at least 24 hours before serving. If necessary, weight with a heavy plate to keep all of the sliced meat under the vinegar solution.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

I'm one of those cooks who becomes addicted to a good reliable recipe. This recipe for ice cream was tested a good many years ago and is so delicious that I've never found good enough reason to look for another! It has been printed before but in case you don't have a copy and are looking for a *truly delicious* and *reliable* ice cream recipe, here it is again. This has served my purposes time after time. It isn't cloyingly rich and yet it beats any commercial ice cream for flavor and texture.

Perfect Freezer Ice Cream

- 2 cups milk
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tablespoon flour
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 2 teaspoons Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups light cream

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Gradually add mixture of sugar, flour and salt. Cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Stir small amount into egg yolks. Return to double boiler and cook for 2 minutes. Chill thoroughly. Add vanilla and cream and freeze. This makes three pints.

For strawberry or peach ice cream, add 3/4 cup sugar to one cup of chopped fresh fruit. Let stand for 1 hour at room temperature and add to ice cream mixture just before freezing. This makes 2 quarts.

I always make up the custard mixture for the ice cream the night before so that it can chill overnight in the refrigerator. (Be sure to cover this so no crust forms on top). Generally, I use up the leftover egg whites by making baked meringues in which to serve the ice cream. Oh yes, in case you want to make a larger quantity, this recipe can be doubled or tripled without worry.

LUNCHEON TUNA DISH

- 1 3-oz. can Chow Mein noodles
- 1 can of mushroom soup, undiluted
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 can chunk style Tuna
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1/4 lb. salted cashew nuts
- 1/4 cup diced celery
- Dash of pepper

Cook the onion and celery in a small amount of water for 10 minutes. Mix one-half of the noodles with all the other ingredients. Put into a buttered casserole and cover with the remaining noodles. Bake in a 325 degree oven for 30 minutes.

HOT TOASTED SANDWICH

- 1/4 lb. American cheese
- 4 frankfurters
- 1/3 cup catsup
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 3 medium-sized sweet pickles

Grind together the cheese, frankfurters and pickles, using the coarse blade on the food chopper. Add the catsup and onion and mix well. Spread whole wheat bread with this mixture and cover with another slice. Place on baking sheet and toast in a hot oven for 12 to 15 minutes.

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THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by
Frederick

A friend has just given me an old English cookbook first published in 1870. The title of it is: "Beeton's Penny Cookery Book—Being Useful Recipes For Good Breakfasts, Dinners & Suppers, at a cost varying from Tenpence to Two Shillings a day for Six Persons".

Just think of it, less than 100 years ago a cookbook had these words in its introduction, "The fire best suited for cooking purposes is a stove. In our opinion, *every home*, however small, should be provided with a stove, and it requires only a little generosity on the part of the landlord, or a small outlay on the part of the tenant to get rid of the open fireplaces throughout the country, and to supply their place with convenient, close, cooking-stoves. With one of these stoves, which take very little fuel, a large dinner for six or eight persons can be cooked. There is no fear of *spoiling* the provisions—no fear of *soot falling* and *spoiling* what the frying pan has in it, no fear of *smoke* getting under the lid and *spoiling* the stew or the vegetables that are boiling; there is the greatest cleanliness and the greatest comfort.

"The cooking utensils needed are not many—a gridiron, a frying pan, one or two saucepans, a good-sized stewpan, a soup kettle and a stockpot. The stockpot is *very important*! It is a large boiler or saucepan with a closely-fitting lid and it should always be kept in use upon the stove or by the side of the fire. Into this pot, scraps of meat and bones of all kinds should be thrown, with sufficient water to cover them."

The recipes in the *Penny Cookery Book* do not appear to be worth a penny today! Here are two of them which are quite typical of the others. I don't *recommend* either of them, but thought they might show you what was considered good back in 1870. It gives us one clue, also, as to the high food bills we have now in comparison to those of an earlier day! Here are the two recipes just as printed:

TOAST SANDWICHES (*Super Dish*)

Things wanted: Slices of bread, drippings, or bacon fat.

How to use them: Fry some thick slices of bread in drippings or bacon grease, put one of these between two thick slices of bread and eat as a sandwich. This, with a well-boiled potato or two, makes a good supper at a very small cost.

BETROOT OR HOMEGROWN COFFEE

(*A very cheap drink*)

Grow red beets and, when ready for winter storing, slice a few roots and having put the slices into an old stewpan, cover it close and set it over a slow fire for a quarter of an hour. The slices must not lie very thick upon each other, as they must occasionally be moved about; and if a



Mrs. Wayne Driftmier (Abigail) enjoys entertaining and frequently invites friends for tea.

HASTE-TEA TREATS

By
Erma Reynolds

Has this "tempest in a teapot" ever happened to you? Unexpected afternoon guests are invited to stay for tea and when the hostess goes to put on the kettle, she finds the cupboard bare of cake or cookies to serve with the tea. But, when this dilemma occurs there's no need to push the panic button for *haste-tea treats* can be made in a jiffy from on-the-shelf supplies.

There is nothing tastier than plain bread and butter sandwiches with a cup of tea. Just be sure the bread is cut thin as thin can be.

Make sweet sandwiches from the breakfast marmalade. Lightly butter bread slices, pair them up with a marmalade filling, toast, cut into strips and serve at once.

Cinnamon toast is delicious. Spread six slices of bread with butter or margarine. Mix one teaspoon of cinnamon with three tablespoons of sugar. Sprinkle this mixture over bread slices. Place the slices on a cooky sheet and toast under the broiler until the sugar melts. Cut into narrow strips and serve hot.

Any doughnuts on hand? Split them little butter is spread over each piece it will prevent the loss of flavor. When sufficiently roasted and quite cold, the pieces may be broken up and ground in a coffee mill.

Now, if any of you fine Kitchen-Klatter readers would like to try these two early-American recipes you certainly have my permission to do so. As for me, *no thanks!*

GREEN GROW THE BEANS

Jars and jars and jars of beans
Upon my cellar shelf;
Hours and hours and hours of work
By family and myself.

To be specific
Beans are prolific.

— Harverna Woodling

in half and proceed as for making cinnamon toast.

Remove the crusts from bread slices and cut the slices into narrow strips. Dip each strip in condensed milk. Drain, and then roll in coconut. Bake in a 350 degree oven until the coconut is golden brown. Serve hot.

Don't turn up your nose at stale cake. Remove the frosting, cut the cake into narrow strips and toast under the broiler.

Spread salted crackers with honey. Sprinkle with finely chopped nuts or coconut. Place on a cooky sheet and toast under the broiler until lightly browned. Or, spread the crackers with butter or margarine, sprinkle with paprika, celery seed or onion salt. Heat in a 350 degree oven to crisp.

Graham crackers make a tasty treat, also. Cream together three tablespoons of peanut butter, two teaspoons of butter or margarine and two teaspoons of brown sugar. Place a teaspoon of this mixture on each graham cracker. Cut a marshmallow in half (or use about 5 or 6 miniature marshmallows) and place on top of the peanut butter mixture. Place the crackers on a cooky sheet and toast under the broiler until the marshmallows are slightly brown and softened. Serve at once.

NEW BREAD

The kids come shuffling home from school,

Their cheeks all rosy, red.
Their boots are off in half a wink,
"Mama's made new bread."

Then comes their weary Papa,
He's beat, he's bushed, he's dead!
"Aha," he says, his eyes light up,
"Mama's made new bread."

I've kept my family happy,
Contented and well fed.
I've got some loaves left over,
Now won't you try my bread?

— Betty J. Stevens

EXPLORING LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY

By
Evelyn Birkby

Much has been written about the beauties of the Lake Superior region of our United States. I could add many more words about this largest fresh-water lake in the world, describing the rugged coastline, Split-rock Lighthouse, the exciting terrain of volcanic origin, Gooseberry State Park, the historic canoe routes of the intrepid voyageurs (those brave woodsmen and boatmen who fought the high waves, the hostile Indians and the unfriendly forests to obtain furs), and the history of Groseilliers, who in 1668 became the first white man to set foot in this part of the United States and whose name, somehow or other, was misshapen to Gooseberry when the map makers gave his name to the beautiful, rapids-laced river.

For two years we spent our vacations along this north shore of Lake Superior. We swam in the rivers (the lake water proved too icy cold), enjoyed the waterfalls, picnicked beside the white-capped waves and watched huge iron ore boats as they pulled in and out of the Two Harbors' dock area.

Then we became daring! Lake Superior had *another* side. The following year, when we reached the Duluth-Superior region, we turned the nose of our patient, camping pickup to the unfamiliar east. The scenery here was far different from the North Shore Drive; it was ordinary Wisconsin countryside.

Poplar Bluff, Wisconsin was our first stop. Here the boys looked with awe at the huge P-38 fighter plane mounted so near the ground on sturdy steel columns, the forty, small rising-sun flags painted on the fuselage denoting the forty enemy planes which Major Richard Bong destroyed to become the leading ace of World War II. We were impressed by the practical memorial of a community school, surely the kind of monument of which this fine young man would approve. (Major Bong was killed in 1946 while testing one of the first jet airplanes.)

Ashland, Wisconsin was our next stop. It proved to be a fine place to use the laundromat, stock up on groceries and watch the huge log "rafts" which are floated across the lake from the forests of the far north. These logs are lifted out of the water by cranes, loaded into waiting train cars, and sent to the paper mills of interior Wisconsin. Here, too, we found the hugest *icehouse* we have ever seen! It is as large as five big barns. It is filled each winter with lake ice and is one of the few places (as far as we know) where they still have a raw-ice harvest.

Ashland's city park is a large, beautiful, grassy, tree-shaded area with cold artesian springs, a lovely duck pond, a good-sized deer enclosure, well-equipped children's play area and a fine campground. We felt a warm welcome with such excellent accommodations.

But our real goal was further to the



Evelyn and her sons, looking for agates. east. Porcupine Mountain State Park, with its 55,000 acres of virgin wilderness, two lake-side, modern campgrounds, two primitive camps back in the forest, and the wide stretches of rock and sand which edge Lake Superior, all lies in the section of Michigan which lops over the top of Wisconsin. The name, Porcupine Mountains, comes, not from the fact that porcupines are found in that area, but rather is a descriptive name given by the Indians. The mountains *do* look like crouching porcupines.

We had not known these mountains were in the Michigan Peninsula, nor had we known of the Lake of the Clouds, a jewel of a lake in its rocky setting with a high precipice lifting above its rim. In amazement we stood and looked at the stretch of blue water far below our feet. It did, truly, reflect the clouds which floated by overhead. No way was available to drive down to the lake, only by hiking can it be reached. Later we did take a "skyline" hike, walking for miles along the ridge which skirts the area, and observed the lake and beaver meadows from many angles. One day young Bob and energetic Robert completed a ten-mile hike (a scout requirement for Bob's first-class badge) by going down to the edge of the Lake of the Clouds, following the path over a small footbridge and exploring the far meadow.

Our first choice of camp sites was right along the lake at the main campground. Here we were shaded by several tall pine trees. A gentle slope of rock went far enough out into the lake for the boys to wade and splash, skip rocks and build rafts with a minimum of parental supervision. We found a fine sand beach a little distance from the campground with the added attraction of agates for the treasure seekers. And, wonder of wonders, here, along the south side of this huge, crystal-clear lake, the water was *really* warm enough to enjoy swimming!

For a long, happy week we stayed at the main campground, but soon the stories of a primitive island campground began to attract my husband's interest. We *had* to see Presque Isle before we headed back to Iowa, office work, housekeeping chores and school.

We packed up our gear and drove back west. The island site was only 25 miles as the crow flies along the lake shore, but the road wound in and out for 60 miles in getting us there! ("We could have hiked it almost as fast as we drove!" Robert grumbled. But 25 miles of wilderness trails did not appeal to me, so I simply smiled and *kept still!*)

When we reached Presque Isle, we discovered a hike *was* needed to get to the camping area. It was on a *real* island. We packed in all our gear, our water and food. As soon as the tent was set up, the embryo pioneers of the family began to lash together a log raft and set off for Canada to follow the trails of the fur traders or go along the coast of the lake to look for copper mines—I was never sure which, for hunger drove them back to shore before any treasures were discovered.

It was an exceptionally beautiful spot. The Presque river was on two sides of the island and Lake Superior enclosed the rest of it. Waterfalls, as beautiful as any seen anywhere, splashed in scenic beauty.

Only one other family was camped within range of us. A Northwestern University professor, his wife and four children, had literally hewn out a rustic camp far back in the woods. They came down to swim and then disappeared again among the trees to enjoy the solitude for which they had searched out a place.

All this beauty demanded exploration from my family. We crossed the Presque river where the rocks allowed dry footing. We stepped onto a path which led into the wilderness and were soon deep in the hemlock, maple, birch and pine trees which stretched green and brown on either side. The stillness was amazing. Was it our presence that stilled the voices of the forest creatures? Not a bird called; not a whisper of sound was in the trees. One small whine from an insect, the scuffle of the boys' feet and the call of one boy to another was all that broke the calm.

Luxurious ferns grew in the deep shade of the trees. Moss of many varieties and colors hung under fallen logs, lined the roots of trees and edged the streams. Lichens of every imaginable color and shape clung to both dead and living wood. The boys found one, huge, shelf fungus which looked for all the world like a bicycle seat. Tiny fan-like, pure white ones clustered in even rows on an old log. Green and brown lichens like delicate butterfly wings covered another.

Jeffrey rushed delightedly from one lovely growth to another. His ditty bag was soon full and he cajoled his brothers into carrying some of these treasures in theirs.

Every few steps brought a new discovery. A tiny green and yellow snake sunned himself unblinkingly as we tiptoed past; a huge footprint in a

(Continued on page 19)

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

July is the month to take a vacation, hold a family reunion, and to keep the bird baths filled. Your garden is a good spot in which to relax during the hot days but you can't stop gardening altogether.

Unless you applied mulch heavily, there will be a constant battle to keep ahead of the weeds. Any waste material such as sawdust, lawn clippings, old hay or straw will make good mulch material. It is best applied to a freshly weeded area and after a soaking rain. It will smother all but the most daring weeds and hold the moisture in the soil. Our tomato plants are mulched early and heavily, as are melons and cucumbers. The fruits are produced on the clean, deep layer of old hay (because it is available in large quantities) and there is seldom trouble from insects or disease. If you have never used the "mulch method" of growing these vine crops, do try it this summer as you will be surprised how much easier it makes gardening.

Have you tried the liquid method of fertilizing? It is the most effective at this season but should be applied according to the manufacturer's directions. The leaves, stems, and blooms soak up the nutrients in water-soluble plant food and the results are quick and sure. It may be applied with a sprinkling can but should be done after watering or following a rain.

By now the cold frames should be emptied of seedling annual plants. It is a good time to paint all the wooden parts, then renew the soil in them and prepare to plant perennial and biennial seeds for next years' flowers. If you have a summer greenhouse, do collect and wash your flower pots and clean wooden seed flats. They should be stored away until needed again.

House plants that are summering outside should be inspected regularly for insects and disease. Snip back the tops and side shoots to keep the plants shapely and don't let the soil dry out in the azaleas. A feeding of aluminum sulphate every ten days will keep the soil acid. Use 1 teaspoon to a quart of water and alternate feedings with regular fertilizer.

Many people let their lawns go dor-

mant during July and August. It saves water and labor and is right in line with the natural behavior of grass. If you like a green lawn during this period, you must fertilize and water heavily. A light application of fine-milled peat applied over the whole area will expand with water, to form a carpet. This helps prevent evaporation and keeps the grass a rich, verdant green.

This is the time of the season when you can find bargains in many nurseries. Container-grown roses, shrubs, and trees can be set out with little or no set-back if the roots are not disturbed in the process.

BESPATTERED POSIES

By

Erma Reynolds

Don't you hate to see flowers wither and die? A way in which some of their beauty can be preserved is to spatter-print pictures from pressed flowers.

This is a simple craft which requires very little equipment. For the work you will need pressed flowers, an old toothbrush, a 3-or-4-inch square piece of window screen, some spattering liquid such as colored ink, water colors, poster paint, diluted white shoe polish, Easter egg dyes, a shallow dish, old newspapers, straight pins, and construction paper to be used for the background of the picture.

Gather attractive flowers (wild flowers are especially lovely for this work), graceful stems, delicate vines and fern-like leaves. Place the specimens between the pages of an old magazine (or between desk blotters) and press under a heavy weight for about a week until the blossoms are flattened and dehydrated.

When the flowers are ready, spread newspapers on a working surface. Pour the spattering liquid into the shallow dish. Place the flowers, leaves and vines in an attractive design on the background paper, which has been cut to the desired size for your picture. (You'll find that black paper spattered with white is particularly attractive). If the floral specimens do not lie flat use the straight pins to anchor them to the paper.

Hold the window screen about two or three inches above the paper. Dip the toothbrush lightly into the liquid, then tap it gently on the edge of the dish to rid it of excess moisture.

Now, you're ready to "bespatter". Rub the saturated brush across the top of the screen. This causes a fine spray of liquid to spatter through onto the paper beneath the wire. When the spattering has thoroughly dried, remove the pattern and you will find a floral design outlined with tiny dots.

The size and closeness of the dots is controlled by raising and lowering the screen, the amount of liquid on the brush, and the pressure applied to the brush. Experiment until you get pleasing results.

When "bespattered posies" are framed they make charming decorations for the home, and original items for gift-giving.



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VACATION-TIME PARTY

What could be more fun for the theme of a summer get-together than Vacation-Time? If someone is leaving on a trip, these ideas could easily be adapted for a going-away party. If a neighbor is moving to a new community, a number of the games would fit in nicely with a farewell. For stay-at-homes, who would like to be going on a trip, this theme can be a practical way to put *daydreams* into use. Many of the suggestions are usable for a children's or young people's party, for travel and trains and boats and airplanes are a delight to the young-in-years. But they also suit the young-in-heart, so take these ideas, adapt them to your group, and have a pleasant journey!

INVITATIONS

The invitations can be written in the form of tickets to a particular destination. Give the location of the party as the "loading area" and have some exotic country as the "landing dock". (If this is to be a farewell or a bon voyage party, the destination could be the same as that of the honored guests.) The invitation could also be made in the shape of a road map. You can make up an imaginary map and give directions to the home, church or park where the party is to be held. Suggest that the guests wear

"travel clothes" so the theme of informality will prevail.

ENTERTAINMENT

Icebreaker: As each guest arrives, give him a pencil and a sheet of paper upon which is written something for him to do. He must circulate among the other guests to find the answers. Here are a few suggestions:

1. List the names of the guests who have flown in an airplane.
2. Find out who knows what an *anemometer* is.
3. Find out the best way to take a vacation snapshot.
4. Find out the best way to pitch a tent.
5. Ask each guest where he took his last vacation.
6. Ask each guest where he plans to take his next vacation.
7. Find out which guest has taken the longest trip, and where.

Ship Ahoy: Seat the players in a circle and tell them they are in a ship's "cabin". The leader is the "Captain" and the players are all "passengers". The "Captain" calls out, "Ship ahoy! What craft do you see?" As he says this, he points to one of the players who must name some kind of watercraft before the "Captain" counts to ten. If the player does not name one not previously mentioned in the allotted time, he must change places with the "Captain". If anyone

fails for the second time, he must drop out of the game. The one who remains in the "cabin" the longest is the winner.

Charades: This type of party lends itself perfectly to the playing of the fine guessing game, charades. Make out a list of places to go, modes of transportation and/or the parts of a certain vehicle. Give each guest one of the items which he must act out for the others to identify. Imagine the fun when someone tries to demonstrate a "wheel" or an "airplane wing"

Train Ride: Assign each player the name of a part of a train. Have the players seated in a circle. The leader tells a story which brings in each name assigned. As he mentions the part of the train, the player who has been given that name goes over to the leader and puts his hands on the shoulder of the player in front of him. Finally, everyone is standing in a line with the leader in front. The leader continues his story: "The train goes faster, and faster—", and he begins to move, slowly at first and then faster and faster, around the circle and in and out among the chairs, the entire line of players following. Then he says, "Suddenly the train pulled into the station and everyone got OFF!" At the word "OFF", the players drop arms and scramble for a chair as quickly as possible. The last one to find his chair becomes "It" for the next game.

This game is excellent to play out-of-doors with trees as the base. When the train goes fast, the line can really get up steam and run in and out among the trees. When it goes into the station and the leader yells "Off", each player finds a tree to touch. Airplanes, automobiles or ocean liners may be used instead of a train if it fits the occasion better.

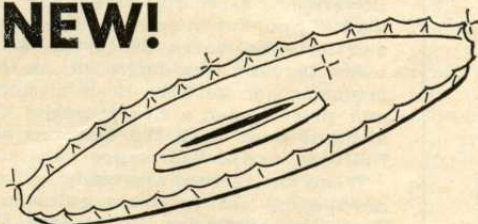
Travel Quiz: Give each guest a pencil and piece of paper and ask him to write down the names of as many of the 50 states as he can remember. Be sure and have a list available so the leader can check the winner.

Chariot Race: Not many people travel by chariot these days, but this relay race is lots of fun! Try it out-of-doors or in a large recreation room. Divide into teams. Have each team get into groups of three to form chariots and riders. The two players on the outside reach across the front of the middle player and join their *inside* hands. The player in the center position (the driver) reaches both his hands *over* the joined hands of the other two and takes their free hands in his. Have the "chariots" line up in order for the two sides. On a signal, the first "chariot" from each line runs to a goal line and back, touching off the next trio, who repeat the race. The game is over when the last group of three in each team has gone to the goal line and back to the end of their own team line.

Geography: Naturally, when you are taking a trip, you need to know something about geography. Have the players sit in a circle. The first player gives the name of a well-known city or town. The second player must give the name of a city or town which

(Continued on next page)

NEW!



From Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

and only 75¢ and 3 box-tops!



What is it? It's the handiest, dandiest, prettiest premium we've seen in a long time! It's a combination drip-pan and server, and how you'll love it.

Slip it under a pie or casserole in your oven, and see how it catches every drip, spill or boil-over! And, with its gracefully fluted edges and lustrous coppertone finish, it's party-pretty, too! Use it for serving cookies or sandwiches, or fit a bowl of dip in the center and surround with chips or crackers.

And the nicest part's the price: only 75¢ with three boxtops from that wonderful, hard-working **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. You'll be needing lots of **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** for summer scrub-ups all through the house, so save the boxtops for your own coppertone server-drip pan.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

You go through the motions . . .

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner does the work!

begins with the last letter of the name given by the first player. Continue around the circle. Example: Lincoln, Newton, New York, Kingston, Newport, Toronto, Ottumwa, Atlanta, etc.

Road Map: Take a road map of the United States and cut it up into states. Use each individual state as a pattern and trace it onto a piece of light cardboard or construction paper. Pass these unidentified states to the guests and ask them to identify them. Then have a bulletin board or a large sheet of cardboard. Start anywhere in the group and have one player fasten his states to the board. The next player then places his states in position and so on until all of the states are in as accurate a position as the memories of the players permit.

DECORATIONS

Road maps, travel posters, time-tables, waiting rooms and landing ramps could all be tied in with the decorations. Beg or borrow real items or draw and make-up imaginary ones. Toy trains, buses, cars, airplanes and ships might be used in a variety of ways, either to decorate a room or as a centerpiece. Paper engineer or captain caps would be fun for a children's party. The same idea would be appropriate for adults attending an outdoor barbecue or picnic.

Whether this party is held indoors or outside, fix up a long table to resemble the counter of a highway eating place. You could use a long table or boards placed over sawhorses and covered with oilcloth. Place a few of the common stand-up advertising signs on it. Paint several posters to hang behind the table. Mark one poster or blackboard with the MENU, giving queer names and wild prices! Use the napkin holders, catsup bottles, salt and pepper shakers, toothpick dispensers, etc. usually found at a roadside eatery. The refreshments could be served restaurant style or each guest could be a chef and make his own sandwiches. This adapts nicely to an outdoor barbecue or picnic, for each person can choose his own combinations and cook over the grill or campfire himself. If the guests are of dependable age, conclude with a marshmallow roast.

SORTING OLD TRUNKS

Today the curtain of the past rolled back;
Old memories came to life to haunt my hours
With ecstasy and pain as stark dried flowers
Fell from yellowed pages, and an oblong crack
In a cup, brought tears into my eyes.
Old letters, pictures, beads and baby shoes,
Old dolls and toys and items of historic news
Brought memories of youth when I felt wise.

Old trunks can tear at heart strings that are numb
With disillusionment from life gone stale,
And once again we capture from the past
The lilting hopes and passions too long dumb;
We search and wonder why we all too often fail,
Or why we wreck our cherished dreams at last.

—Alice G. Harvey

HIDDEN TREASURES

By

Alice G. Harvey

Have you looked through that old trunk or box in the attic recently? The chances are that you may find some real treasures or at least some very useful or artistic items that can become a part of your daily living.

Whether you live in an old home like the house of my ancestors, or in a small cottage, there will be accumulations of former days. Everyone has an innate tendency of "keeping things", whether dance programs and souvenirs of happy occasions or just old pieces of furniture and clothing. Get it out; look it over; make use of it.

A short time ago I opened up two old trunks and found long-forgotten things which I re-evaluated and treated accordingly. The most treasured possession was a seventy-five-year-old wax doll of my mother's. Then came a shell-covered sewing box which now makes an attractive addition to my coffee table. There was a silver castor which I have polished and placed in a cabinet.

Old buttons, books and cards were valuable to collectors. And the hundred-year-old black leather trunk itself was purchased by an antique dealer.

Old jewelry has been put into use—earrings made from old pins, and rings polished up and put in use.

A yellowed envelope with "three cents paid" marked in the upper right-hand corner before stamps were used, sold to a collector as did a Civil War letter from a great uncle. Stamps from old letters were given to a neighbor boy.

Oh yes, and by no means least was a 70-year-old sheet which I welcomed with great delight. Made of fine material, this has been added to my present diminishing supply. But even with many years wear still ahead, I



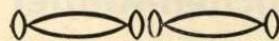
Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker \$1.95

Your name (or any wording up to 17 letters and numbers) gleams on both sides of your DAY-NIGHT Marker in permanent raised letters that reflect light! Fits any mailbox—easy to install. Rustproof aluminum, baked enamel finish; black background, white letters. Perfect for gifts! Shipped within 48 hrs. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only \$1.95 postpaid. Spear Engineering Co., 606-3 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

shall treat it with respect, to be used on special occasions and for guests.

In many homes there are old clothes which can be made into lovely modern dresses or suits. Or, if beyond wear, they can be used in rug-making.

There may be buried treasures in that attic up under the roof. So investigate and you may find happy surprises.



The design of the American flag was probably borrowed from the family arms of General Washington, which consisted of three stars in the upper portion and three bars across the escutcheon.

LISTEN —

to the Kitchen-Klatter program each weekday morning

LISTEN —

for new recipes and household helps.

LISTEN —

while you rest and have a cup of coffee or a cold drink.

KSMN Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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

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

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

KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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

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

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

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No Experience Necessary. \$5 an hour easy in spare time. Endless demand for lovely, original Cake Decorations and luscious, Professional Candy for Xmas, Easter, Weddings, Birthdays, Parties, all holidays and occasions. WE SHOW YOU HOW to turn your kitchen into a gold mine. No capital required, start your own business small, grow big. No age or educational limits. Big Money from churches,

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HOW THE LOWLY POTATO SAVED A NATION

by
Frances DeCook

Can you imagine starving people refusing to eat potatoes? Incredible as it seems, in France about 180 years ago during the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, that is exactly what happened.

The chief food crop of France had always been wheat, but there had been several years of crop failures and the supply of grain had dwindled until it was almost exhausted. The suffering among the poor was terrible.

Everyone, including the King and Queen, was becoming more and more concerned, not only for the welfare of the people themselves but for the safety of the country. The King realized that in her weakened state France would be very vulnerable in case of outside attack. "What can be done to save the nation?" was the cry on the lips of every thoughtful Frenchman.

Baron Antoine Parmentier, a very learned, titled man, lived in France at this time. He was a pharmacist who had long been interested in the nutritional value of foods. Potatoes especially attracted his attention as they grew quite easily in France (even when the wheat crops were a complete failure). But potatoes were new to the people and they refused to eat them.

The Baron had first become acquainted with the tubers when he was a military prisoner in the stockade of Frederick the Great of Germany. When he returned to France he made an intensive study of the chemistry of the potato and found it to be very nutritious as well as palatable. But to get the people to eat them was something else again!

This great man tried very hard to interest his countrymen in planting potatoes, but it was no use. They just laughed at the poor Baron and told him he was wasting his time. Some even thought him demented. Meanwhile, France continued to suffer.

But Baron Parmentier loved his country and his people and, though blocked at every turn, he refused to be discouraged and determined to get them to raise and eat potatoes.

At last he managed to get the King interested in this strange new food and between them they worked out a plan. Thus began one of the strangest promotion campaigns in history!

First, the Baron sent as a gift to the King a box of potato plants in full bloom. The King wore some of the flowers in his buttonhole to state functions. Queen Marie Antoinette appeared at a grand ball with a wreath of the creamy blossoms in her hair. One day Parmentier gave a banquet for celebrities—among them Benjamin Franklin—in which the whole dinner menu consisted of potatoes cooked in various ways.

The King also gave Baron Parmentier one hundred acres of land near Paris for the purpose of growing potatoes. Soldiers were posted day and night to guard the so-called precious plants.

All this aroused the curiosity of the people (as the King and Parmentier thought it would) and they came to observe the strange proceedings. By the time the potatoes were ready to eat the local folk had begun to think that if potatoes were so *precious* they must be very good. It wasn't long until they came at night to steal them. This was exactly what the King and Parmentier hoped they would do and had given orders to the guards to pretend not to see them.

As the people stole the tubers they ate them; as they ate them they liked them. It wasn't long until everyone was planting lots of potatoes and relishing them.

Not only in France, but all over the world the potato has a long history of keeping people alive during famines and other disasters. They were discovered in 1537 when a Spanish conquistador and his hungry band, out looking for gold, first found them in a raid on an Indian village high in the Andes in Peru. The Spanish soldiers confiscated the small, yellow-fleshed, purple-skinned roots they found in the Indian huts, cooked them, ate them, pronounced them good and called them *papata*. As the potato, it has since spread throughout the entire world and is today the world's leading vegetable.

So, the next time you watch a pat of golden butter melt into the steaming-white flakiness of a baked potato and savor a fork full of its delectable goodness, remember how hard brave people had to fight so it could find an honored place on dinner tables. Remember, too, the unusual publicity campaign put on by Baron Antoine Parmentier to promote the potato and save his beloved France from starvation.

A GAME OF BIBLICAL CHARACTERS

Every sentence contains a blank space to be filled in by naming a person mentioned in the Bible. Some of these are a play on words so stretch your imagination when you start answering.

1. For breakfast we ate..... and eggs. Ham
2. I new song. Noah
3. Take these figures and go Adam
4. He pony to town. Rhoda
5. The room is too stuffy. It needs a good Aaron
6. A millionaire has a of money. Lot
7. She took her pencil a picture. Andrew
8. I dropped a rock on my toe and now it is Achan
9. Much sugar is raised in Louisiana. Cain
10. I will do it if I am Abel
11. Billy took his red crayon and made a big on the wall. Mark
12. The brought the plane down safely. Pilate
13. The minister will the couple. Mary
14. We will go on Christmas Eve

—Mildred Cathcart

"Little Ads"

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

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SENSATIONAL NEW LONGER-BURNING LIGHT BULB. Amazing Free Replacement Guarantee—never again buy light bulbs. No competition. Multi-million dollar market yours alone. Make small fortune even spare time. Incredibly quick sales. Free sales kit. Merlite (Bulb Div.), 114 E. 32nd, Dept. C-74W, New York 16.

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CASH AND S & H GREEN STAMPS given for new and used goose and duck feathers. Top prices, S & H GREEN STAMPS, free tags, shipping instructions. Write today! On used feathers mail small sample. Northwestern Feather Co., 212 Scribner, N. W., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

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CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD— Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. Free Information Rose Industries, Heyworth Building, Chicago 2.

LEARN EXPERT Cake Decorating, Candy Making. Free Details to housewives! Candy & Cake, Dept. D-283, Fallbrook, California.

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PEANUT PIXIES

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

LAKE SUPERIOR—Concluded

damp hollow indicated the presence of a bear; a tiny chipmunk scurried as we neared a hollow tree. Purple and red berries, soft-brown pine needles and the various shades of green from the different species of trees and ferns gave the hues of the deep forest variety and beauty.

Reluctantly, we turned our footsteps down toward the lake and hiked back to camp upon the sand and rocks which edged the water.

Only two days were left of our vacation which could be spent in this idyllic, rustic spot. As the sun disappeared into a copper-colored lake on the last evening, Robert lit a big campfire for a final, quiet rendezvous: just our family, a full moon shining through the heavy trees, the soft lapping of the waves of Lake Superior and a feeling that, for the moment, life was perfect.

ROCKING CHAIR IN KITCHEN

Old Rocking Chair,
Sitting in the sun,
I will be there when dishes are done,
When kitchen is swept
And salad set—just keep on
Inviting me to come,
Inviting me to come.

My old black rocker
Makes conversation,—
"Room for a rocker!
Oh, this is gay fun!
Bet you love it," my friends all say
As they drop into its arms
With mischievous aplomb,
With mischievous aplomb.

My Old Black Rocker,
One day soon,
Though dinner's not hot —
All duties are forgot —
And the neighbors all swoon, —
I will rock in the sun
As I happily succumb,
As I happily succumb.
—Mollie Wright

If You Sell Christmas Cards... You Want to MAKE THE MOST EXTRA CASH



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

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

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Corn strips right off the cob with one easy stroke when you use this marvelous all-steel Kernel Cutter. Prepare all the corn you want for freezing, canning, cooking, or creaming in minutes — cut a whole year's supply in an hour! Self adjusting; works on any size ear; trims off clean, whole kernels without crushing or mashing a one! Money-back guarantee. Kernel Cutter, only \$1.95, postpaid. Walter Drake, 2507 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs 9, Colo.

FUN BIBLE QUIZ

1. In a courthouse, there are many (Judges)
2. Wise sayings from the Bible are (Proverbs)
3. In arithmetic class we learn all about (Numbers)
4. John took the chalk and made a on the blackboard. (Mark)
5. Daddy goes to work in an office, and he likes his (Job)
6. People who live in one of the largest cities in Italy are called (Romans)
7. It's easy to tell when Jim is happy by the way he (Acts)

Join us every day, Monday through Saturday, for the *Kitchen-Klatter* radio visit.



HEY MOM!

Please
Use
"KITCHEN-
KLATTER"

NO-CALORIE SWEETENER in our SUMMER DRINKS

SUMMER SPECIAL MILK MIX

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie
Sweetener

4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring

Combine and keep in capped bottle
until needed.

Use $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. of this concentrated
mix to 1 cup of milk.

THE BUY OF THE YEAR!

We've always offered terrific premiums, but these extremely handsome **SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS** are an unbelievable bargain—the kind you simply aren't going to come across anyplace else.

Take action today—don't lose out on this wonderful premium.

Send \$1.00 and 3 cap liners from **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** to Kitchen-Klatter in Shenandoah, Iowa. We pay the postage.

Kitchen-Klatter Products Co.
Shenandoah, Iowa

OLD GLORY FOREVER

Against a sky of graying blue
Our flag wafts proudly to and fro,
From thirteen stars to fifty stars
We have seen our nation's status
grow.

Our pride is the field of sturdy blue
In which white stars have multiplied;
Our regard is for stripes, both red
and white,
Where courage and honor are typified.

Salute! to the motto evoked by our
flag!
Here valor and action walk with close-
clashed hands;
May we always keep country and
standard from shame
And America's justice esteemed in all
lands.

—Eugenie G. O'Brien

MOSAIC IN BLACK AND SILVER

The night holds magic wrought by its
mosaic
Of black and silver for the dreaming
earth;
The dewdrop's twinkle never grows
archaic
In evanescent luster from its birth.
The crescent moon sails with a supple
grace
Above dark meadows where gay
crickets sing,
And spreading cedar trees weave
shadow lace
Where birdlings nestle under mother's
wing.
Petunia fragrance mingles with the
scent
Of roses as the pansies smile in sleep.
Some coins of loveliness will be un-
spent
By me, this ended day, and I may
keep
Them for the purchase of another
dream
When winter dominates the imaged
theme!

—Thelma Allinder

BEGIN TODAY

Dream not too much of what you will
do tomorrow,
How well you will work perhaps
another year;
Tomorrow's chance you do not need to
borrow—
Today is here!

Boast not too much of mountains you
will master,
The while you linger in the vale
below;
To dream is well, but plodding brings
us faster
To where we go.

Talk not too much about some new
endeavor
You mean to make a little later on;
Who idles now will idle on forever
Till life is done.

Swear not some day to break some
habit's fetter,
When this old year is dead and
passed away;
If you have need of living wiser,
better,
Begin today!