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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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Mrs. Frederick Driftmier and Guest

MRS. W. E. PEARSON
302 HAMBURG AVE
ST. JOSEPH, MO. NOV 63



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Margery Driftmier Strom

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Dear Friends:

This has been a lovely June day—just the kind the poet was thinking of when he wrote: "What is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever come perfect days when heaven tries earth if it be in tune, and over it gently her warm ear lays. Every clod feels a stir of might, an instinct within it that reaches and towers, and striving blindly above it for light, climbs to a soul in grass and flowers." And then closes with the line: "It's as easy now for the heart to be true as the grass to be green and the sky to be blue. It's the natural way of living."

Don't we wish that we could hold these days? My sister Jessie is spending the weekend with us and this morning we worked in our backyard flower garden. The beauty bush, which held its blossoms longer than usual due to the cool, damp weather, made a huge canopy of pink over the iris and peonies. Yes, in my estimation, June is the most beautiful time of the year!

The past month has been a busy one at our house. The paper hangers finished their work and I was able to get everything back in its place in good time. I mentioned this project last month, but I didn't tell you about the colors.

Our bedroom paper is pale pink with specks of white and gold. The room adjoining it, which we call the office, is done in a companion paper with occasional sprays of flowers. The hall and bathroom carry on the pink color scheme. I like the new kitchen paper very much. It had been most difficult to change this paper for I was so fond of the pattern that I doubted if I could find a new one to suit me as well. Finally, however, I ran across one that I liked very much. It is a blue and white paper which harmonized so well with our old floor covering that we decided to dismiss the idea of laying a new floor. All of the woodwork in these rooms was given another coat of

white paint, so everything looks fresh and new.

The everyday silver is shined, the curtains are washed, and everything is in readiness for the visits from our children. By the time you read this letter they will have come and gone, leaving us many happy memories.

I feel those of you who read *Kitchen-Klatter* need no introduction to our seven children and their families. But for those of you who are newcomers to our circle of readers, we will have many pictures to share with you soon, for all the cameras will be out and ready for action when they arrive.

We are fortunate that three of our children have homes within a few blocks of us so there will be plenty of room for everyone. When we are all together, there will be 28 of us! Our family is so scattered that we haven't had a real reunion for more years than we can remember.

Right now we are planning what food can be prepared in advance and stored in our freezers. There will be some big meals to get on the tables—"plain honest food", as Lucile says, "and plenty of it!"

If the weather is favorable, we plan to have some picnics. One of them will be at Manti, a lovely woody spot near Shenandoah where the Mormons established a little settlement in the early days. The buildings have long disappeared, but in recent years the old cemetery has been cared for and a nice little park has been created. Some of the children haven't seen this area for many years and have expressed a desire to visit it during their vacation with us. My brother Henry had cabins there in the years that his children were growing up and our children have many wonderful memories of good times at Manti when they joined the Fields for weekends.

My memories of Manti go back further than that, for my father taught school there before I was born. As we were growing up, we also liked to walk over

to Manti and look for the old wagon trails, evidences of building foundations, etc., just as the next generation enjoyed their explorations of the vicinity.

Lucile and Margery entertained my Thursday Club this past month. One of my dear friends, Grace Lewis, and I were scheduled for the last meeting of the year and we were very happy when the girls asked if they might have a luncheon at Lucile's house. We were served at small tables in front of the large windows facing the garden, which was an array of color, and, needless to say, their food was delicious!

These are exciting days, waiting for the children, and I'll confess that I've needed something to keep me occupied—something quieting! The girls sensed this, so Dorothy sent down some more embroidery transfers and Lucile and Margery brought up some pillow slips and tea towels for me to work on. It didn't take long to work my way through those and I wondered what else I might make.

One afternoon when Margery stopped in for a chat, I was recalling my mother's last piece of handwork—a necktie pillow top. I have kept it among my precious things, the needle and thread still in it, just as she left it. I decided right then and there that I would make one just like it. I dug out a box of old neckties from the back of Mart's closet and I'm setting pieces together in feather stitching.

We have no piano at our house, so when groups meet with me, I suggest that we listen to sacred records for part of the devotional period. We have recently added to our collection the beautiful sacred duets by Jo Stafford and Gordon MacRae. (This record was advertised in the June issue, so perhaps many of you ordered it.) If I had a favorite hymn on this record it would be "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere". This was sung at my mother's memorial service.

Right now we're without a record player for our old television-radio-phonograph combination has been replaced with a new color television set. We would find it difficult to be without a phonograph because we enjoy our lovely recordings so much, so we're looking for a new small one—one that won't take up much room.

Mart has gone out to sit on the front porch, so I'll join him for a while before starting supper. Our evening meal is our light meal of the day, so it doesn't take long to prepare it or eat it. Then we return to the front porch to enjoy the evening hours before the sun is completely out of sight.

Sincerely,

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Folks, One and All:

When I "got off" on the subject of blenders, carving meat at the table and entertaining (this was in the May issue), I certainly didn't dream that so many, many women would take time to write and express their own opinions on these subjects.

Your letters made for absolutely fascinating reading--every night I went to bed with big thick folders of them and enjoyed myself enormously. There were well over three thousand of them (they are still coming in, I might add) and this number of opinions seems to me to stack up to a pretty good overall picture.

Now I'd like to say first that on the subject of blenders there is no neutral ground whatsoever. People have no use for them at all or they feel very strongly that it's a wonderful appliance. . . . no middle-ground. Almost without exception the people who find their blender a great help told me that I had not learned to use it correctly and gave me suggestions from their own experience. These suggestions sounded reasonable and left me with the fretful feeling that perhaps I was doing my blender an injustice!

However, the overwhelming expression of opinion was "agin" them and just at random I'll pick up some of the comments from a few letters out of this tremendous collection.

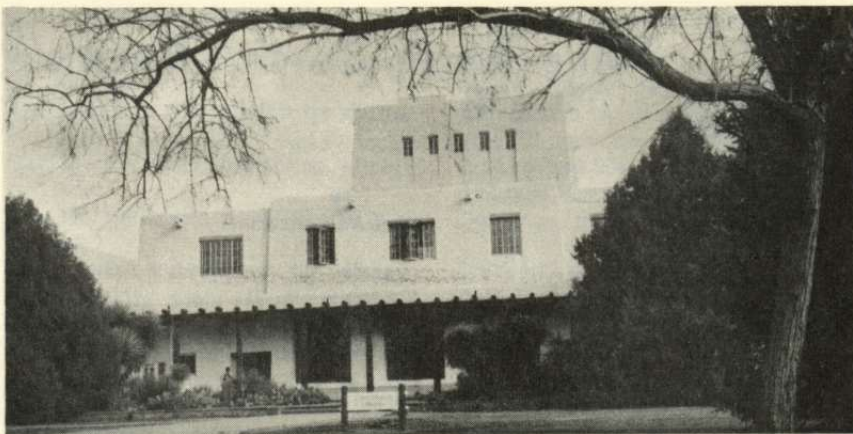
"Yes, Lucile, every woman should buy a blender. Then she should bury it so deep that no future generations can ever find it!"

"After giving up on my blender I took it to a white elephant sale at our church and the woman who bought it was just thrilled to death to get it. I asked her about six months later how she liked it and she said she had stored it in a box of stuff she was collecting for the next white elephant sale."

"I read the same article you read, Lucile, and I reacted the way you did, so I got my blender down from the top shelf in the garage where it had stood for seven years and gave it another try. The blender is back in the garage."

"My blender was such a disappointment to me that I put it in what my husband calls our shiny junk box, but last summer I decided to give it to my daughter-in-law so her two children could make soft drinks in it, malts, etc. When she was here the other day she told me she certainly wished I had kept it in the shiny junk box because the children made such a mess that she'd put it on the top shelf in the pantry."

"I gave my blender to the local nursing home and I surely hope they



Looking through Juliana's collection of pictures, I found this one of the library at the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque.

can somehow get some good out of it."

Well, you can see that these are pretty strong opinions. But the people who find their blenders invaluable spoke up with equal spirit and conviction, so you can see why I said that there was no neutral ground.

The subject of carving at the table seems to have "hit home" to an awful lot of women! There were only nine letters from women who said that their husbands carved at the table, enjoyed doing it and were real masters at the job. These women all said that they found it a great relief to have their husbands carve at the table because this gave them precious time to take up hot food and look after last minute details.

In view of the fact that there are to date over three thousand letters and only nine spoke up in favor of carving at the table, I guess you'll agree that this would have to be considered a minority opinion!

Here are some of the comments on this subject.

"I get goose-flesh when I think of my husband trying to carve *anything* at the table. It would end with the meat up in the chandelier or in someone's lap."

"My husband couldn't even get the wing off of a chicken, to say nothing of cutting slices from the breast."

"I have real good help from my husband when it comes to carving meat, but this is always done in the kitchen to avoid a mess at the table."

(Many, many men do a good job of carving, according to these reports, but the job is always done in the kitchen--not at the dining room table.)

"All the years I was growing up my mother nagged at my father to carve at the table when we had company and he flatly refused--said he had grown up in a home where this was always done and could never remember getting the piece of meat he really wanted. I married a man who had had exactly

the same kind of a childhood experience, so there's never been any argument about it in our house. I cut up the meat in the kitchen and that's that."

"In our family we've found a solution that seems to please everyone. Instead of buying one huge turkey for holiday dinners, we buy two smaller ones and roast them together. One goes to the table and stands there in glory for those members of our family who prefer seeing the whole bird. The other is cut in the kitchen and served. Then for a late lunch just before everyone goes home, we cut up the one that has done its duty in the dining room."

"When I was newly married I tried to have a big company meal with my husband carving the roast at the table--I had in mind just about the kind of a scene you described. I never tried it again."

And this final comment from a woman with a delightful sense of humor:

"I cut up all the meat that's served at our house because my husband is a surgeon and he's accustomed to working so meticulously and with such precision that everything would be stone cold if he were ever turned loose to do the job."

The comments on entertaining are so varied that it is completely impossible to draw up a crystal clear picture such as can be drawn on the other two subjects.

Circumstances and age seem to color the situation to a great degree. On the whole, older people seem to do much less entertaining than they did at an earlier time. (There are many, many exceptions to this, but by and large this seems to be true.) In most cases they explained the situation by saying that their old friends had moved away, that they had much less energy to get up a company meal, that it seemed harder somehow to get people together, or that so many of the people whom

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"The Earth Is the Lord's"

An Outdoor Vesper Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown

If you are the leader of a youth group, a Sunday school teacher, the mother of a youngster belonging to some organization, sometime during the summer you are quite likely to be called upon to help plan an outdoor worship service. And what lovelier, more inspiring setting for a worship service is there than God's great outdoors? Perhaps you can even start a new tradition in your adult Sunday school class of holding such a service following an evening picnic. If such a program is on your summer memorandum, I hope this suggested service will help you to carry through a most inspiring hour of worship.

Call to Worship: The reading of the 23rd Psalm.

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth".

Prayer: Heavenly Father, here in this quiet hour we can truly say with the Psalmist "how great is Thy beauty around us". How manifold are Thy works! In wisdom Thou hast made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches. Grant that we may ever be aware of the beauty of the earth, the glory of the skies, the bounteous harvests of Nature, that Thou dost shower upon us. Help us to take time often from our busy lives to seek a quiet spot alone with Nature that we may feel Thy presence nearer to us, that we thus know more clearly Thy will for us. Amen.

(If those taking the part of the Voices for the following quietly withdraw a short distance from the group, it will be most effective.)

1st VOICE: *The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof:*

2nd VOICE: *The world, and they that dwell therein.*

1st V.: *For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.*

2nd V.: *Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?*

1st V.: *Or who shall stand in His holy place?*

2nd V.: *He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;*

1st V.: *Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.*

2nd V.: *He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,*

1st V.: *And righteousness from the God of his salvation.*

2nd V.: *O sing unto the Lord a new*

song; sing to the Lord, all the earth!
1st V.: *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*

BOTH VOICES: *Serve the Lord with gladness! Come into his presence with singing! Know that the Lord is God! His steadfast love endures forever, and His faithfulness to all generations.*

Hymn: "All Things Bright and Beautiful". (This may also be used as a reading with a musical background if someone plays a trumpet, accordion, or other instrument.)

Meditation: I'd like to share with you something which appeared in a newspaper advertisement, a little soliloquy on a way of Life. "I've heard it said the world's a dismal place. But I know better, for I have seen the dawn, and walked in the splendor of a morning's sun, blinked at the brilliance of the dew, and beheld the gold and crimson of an autumn landscape.

"I've heard it said the world is sad. I can't agree, for I have heard the cheerful songs of feathered masters, heard the low laughter of the leaves, and the everlasting chuckle of a mountain brook.

"I've heard it said the world's a musty, sordid thing. It can't be true, for I've seen the rain, watched it bathe the earth, the very air, and I have seen the sky, newly scrubbed and spotless, blue from end to end, and I've watched the winter's snow drape tree and bush, to look like Nature's freshly laundered linen hung to dry.

"I've even heard it said the world is evil. But they are wrong. I have known its people, watched them die to save a freedom, bleed to save life, spend of themselves to stem disaster, of their wealth to ease distress. I have watched them live, love, and labor, and watched them hope, dream, and pray, and labor side by side.

"I have heard them say these things. But I would disagree because, for every shadow, I have seen a hundred rays of light, for every plaintive note, I've heard a symphony of joy, for every pennyweight of bad, I have found a ton of good. . . good in nature, in people, in the world.

"And I'm thankful I belong."

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; . . . bless the Lord O my soul and forget not his benefits.

LEADER: To have composed a beau-

tiful anthem for a great nation is an inspiring achievement in itself, but to have composed it at the age of twenty-four is indeed extraordinary. The young man must have loved his native land very much. Written in 1832, when America itself was still a young nation, it seems most fitting that this patriotic hymn should have been written by a youthful spirit. It is to Samuel Francis Smith, a native of Boston, graduate of Harvard, and later of Andover Theological Seminary, that we are indebted for our beloved patriotic anthem, "America".

It is another minister, who, as a lad of 16, first came to know the joy of following Christ's teachings, and the peace and blessings of living a Christian life, who in later years gave us the words to the lovely hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds". Many others have found inspiration and joy in singing these two great hymns. Let us sing the first three verses of "America", then a stanza of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds", and finally, then with heads bowed, sing the last verse of "America" as it was written — as a united prayer. I wonder if we might now stand in a friendship circle, joining hands as we sing these hymns in this manner.

Singing of the Two Hymns as Described Above.

Benediction: The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen.

(If someone in your group plays the trumpet, it is lovely to have "Day Is Dying in the West" played as a trumpet solo, perhaps from a distant hillside, as the finale to this service.)

WOODLAND ENCHANTMENT

White clover dots a patch or two of grass

Beside the old, familiar way I pass
Within the magic of sweet solitude,
Where only pleasing sounds are heard;
no rude

Encroaching noise assumes a tyrant role

Where woodland shadows subtly trace a scroll;

Wild grape vines fashion clinging draperies

For sturdy oaks, tall ash, and cedar trees.

I glimpse enchantment everywhere I look

Within this place—not only in the nook,
For Beauty walks with me on gentle feet,

Along the path that leads to my retreat!

—Thelma Allinder

THE FREDERICK DRIFTMIERS ENTERTAIN RUSSIAN VISITORS

When one is the minister of a large urban church life is never dull. Years ago when I first talked to my Betty about the possibilities of our being married, I warned her that as the wife of a clergyman she would never know from one day to the next what unusual demands might be made upon her time and interests. How many, many times she has had reason to remember my warning.

This past month the most unusual request was made of us. We were asked to entertain in our home a small party of men and women from Russia who were here as the guests of our government and the YMCA for the purpose of seeing how Americans live. Our home was the only home of a clergyman that the Russians were shown, and it was chosen because of the fact that I have visited Russia. It was hoped that as a result of the visit, the Russians would return to their country with some idea of the truth about Americans. It was also hoped that we Americans would learn something about the Russians that would be helpful in the efforts our country is now making to win the cold war.

What an exciting occasion it turned out to be! For several days we thought about the menu. Our first thought was to serve roast beef, but then we were reminded of the fact that most Europeans like their beef cooked until it is very, very done, and we Americans like our beef a bit on the rare side. We then considered serving that international favorite, chicken or turkey, but we learned the Russians were going to be served that at some of the other dinners being given for them. Finally, we made up our minds to serve roast lamb. With the lamb we had baked potatoes, green beans with almonds, and a tossed salad. For dessert we had a lemon chiffon pudding and cookies.

Before our four Russian guests and the American interpreter arrived, I cautioned the family to try and avoid arguing with our guests. I said: "No matter what they say about America, don't argue." But guess who broke the rule? I got into a friendly argument before they had been in the house ten minutes! When my voice got a bit loud and strained, Betty warned me to be on my good behavior, and soon things were back to normal.

One thing that amused me so very much was the attitude they took toward some of our household furnishings. Because I have been to Russia, I happen to know from firsthand experience that very few Russian homes have electric refrigerators, and almost none



Rev. Frederick Driftmier and his wife, Betty, seated at the left, are pictured here with the Russian guests and their interpreter.

of their homes have automatic clothes dryers or dish washers, and so when one of the Russians said: "Oh yes, all of our homes have these things, but they are much larger and more efficient than yours", I just couldn't help but argue a bit. Just as soon as they realized that I had been to their country and knew the truth about such matters, they became much more cautious.

We were surprised to learn that not all of them were members of the Communist Party. The head of the delegation was a party member, and a young journalist in the group was a party member, but the young forestry engineer from Siberia was not, and neither was the lady in the group. Incidentally, the lady was a scientist. In their conversations it was easy to pick out the Communists, for they were always asking questions that were meant to put us on the defensive. While all of them were polite, the non-party members were just a bit more gracious and smiling.

In so many ways, they looked and acted just like Americans. They were wearing nice clothes, but two of the men did not have raincoats or overcoats even though here in New England in May we do still have some chilly, damp weather. One of the men wanted to know how many days it would take to have a suit dry cleaned and returned to him, and when we told him that it could be done in less than a day, he was impressed.

None of these people ever had been outside of their country before, and I doubt if any of the members of their family ever had been outside of the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republic. They tried very hard not to appear too impressed with anything they saw here, but we could observe some of the things that did impress them. They were completely bewildered by the number of automobiles they saw everywhere, and were even more surprised by the number and quality of our many streets and highways. They found it hard to believe

that living in our parsonage there were only four people. In Russia an eight-room house like our parsonage would have at least two families in it, and perhaps three. Our home is very modest by American standards, but we noticed how they admired our carpets, drapes and furniture. Although they didn't say anything about them, we could see how they looked at them with wide eyes.

They were taken by surprise when at the dinner table we all bowed our heads and said a Grace. The two Communists did not bow their heads at all, but the two non-party members did. In the living room they saw a Bible and they all spent some time looking at it. They wanted to know if I could get them a copy of it in Russian. Of course I couldn't get them a Russian Bible here in the city, but I told them they could probably get one when they went to New York City.

I found out that the Russians knew nothing about how we in America support our churches. They thought that we forced the people to give so much a year. When I told them how much our people freely give to the work of the church, I am sure that they just could not believe me. They were most puzzled when my son David said that when he grew up he would like to be a missionary. They thought that he meant he would like to go abroad as a secret agent for our government, but when I explained that he wanted to work as a servant of Jesus Christ, they smiled and said: "Oh, now we understand! He wants to be just like his father. Aren't you happy?"

Our Russian guests were most interested in questioning David about his school work. They wanted to know what he learned about Russia in the sixth grade. David said: "We don't learn a great deal, but we do study something about Russia."

"Did you learn about the glorious revolution of our people?" they asked. "Oh yes," said David. "We read about it."

"And what do you think about our peoples' revolution?" they continued.

And David replied: "I don't understand too much about the revolution, but I did find it most interesting."

"Ah," said the Russians with laughter, "Your son will surely grow up to be a diplomat."

We learned several things from the Russians. We learned how completely and utterly dedicated they are to making their country a stronger, richer one than our own. We learned how terribly on the defensive they are. It was obvious to us that all of them are living under a frightful feeling of inferiority, and as a result they feel they

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Let's Make a Float for the Parade

by Mabel Nair Brown

From July on into the fall here in the Midwest, and on into the winter months in other parts of the country, there are a series of celebrations which call for parades. Chances are, wherever you live, sooner or later you will be called on to help build and decorate a float. Here are some suggestions:

1. First learn the exact theme of the parade. A float, no matter how beautiful or unusual, is often ineligible for prizes if it does not follow the designated parade theme. "Highlights of King City's First 100 Years", "A Century of Progress", and "One Hundred Years Ago Our Forefathers—" all appear to be the same theme. Yet for the first, the floats should depict important events in the city's history. The second would require floats to show progress in different ways (for example, how women did the laundry 100 years ago, and the way it is done today). The third theme definitely calls for floats depicting life in King City 100 years ago (such as an old-fashioned drug store with the "ice cream table and chairs"). Thus you must be very sure that you know exactly what the parade committee has in mind. Don't be afraid to ask questions!

2. The next step is to decide how to portray the theme idea on your float. Then choose the shortest, cleverest title possible.

This title, in large letters that are easily read at a glance, is placed along the lower edge on each side of the float. The letters, or emblem, identifying the sponsor, are used on the back of the float.

3. A float must be so assembled as to be equally "viewable" from either side of the parade route. If there is a high arrangement down through the center lengthwise, then arrange duplicate scenes on either side. The viewer must get the main idea of your float AT A GLANCE.

4. Avoid a cluttered look. Avoid too many placards, too many people, too many different scenes, or too many colors.

5. Exceptionally pretty floats seem to bring out the "ohs" and "ahs". If you're aiming for an effect that is truly a thing of beauty, set your mind on creating breath-taking loveliness through the use of glitter, paper flowers, and curled, fringed, or ruffled crepe paper.

6. If you are doing an historical theme, be sure that the scenes por-

trayed are accurate, and the costumes and props authentic.

7. Clever pantomime, crazy costumes, and a pertinent sign or two will help to put over a humorous theme.

Construction Tips

1. A flat rack, such as farmers use, or a truck with a "flat bed", proves the most satisfactory base upon which a float can be built. If a flat rack is used, it can be pulled in the parade by a car or a small tractor.

2. As you outline the plans and begin construction, remember that prize-winners are those which show careful attention to detail—covering well down around the sides to conceal the gears and wheels of the rack; lettering firmly attached; all objects large enough to be recognized easily.

One detail that seems to take every judge's eye is the use of a silver fringe entirely around the bottom of the covering which encloses the sides of the float (from bottom of rack bed to ground). Ready-to-use fringe is expensive. Here's an economical solution:

Measure around the outside edge of the rack. Cut wrapping paper into long strips, six inches wide. Staple the strips together to make a single strip as long as one side of the rack. Fold the strips lengthwise into four thicknesses. Using the 12" width of aluminum foil, staple one side of the foil to one side of the folded paper, stapling through all the thicknesses. Do this on the floor. Cut the foil into 3/4" fringes, to within an inch of the folded band.

Before putting on the fringe, put a so-called "skirt" around the rack. (This skirt is the covering fastened to the "bed" and hanging down almost to the ground.) One of the easiest to put on, as well as the most durable, is the heavy corrugated-type decorator paper which is sold by display houses. It comes in four-foot widths, and in almost any color. Cut it into strips of such a width that the fringe covering it will hang 6" below the skirt.

Carefully staple the foil fringe to the skirt. By stapling it well up on the skirt, the paper—or skirt—will act as a support, or shield, to help keep the foil from tearing.

3. Letters for the title can be cut from heavy poster paper or from a sheet of pressed wood. The wooden letters can be painted. You'll be wise to save the letters from year to year, gradually

building up all the letters you will ever need. Paper letters can be sewed on with heavy thread. At a distance the stitches are invisible. Measure and space the letters evenly.

4. You have seen float skirts as well as figures made of chicken wire and covered by stuffing with napkins or crepe paper strips. Figures, or other designs, are fashioned into shape from the wire and then covered. If the wire skirt is used, it is nailed to the float floor, and then stuffed. To cover with napkins, take one at a time, gather in the center, and poke that center through a hole. You will soon learn how closely the napkins will have to be placed. Fluff out the corners of the napkins.

Crepe paper strips are faster and less expensive and make a trimmer looking design. The exception is the creation of fluffy effects.

Cut bolts of crepe paper into 3" to 4" widths. Hold the long strips of paper (unfolded) against the chicken wire with one hand, and with the other poke the center of the paper strip into the hole. You will have a little ruffle on each side. As you fill in the second row, the two ruffles of paper meet to cover the mesh.

Lettering can be worked into this paper-and-wire decoration by taking a strip of contrasting paper, and writing (poking) in the desired words. Then fill in with the basic color.

5. White wrapping paper, or the wrong side of wall paper, makes a fine floor covering. Be sure that anyone walking on it removes his shoes. Anchor the paper firmly with thumb tacks.

6. Finish the edge of the float by cutting 3" widths of foil in long strips and fasten them around the edge at the top of the corrugated skirt. Gently pinch the foil together at 4" intervals to form scallops. The pretty silver scallops and the fringe at the bottom add a professional look to the finished float.

7. Remember that anything that revolves, or is in motion, has great eye appeal. It is well worth the extra effort to have a wheel turn, the globe rotate, or the figures move.

My husband once stood inside a huge two-sided map, each of which had a clock in the center. The hands of the clocks were fastened to cranks operated by my spouse. It was a two-hour

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I'M THANKFUL WE HAD TO WORK

by

Evelyn Witter

I watched my visitor's admiring eyes as she stood near the picture window, taking in the herd of Brown Swiss cattle down in the pasture, the sturdy barns, and, at the same time, the comfortable interior of our home. She had just confided to me that she was worried because her newly-married daughter was starting out on a semi-modern farm.

"Wouldn't you and Bill have been thrilled if you had walked into this place 20 years ago the way it is now?" she exclaimed.

"We'd have missed a lot of living," I told her frankly.

I think she thought my remark was a trifle insincere, but it wasn't.

"But you just had three or four old cows, and a few chickens," she reminded me.

"Yes, and no lights, no furnace, no water. The plaster was cracked and broken, the wide pine floors splintery, and the window frames were rotting away." I completed the inventory.

"And you didn't mind?"

"Well, I wouldn't say I didn't mind," I answered. "I admit it was a bit rugged, but then it was a big challenge, too. And a challenge is fun when two

people tackle it together—working together, planning, and saving—accomplishing something together."

I looked out the window, too. It was a satisfying view. There was the basement barn whose foundation was reset, brick by brick, by Bill and his dad. The corn crib Bill had had on paper for so long was now a reality. The quality herd got its beginning from the purebred bull and heifer calves I bought Bill for Christmas one year out of hard-to-earn, and harder-to-save, produce money.

My glance turned back inside. Every wall in the house had new plaster now. There were new windows and floor coverings. Sleek paint jobs glamorized the woodwork. There was plenty of closet space now, and decorator touches like cornices and knick-knack shelves. They all represented years of dreams and uncounted hours spent in the doing—happy hours climaxed by the thrill of accomplishment.

I was remembering the day Bill called, "Turn on the faucet, Honey!" And I let the water run and run while I did a joyful Indian dance around the kitchen.

"You had some bad setbacks, didn't

you?" My visitor's voice penetrated my reverie.

"Of course," I admitted. "The year we lost so many hogs with the flu meant we couldn't get the new equipment we needed. But the corn and hog prices went up the next year and made up the difference. Bill not only got his tractor, but he managed a pickup truck as well."

"Seems to take so long to get anywhere." Her words were almost a moan.

"Not if you know where you're going," I persisted. "We only planned one or two projects a year. When you take it step by step it doesn't seem so long, because you're accomplishing something all the time; you're building something together."

"They've got a lot of doing ahead of them," she said, referring to her daughter again.

"I hope so. I hope we have, too."

"You mean you're still planning improvements?"

"Sure. Want to see Bill's drawing of the new implement shed we hope to build next year?"

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed.

"I hope we never stop planning and working for a better farm," I told her. "And I don't think we will. There's always so much that should be done. And, after all, living is doing."

My friend turned toward the window again, but her eyes seemed to be gazing, as mine had been, into the past.

Then a slow smile lighted her face, and, almost imperceptibly, she nodded in agreement.

SUMMERTIME CENTERPIECES

by

Virginia Thomas

A "GONE FISHIN'" arrangement, featuring little peanut pixie fishermen can be a challenge for the imagination and provide a lot of chuckles. Create a woodland scene with a shallow dish "pool", pretty stones, sea shells, twig trees, a miniature log and a few small flowers and clumps of grass. Perch some of the pixies in various fishing positions about the pool. Use toothpicks and lengths of string for their poles. One little fellow might be stretched out under a tree asleep with his hat over his eyes, another climbing a tree, another sitting upon a rock, etc.

For that special FOURTH OF JULY centerpiece, try fashioning an assortment of fire crackers from construction paper, cardboard, string (for wicks) and perhaps some glitter for the "sparklers". You can make strings of the tiny firecrackers, some Roman candles, "bombs", etc., and who would care if



you added a rocket or two? Here again, use the peanut pixies, some astride the rockets, some lighting the firecrackers, and others setting up a fireworks display. Add a few flags, and red, white and blue streamers down the length of the table, and you can come up with a most attractive setting for this July holiday. A large copy of the Declaration of Independence could be used as a backdrop on the wall behind a patriotic arrangement.

Another PATRIOTIC ACCENTED DECORATION for a July party is made by suspending one of the pretty paper parasols from the ceiling of a room, or the porch, by the handle. Tie red, white and blue balloons to short lengths of string and fasten them to

the ribs of the parasol. If Nature doesn't cooperate with a breeze, place a fan where it will blow the balloons gently to create an atmosphere of coolness.

DRUM AND FLOWERS CENTERPIECE: Cover a round box, such as a hat box, with brown wrapping paper and paste a band of red paper at the top and bottom. Use blue paper, or heavy cord, to paste on the horizontal lines on the side of the drum. Place two long-stemmed red flowers for the drum sticks, crisscrossing the stems. Encircle the base with red, white, and blue flowers and greenery, interspersed with small flags stuck in small squares of styrofoam or large gumdrops to hold them upright. For accent interest, one might place a copy of the "Stars and Stripes Forever" or "The Star Spangled Banner" along side the arrangement, or on the wall behind it.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I don't know where this past month has gone, but I do know that the long list of jobs I had planned to tackle is still as long as it was when I first made it out! By the end of this week, however, I hope to have a number of them crossed off the list. Now those are my good intentions!

Frank and I were among the few people left who didn't own a television set, but we can no longer make that statement, for one has just come into our house. While Kristin was at home with us her evenings were completely taken up with homework, piano practicing, and another great love—reading. I spend all of my evenings at the "pixie table", and one can't do such detailed work and watch TV at the same time. Frank, like Kristin, is an avid reader and hadn't given much thought to television. Chances are that we would still be without a set if the folks hadn't bought a new set and wanted a home for their old one.

When they realized what little one could get out of an old set with a trade-in, they just decided to keep it for it was a large combination type with radio and phonograph. For a time, it was moved into the dining room to make room for the new set, but what first looked like the ideal location proved to be most awkward. Mother wrote asking if we could make room for it at our house. That we did, and my! how we're enjoying it! We have precious little time to watch television, but we are getting a lot of good out of the phonograph and radio. They have a much finer tone quality than our old ones.

We have some new furniture in our kitchen, too—a drop-leaf table and four chairs in gray. (My kitchen colors are gray and turquoise.) This takes up much less space than our old dinette set. And speaking of space-savers, I had battled for years with a dining room table much too large for our small dining room, and now we've solved that problem with a drop-leaf table, also. These changes have made so much more room for us that we can scarcely see how we managed before.

I'm so thankful that we don't have any papering to do this year. We papered all the rooms last summer. One of the jobs on my list is to wash all of the kitchen walls and ceiling. I don't mind the walls and woodwork, but the ceiling wash-down is the least appealing of all household chores to me. I'm absolutely shaky when I have to climb a step ladder in the middle of a floor with no firm wall to steady myself against while I scrub with the



The past five weeks Mother has been busy preparing for company.

other hand. I remember a help in a letter from a friend in Missouri who said that she always washes the ceiling with her sponge mop, so I'm going to give it a try. Our ceilings are so high that I'll still have to use a ladder, but I won't have to climb up so high.

One reason why I had to let so many things slide last month is because I've spent a great deal of time "on the road". For the past fifteen years I've had a great deal of trouble with my ears. I was feeling so fortunate that I hadn't had to make any trips to Des Moines to my ear specialist for five years. I shouldn't have let the thought enter my head, for no sooner had I bragged about my good luck when they "kicked up".

Ordinarily two trips for treatments would have cleared up the trouble, but after the second trip I was much worse. It seems that I was allergic to the medicine, the first patient with such a reaction in the doctor's twenty-

THE FARMER'S PSALM

I find pleasure in the simple things
as through this life I go:
the old north line fence
where the wild roses grow.

Give me the light of the sun
on a bright day in June,
or a morning wet with dew
on a clover field in bloom.

Give me the smell of fresh-turned Earth
when it's time to sow;
let me dream of the harvest
as I plant and weed and hoe.

Give me the shade of a kind old tree
for retreat from the summer sun;
the moon on the lawn's soft green
grass
to rest when my day is done.

Give me the meadow field and stream
to do with as I can;
give me the land till the day God
calls
and I'll be a happy man.

—Sylvia Brandt

five years in treating with this particular medicine. I was sorry to be the first, but sorrier to suffer so! It was necessary for the doctor to see me every day for a while and with each trip, those forty-some miles seemed longer.

But on the cheerful side—Frank's Uncle August, who was so ill when I wrote last month, is much improved. He is still in bed, but was able to leave the hospital and go to the home of Frank's sister, Bernie, in Lucas. He is able to sit in a chair for short periods during the day and enjoys the radio so he can keep up with things going on in the outside world. Frank and I spend a couple of hours with him each evening and he enjoys hearing about everything that has happened at the farm during the day. He is gaining so well that we hope he will be strong enough to go home soon.

And my! how things are going on the farm! Frank is outside all the time now—just coming in long enough to eat and sleep. The corn is all planted and most of it is up. If it rains, it gives him a chance to catch up on work in the yard—a never-ending job. I've never known grass to grow so fast! He hardly makes it over the yard when it is time to start over!

Life is so busy on the farm that we're grateful for Sunday and a day of rest. A couple of weeks ago we spent the day in Shenandoah, and had a nice visit with Mother and Dad and the family. Of course, I see the family frequently because of my monthly trip to address the magazine, but as you know, it's very difficult for a farmer to make such a trip because of livestock. But now it isn't so easy for the folks to make the trip to the farm, so we drove to Shenandoah for our visit.

Kristin wrote recently about the big event of the year during the closing weeks of school. This was the annual University Rodeo. On that Thursday and Friday everyone wore western clothes to classes, and she said that there were some really beautiful outfits on campus. Some of the girls wore embroidered shirts and pants, and most of them wore wide leather belts with their names written in the leather in the back. It must have been very colorful and festive.

Now, if I manage my time and don't have interruptions, I can wash out the bedroom curtains and get them on the line before starting dinner, crossing that item off my list. So until next month.....

Sincerely,

Dorothy



Jolly Good Times for July

INDOOR GAMES

by
Virginia Thomas

FIRECRACKER SNAP: To the end of a long bamboo pole attach a long string, to which is tied a "firecracker" (this is a wiener). Have a mouse trap "set" and placed at one side of the room. The object of the game is for the player to stand on a line, several feet away from the trap, and attempt to shoot off the firecracker (spring the trap) by dangling the wiener over the trap. If several players are doing this in competition, at the same time, it is more fun.

RINGING THE LIBERTY BELL: Suspend a small bell from an open doorway. The idea is for the players to stand some ten feet or more away from the doorway, and toss a small rubber ball, trying to hit the bell and ring it. If teams are chosen, each player might get one chance to ring the bell for five points for her side. Each team might go around the list of their players two or three times, and then tally the scores to see which team won.

PRESIDENTS ARE HUMAN! QUIZ:

1. Which president had smallpox while in office? (Lincoln)
2. Who was our shortest president? (Madison)
3. Which president was an inventor? (Jefferson)
4. Which president lost his inaugural address? (Lincoln)
5. Which one was an ordained minister? (Garfield)
6. What president was a well known stamp collector? (F. D. Roosevelt)
7. Who was our only bachelor president? (Buchanan)
8. Which one slept an average of eleven hours a day? (Coolidge)
9. Who was president two terms but not in succession? (Cleveland)
10. Who served "hot dogs" to a king and queen? (F. D. Roosevelt)

PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND: This is one of the stories told with "sound effects" by the audience, which usually proves hilarious. First, the hostess selects, or writes, some story which tells about Washington, Betsy Ross and the flag, and also mentions Martha Washington. The guests are instructed that each time the name "George Washington" is mentioned, each guest must stand and

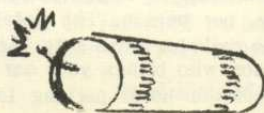
salute, saying, "Reporting in, General." When the word "flag" is used, everyone cries, "Hurrah". At the name "Betsy Ross", everyone whistles. Whenever the word "army" is used, the guests stamp their feet in march time. When the name "Martha Washington" is heard, each one rises and makes a bow. If you can write a story so that the guests are shifting from salutes, to bows, to yells, etc., in quick succession, you will soon have them howling with laughter.

WHAT'S ON A DIME?: The answers to all these questions are to be found upon a dime. Several dimes might be circulated among the guests.

1. A rejected lover always does this (leaves)
2. Siamese twins are always (united)
3. The song we love to sing (America)
4. Fruit of a tropical tree (date)
5. A part of land we call an isthmus (neck)
6. To catch sound (ear)
7. One who refuses to work seldom gets (a head)

SEE AMERICA FIRST: This is a travel version of "pin the tail on the donkey". Fasten a large map of the United States to the wall. Each blindfolded guest, in turn, will be handed a small flag to pin on the map at spot where she would choose to spend her vacation. When the blindfold is removed, the guest is allowed a quick look to see what spot she has picked, then she must tell what she is going to do there on her vacation. Imagine the fun if someone must figure out how to have a vacation in the middle of an ocean, a desert, or on top of Mount Whitney!

TOUR DELUXE: This is another travel game. Provide each guest with a large sheet of wrapping paper, and paste. Allow about twenty minutes for the guests to find pictures illustrating a trip they would like to take, arranging them upon the sheet of paper to make a poster, portraying the story of their trip. Have each one display her poster and award a prize to the best illustrated trip.



OUTDOOR GAMES

by
Enid Ehler

The long, long days of summer are here again—the long anticipated days of freedom and play. But what mother does not frequently hear the words, "What can we do now?" Here are some ideas that may help on such occasions.

CREEK CROSSING: This is a game for youngsters in the primary grades. Draw two lines representing the banks of the creek. The youngsters jump over the creek. Anyone failing to make the jump gets "wet in the creek" and must go "home" to change his stockings. The children enjoy pretending to remove their shoes and stockings and then being able to re-enter the game.

ELBOW TAG: Each youngster links elbows with a partner. Two youngsters are left without partners. One becomes the chaser and one is the runner. The runner is safe when he links his elbow with any other youngster. The partner of the youngster with whom he links elbows must then become the runner and is chased. When tagged the runner becomes the chaser and the chaser becomes the runner.

AUTO RELAY: Have the youngsters form two or more lines. Each line of youngsters selects the name of an automobile. A goal line is drawn and the youngster at the head of each line must run to the goal and back to the end of his line, tagging the person who is at the head of his line as he goes by. This relay may be varied in many ways. If the group of youngsters live in the country, they might enjoy a tractor relay rather than an auto relay. Signs stating "flat tire", "blow horn", etc., will add interest to the relay.

TAGALONG: Similar to tag, this game starts with one youngster, IT. When the youngster who is IT has successfully tagged another, they join hands. The line grows in length as the game progresses. Only the end players on the line may tag and they use only their free hand. The game ends when all players are in the line. One rule to remember is that the line must not break at any time.

WHEELBARROW RACE: Borrow sturdy wheelbarrows around the neighborhood and then divide the girls and boys into couples. For the race, each boy wheels his girl in the wheelbarrow.



YOUR HOTEL I. Q.

by
Joseph Arkin

Mr. & Mrs. America have adopted the luxury hotels — even if only for a visit during the off season. Living at these hotels can be done at moderate prices, and vacationers find that they can afford a taste of glamour, and yet feel at ease as well. All it takes is a little "savvy".

There isn't the need anymore to say to yourself, "that hotel is too fancy for me.....I'll need a lot of expensive clothes for a place like that!"

Today the rule is "dressing down". Most hotels require men to wear jackets for dinner, but many now allow sports shirts, with or without tie. Women can wear a street dress, or "party" dress, with the casual use of a fur piece or a knitted stole.

Daytime is funtime. For the fair sex, sun 'n fun cotton, for mornings around the pool, calisthenics, golfing or shuffleboard. No need to change for lunch. Most resorts provide an informal dining area, where even bathing suits or shorts are perfectly acceptable for midday meals.

Men, too, can dress casually during the daytime. Jamaica or Bermuda shorts, colorful swim trunks are the order of the day for ball playing, pitching horseshoes, or just loafing about.

There is no need to sit around hotels anymore. Any resort worthy of its name *resort* teaches what it preaches. The Director of Activities arranges swimming contests, finds the fourth for a canasta game, and will arrange a daily program of activities.

Are you puzzled by the international cuisine offered? Or just plain embarrassed to ask about the French, Italian or other foreign language names of continental main dishes and desserts? Well, don't be. There are many more Americans who have not traveled abroad or studied enough of a foreign language in school, than those who have.

Just ask the captain or the waiter to explain. They'll be more than glad to tell you the correct pronunciation, and tell you the ingredients so that

you can enjoy your sumptuous meal like a true gourmet.

Evening is entertainment time. Full scale shows, guest stars, and surprises are in store every night. But—to satisfy every taste, hotels also offer midnight swimming parties, square dancing, Hawaiian Luaus, weiner roasts, Western-style barbecues — to give the guest a frequent change of pace. Incidentally, these activities are included in the price of your room.

Do you know the difference between American Plan or the European Plan? City-style hotels usually operate on the European Plan — meaning that there are no meals included in the price of your room. Resort-area hotels operate both ways, but in Miami Beach, Atlantic City, Virginia Beach, etc., there is a growing tendency to reserve a room on the American Plan (three meals per day included) or the Modified Plan (breakfast and dinner included).

Off season rates are often only half, or even less, than what they are during the busiest parts of the year. Sparring yourself overcrowding and added expense at a resort might make that dreamed of luxury vacation a reality. And—another factor is the ease of obtaining bus, train, or plane reservations.

The question of tipping at a plush hotel should not faze you. The desk clerk will answer your questions with respect to this question with candor. Because most hotel workers who deal directly with the public expect gratuities for their service — and depend on these for a living — it is important to know how, when, and how much to tip.

The bellhop who takes your bags to your room should receive from 25¢ to 50¢ for each piece of luggage carried. He won't stay to help you with unpacking, but will stay to show you how to regulate the air conditioning and other room equipment. Usually the services offered by the hotel — baby sitter, valet service, checking facilities for valuables, etc. — will be found on the dressing table or vanity.

It's customary to tip 15% or more in a restaurant, but what do you tip when the meals are included in your hotel bill? A good rule of thumb is 25¢ to 35¢ for breakfast or lunch, from 50¢ to 75¢ for dinner — and if you treat yourself to breakfast in bed, then 35¢ would be an appropriate minimum tip for the room service waiter.

A tip should go to the person doing special favors — bringing your clothes to the hotel tailor, or running errands. The room maid is tipped at least 50¢ per day, per person. The hotel doorman who calls for a cab gets 25¢, while the person who brings your car to the door from the hotel parking lot also rates 25¢. Remember, a tip says the

French, is "pour le service", a way of saying thank you for assistance which is rendered courteously, promptly, and cheerfully.

Hotels offer a multitude of other services. Just pick up the phone in your room to ask the "front desk" for information about cashing checks, arranging for transportation, help in selecting guided tours, information about places of amusement, the services of a notary, and for an emergency, where to call for medical or dental services.

Unless you receive a package, special delivery or registered mail, the hotel won't notify you about your mail. You'll have to ask if there is any mail for you, and it is a good policy to leave your forwarding address, just in case.

The "Do Not Disturb" sign is available on the inside door handle for your convenience. It will prevent the late sleeper from being disturbed by the maid coming in to clean and straighten-up the room.

But — why stay in bed when you can spend a grand and glorious vacation, games, sports, companions, at plush American hotels which cater now to other than the rich?



ADVICE TO TEEN-AGERS

This little bit of advice was written by L. D. Harris, Chief of Police of Manassas Park, Virginia, and it was distributed at a P.T.A. meeting.

"Always we hear the plaintive cry of the teen-agers: 'What can we do? Where can we go?'"

The answer is — GO HOME.

Hang the storm windows, paint the woodwork. Rake the leaves. Mow the lawn. Shovel the walk. Wash the car. Learn to cook. Scrub some floors. Repair the sink. Build a boat. Get a job. Visit the sick. Assist the poor. Study your lessons. And then when you are through—and not tired—read a book.

Your parents do not owe you entertainment. Your village does not owe you recreation facilities. The world does not owe you a living. You owe the world something. You owe it your time and energy and your talents so that no one will be at war or in poverty, or sick, or lonely again.

In plain, simple words: Grow up; quit being a cry baby; get out of your dream world—start acting like a man or a lady." — Sent in by Frederick

SUMMER DAYS ARE HERE!

Dear Friends:

I've just turned the two younger children out to play, and although the sun is brilliant, we have our usual brisk wind whipping across the hill. As a result, I've poured the little ones into their hooded sweat-shirts. They are light weight, but with the attached hood they protect the ear and neck area. They wash easily in the washing machine but unless I wash them and dry them overnight, they aren't out of service long enough to get cleaned up!

Don has just taken the ladder around the side of the house to once again replace the enormous screw-eye we fasten to the back of the house which supports the long wire run that we put up for Elloise. Because of the leashed-dog regulation in Waukesha, we tried to work out an arrangement which would afford her a nice area for running while confined to our yard. One end of this wire is attached to a large tree at the back end of the yard and the other end to the house. However, when she gets particularly anxious to strike out for the other side of the yard where the children are playing, she simply flexes her neck muscles and jerks the screw-eye right out of the house. It makes a terrible twang which can be heard anywhere in the house and this is the signal for me to run in hot pursuit of her.

The pup has grown to really enormous proportions. She is terribly strong, but with the play instincts of a puppy, and frequently can (and does!) overwhelm the children when they try to play with her. Katharine still takes her on exercise walks and they are most amusing to watch. Elloise strains at her leash to such a point that she gags herself, and poor Katharine is running as fast as she can to keep up with her.

Since we took the winter storm units out of the front and back doors Adrienne and Paul can't get accustomed to the fact that they must swing this door shut. During the winter months the heavy storm door would close itself, but now the screen door swings open as they dash outside and poor Elloise can't resist the temptation to grab a few minutes' freedom. Usually this few minutes stretches into much more as the children and I take off after her like so many wild Indians playing tag. She runs like the wind and all over the neighborhood she goes, intent on getting every second of freedom from her latest escape. She eventually allows herself to be caught, but, of course, because we dashed after her in haste, no one thought to bring a leash so she has to be *carried* home! Regard-



Adrienne Driftmier is a good little mother to her big baby doll.

less of the punishment she receives for running away, she always relaxes and drops her head backwards and her ears swing freely as she is toted home by her strong-armed owner.

The house has grown unusually quiet with the arrival of warm days. Things stay neater, too, once they're put in such a state. The children stay outside from the quickest minute after breakfast until lunch time. I've been allowing Paul to skip his naps now in an effort to prepare him for school next fall. Despite his good intentions to take advantage of this extra play time, he will frequently settle down to look at a book while Adrienne and I rest and fold up for an unexpected snooze—on top of his book!

We've renewed our out-of-county library card and have been visiting the Bookmobile again. It is such a wonderful convenience to be able to drive the three miles into Hales Corners, where it stops every two weeks, and have the availability of any of the books from the enormous downtown Milwaukee Library. This Bookmobile is a large affair—I would guess that it carries between five and six thousand books. Anytime one wants a book which they don't happen to carry, all he has to do is call the day before their scheduled stop in Hales Corners and they will send the book out on the bus with the notation that it is for that particular person.

We've established such a habit of reading to the children in the evenings, in an effort to instill in them a real love of reading, that now there is no getting out of it. Katharine is old enough to assist with the reading, but if Mamma reads to Paul, then nothing will do except that Mamma read to

Adrienne, too! We've had to move the bedtime hour up to almost 6:30 in order to sandwich in baths (a *must* this time of year) toothbrushings, and now a book apiece for all concerned.

One book I bought not too long ago which seems to satisfy everyone was a 39¢ paperback collection of *Favorite Poems to Read Aloud*.

One of the poems Donald learned when he was small and that he has continued to repeat to the children is James Russell Lowell's, *The First Snowfall*. I don't know whether he learned this in school or from his mother but this poem was one in the collection I bought. You should have seen how pleased he was when Katharine was able to sit down and repeat it for him as a surprise.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

TO A GIRL-CHILD

God must have chosen bits of summer
skies,
Of rarest blue,
To gently fashion those inquiring eyes
That He gave you.
The lazy warmth of sunshine lingers
where
Forget-me-not
Is causing my small garden to be fair;
But, little tot,
The sunbeams in your eyes have
greater sheen
To please my heart,
As you survey me with a thoughtful
mein.
Naivest art
Of childhood is the essence captured
here
In eyes which make you shyly sweet,
my dear! —Thelma Allinder

**MILE HIGH STRAWBERRY PIE**

- 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen strawberries, thawed
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 egg whites
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 cup whipping cream
- Dash of salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 baked pie shell, or crumb crust

Place defrosted strawberries, sugar, egg whites, lemon juice, strawberry flavoring and salt in large mixing bowl and beat at medium speed for 15 minutes. Mixture will look like meringue. Whip cream, add vanilla flavoring, and fold into the strawberry mixture. Pile lightly into baked shell and freeze for several hours or overnight. Garnish with fresh berries to serve.

This can also be poured into a crumb-lined pan, frozen, and then cut into squares.

SPRING "NEST" SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 1/2 cup cottage cheese
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/3 cup stuffed olives, sliced
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/3 cup nut meats

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Stir in the other ingredients. If the cottage cheese is *very* dry, add a little of the pineapple juice. Mold in a ring mold. When firm, make a bed of shredded lettuce on a pretty plate. Turn out the salad onto the lettuce to make a "nest". The inside may be filled with a variety of foods. Deviled eggs, of course, carry out the "nest" idea. Tiny gelatin eggs molded in egg shells are pretty. A chicken, ham or tuna fish salad could be used to make a one-dish spring or summer meal. This makes a lovely dish to use for a buffet luncheon.

APRICOT SALAD

- 2 pkgs. orange gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup pineapple and apricot juice, mixed

1 large can apricots, mashed
1 large can pineapple, diced
10 marshmallows, cut fine
Drain the fruit. You will have 2 cups of juice. One cup is used in the first part and the second cup is used in the topping. Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the orange flavoring and the juice. When the gelatin starts to congeal, add the fruit and marshmallows. Chill until set. Then top with the following:

Topping

- 1 cup pineapple and apricot juice, mixed
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 2 heaping Tbls. flour
 - 1 beaten egg
 - 2 Tbls. butter
- Cook this mixture until thick and when cool add:
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- Spread over the firm gelatin and top with grated cheese.

CHEESE AND SHRIMP CASSEROLE

- 1/4 lb. fresh mushrooms (canned are satisfactory)
 - 2 Tbls. butter
 - 1 can shrimp
 - 1 1/2 cups grated American cheese
 - 1 1/2 cups cooked rice
 - 1/2 cup cream or half-and-half
 - 3 Tbls. catsup
 - 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - Dash of pepper
- Slice the mushrooms and saute slowly in butter for ten minutes, until tender. Mix with shrimp, rice and cheese. Combine cream, Worcestershire Sauce and seasonings and add to the casserole. Bake for 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Will make six servings.

GOLDEN CARROTS

- 10 medium carrots
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup light cream
- 1 tsp. brown sugar
- Salt and pepper to taste

Peel and slice the carrots. Cook until tender in salted water. Drain. Melt the butter or margarine in a heavy saucepan. Add the Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring and carefully stir in the cooked, drained carrots. Cook 4 or 5 minutes, stir often so they will not scorch. Add the cream, brown sugar, salt and pepper and cook over very low heat for about 10 minutes. This may also be turned into a casserole and kept hot in the oven until time to serve. A very delicious carrot dish for any meal.

PINEAPPLE DROP COOKIES

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup shortening (If no butter is used, add a little Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring, of course.)
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup crushed pineapple
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 4 cups flour
- 2 tsp. Baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda

Cream together the shortening with sugars. Add eggs, flavorings, and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with the crushed pineapple. Drop by teaspoon onto greased baking sheet and bake for about 10 to 12 minutes in a moderate oven until light brown around the edges.

PARMESAN MEAT LOAF

- 1 pound ground beef
- 2/3 cup cream-style cottage cheese
- 1/2 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
- 1 egg
- 1/3 cup catsup
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Mix all of the ingredients together except the Parmesan cheese. Spread into an 8-inch square pan and bake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from oven and sprinkle the cheese over the top and return to the oven to continue baking for 10 more minutes. Cut in squares to serve.

The friend who sent in this recipe says that it serves 6. Frankly, I wouldn't count on it, for everyone will want a second helping!

ORANGE DELIGHT CAKE

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 egg yolks, beaten
- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Cream the shortening, sugar and egg yolks thoroughly. Sift the dry ingredients together. Combine the water, orange juice and flavoring. Add the dry ingredients to the batter alternately with the liquid. Lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in 2 9-inch layer cake pans which have been greased and lined with waxed paper. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes. Put the following filling between the layers:

Orange Filling

- 1/4 cup cornstarch
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup chopped orange sections (fresh or canned)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all of the ingredients in the top of a double boiler. Cook, stirring, until thick. Cool and spread between layers and on top of cake.

CHERRY ALMOND PIE

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 cups canned red pitted cherries, drained
- 1/3 cup cherry juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- Red coloring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 recipe pie crust
- 1/4 cup almonds, chopped and toasted (if desired)
- 1 Tbls. butter

Combine sugar, cornstarch, salt and cherries. Dissolve enough coloring in cherry juice to make it a deep red, and add the cherry and almond flavorings. Add to cherry mixture and cook until thickened, about 10 minutes. Cool. Place this fruit mixture in pastry lined pie pan and if the toasted almonds are used, sprinkle them over the fruit. Dot with butter and then place strips of pastry on top, crisscrossing them to make a pretty top. Bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, for 40 to 50 minutes.

CRISP COOKED CABBAGE

- 1 1/2 cups milk
 - 4 cups cabbage, shredded
 - 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
 - 1 1/2 Tbls. butter
 - 2 Tbls. cream (optional)
 - Salt and pepper to taste
- Heat the milk in a heavy saucepan or skillet. Stir in the cabbage and simmer for about 2 minutes. Cream the flour and butter together and add a little of the hot milk. When smooth and creamy, stir the flour mixture into the hot milk in the pan. Cook 3 or 4 minutes or until the mixture thickens. Stir this constantly. Season with salt and pepper and add a little rich cream if desired. The cabbage should still be crisp and yet heated through. This makes a delicious way to prepare one of our old, faithful vegetables.

SCHOOL DAY PEANUT BUTTER SPREAD

- 1/4 cup School Day peanut butter
 - 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 - 1 banana, mashed
 - 1 Tbls. honey
- Combine all the ingredients and use as a sandwich spread.

BIG, FAT CHERRY-FILLED COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine (Add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring if using margarine.)
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 cups flour, sifted before measuring
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 additional cups sifted flour
- 1 can cherry pie mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Cream together the shortening and sugars. Add the beaten eggs and flavorings. Sift together and add the dry ingredients. Blend well and then add the last 2 cups of flour alternately with the milk. Chill the dough at least 1 hour. Roll half of the dough into round balls and flatten a little with your thumb in the palm of your hand (like making thumb print cookies) and place on cookie sheet. Stir the cherry flavoring into the cherry filling and place one or two cherries with a bit of the thickened juice in the indentation. Then flatten another ball of dough and place it on top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes, or until cookies are done.

The friend who sent in this recipe says that the cookies freeze well.

CREAMY ORANGE DRESSING

- 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 2 tsp. sugar
 - 1/4 tsp. paprika
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 - 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- Combine all of the ingredients and blend well. Serve on fruit for a delicious combination of flavors.

BUTTERMILK SALAD DRESSING

- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/2 cups buttermilk
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/8 tsp. basil

Combine the dry ingredients in a heavy saucepan. Blend in a little of the buttermilk and stir until smooth. Add the remaining buttermilk and the eggs, blending well. Cook over low heat (you can use a double boiler for this also) stirring constantly. Do not boil. When thick, remove from the heat. Add the remaining ingredients. Cool and store in a covered jar in the refrigerator until needed. This makes 2 cups of dressing.

This dressing is excellent for potato salad and equally good for apple or fruit salads. The friend from Nebraska who sent it likes to combine diced apples, oranges, seeded grapes and bananas together with this dressing for a delightful fruit salad.

PEANUT BUTTER-SPICE COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 cups flour

Cream the shortening and sugar. Blend in the peanut butter, vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings, then add the well-beaten eggs. Sift the dry ingredients and combine with the creamed mixture. Form dough into small balls and place them on a cookie sheet, pressing each cookie down with a fork in a criss-cross design. Bake in a 375 degree oven about ten minutes, or until light brown.



SUMMERTIME SOFT DRINK

Low in calories, high in nutrition

Here's the "summer cooler" that made such a hit with the children (and parents) last year. The children loved it because it tastes so good and comes in such a variety of flavors. And mothers approved because it made drinking milk so much fun—and replaced the sugary soft drinks that so often ruin appetites these hot summer days.

And it's so easy to make, with 16 **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS** to choose from. Inexpensive, too! If you didn't try it last year, here's your chance: the recipe is printed below. Just be sure to have plenty of **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS** and **KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER** on hand, because the kids will insist on more!

If you can't buy **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS** at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-ounce bottles. Jumbo Vanilla, \$1.00. We pay the postage.

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Shenandoah, Iowa



HOW TO MAKE IT:

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.



THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by
Frederick

Whenever I eat lunch at the little tea room next door to my church, I don't have to tell the waitress what I want for dessert. She already knows! I just love a good Grape Nut Pudding. Recently I have been experimenting with these puddings on my Saturday afternoon cooking sprees in the parsonage. Here is the recipe for the one I like best of the several I tried.

Grape Nut Pudding

1 quart milk
1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 cup sugar
Scant 1/2 cup grape nuts
2 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 cup raisins

Soak the grape nuts in the milk until soft. Add the other ingredients to the slightly beaten eggs and then stir into the pudding. Bake slowly until firm at about 350 degrees. Serve cold with whipped cream. While in the oven I have the baking dish sitting in a shallow pan of water.

Here in New England every restaurant has Indian Pudding on its dessert menu. It usually is served hot with vanilla ice cream on it. Next to apple pie, I suppose that this is the most popular New England dessert. I have it at least once a week for a supper dessert. One nice thing about it, is that it keeps well under refrigeration and can be heated up again and again.

Indian Pudding

3 Tbls. corn meal (well rounded)
2 Tbls. flour
1/2 cup molasses
1 egg
1/2 tsp. ginger
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
Dash of salt
1/4 cup sugar

Add the spices and salt to the flour and corn meal. Then beat all of the ingredients together and stir into 1 pint scalded milk with a piece of melted butter in it. Cook until thick (few minutes) and add 1 to 1 1/2 cups milk (cold) and bake three hours in a heavy casserole at about 350 degrees.

Buy **KITCHEN-KLATTER** flavoring with the quality you can **TASTE**.



Salad Days

by
Fern Eads

Salad Days, according to the dictionary, means days of youth; but my special meaning here refers to not only the days of my youth but also to my first memories of salads.

Back then just before the turn of the century we enjoyed very few kinds of salads. My first recollection is of the old stand-by, potato salad. Its popularity and that of its partner, coleslaw, still reign as popular salads.

One other old-timer I recall is cut-up lettuce, tender pieces from our own garden, and hard boiled eggs stirred together with vinegar and sugar. These three rather Midwestern, plebeian salads, had they been able to think, would have been startled by the innovation of an Eastern cousin with a high-flown name, Waldorf salad.

Of course, these salads, with the exception of potato salad, had to be served in the summer. There weren't apples, cabbage, lettuce, celery, and all the other fruits and vegetables on the grocery shelves the year around then; so salads were summertime delicacies. Lettuce was never bought from a store, just gathered from the gardens, and head lettuce came years after my salad days.

But back to the fabulous Waldorf. It consisted of apples cut in small pieces, celery, nuts, and salad dressing. Salad dressing — yes, but not from jars or bottles. No, salad dressing was not bought, but home-made. For Waldorf salad, yolks of eggs, vinegar, salt, sugar, and a little flour for thickening were used. These were cooked in a double boiler and then kept in a crock. As a small portion was stirred into it.

Also around the early years of the new century an oil dressing was made. I've seen my mother and aunts use the egg beater, a bowl, olive oil, seasoning, and vinegar. They would beat and add a little oil, beat and add a little oil, and on and on until a thick oil dressing was completed and stored in a crock in the ice box for future use.

After the advent of the Waldorf with its apple foundation instead of a vegetable, other fruits were tried. A long sliced curve of banana on lettuce with egg dressing and chopped nuts on top was added to the salad list. These fruit salads were the first I remember being served on individual small dishes. The potato, slaw, lettuce, and Waldorf were all served from the table in large salad or fruit bowls, beautiful bowls that are now found in many antique shops.

Cottage cheese was not used as a salad ingredient in those early years. It was always home-made from clabber milk set on the back of the stove until the curds separated from the whey, then seasoned and served as a dairy dish found mostly on country tables.

I don't know just when gelatin salads were first used. Gelatin became the basis of both fruit and vegetable salads — even of meat salads. Now we enjoy salad the year around, and the variety is legion. What cook hasn't concocted something delicious from the odds and ends available? And what family doesn't have its favorite? Yes, they're all good, but the grand old salads of yesteryear — the ones of my salad days — now *they* are the *salads!*



ALL-APPLIANCE COOKING IS GROWING TREND

by
Nadine Mills Coleman

It took a bit of courage to transform a 4' x 6' storage closet into an all-appliance kitchen when we remodeled an old Victorian house in Columbia, Missouri. Almost everyone was against the idea, and patiently reminded me that the kitchen was "that sizeable room back of the dining room".

"Oh, no! It's too big, but it will make a nice TV and family room—you know, with chintz curtains and antique furniture."

"But you can't get along without a stove!"

I came from pioneer stock who were not afraid to venture into the unknown. "Please let me try," I answered.

Now, three years later, my little unconventional cooking cubicle is wholly satisfactory. All manner of appliances are near at hand on wide, deep shelves, each awaiting its turn. There is an infra-red steak grill, a hot-plate, a biscuit baker, an electric skillet, a roaster, a casserole, and a large electric oven for baking anything from bread to roasting a turkey.

In the adjoining dining room I can easily serve breakfast for two, dinner for eight, or tea for thirty. The only kitchen help I need is the redbird at the feeder in the window above a tiny and electric disposer-equipped sink.

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A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

From the desk in my office at home, I get a pretty clear view of our garden patch, and it's no secret now what's gotten into our lettuce—rabbits! They are cute little things, but my! they have enormous appetites!

Lettuce is the only vegetable we planted, for the greater part is taken up with rows of flowers to be cut for house use. If we had more space, we would appreciate some radishes, peas, carrots and beans. Perhaps we can enlarge this little plot next year.

Last month I wound up the account of our trip south and there wasn't room to catch up on "family doings", so this month I'll try to bring you up to date.

This spring Martin enjoyed his first major trip out of town for a school event. The high school mixed chorus participated in a workshop at Iowa City, making the trip by bus. The Shenandoah group performed at the concert in late afternoon and then drove to one of the Amana colonies for dinner before returning home. It was one of the high points of the year and I'm certain that these students couldn't have had a more satisfying experience to conclude their year's training.

During the final days of school Martin was out as much as possible with a butterfly net looking for insects for a biology project. Not only did they have to catch them, kill and mount them, but also had to identify them. That's where the rub came in! Some "little strangers" he never could find in the assorted books on insects, and we're still wondering what they might be.

Martin left for the farm the very day school was out for a visit with Frank and Dorothy for a few days before he started his drivers' training course at the summer school session at the high school. He will have a week's interruption of classes, however, to attend the state conference of our church young people at Simpson College in Indianola, Iowa. After his driving course is over, he hopes to return to the farm to help his Uncle Frank. Later in the summer a group plans to go to our church camp for a short retreat, so all in all, he'll have a busy, happy time.

I was so impressed with the little article Frederick sent in about teenagers which appears on page 10. Along the same line, but more for the benefit of adults, I found something else that I think you might appreciate giving thought to, especially this "patriotic month". I think it tends to put us in our place, too.



Paul Driftmier enjoys his electric train, and when he visits Shenandoah this summer, he can play with his big cousin Martin's fancy train setup.

HOW DEDICATED ARE YOU TO THE AMERICAN WAY?

We Americans are prone to interpret the word "dedication" rather loosely. Some of us are dedicated to our church—for one hour a week. And we consider a man dedicated to his country if he pays his taxes, knows the words of the Pledge of Allegiance, and votes once a year, if convenient. All of us claim to be dedicated to the American way of life; but are we? Check yourself on the following questions:

1. Have I written to my representatives in Washington or Des Moines within the past six months?
2. Did I vote in the last general, primary, or School Board election?
3. Have I ever attended a meeting of the City Council?
4. Have I ever scanned the youngsters' textbooks to find out what is being taught in our schools?
5. Have I ever taken the trouble to read up on the advantages of our way of life?
6. Have I ever volunteered for civic service, civilian defense, political action, or community self-help projects?
7. Have I opposed needless, federal aid even though it may have involved personal sacrifice?
8. Have I ever read the first ten amendments to the Constitution?
9. Have I taken the trouble to learn what communism is all about?

10. Have I taken the trouble to learn what capitalism is all about?

If you can truthfully answer "YES" to all ten questions, then you are standing in the inner circle of dedication to the American way of life.

We wound up our official church year with a banquet honoring the arrival of our new minister and his wife, The Reverend and Mrs. Paul Syster, formerly of Ankeny, Iowa, and our graduating seniors. It was a full evening for new officers of the church were also elected. This coming year Oliver is chairman of the ushering committee and I'm chairman of the altar committee.

Oliver and I took a long drive around town last evening. We've been watching the progress on our community swimming pool with interest. We have one of the largest pools in the state and have always been very proud of it, but in past years it has been in need of extensive repairs. There was considerable debate as to what to do about it. Some citizens felt that we should build a new pool, but in that case, it would have to be smaller, for to build a new pool anywhere near the size of the old one would cost a small fortune. Finally, it was decided that the present pool could be extensively rebuilt and repaired for less money. The children of

(Continued on page 22)

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN

by
Evelyn Birkby

It is so easy to see only one side of a mountain. Strangely enough, most mountains seem to have a more popular side. We frequently miss interesting and exciting views when we limit our vision and location to only one area. I have friends, for instance, who have spent the past fifteen summers in exactly the same cabin on the same lake in the same state. While they undoubtedly find this comfortable and relaxing, it seems a shame not to see a few of the other cabins and other lakes in other states and go, in a sense, to see what they can see on the other side of the mountain.

I discovered that this was my own experience when it came to the state of Colorado. Until last summer I had seen only the usual tourist views on the eastern slopes. Oh, I enjoyed the trips tremendously; an uncle in Colorado Springs, my experience attending the University of Colorado at Boulder, and camping trips with my husband and three sons in Rocky Mountain National Park made the eastern side of the mountains unforgettable.

Finally, the opportunity came for me to take a guided bus tour which followed the trail of the bear in the song.. "The bear went over the mountain.. to see what he could see.." Remember what the bear saw? Why, the other side of the mountain, of course!

West of Royal Gorge lay the road which led us deep into the valleys and peaks which edge the Arkansas River. The water was deep and rushing and white-capped, flowing full and cold from the snow and ice fields high above. We passed road construction and recently installed ski lifts. Lodges and resort hotels are being built as the new roads make this area more accessible and advertising sings its praises as a winter vacation Mecca.

Our bus stopped at the top of Monarch Pass, tucked under the chin of regal, square-topped Mt. Etna. Beneath our feet were pine forests and I could make out inviting-looking campgrounds inhabited by the usual green tents and wreathed in lazy drifts of smoke from the campfires. Oh, how I longed for my family and our camping pickup!

Despite my nostalgia, the driver hurried us on past the excavation for a new dam and into the exciting town of Montrose. This area is full of the history of the Ute Indian tribes, pioneer wagon trains, prospectors and homesteaders. A fine museum, which depicts the state's Indian history and a memorial to Chief Ouray, a great



A beautiful scene in Colorado.

Indian statesman, are located here.

South of Montrose lay the inviting towns of Silverton and Durango, some of the most beautiful mountain scenery in the state, and the Mesa Verda National Park. But time did not permit our exploring that far, so we turned our bus to the spectacular Black Canyon of the Gunnison River. The "place of high rocks and much water", as the early Indians described it, is one of nature's most remarkable sculptures. The gorge is so deep and narrow that only at high noon do the sun's rays reach inside. The dark shadows which shroud it during most of the day give it the name, Black Canyon.

Mountain trails, wildflowers, ancient trees, wild animals and fine camping areas attract the outdoor man. The bottom of the canyon and the rushing stream have been traversed a few times, but I was very content to leave such experiences to the mountain goats.

Dramatic Colorado National Monument was our next sightseeing stop. It is north and west of Montrose, reached by driving through the fertile, fruit-growing valleys of the state. As we went up the highway and into the vividly colored towers, ramparts, monoliths and columns, I had the eerie feeling that I was moving through some of the fantastic shapes perched deep in the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Many of the formations seemed similar, but the location and the fact that we could really get into these gave an entirely different perspective.

It was interesting to hear that Marcus Whitman, the first white missionary to the Oregon Indians, passed this way. (He is one of my favorite figures of history.) Another human interest story of the area was told about an old hermit who made his home in this territory back in the early nineteen-hundreds. He laid out trails and roads and fi-

nally interested enough people into petitioning congress to make the area a National Monument--an example of what one dedicated, determined individual can do.

The guide recommended camping here in early spring and late summer and fall for the heat is intense during the peak of the summer. But auto trips and hiking when the sun is low are possible even in July and early August.

Late in the afternoon, we gratefully pulled into Glenwood Springs. This spa held the enticing prospect of a hot steam bath in natural vapor caves and a relaxing rubdown following. Three of us went to the building which houses the caves. Here the natural mineral water comes steaming from the rocks in the side of the mountain. The caves themselves have been made to seem more like rooms with cement floors and benches. The water runs down into channels formed at each side of the floor.

With delicate blue searsucker shifts as our exciting "garb", the three of us sat on the stone seat, wiped our perspiring faces with cold water, breathed deeply of the moist air, soaked our weary feet in the healing stream and giggled like school girls!

A cooling shower followed and then a massage by a most efficient technician.

(Continued on page 22)

Readers of our **Kitchen-Klatter** magazine are always getting new ideas whether their interests are centered around recipes, household hints, do-it-yourself projects, gardening, reading, parties, club and church programs, or if they are just lonesome for good family visits.



Why not?

It's a family magazine!

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Address your letter to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

Shenandoah, Iowa

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH - AND FIFTH

Firecrackers bang and pop all day,
The fireworks flare at night,
And all the timid dogs and cats
Nearly die of fright.

Next day it's fairly still again -
Just the usual shriek and shout -
And all the frightened animals
Can once more venture out.
-Mary T. Rauth

"I have to
hang up
now. It's
time for the



Kitchen-Klatter visit."

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KWPC	Muscataine, Ia., 860 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.



Armada Swanson is a busy mother, but not too busy to keep up with the newest books in the library.

COME, READ WITH ME by Armada Swanson

Does your garden seem giant size to you now that the hot summer days are upon us? Then by all means read *The Joy of a Small Garden* by Janet Gillespie. (Dodd, Mead, \$3.75) The author says this is a book about small gardens for amateurs written by an amateur. She and her husband have been gardening together for over twenty years on their half-acre of land in New Hampshire. They learned by *doing*, and that included landscaping, pruning trees, moving rocks, and building terraces.

Mrs. Gillespie imparts much valuable information in an informal and witty manner. On a mere half-acre of land they acquired a house, a stone wall, and a gorgeous apple orchard. There was the problem of making a lawn and keeping the seed bed moist. The author found herself running a merry chase with the garden hose, children and dogs, and housework.

The apple orchard gave them incomparable beauty and fragrance, but the apples they raised tasted like blotting paper!

Not all their adventures turn out as disastrous. She has remarkable success with a woodland garden of wildflowers, including yellow violets, Dutchman's breeches, and violet-blue hepaticas.

The perennial border, her floral ragbag, was the result of bad planning, so she proceeded to remove the plants, widen and re-dig the bed and plant it with superior plants. A basic list of dependable perennials gave them great joy and beauty.

The herb garden gave her much pleasure. Herbs are easy to grow and she enjoyed using basil and thyme in soups and pot roasts.

The author admits there comes a time when something gives way and in the

case of her husband, it was his back. Her affliction is bursitis in her right shoulder. So their garden has been rearranged in a naturalistic manner, cutting maintenance as much as possible. Now their garden is green with ferns and evergreen, birds are singing, and there is peace and contentment.

The Basic Book of the Cat by William H. A. Carr (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$4.95) contains all the practical information a cat owner would require, including advice on behavior, health care, different breeds, and nutrition and feeding. For instance, cats really need water to drink. If you feed your pet potatoes, they must be cooked and mashed. Cats can digest starch, if it is broken in texture.

Most scientists believe that what a cat sees through his eyes is gray in color. Regarding hearing, cats can hear many sounds that are inaudible to the human ear. Today the average cat, properly cared for, probably has a life expectancy of about seventeen years or more.

Mr. Carr is one of the country's most respected writers on the subject of pet animals. He lives in Oradell, New Jersey, where he raises standard Schnauzers and cats.

Have your children become acquainted with the many books written by Meindert DeJong? We've been reading *The Singing Hill* (Harper and Row, \$2.95) which was the winner of the 1962 Hans Christian Andersen Award. The title is taken from the Psalm "The little hills rejoice on every side—they shout for joy; they also sing."

The story concerns six-year-old Ray, his sister Shirley and brother Martin. They move to a rambling old farmhouse. Ray feels loneliness as his brother and sister are off at school, his father is away on business trips and his mother is busy with housework. He befriends an old horse in a nearby pasture. When his friend is threatened, Ray is able to rise above his loneliness and become a courageous boy.

Mr. DeJong, the author, was born in The Netherlands, but has resided in Grand Rapids, Michigan, for many years. We hope to read more of his books during these summer vacation days. A trip to the library is just the ticket for relaxing when children come in, hot and tired from summer activities.

★ ★ ★ ★

You have the opportunity through action and example to develop patriotism in your child by reading to him, or having him read to you, stories and poems about the great men and events of America.

Magic Circles

by
Nora Butkiewicz

Your budget has budged as far as it will budge? Not a dollar is left for a hobby or recreation? Please consider, then, our "Magic Circles" of entertainment, education, and even profit, if one desires.

These are the postmarks from daily mail. Thousands of people all over the world save them in various forms for fun and pleasure. As with most projects, one learns along the way. In fact, as the little boy said, there will be more than one cares to learn.

The basic type of collecting is "two by fours". These are cut in that size from envelopes or cards to include postmark and stamp. Since commemorative stamps (issued periodically to honor persons or things) are of value to collectors, try to save them when possible.

Most hobbyists paste these postmarks in notebooks or file them in boxes alphabetically by states. The extra fortunate collector has filing cabinets the right size. Everyone else uses shoe boxes or something similar for easy, safe handling.

Ideas for collecting are as varied as there are collectors and subjects. Plants, feminine names, masculine names, minerals, music — these are some of the "topicals" I've seen. Some imaginative people locate pictures illustrating the name of each town. These can be beautiful.

Just the postmark, or "round", is kept by some. A few save the whole card or envelope "entires". Other collectors cut them all sizes in between. When the smaller sizes become too numerous for easy checking, the towns are filed on index cards. Old friend shoe box to the rescue again.

Even business mail without regulation postmarks is sought by some collectors. The metered mail is used according to date, slogan, or machine number. Sheets of paper are ruled to serve as calendars for "dates". These are also kept in notebooks.

But your everyday mail yields few different postmarks? That is usually true. Perhaps friends and relatives will offer their cards and envelopes. An excellent source is some business firm with much mail from small towns. Someone suggested looking through wastebaskets in public places, but that idea isn't very appealing. Some hobbyists have enough duplicates to sell them reasonably. Advanced collectors may have to buy from such dealers to find towns no longer existing or with no post office.

There are clubs and publications promoting knowledge and friendship. I know only of the Postmark Collector's Club. It publishes a monthly bulletin giving information on collecting, and on old and new members. The subscription rate is quite small. Old and new members help each other by exchanging letters and postmarks, as they wish. This is another material source.

Such a hobby can be educational. If time permits, a map handy for locating towns makes for greater interest. It is surprising how often these towns appear in news items. Various parts of our country use names of a certain type. These vary from the holy to those good for a chuckle. Mission Hills, Missouri; Humansville, Missouri; Bethlehem, Indiana; Hell's Half Acre, Wyoming; and Corpus Christi, Texas, are some examples. Some hobbyists specialize in the history of towns and names.



A SALUTE TO OLD GLORY

When you thrill to the sight of Old Glory dancing in the breeze, give a star-spangled thought to the history of that mighty banner which through the years has mirrored our nation's growth and greatness.

While all Americans take pride in their flag, few know its high-flying story.

Did Betsy Ross make the first U.S. flag? Everybody knows the story that she stitched it after a drawing supplied by George Washington in 1776. But no attempt was made to "sew up" her claim to fame until 1870, when her grandson, William Canby, published it as a story she had told him in his youth. (She died in 1836 when Canby was only 11.) Although it has been discredited by every careful flag historian, Canby's tale persists in the hearts and minds of American children from nine to 90.

Ben Franklin not only flew his famous kite; some of our earliest flags flew by grace of his teeming brain. Franklin designed banners borne into battle by the colonists against the French in 1747. One of these flags showed a serpent in several pieces and read "Unite or Die". Rattlesnake flags were popular during the Revolution, one depicting a snake coiled to strike, the legend reading "Don't Tread on Me".

If one likes to write and receive letters, pen pals are as numerous as the variety of postal material. Some collectors write to at least one person in each state plus foreign countries.

As you can see, this isn't a hobby requiring much physical activity. Time is the big factor in following it, but many busy people are members. It is a blessing for shut-ins if they can use their hands — even more so if well members will occasionally send them an extra letter or hobby material.

Round Robins are popular, too, as members exchange notes and postmarks. One warning here, though. Everyone has weather, so it shouldn't be the main topic of discussion.

These, then, are our magic circles. They have carried several members of my family and myself over thousands of pleasure-filled miles and hours. We truly recommend them as transportation to many interesting places and the people there.

Did you know that the stripes in our flag were once known as "The Rebelious Stripes"? During the uncertain period following clashes with the British at Lexington and Concord, and prior to the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the colonists dreamed up a standard that was both a compromise and a hope. While it retained Great Britain's Union Jack in its upper left hand corner, it also displayed 13 red and white stripes in honor of the 13 colonies, instead of the solid red of the British flag. Known as the Grand Union Flag, it was worn as a badge of defiance by colonial women—an emblem sewn to their shoes and dresses.

The stars joined the flag on June 14, 1777, when the Continental Congress resolved that "The Flag of the united states be 13 stripes alternate red and white, that the Union be 13 stars while in a blue field representing a new constellation". If you think there's a typographical error in that quote, you're mistaken! Our leaders had not yet come to think of their groping country as *the United States*.

Here's to our flag!

LONG MAY SHE WAVE!

The glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served.

—Hugh Black

LET'S MAKE A FLOAT FOR THE PARADE - Concluded

parade, which necessitated a lot of cranking. But the real trick to the task was the fact that since those two clocks faced in opposite directions, one set of hands had to be cranked clock-wise, the other counter-clock-wise. That was really a feat. Try it sometime! But we won the sweepstakes prize.

One design we used was a small ferris wheel, made of wood, with the framework covered with green paper leaves. Little swinging boxes painted white were the "seats"; each box was filled with gay garden flowers. This wheel was made to turn. Another design was a seven foot flag of chicken wire and crepe paper, complete with all the stars in the blue field. A huge musical staff, with lines and clef sign in silver and notes in deep pink, was an effective backdrop for a beautiful girl seated on a throne of pink roses. This float, titled "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" won us the first prize and sweepstakes in a parade whose theme was "Song Titles We All Know".



David Driftmier, showing a Russian journalist our stereo earphones.

SOUNDS FOR A SUMMER NIGHT

A summer breeze came gossiping,
No special place to go.
The evening fireflies' lanterns swung
By magic, high and low.
A maple bent a leafy branch
Above the lawn, and after
All our robins said goodnight,
We heard an owl's laughter.

— Vivian Baumgartner

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

must boast about everything. This frightens me, because sensitive people living under an inferiority complex are very hard to get along with.

At the same time I was encouraged by the visit. Having been in Russia, I know what a shock it was for them to observe what a wonderful country we have here. They were very surprised to see that we are not a country over-run with poverty with a laboring class all set for a revolution. They must have been very impressed and surprised to note the freedom we have here. But most important of all, I know that the Russians were impressed beyond all description by the comfort and peace of our homes. Surely these Russians must have returned to their country with many, many thoughts about the good life in America. Having been here, their own country will never look quite the same again.

I like to think that it was in the providence of God that the Russians were in our home. I hope that we were effective in our Christian witness.

Sincerely,

Frederick

RURAL WIFE'S PRAYER

"Thank you, God," each morning I pray
As I begin a fresh new day,

"It may not be an easy life,
There's so much work for this young wife;

I feed the chicks, and milk the cows,

Help in the field, if time allows.

I hoe the garden, plant more seed,

Prepare the food for winter's need.

I cook and sew, wash, iron and mend;

At times it seems the work won't end.

But when I serve fresh cherry pies
And see the light in loved one's eyes,
I know, my Father, I am blessed.

I start again, fully refreshed."

—Fay Blodgett Shores

GOLD BRICKS

Scientists from Australia, United States, Canada, Britain, Sweden, Finland, South Africa, West Germany, and the Netherlands are cooperating in the effort to develop a better spreading butter, for since the boon of refrigerators came butter "hard as a brick" that won't spread. — News item

I've found a simpler way, myself;
I keep it on the cupboard shelf,
As my mater and her mater
Did before the refrigerator.

—Gladise Kelly



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder



Most garden tasks are the same in the Midwest during July which often tends to become hot and dry. Watering is very important and the ground should be thoroughly soaked each time and then no more given for a few days. A light sprinkling each day does little good and causes surface rooting.

This is a critical period for spring-planted shrubs, especially evergreens. It is a good plan to mulch heavily around the base of these plants with anything that is cheap and available. I use old bales of hay because I live on a farm and there is usually plenty around. Sawdust, shredded cornstalks, and straw also work well for mulching.

Go through the flower beds at regular intervals carrying a basket and a pair of snippers to cut off the faded flowers on the perennials and annuals. Not only will the garden look better, but it prevents seeds from forming and encourages the plants to keep on blooming. This is also a good time to examine the plants for insect pests and diseases that often make their appearance during hot dry spells.

As soon as bearded iris are through blooming, the clumps may be lifted and divided. Cut off all diseased parts of the rhizomes and dust with sulphur. Iris roots may be exposed to the air for some time without any damage whatever before replanting. Do not plant deep, but set so the rhizome is barely covered with soil—they seem to like the sun on their feet.

Madonna lilies may be moved toward the end of this month or, if you order new bulbs, plant them soon. This is one lily that needs to be planted early and no more than two inches below the soil (the top of the bulb, that is). They should send up a tuft of leaves before frost arrives.

Thick-rooted perennials, such as Bleeding Heart and Oriental Poppies, can be increased in this manner. Dig up a portion of a root from an established plant. Cut the root into two-inch pieces and bury the pieces in moist sand. Cover the flat with a sheet of plastic and set in a cool, shady place. In a few short weeks new plants will appear which can be wintered in a cold frame or in some protected spot in the border.

MAGIC MOMENT

Have you ever wakened when the moon
was low
And poured in your window its mellow
flow,
'Till the floor was shimmering, silvery
pale,
Like the enchanted carpet from a fairy
tale?
If a cricket chirrups on the window
sill,
And all the rest of the world is still,
Then this is the time, so the old wives
tell,
The time when a magical charm works
well.
So think of your dear one, give a
thought for his health,
And wish for happiness, true love and
wealth.
For this one moment, hold the thought
close to you,
For in this fleeting moment, all wishes
are true!

—Lula Lamme

WELCOME FOR A BABY BOY

Come join in our joy,
Give a cheer for this boy
With sisters on all sides!
(They'll dress him in
Bonnets and bows, you know,
And take him for
Doll buggy rides.)

Oh breathe a small prayer
Over Jeddy's dark hair,
His voyage is bound to be rough!
(They'll bounce him all over
The Giggle-Tree Shores,
Those blondes at the helm
In their pinafores.)

So pluck him a
Four-leaf clover or two,
And blow him some lucky kisses!
(No matter how near
He may come to his mark,
His life will be
Smitten by Misses!)

—Ruth S. Watkins



Yes, Ma'am! You can use the same bleach for greasy coveralls, baby's diapers and flimsy blouses—when it's **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**! This miracle bleach does the same fine job on any washable fabric, from toughest work clothes to sheerest synthetics. Bleaches whites whiter, colors brighter, keeps things looking fresh and new. Yet, unlike harsh liquid chlorine bleaches, it's perfectly safe. Never weakens fibers, never shortens fabric life.

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Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

WE KNOW IT'S SAFE!

WE MAKE IT!

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

they had once enjoyed having for dinner were now on such restricted diets that it was no pleasure to try and prepare a nice meal.

One woman said: "It seems a shame to have a nice home and lovely china, silver and linen and never use them, but we take our friends to restaurants because it's simply too much work to prepare a dinner for guests."

Circumstances that prevent enter-

taining vary widely, of course, but here are three typical examples:

"My husband's work doesn't permit him to get home before 9:00 at night and this is simply too late to try and have friends in for anything because he's worn out."

"Maybe some doctors' wives can manage some kind of a social life but I certainly can't. We had to call so many times at the last minute because of emergencies that we just stopped trying to go anyplace or having people here."

"With five children under eight and no way to get a sitter out on this farm, we surely cannot have the kind of a social life I'd really like to have. There is a limit to the number of times friends will come to your home if you don't accept their hospitality in return, and I just can't drag five children out and keep them up until all hours. Summer is such a terribly busy season on the farm that we're lucky if we manage more than one picnic."

These three examples give you an idea of the way circumstances can color a situation. And probably under "circumstances" I'd have to include the dozen or so women who said flatly: "We never entertain anyone, relatives or friends, because my husband won't go anywhere and doesn't want anyone to come here."

On the other hand, there is a huge collection of letters from people telling me in detail about their very happy and successful arrangements when it comes to entertaining. Practically without exception these people "carry in" food (as one woman put it) and everyone contributes something to the meal—no one person attempts to shoulder all the work and the expense. As I read over and over again: "With the cost of living the way it is today, we just couldn't get together with our friends unless we all pitched in."

There is a great deal of on the spur of the moment entertaining, according to these letters, and things are kept very casual and relaxed. Cook-outs are extremely popular; in fact, they seem to be more popular than old-fashioned picnics. There doesn't seem to be much fussing around with elaborate centerpieces if it is a sit-down dinner. What we think of as a knock-down, drag-out company meal seems to be reserved for family gatherings on holidays (with everyone contributing to the meal) and aside from this, things seem to be kept pretty simple and easy.

In direct contrast to the foregoing, one woman wrote: "I like to prepare a delicious dinner for guests and I expect to do the whole thing myself. When I am invited out, I do not expect to take any of the food." But only a

tiny, tiny handful of people are keeping her company on this viewpoint.

Well, all in all you can see why this has been a fascinating collection of letters. I just wish we had room to print extracts from hundreds of them for they certainly make for interesting reading. And I'm still amazed that so many, many people took time to write and express their opinions. One of these months I'll have to "get off" on some other subjects and we can all have a good time!

My space is more than gone, so now I must run, literally, to start supper for Juliana and Russell—creamed salmon tonight on hot biscuits.

Faithfully yours,

Puck

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

Shenandoah won't get in as much swimming this year as they would like, but when the pool finally opens, it will be a dandy! We've been interested in the proceedings hoping that the work will be completed by the time all the little cousins arrive in Shenandoah for the big family reunion.

That time is drawing very close and by next month we'll have a lot to share with you.

Sincerely,

Margery

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN - Concluded

Glamorous Aspen was the last stop on this trip. We had time to go up the ski lift or wander through the shops of the town. I chose the wandering, much as I would have enjoyed the ride and spectacular view of the mountains. Aspen lived up to its reputation. Musicians were practicing in upstairs rooms along the streets; easel-carrying artists dashed past in queer looking garb with exotic dogs galloping along behind. The shops were a fascinating jumble of folk art, imported items and wildly modern contemporaries.

We lunched happily in a picturesque outdoor cafe, grieving that time did not permit staying to hear a concert or see a play. The bus driver honked his maddening insistence that we board the vehicle to complete the drive eastward, along the mountain passes, past the cooling streams, through the tunnels, and finally back to the familiar territory around Denver.

A contented sigh was all I could manage as I pulled the suitcase from the rack and prepared to alight. What fond memories came home with me of new friends, new scenery and new experiences. Yes, I *liked* the other side of the mountain!

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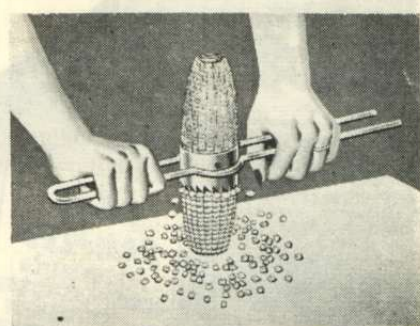
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White Plains, New York

YES, RUSH MY CHRISTMAS CARD SAMPLE KIT

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