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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,  
Lucile Driftmier Verness,  
Margery Driftmier Strom

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### LETTER FROM LEANNA

My Dear Friends:

So much has happened since my last letter was written to you, that I hardly know what to tell you first.

As you'll remember, a family reunion was planned for this summer when our seven children and their families would be together for the first time in many, many years. At that time we would observe our Golden Wedding Anniversary. This was something that we had been planning and looking forward to for months. "The best laid plans of mice and men oft go astray"—and indeed they did! For those of you who cannot hear our radio visits, a little explanation might be appreciated.

Mart lost his balance one day and fell. No bones were broken, but he suffered from a badly sprained back that required hospital care. All plans for an open house at Lucile's and Russell's home were cancelled, of course, and because it was decided that even a family reunion would be out of the question, the children spaced their visits. Donald, our youngest son, made a trip from his home near Milwaukee, Wisconsin, shortly after his father's accident. Soon after, Wayne and his family arrived, and when Frederick could leave his ministerial responsibilities, he drove his family to Shenandoah. They spent much of their time at the hospital until their father could be dismissed.

Because Mart is still a bed patient, he has 24-hour nursing care at home. Being in a wheel chair myself, it is impossible for me to care for his needs. At the present time he is up a little each day and is able to walk with the support of a walker.

We have enjoyed the hundreds of beautiful cards from you dear friends, and I wish it were possible to thank each of you personally.

As many of you know, our daughter Lucile has a physical handicap. Because of it she has lost her balance a number of times and fallen, but never with a serious injury. However, a couple of weeks ago she had a fall

which resulted in a broken hip. Just as I knew instantly that I had broken my back in our automobile accident in 1930, Lucile knew that her hip was broken in her fall. X-rays at the hospital proved her right and the following day an orthopedic surgeon came from Omaha to operate. She is coming along quite well, but in her case it will be some time before she will be able to walk. This fall occurred while Wayne and Frederick and their families were still here and they stayed until all danger was past.

Now, let's think of more pleasant things, for after all, we have much to be thankful for.

Frederick, whose children had never vacationed west of Iowa, had planned a wonderful trip through the Black Hills, Yellowstone National Park, the Tetons and then back to Denver to attend a national church convention. The morning that everyone seemed to be "on the mend", they struck out. Since Margery, with her son Martin and Dorothy's daughter Kristin, had covered this area last summer, she had a number of suggestions and recommendations of things to see and places to stop. Since plans and stops can be so uncertain when one is traveling, they have called frequently to check on the "sick-a-beds", and have given glowing accounts of the trip. We'll be anxious for their stop-over enroute back to Massachusetts to hear all the details.

My sister Jessie had a happy time with her daughter Ruth and her family who came for a visit from their home in California. Jessie's son Bill and his family drove down from Des Moines, Iowa, so they had a nice reunion. Just as with our grandchildren, these little cousins don't have many opportunities to be together to really *know* one another, so such gatherings are exciting times. And it was an afternoon of sheer delight when Jessie brought her family to Shenandoah to spend some time with ours! Cameras were clicking away as the grown-ups photographed the occasion for family records.

While Ruth was here she announced that she wanted to paint my portrait as an anniversary gift. Ruth is very talented and for a number of years she has done commissioned portraits. Since she planned to paint it after her return to California, she decided it might be a good idea to photograph me in color. I put on the Dior-blue dress that I had planned to wear at our open house and Ruth took many, many pictures so that she could be certain to catch just the expression that she wanted in the portrait.

If you are a former 4-H member, or you have children who are interested in this wonderful organization, you will be happy to know about a new book that will soon be available. It is written by Manilla Cheshire who was raised in Page County and was active in 4-H since its beginning. The book will contain many pictures and stories of the early days when my sister Jessie organized the club and started the Farm Camps. Some of you readers may not know about the part she played in 4-H.

Do you remember the picture of our son Frederick holding the painting of the Madonna by Raphael which appeared in the June issue? Mrs. Bertha McIntosh of Bremerton, Washington, writes me that she has just finished the same painting in needlepoint. I have done some needlepoint, but nothing so intricate as that! It must be very beautiful.

When I made my last quilt—the beautiful applique pattern of bouquets of garden flowers—I promised it to the first granddaughter to marry. When Kristin was here earlier this summer she reminded me of my promise and put in her claim for it. Now that her engagement has been announced, I'll be losing it, and, I'm certain, a precedent has been started. There are several more granddaughters and they are growing up fast!

Martin just came down to fill the bird baths and water the big jars of caladiums and fuchsias on the front porch. While he's here I think I'll go out into the garden and point out some weeding that has to be done.

Sincerely,

*Leanna*

FOR LIFE

Each life should be a lovely thing,  
A harvest, and a blossoming;  
A field of rainbow-hued, bright  
flowers,  
A world a-brim with happy hours.  
Love is treasure to all who hold,  
Kindness is the heart's bright gold;  
Prayer is a bluebird on the wing,  
Making each life a heavenly thing.

## YOUR LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

I've just been checking over everything for the magazine before sitting down to write to you friends. With all that has been going on since I wrote last, I'm not quite sure how this issue will look when it is finished and in print. If you find any errors, please, dear friends, overlook them! As you've read in Mother's letter, these have been "trying times", and under the circumstances, I think we've done quite well to get this issue together for you--and on time!

Mother has explained about Dad and Lucile and has told you that the boys have been here for short visits, but I want to give you a few more details. Fortunately, Dorothy could come when she was needed most and she was a great help to us. At first some member of the family was with Dad and Lucile every minute until special nurses could be put on their cases. But finally we were "over the hump" and both were put on the recuperating list.

The children ate their meals at our house and spent most of their time with us so that their parents could spend as much time at the hospital with Dad and Lucile, and at home with Mother, as possible. Mary Leanna and Emily were good to help me in the kitchen while Martin "herded" Alison, David and Clark. (All of the children were willing workers, but this seemed the best arrangement.) While the girls and I were busy cleaning up the kitchen, the other children would get things lined up for a game of Monopoly, a session with jig-saw puzzles, or round up the books to exchange at the library.

The children also enjoyed a number of picnics at a large park nearby. They could usually find a baseball game in progress or a tennis match to watch on the courts nearby. And then, too, it was fun just going downtown and looking around in the stores as much as they pleased. Children who grow up in cities appreciate the freedom of roaming that is possible only in small towns.

Wayne and Abigail slept at Howard's and Mae's home; Frederick and Betty slept at Lucile's and Russell's; Dorothy, Mary Leanna and David slept at the folks' house. Oliver, Martin and I played hosts to Emily, Alison and Clark. Mother had wanted all of the out-of-towners with her, but under the circumstances we felt that it would be wiser to scatter out. It worked out quite well until the children discovered how wonderful it was to sleep on Granny's sleeping porch! From that time on there was a general "upsetting of the fruit basket" so the children could take turns at that special delight. And yes, from that time on it was a scramble to



Oliver Strom shows a bit of history to Mary Leanna and David Driftmier. This is the site of John Brown's Cave in Nebraska City, Nebraska.

see that pajamas, socks, and what-have-you found their way back to the right suitcases!

We planned a few special outings while the youngsters were here. One of them was to Manti, the old Mormon settlement that we've told you about. The cousins were most interested in hearing about its history and also about the founding of Shenandoah.

The day that Wayne and his family went to Onawa for Abigail's class reunion the children left behind were at loose ends so Oliver and I drove them to Nebraska City, Nebraska, (only about 40 miles from Shenandoah) to go through Arbor Lodge, and John Brown's Cave. We ate lunch in one of the nice restaurants before stopping at Waubonsie State Park on the way home.

We had counted strongly on our municipal swimming pool as a chief source of entertainment, but the remodeling wasn't completed in time. That was a big disappointment, for all of the children had brought their bathing suits, remembering what a fine pool we have. On the hottest day of their visit — what we around here call a real "corn-growing" day — we suggested that they don their bathing suits, turn on the hoses, and wash the car. It turned into a perfectly marvelous water fight and was probably as enjoyed as an afternoon in the pool.

You'll remember Mother mentioning in her letter last month that they were planning to replace their old phonograph. Well! we were on pins and needles for we had decided months ago that that was what we seven children would give them for their wedding anniversary gift! The day Dad came home from the hospital we had a beautiful machine delivered to the house. When we picked it out we also asked Ralph and Muriel Childs to help

us select some stereo records which they would especially enjoy. Mother and Dad derive much pleasure from fine music and they have the lovely new phonograph playing quietly most of the day.

By the time you read this, Martin will have finished his course of Drivers' Training at the high school. He has thoroughly enjoyed it and now that he's turning 16, he'll be asking for the car one of these days. Some of my friends have told me that their children weren't too anxious to strike out alone at first; they seemed to prefer the security of having a parent sitting beside them for a while. It will be a big help to us when Martin can start running errands.

Martin has his first outside job now and is enjoying it very much. He's a "paper spotter" and if you don't know what that is — as I didn't — perhaps I'd better explain.

This is in connection with the delivery of a large city newspaper. As Martin is driven around town, he counts out the number of papers each paperboy is to deliver, and the bundles are left at the boys' homes. Also, he counts out the papers for the newsstands, hotels, motels, etc. He is replacing one of the boys from our church who is old enough for a full-time job.

Martin dreaded having to write to his Uncle Frank to tell him that he wouldn't be able to come to the farm for a long visit and to help him as he had promised, but we assured him that his uncle would understand about his accepting the paper job.

Lucile has asked me to thank you for the get-well cards and letters which have arrived since I announced over the radio program about her fall. Time goes slowly when one is confined to bed, so your thoughtfulness is greatly appreciated. And I, myself, can't tell you how much it means to have your support during this time. We hope it won't be long until she'll be able to return to the microphone and to her typewriter.

Sincerely,

*Margery*

## COVER PICTURE

We've mentioned the little greenhouse that Lucile and Russell (Verness) built onto the back of their home, but we haven't shown you any pictures of it.

The pool is actually a tank and there are usually some lovely water lilies blooming in it which make nice "landing places" for Juliana's turtles, and nice hiding places for the assorted goldfish.

## Dog Days Excursion Party

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



There is nothing we can do about the weather, so we might as well capitalize on the season and come up with a "dog-gone" good theme for a party. It can be a party so full of fun and chuckles that everyone will forget about the hot, humid weather we have in late summer — forget it for a few hours, at least!

**Invitation:** Let the invitation be in the form of a train ticket. If you cut a sheet of regular typing paper into thirds, lengthwise, each strip will be about the right size for a ticket. The invitation might read "Join the Dog Days Excursion. Meet the gang at the station at train time, 8 P.M., Thursday evening, at 102 Summit Ave. Station. (signed)." Gold seals might be pasted, or sketched, on the ticket to make it "official".

For each ticket, cut out two scottie dog silhouettes from construction paper to use as the folder to hold the ticket. Fold the ticket in accordion fashion, pasting one end to one dog, and other end to the other dog, so that when it is folded it is concealed inside the dog cover. A rubber band around the cover will hold it in place, or it might be tied with a narrow ribbon leash, one end of which is fastened to a ribbon collar around the dog's neck.

If you want the party to be informal, you might mention on the ticket invitations that play clothes are accepted travel gear.

**Decorations:** Let the guests be greeted upon arrival by someone dressed as a red-cap, who will take wraps (if any), direct them to the sign posts, and point the way to the station waiting room. A large sign, reading **TICKET REGULATIONS**, could be the first thing the guests see. This could include:

1. Tickets are not transferable, but the mirthful spirit of the occasion is, and it is hoped it will be passed about freely.

2. Ticket is void if ticket holder is accompanied by Old Man Grouch or Gloomy Puss.

3. No sleeper accommodations provided. Anyone showing drowsiness will be given an "Up and at 'Em" capsule, or dowsed with ice water.

4. No stops at "Kickersville", "Wallflower Station", or "I Can't Town".

5. Ticket holder responsible for own good time, and that of fellow passengers.

Another sign might read "Check your frowns here", or "Park all grouches in this barrel" (provide small barrel nearby). Other suggestions are: "Dog-town excursion to fun and hilarity", "Good time railways", and "Laughs unlimited express".

The waiting room can start the party off in chuckles if sofas and large easy chairs are set back to back, like benches in a railroad station. Arrange chairs in a string as if seats in a train coach. If you can locate some of the toy gum or candy dispenser machines, they will add genuine atmosphere.

The guest-greeter should be a ticket agent, wearing a visor-shade and sleeve protectors. Try to provide sound effects (by the clicking of a typewriter in an adjoining room) of a telegraph instrument for the brief time that guests are arriving. Crazy telegrams might be handed out to guests paged by the agent. (The hostess will have these ready in advance.)

Someone can pass among the guests with a basket of things to make the passengers comfortable on the trip — hot water bottles, aspirin, toothache medicine, corn pads, bunion plasters, ear plugs and small pillows.

The hostess should ring a bell each time the excursion train pulls into a new stop (game or stunt), at the same time calling "All abo-o-oard". Then she can indicate the stops as "Fisherman's Wharf", "Dog Town, USA", or make up your own, according to the games to be played.

The excursion train idea will seem more realistic if the group can be moved to different locations throughout the party for different games; for example, from living room to basement, to dining room, to patio, to lawn, etc. If there are several hosts, the party might move from house to house as the party progresses.

**Nut Cups** can be miniature suitcases fashioned from pill boxes. Paint them brown, blue, or grey. Fasten a short

length of pipe cleaner in the side of the lid to make the handle. Paint the handle silver and paint on silver "catches" and "lock". Write each guest's name on a tiny identification tag, and attach to the handle of the suitcase. To carry out the travel idea, cut tiny pennants from various colors of construction paper, label them "Rome", "Paris", "Niagara Falls", "Podunk" or "Timbuctoo", and paste them on the suitcases.

**Cunning Dog Favors** can be made by using a peanut for the body and putting a short length of pipe cleaner through each half of the peanut and bending them down to form the puppy's feet and legs. Glue on perky ears cut from construction paper, and insert a length of pipe cleaner for the tail. Around the neck of each dog tie one end of a leash (heavy string that has been braided), and to other end attach the guest's name card cut out in shape of a bone. Or a small card filled out as a license to "dog-gone good time during dog days" is another idea.

**Entertainment: Fisherman's Wharf Free-for-all:** Before guests arrive, hide a large number of paper fishes all around the room. If it is an outdoor party, hide them in the shrubbery, beneath stones, etc. Mark each fish by name, as catfish, shark, bass, salmon, etc. Tell your guests they are to have 20 minutes to do some land-lubber fishing. When time is up, allow 10 points for a shark, 9 points for salmon, 5 for catfish, etc. Award the winner a toy fishing pole (or one fashioned with a tree twig and heavy cord).

**A Visit to the Mint:** Choose up two teams for a relay. Supply each team with two toothpicks and two pennies. Lay one penny on the starting line and one on the goal line for each team. At a signal the first player in each line must pick up a penny from the starting line with the two toothpicks, and carry it on the toothpicks to the goal line. There he changes pennies and carries that one back to the player next in line, handing it to next player, still on the toothpicks, who then goes through same routine. If penny is dropped it must be picked up only with the toothpicks. First team to finish gets pennies for prizes.

**Puppy's Ball Bounce:** Place an open umbrella upside down on the floor. Each player in turn tosses a small rubber ball, or ping pong ball, so that it bounces first on the floor and then into the umbrella. Players should stand four to five feet from umbrella. Score a point for each ball that is bounced thus, and remains in the umbrella.

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## A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This past month has been a busy one at the Johnson farm. Frank was able to spend most of his time plowing corn since we had a drier-than-usual June, so most of his corn was "laid by" early.

Kristin was home for a week between the end of the regular school year and the beginning of summer school. She planned to drive home, and since we didn't want her to make the trip alone, Frank suggested that I go to Laramie by train and come back with her. Kristin thought this was a great idea for I could help get all of her things sorted and packed.

Frank's sister Edna went with me, and we were so happy that she could make the trip for it was the first time in months that she had felt well enough to do much of anything. She is allergic to so many foods that I was afraid she would either starve or eat something she shouldn't and have a set-back. She had given thought to this, however, and prepared a box of foods she could safely eat, just in case she ran into difficulties with restaurant menus.

This was the first time just the two of us had ever taken off together on a real trip and we were very excited about it. We took the evening Burlington train from Chariton to Omaha where we transferred to the Union Pacific and continued on to Laramie. Between Omaha and Cheyenne the train made only two or three stops, and then for but a minute or two. Consequently, we didn't step off the train at all until we reached Cheyenne in the morning. We had a ten-minute stop there which gave us time to go into the station and look around a bit.

The scenery from Cheyenne to Laramie was beautiful. The mountains were still snow-capped, and, fortunately, it was a bright, clear day and we had a good view of them. Edna said, "It isn't hard for me to understand why Kristin loves the state of Wyoming. It's beautiful country!"

Kristin and her fiance, Art Brase, met us at the train with the announcement that Art's mother had dinner all ready and was expecting us to stay in her home. Kristin said, "I realize you are probably tired of riding, but after we've eaten and you've had a chance to rest a bit, we'd like to drive up to Snowy Range." After a delicious dinner we did, indeed, feel rested and ready for the trip to the mountains. This was their first trip to Snowy Range since the last of October when the road was closed because of snow. It had been opened just the day before



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson of Lucas, Iowa, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Kristin, to Arthur R. Brase, son of Mrs. Frank Brase and the late Mr. Brase of Grand Island, Nebraska. Kristin and Arthur are both students at the University of Wyoming at Laramie.

our arrival and this seemed almost unbelievable because for some time it had been warm enough in Laramie to wear light summer clothing.

Our highway took us past the University's College of Agriculture farm where a big sign read "Visitors Welcome". Edna made the remark that if Raymond and Frank had come along they would have been more interested in the farm than the drive in the mountains! We also passed the University's summer science camp which is located in this mountain range.

The mountain streams were rushing wildly down the hills, swollen due to melting snow, and as we approached the summit I could see why the road had just been opened for snowbanks along the side were two or three times higher than the car. All along the road we also saw tall sticks or poles, and Art explained that they served as guides for the men who operated the snow plows. The snow reaches such heights that they couldn't locate the edge of the road without the markers.

Almost every time we rounded a curve we saw a lovely little lake and many people were fishing, both in the lakes and the mountain streams which fed them.

When we reached the summit, which I believe is close to 12,000 feet, we parked the car and climbed a flight of rock steps to the lookout point. Both Mrs. Brase and I were bothered by the altitude with shortness of breath and slight dizziness, while Edna, whose allergy creates breathing difficulties, felt wonderful in the higher altitude!

On the way back to Laramie Art took

us on a different route which went through part of the Medicine Bow National Forest. This was a narrow, rocky road and we had to drive slowly. I was interested in the rail fences—miles and miles of them—which went right up over the tops of these rocky mountains. I wondered how many years they had been there, and what hard work it must have been to build them—such dangerous work!

Kristin came after us the next morning and we took a drive around the campus before going to her dormitory. She had most of her packing done so it didn't take long to finish the job before lunching in Knight Hall Cafeteria where she has eaten all of her meals this year. I had a chance to visit with the assistant manager and was interested in all the things he had to say about his work.

During a school year they serve about 2300 meals a day to the students in this cafeteria, besides the banquets which are held in private dining rooms. (This is one of the two large cafeterias on the campus.) A student has his choice of one of four different salads, a main entree, a choice of dessert and beverage. He can have as much milk as he wants. He also said that if they permitted a student to pile his tray full the first time through the line, a lot of food is wasted because so often "the eye is bigger than the stomach"; hence, they are given regular servings but are permitted to return for seconds of everything. Another interesting comment was that the students prefer gelatin salads—red ones.

The afternoon was spent walking around the campus and seeing things first hand that we had read about in Kristin's letters this past year. This was possible for Kristin didn't have any final exams scheduled at that time.

The next morning she took her last final test and then we finished packing last-minute items, loaded the car, and she checked out of the dormitory. (This summer she is living in Ross Hall.) Mrs. Brase fixed an early lunch for us and then we started for home. We stayed overnight in Lexington, Nebraska, and then continued on to Lincoln and Shenandoah. It was a bit out of our way to return by this particular route, but it gave us an opportunity to stop for a short visit with the folks. It was evening before we reached the farm.

While Kristin was home we were happy to have Frank's sister Ruth with us for a couple of days, but I'm afraid she didn't have much of a vacation. While Kristin and I were busy getting clothes ready for summer school—washing, ironing, mending,

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# STATE FAIR

(As Seen through the Eyes of a Girl)

by  
Elaine Derendinger



A state fair is a combination of hot sun, dust trodden by hundreds of tired feet, colorful exhibits, and the exciting sounds of the mid-way. But there is much more than that. Much of the charm of the fair lies in the fact that it never really changes.

When I was a girl, everyone was up with the sun on state fair day! The chores were soon completed, and the car driven up to the back yard so that we—and the food—could be loaded conveniently. We always took more than was actually necessary, because there would be other folks eating picnic lunches, too, and no farm family wanted to appear short on food!

When we arrived at the fairgrounds, the first aroma to greet us was that of hot roasted peanuts and buttery popcorn. We had the courage to pass these up at that time, because it had been only an hour since we ate breakfast.

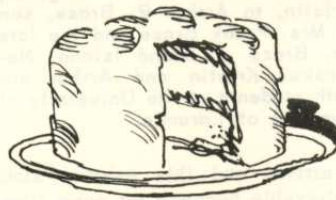
One of the first exhibits we saw was a religious one, housed under the grandstand. But we didn't stop. Religion seemed serious to us in the 30's. We were in holiday mood now. We stopped to listen to a man who orated and spied about an object that saved gas. He shouted at his audience with a "horn-like" voice, while he bent over the bowels of the car.

On the opposite corner, trying to shout him, was the man at the souvenir stand. He urged us to buy celluloid dolls on canes, rubber knives, and balloons, felt hats, silk umbrellas, and all manner of things that looked pretty. Some of this merchandise was fragile, but we expected that!

We always headed first for the Home Economics building, where my sister entered sewing, to see how many ribbons she had won. There was never any doubt that she would win some! Entering clothes at the fair is always a surprise. The garment one is absolutely certain will win a ribbon probably won't, while the dress one almost didn't send will walk away with a blue ribbon!

Before we reached the Home Economics building, we stopped at the

Commercial building on the same street. Here were booths, all advertising something different: tombstones, magazines, stoves, sewing machines—everything! We always picked up all the free literature and samples. This was fun. As people passed out the door, a woman with a long arm would reach out and practically lasso all those who wore glasses, so that she could demonstrate her glass cleaner. (For sale, of course!)



The Home Economics building was one of my favorites. On one side were neat dresses, skirts, rugs, quilts—every sort of handwork; and on the other side stood canned goods, cakes, cookies, and bread. These exhibits seemed especially appealing to country folk. And women, who probably made some of these products every day, would come to browse.

On the lawn nearby was parked a wooden box-car. It was gaily decorated with signs and seals from all parts of France. It was a "freedom car", given to us after World War I to show appreciation for our help in the war. There were steps leading to the door, but it was locked. Even though I knew there were probably only dust and cobwebs in the car, I felt frustrated because I could not look inside!

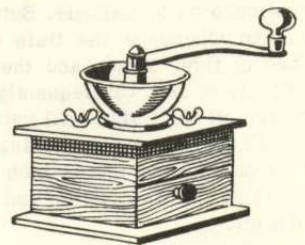
Now we were near the highway gardens, and this was a fine place to stop and rest. There were trees forming a lacy green canopy overhead, and bright flowers planted in neat arrangements. A lily pond cooled the center of the garden, and the ice-water from a fountain built of rocks cooled the thirst of the people. We went into the tent where they showed a continuous movie about the marvels of our state. It was hot here as it was outside. Let's face it, state-fair time is hot! Outside, we looked at the old covered bridge and log cabin, complete with a mule in the yard and a washboard hanging on the fence. The highway gardens also boasted a car with a face painted on the front that answered

questions about cars (a patrolman was hidden inside), and offered free highway maps.

At this point Daddy left us, and crossed the street to view the machinery exhibit and the hog-barn. The women of the family had no desire to examine these things, so we went on to the building containing fruits and vegetables. It had the good smell of a garden and orchard in summer, and there was always a booth advertising seed-corn that passed out free yardsticks. (We always wore out at least one a year—in measuring hems, in measuring lumber, and, when we children were smaller, in spankings!)

The chicken house, clean as it was, smelled like chickens in that hot weather. But for those who braved it, the reward was great. There were magnificent specimens of standard breeds, beautiful and unusual show birds, and fowl not usually found on the farm. The flower exhibits next door were welcome in sight and odor. Mere words cannot describe the charm here, but it is an exhibit few miss.

I could have spent the entire day in the building of historical exhibits. There were old iron objects, china Easter eggs, rare dishes, letters written in the spidery script of long ago, miniature dolls mostly made in Japan, and numerous other items. Stamps and coins gleamed in glass cases. Upstairs hung paintings and photographs. It was indeed hard to leave!



Parked just east of the building of history was the iron horse, consisting of an engine and a caboose. We waited our turn, then walked up the steps to the engine, and peered in. It was so huge, that I could well imagine the fireman shoveling coal constantly into the mouth of the immense firebox—and I thought of Casey Jones. The caboose was lined with leather seats, and we sank down on these for a few minutes. On the walls were tacked old photographs of trains and people in old-time clothes. In a corner sat a potbellied iron stove, and on the back door hung a red lantern. I hated to leave the old caboose—I would have liked to take a ride back down the hill to yesterday.

Near the train was the grandstand fence where one could stand and watch the horse-racing. Of course, for a

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## MARY BETH WRITES FROM WISCONSIN

Dear Friends:

While the children eat their breakfasts in the kitchen I'll start this letter, and knowing my youngsters I shall probably finish first as they can draw out an unsupervised meal to *unimaginable lengths*.

Since I wrote you last we've had two large birthdays here. Not that the celebrations were so large but the occasions were monumental to those concerned. Adrienne has turned three but she has grown in stature to ten feet high! I couldn't guess how grown-up she considers herself, but all things are changed now that she is THREE.

She lived from day to day until we told her that finally her birthday day had arrived. I think that the biggest spurt of growing-up came on Paul's birthday last March. We had explained to her that it was Paul's celebration and we would give him presents, and although this was difficult for her to understand she did keep her hands off of his wrapped packages. The final straw that broke her down completely was the presentation of the candle-topped cake and the singing of *Happy Birthday*. She just couldn't keep singing to the end. She slipped down from her little youth chair and, in a manner most mature, she left the room, stumbled up the stairs, sobbing as she went into her bedroom for a good cry. I'll tell you I thought I was going to end up having a good cry with her! I felt sorry for her having to learn such a grown-up lesson at such a tender age. We finally coaxed her back to the table for ice cream and cake and she tried to enjoy Paul's birthday celebration.

When I woke her up the morning of her birthday she had a "chessy-cat smile" on her face that lasted the entire day. She sang "Happy Birthday to me" over and over that wonderful day. I don't remember any of our children enjoying a birthday more than our little Adrienne. When the time came to open her packages she didn't rip into them as most three-year-olds would have done but rather precisely untied each package and opened each card with deliberate slowness. I do believe she was prolonging each minute and stretching it to its fullest enjoyment.

Her Grandmother Schneider was here for her big day and brought a delightful present — a wee mite of a doll with large opening and shutting blue eyes. She is about seven inches long and dressed in blue flannel sleepers just like a little three-year-old might be dressed at bedtime. Adrienne carries this handful of baby doll around with



We asked Donald and Mary Beth (Driftmier) to send a picture of Katharine at the piano. This was taken late in the spring when she was practicing for her first recital.

her all the time and if bedtime arrives with the doll out of sight, a massive doll-hunt begins or Adrienne won't settle down for the night.

One more mention of presents. I have run across the dearest collection of little books and if you are ever near a book store which carries a complete line of children's books you should look into these as a possibility for your children. They are small books, measuring only five inches by four inches, and appeal to little folks. They're very reasonably priced, costing only \$1.25. They are written by Beatrix Potter, and the series is called *The Original Peter Rabbit Books*. A year ago we bought *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* because I thought the illustrations were so lovely. Adrienne and Paul both loved the book so much that my mother and I added more this year. Adrienne now has *The Tale of Benjamin Bunny*, one of Peter Rabbit's cousins; *The Tale of Flopsy Bunnies*, likewise Peter's sister's children; *The Tale of Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle*, (no relative of Peter Rabbit, but, rather, a hedgehog); *The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck*; *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse*, and *Appley Dappler's Nursery Rhymes*. They're published by F. Warne & Co. After spending many evenings reading and rereading these, I don't believe I could eat roast rabbit or set a mouse trap! There are 23 books in the group and I know what I'm going to add come Christmastime.

Hot on the trail of Adrienne's birthday came Katharine's. We had promised her that sometime we would get her a full-sized bed with a dresser to match, and this birthday seemed an appropriate time to get it. Can you

guess what she wanted? A canopy bed! I can hardly blame her for they do seem feminine and frilly. We finally found a good value and the outfit was to be delivered the day before her birthday.

You might know who inherited Katharine's outgrown bed. And you'll not be surprised that she was out of bed about six times the first night for she discovered it was soooooo easy to get out — no high side rails to swing over. Even though they didn't keep her physically in bed, they did psychologically keep her *quieter*. We did a little explaining that since she was a big girl we expected her to act like one, but it was such fun zipping up and down the halls in the dark that I was finally forced to show her *I meant business!* She's delighted with her new status in life and apparently held no sentimental feelings about her baby bed.

One more quick funny about Paul and I'll have to go start lunch.

The children and I have been visiting in the Congregational church near us, and not being well acquainted with their schedule, it was not too surprising that I should get mixed up as to which room Paul should go into when the summer schedule commenced. After church service Donald went down to get him in the room where the four- and five-year-olds usually have their lessons and there sat our son with his nickel clutched in his fist. Don asked him why he hadn't put his money in the collection box and he replied that there was none. His Daddy doubted this, but upon further investigation discovered he had been the only one there because he was in the wrong

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## A MAN'S MINISTRY of MUSIC

by  
Deleta Landphair

"Good afternoon, everyone!"

"Good afternoon, Archie!" comes the answering chorus.

The balding, genial Archie Coontz surveys his audience with a wide smile. "Welcome to another Decatur County Song Fest!" This scene has been re-enacted nearly 200 times since a Sunday afternoon in September, 1948.

Archie Coontz, a farmer with a love for music, is the master of ceremonies of an event which began as a casual afternoon "sing". It has grown to a monthly service, which, over the years, has been attended by thousands. There are imitators of the Decatur County Song Fest, but Archie proudly declares, "To my knowledge, we have the only monthly song fest in the United States which has a record of nearly two hundred consecutive meetings."

The idea was born almost by accident. A few residents of the small community of Woodland, Iowa, combined to form a community Sunday school. One of their first acts was to purchase fifty hymnals. The casual suggestion was made that an old-fashioned "sing" be held as a means of acquainting themselves with the new books. After a "potluck" dinner, the congregation sang, and enjoyed several impromptu duets and quartets from the audience. Near the close of the program, a visiting Methodist minister from a neighboring town arose. After remarking on the fellowship enjoyed during the service, he invited them to come to his High Point Methodist Church during the following month for another "sing". The invitation was accepted, and, as Archie remarked with a reminiscent smile, "We just went on from there."

Although a Methodist church first extended an invitation to the group, other denominations were quick to recognize the value of such a gathering. Baptist, Assembly of God, Church of the Re-organized Latter Day Saints, Presbyterian, Mennonite, and other churches have sponsored the song

fest. The common love of singing and listening to music overrules religious prejudices and differences.

Through the years, Archie and his ministry of music have provided the inspiration for reopening old churches for another worship service. The little Franklin church stands alone and deserted for 51 Sundays a year. But on a Sunday in the summer old members invite a pastor for a morning service and follow the sermon with a bountiful basket dinner. In the afternoon Archie arrives to preside over another song fest for an overflow audience.

Group singing is popular, but the audience can always be assured of good music performed by individuals. Children who long ago learned poise before spectators are now adults, still contributing to the worship-with-music service. "The children are one reason I keep the song fest going," said Archie. "There are always a few promising youngsters who are developing unusual musical talent. Our services give them an encouraging audience."

A spirit of informality prevails. The program is not pre-planned, and is composed only as arrivals report musical numbers which they have prepared. Occasionally, if the program is short, Archie selects individuals from the congregation to sing a specific hymn. Such requests are met with good nature and good will, because all feel it is a privilege to contribute to this service.

Although the location of the song fest is confined to Decatur County, it has had in the audience visitors from more than half the United States as well as from Canada and Mexico. Famous singing groups have also been present, including a Negro quartet from Pineywood School in Arkansas. Attendance has varied from 14, who braved a Midwestern blizzard to gather for the service, to nearly 500. In the latter instance, the sponsoring church was far too small to accommodate the crowds, so another church was pressed into service. With the aid of another master of ceremonies, Archie managed to present the song fest simultaneously in the two churches.

How much longer does Archie intend to carry on his ministry of music? "Well," he said thoughtfully, "I'll soon be 70 years old, and when it is time for the two-hundredth song fest, I think then. . . ." His voice trailed off as he glanced over at a stereophonic record player in the corner of his living room. Archie planned to resign his post as master of ceremonies at the one-hundredth song fest, and name another man to take his place.

## DESIGN FOR A HOME

### Preparation:

Invite God to lay the cornerstone. Excavate for foundations by removing doubts, fears and selfishness.

### Construction:

Erect a strong framework of faith supported by sturdy beams of deep devotion. Lay a stout flooring of sympathetic understanding. Lath with generosity. Insulate with enthusiasm and plaster with a sense of humor.

Shingle the roof with protective kindness and apply siding composed of high hope and great expectation. Chink all cracks and crevices with pleasant memories and little family jokes. Build in permanent fixtures of honesty and integrity.

Provide doorways wide enough for the heavy-hearted and the merry-hearted to enter. Plan plenty of windows to admit sunshine for the joy of living. Weatherstrip all openings with appreciation.

Equip with plumbing adequate for daily cleansing of the spirit. Install heating apparatus guaranteed to maintain a steady glow of friendly warmth. Illuminate with the shining radiance of smiles and tears. Ventilate with an unlimited supply of patience.

Adorn the walls with cheerful courtesy and pave the hearth with hospitality. Cement the walk with humility and surround the yard with a fence of loyalty. Enter in through the gate of gratitude.

Furnish throughout the year with love. Insure against disaster by fervent prayer for daily guidance.

*Walk right in — the place is yours!*

— From a church bulletin

As he began his speech of resignation, the record player was opened and turned on. In the quietness that followed, a recorded voice emphasized the hopes of all Archie's friends that he would continue in the work which has brought enjoyment to so many. The voice concluded with a speech which gave the record player to Archie as a token of gratitude for the task he had shouldered for so many years. Acceding to the wishes of his friends, Archie has continued with his unique work.

Before the closing hymn, Archie asks if there are any visitors who are attending for the first time. A few hands are always raised. "My," says Archie with a mischievous grin, "I feel sorry for you. Think of how many you've missed!" This admonition reflects the thoughts of all who are privileged to worship with music at the Decatur County Song Fest.

## FREDERICK'S FAMILY STARTS WEST

Dear Friends:

Last Saturday afternoon I was working at the church office making last minute preparations for our trip to Shenandoah and points further west, when I thought I heard someone knocking at the church doors. It was pouring rain, and I couldn't imagine who would be wanting into the church on Saturday afternoon during a storm. There were four ladies at the door who greeted me with a smile and the question: "Are you Frederick Driftmier?" At once I knew that I was being greeted by Kitchen-Klatter friends, and in a moment they were in my office out of the rain. They were Mrs. Elmer Hamann of Magnolia, Minn., Mrs. John Steffen of Hardwick, Minn., Mrs. Carl Wiese of Luverne, Minn., and Mrs. Arnold Welzenback of Ellsworth, Minn. How glad I am that they took the time and the trouble to find my church on such a rainy day. After a good visit and a guided tour about the church and the parish house, they left to continue their trip to Boston and points north.

On Sunday afternoon Betty, Mary Leanna, David and I started our long trip to the West. We drove on four-lane turnpikes almost all of the way, getting as far as Rochester, New York on the first day of travel. The state of New York is truly a magnificent state with large, rich farms, and beautiful rolling hills. We had been out of the state of Massachusetts just one hour or so before David began looking for cowboys. He was so young when he made his first trip West, that he had forgotten he would see no real wild west until he crossed the state of Nebraska.

On the second morning out of Massachusetts we drove to Niagara Falls. Believe it or not, my Betty had never seen the falls even though she used to teach school in upper New York state. I had seen Niagara Falls back in 1939, and how surprised I was at some of the changes I noted in the park surrounding the falls! There were the usual number of honeymooners and tourists taking pictures and doing all of the other things that people have done there since the turn of the century when Niagara Falls first became a real mecca for visitors from all over the world.

The first time I saw Niagara Falls, I was very impressed with them, but this time not so much so. Actually, this time I was more impressed by the great turbulence of the water just above the falls. The rush and the roar of the white water smashing its way toward the brink of the falls is beautiful in a rather frightening way. I have seen



Although Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson and Betty, Frederick's wife, are sisters-in-law, we've always said that they were our "look-alikes". What do you think?

many waterfalls large and small since first I saw Niagara, but seldom have I seen any fast-breaking rapids like those just above the falls of Niagara.

Have you ever eaten in one of those so-called automatic restaurants where all of the food is served frozen and then is heated electronically in conveniently located ovens? We ate in such a restaurant just off the Ohio Turnpike, and we liked it very much. In that entire restaurant there was just one attendant, and her job was to place your purchase in the oven and to take it out in a minute or so when done. The selection was good, the service was fast, and the food was delicious. Most of you Kitchen-Klatter friends know what a crank I am about my food, and so you know that the little restaurant was unusually good for me to say so. If you should happen to come upon such a place in your travels, don't hesitate to patronize it.

I never thought that I would live to see the day when it would be a pleasure to drive through downtown Chicago just to do a bit of sightseeing, but now I must admit that it can be done. We went from the Indiana Turnpike right onto the famous Lakeshore Drive, and then when we arrived in the heart of the city we took another turnpike all the way across Chicago to the western suburbs and beyond. I am so glad that we did, for it gave the children an opportunity to see Chicago in an unforgettable way. Of course, they had seen the big Windy City from an airplane, but that is far different from seeing it at street level. The one big impression I had on the Chicago stint, was the fantastic number of pleasure boats tied up along the shore of the lake. I would dare to hazard the guess that there are at least 500% more boats on the Chicago lakefront than there were before World War II. And what a perfect place for them.

You know it comes as a bit of a rude shock to a New Englander to discover that the people in the Middlewest are

just as interested in boats as those who live along our eastern shores. As a matter of fact, from the number of new pleasure boats we saw being trucked along the turnpikes heading to the East, it appears rather obvious that the people in the Middlewest are manufacturing more boats than we are in New England. So help me, if I ever learn that lobster pots are being manufactured in the West, I shall look for the end of the world! We of New England must hold on to something uniquely ours.

Do you know what my children most wanted to do when they reached their grandparents' home in Shenandoah, Iowa? They wanted to go downtown on Saturday night. They often had heard me tell of how, when I was a boy, my trip to town on Saturday night was the big event of the week, and they wanted to see that event. They were not disappointed! We had our Shenandoah relatives as our guests for dinner in a downtown restaurant, and as we sat there eating, we could see the farm families coming in to do their Saturday shopping. It made me wish that I was a boy again. What a wonderful custom the Saturday night shopping is. I hope that you farm folks will never lose it along with your windmills and steam threshers.

There is a homogeneous quality about Saturday night farmer visits that just does not exist outside of rural areas, and I like it. Everyone you meet on the street is interested in the same things and looking for answers to the same questions. "Did you cultivate today?" "Think we are in for a wet summer?" "What did you pay for your tractor?" "Think it will be a good year for corn?" It makes no difference whom you approach for conversation, before you even start talking, you know what the conversation will be. There is a friendliness about it that makes things seem secure and as they ought to be. And oh! how different this is from the heterogeneity of our city talk. In a New England town or city the people you meet on the street are of a dozen different manufacturing trades with widely varying interests. There may be a few farmers, but even they are specialists — dairy farmers, tobacco farmers, tree farmers, poultry farmers, maple farmers, etc. etc. — and their interests are quite different from one another. Certainly a poultry farmer is not interested in the maple sugar run and vice versa.

One nice thing about all of this is that when I come back to the Middlewest I never feel like a stranger. Any man who grew up out in the tall corn country has that corn in his blood and he never loses it. When I meet an Iowa

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## THE DENVER DRIFTMIER CHILDREN ARE BUSY WITH SUMMER ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

Summer vacation activities are in full swing as I sit down to write this letter to you. I suspect that there are others who are giving an occasional glance of hope and relief towards the start of the school year in September.

Usually the start of summer vacation is a period of restful and relaxing change. The hullabaloo of school activities and the frantic breakfast rush of getting everyone out of the house on time is blissfully gone for three months. But for our family, leisurely living was delayed a few weeks.

Immediately following the close of school Emily left for church camp. She has reached the stage where attending a co-educational high school gathering was of great appeal. The all-girl camp had somehow lost its attraction in the past year!

Surely a great many of you have passed the Episcopal Conference Grounds at Evergreen, Colorado. There is a charming new church there now. Evergreen has undergone a radical change in the past five years for where as it used to be strictly a summer resort community, it has become a real suburb of Denver. Many, many families have decided the drive into Denver to work is a small price to pay in exchange for mountain living. Emily was a bit dismayed to find a handsome new four-story apartment house overlooking the rustic conference buildings.

Upon her return she launched into making up her volunteer duty at Lutheran Hospital. Emily had anticipated that the hospital would be a considerably more exciting place than the nursing home in which to serve as a Volunteer. Disappointingly, the hospital was in its slack period and she was not assigned to the "maximum care" floor. Once a girl has completed ninth grade she is permitted to work in a hospital rather than a nursing home. Naturally, no future tenth-grader chooses a nursing home immediately upon reaching this milestone. But after a few months many of them go back. They miss the fond attention the nursing home residents lavish upon them!

Weekday mornings throughout this period were filled with swimming lessons, and summer band for Alison. And after years of looking down her nose at "those dinky little English saddles", she decided that learning to ride English-style would be a real challenge. Finding a stable on the west side of Denver that even owns an



What fun when cousins can be together! Reading from left to right are Mary Leanna, Alison, Martin, David, Emily and Clark. Mary Leanna and David are daughter and son of Frederick and Betty Driftmier; Alison, Emily and Clark, the children of Wayne and Abigail Driftmier; Martin, the son of Margery and Oliver Strom.

English saddle, let alone a horse trained in this manner, takes a bit of looking. Eventually we located one such stable and its reputation was a fine one. The owner proved to be an outstanding instructor who had one minor complication. Her new classes would have to take a month's recess following the birth of her baby. But she anticipated being in the saddle right up to the moment she departed for the hospital.

This also was Clark's first summer for formal swimming instruction. He had a real incentive to apply himself in learning the various swim strokes correctly for his two best friends in the neighborhood made the swim team. He couldn't at first because he didn't know his strokes. This was rather humiliating for one so "at home" in the water!

His Little League baseball team was the beginners' league champion a year ago. A rude shock was in store for them this summer. They lost every practice game and when the season opened officially, they continued to lose. To add injury to insult, a baseball was directly responsible for knocking off the lower third of Clark's two front teeth. Of course, if Clark had managed to hang on to the baseball his friend threw to him in play, the teeth would be intact. This accident happened just ten hours before we left for Iowa. Perhaps you will notice some very short upper teeth in the pictures taken during our Iowa trip.

I don't think I'll try to go into details of our trip to Shenandoah and Onawa in this letter. But in closing I must thank the residents of Nebraska for the improvements they have made in their highways since last we drove them two years ago. Wayne and I like the drive across Nebraska because of the scenery, and especially do we

## CORN

by

Lula Lamme

A field of corn grows across the road from our house. Sometimes a green whisper starts at one side and ripples through it to the far end—a lush, seeming contented whisper, murmuring of growth and fulfillment.

Some of you must feel as I do about corn—a deep-rooted, back-into-history sort of feeling. Vague, shadowy forms of early settlers, and Indians at their corn rites, hover just beyond my sight. I still miss the corn shocks of long ago—the shocks that so resembled Indian tepees on hazy autumn evenings. And I miss the early morning sounds that carried so clearly on the frosty air. The rattle of wagons, the sounds of voices speaking to the horses, the thump of corn against the "bang board"—all were as much a part of autumn as the falling leaves.

From my earliest memories I've liked corn—fields of corn with sturdy plants stretching away in rows; rich, dark green corn, growing tall, reaching for the sun; tasseling corn waving in the breeze; ripening corn heavy with ears; the golden ears themselves, making wagon loads of fulfilled promise. When I see bins of corn, I rejoice for that family, knowing the secure feeling the corn provides.

Corn was almost a playmate when I was a child. A field of corn was a wonderful place for playing hide-and-seek or stalking Indians through a green forest. Corn silks made fine wigs for my doll—and even for myself. When bad weather kept us children inside, a raid on the woven basket of cobs kept near the old cook stove provided material for dozens of log cabins, forts, and zig-zag rail fences.

I do have a feeling for corn. It hurts me to see a neglected, weedy field, or one that is doing poorly. I remember with regret, after almost 30 years, the fields of corn stunted and mutilated by drought and grasshoppers in the hard years of '34 and '36.

Varieties of corn and methods of harvesting have changed with the years, but good corn is still good corn, and a source of pride. I truly believe that a country that grows good corn is a good country. I am glad and proud that I live in corn country.

~~~~~  
enjoy the mature soil conservation plantings that border the portions of Highways 6 and 34 that we travel. Two years ago the highways themselves were a real trial so we deeply appreciated the improved roadways we found this year.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

## EXPERIMENT IN CHRISTIAN LOVE

by

Esther Sigsbee

Park Hei Soon of Seoul, Korea, is now Sara Ann Snyder of Algona, Iowa. She has lived with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Snyder, since April of 1962, although Mrs. Snyder says, "It seems as if Sara has always been ours."

The little girl was born Park Hei Soon, August 26, 1961, at Seoul, Korea. Food is a precious commodity in Korea, and the baby's unknown mother abandoned her when she was three weeks old. She must have taken good care of her until that time, because the baby was healthy and weighed six pounds, seven ounces, when she was admitted to a Korean orphanage.

In Algona, Lou and Shirley Snyder had long wanted a sister for their three boys: John, then 13; Tom, 12; and Mark, 11. There were no hopes for a larger family, and inquiries to adoption agencies brought the usual reply—more parents wanting to adopt children than there are babies for adoption. Some of them also added, "Just be glad you have three fine boys of your own."

The Snyders *did* feel that they were lucky in having their sons, but the dream of a little girl persisted.

Then the Snyders heard about the Holt Agency of Creswell, Oregon, who have adopted eight Korean children. Six years ago they were instrumental in getting an immigration law changed so that they could bring orphans to this country. Mr. Holt has written a book on the subject, "*Seed from the East*". The agency sends out regular news letters, conducts state and national reunions for adoptive parents of Koreans, and was the first step in the adoption of Sara Ann by the Snyders.

Much thought went into the decision, and there was considerable "red tape". From the Holt agency the request had to be cleared with immigration authorities and state officials. The Snyders were fingerprinted, their home was inspected, and they were asked all sorts of questions including, "Are you Communist sympathizers?"

The Snyders took all the necessary steps, adopted the baby, and chose Sara Ann for her name. The Holt agency kept them well informed about their daughter while they were waiting for her to arrive in the States. She was one of 500 infants at the orphanage where there were 200 toddlers. There were teen-age orphans, also, and each of them had ten babies in her charge. Although the food and medical care were adequate, the babies must have been short on another important quality, T.L.C.—tender, loving care.



Mrs. Snyder and Sara Ann

Plans had been to fly to Portland, Oregon, to meet Sara Ann when she arrived from Korea, but a message came that saved the Snyders quite a bit of time and money. A missionary of the Methodist church to Korea would bring three babies to Minneapolis, and they could pick up Sara at the airport.

The year since that time has been the most wonderful one of their lives, Mrs. Snyder says. In April they went into court to legally adopt Sara in the State of Iowa. As the judge signed the papers, he said, "A judge doesn't always get such pleasant tasks. I really enjoy this. She's a very lucky girl." The Snyders maintain that *they* are the ones who are lucky.

A completely normal life in a Christian home is the aim her parents have for Sara, just as it is for their sons, Mrs. Snyder said. They went camping as usual soon after Sara arrived, and at eight months the little girl could float on her back in the water. She walks and climbs all over, moves quickly, and is very capable with her tiny hands.

The boys adore their sister; the novelty has never worn off. They change diapers, bathe her, and on Saturday mornings allow their mother to sleep until eight while they take care of Sara.

"She's the most outgoing child we've had," says Mrs. Snyder, "probably because she gets so much attention from others. When we are downtown, she walks up to every man she sees, says, 'Hi', and puts up her little hand. I have yet to see a man ignore her."

There are 66 families in Iowa who have adopted Korean children, and the Snyders have met many of them during the year Sara has been with them. They've gone to four picnics for such families, including the state one in

Des Moines. "You never saw such adorable kids," Mrs. Snyder said, "so secure and happy." They were surprised to find that many of the parents were middle-aged and most of these are also grandparents. Some are farm couples. There's a minister and his wife, doctors, engineers, and factory workers. All have one thing in common—they love children and had difficulty adopting through usual channels.

The Snyders consider these meetings extremely important, as the Korean-born children are experiments in Christian love for all of the families. They plan to discuss any problems as they come up. The Holt agency has adopted out Korean children for only six years, so no one has yet faced dating problems, marriage, etc. But since a family must be Christian and "saved" to adopt a child through the agency, the Snyders feel that any friends Sara makes in the group will be good, high-moraled people.

Sara and her mother have appeared at many church and club meetings during the past year. Their church emphasized Korea and Southeast Asia this year, so Sara makes a good illustration for Mrs. Snyder's talks. (She says she can take Sara to these meetings now while she is tiny because the little girl isn't aware that she's an object of curiosity.)

Youngsters are fascinated by Sara, and they ask all sorts of questions. "Why do her eyes look that way?" or "Is she Indian?" Mrs. Snyder uses a scrapbook for her talks, printed in story form, and will give it to Sara when she is older.

Sometimes, Mrs. Snyder says, she gets rather peculiar questions from adults during the question and answer period. She says, "I'm like an old mamma hen, you know. Oh, how I love this child. I don't want her hurt!" One woman asked what they were going to do about dating when Sara gets into high school. What if parents don't want their boy dating Sara? Mrs. Snyder said, "I really let her have it with both barrels!" I said, "Right now I can look around and see many boys that are not too desirable themselves. There are two sides to this situation. We are trying to raise Sara to be a good Christian girl, and perhaps there will be boys I don't want to go with my daughter!"

On the whole, the Snyders say, there has been little prejudice so far. "Everybody tells us they think adopting Sara is a good thing to do." And no matter what the future holds, the Snyders feel that little Sara has already many times repaid their investment in time, concern, and money with the joy she has brought to their family.

**FLUFFY CHOCOLATE DESSERT**

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 2/3 cup chocolate syrup
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup evaporated milk, chilled
- 1 cup vanilla wafer crumbs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted

Soften the gelatin in the cold water. Heat the syrup, add the gelatin mixture, and stir until dissolved. Cool. Add the flavorings. Be sure the evaporated milk is chilled until ice crystals begin to form. (I put the milk in a small mixing bowl, lay the beaters in the bowl and put into the freezer. When ice crystals begin to form. I take it from the freezer and beat.) Whip the milk until light and fluffy and fold into the cooled chocolate mixture. Chill until it is *almost* set, but not quite. (It will mound up on the spoon.) Make a crust with the vanilla wafer crumbs, the melted butter or margarine, and the black walnut flavoring. A few nut meats may be added for texture if desired. Pat into an 8-inch square pan. Spoon the fluffy chocolate mixture over the top. Chill. Cut into squares and serve. It may be topped with a little whipped milk or cream for eye appeal.

**CHOCOLATE CRUNCH CAKE****Mix:**

- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine

**Add:**

- 1 cup (6-oz. pkg.) semi-sweet chocolate bits
- 1/2 cup finely chopped nuts

Sprinkle this mixture over devil's food cake-mix batter in two 8-inch square or 9-inch round pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 or 35 minutes. Cool in pans 15 minutes; remove and cool on racks, crunch side up.

Beat 1 cup whipping cream with 4 Tbls. sugar until stiff. Spread between layers and on sides, but not top. Chill.

**BACON-CHEESE SAUCE**

- 1/2 cup diced bacon, firmly packed
- 2 Tbls. bacon drippings
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- Salt-pepper to taste
- 1 1/2 cups rich milk
- 1/2 cup soft American cheese

Fry bacon and when crisp, remove to small dish. Measure out 2 Tbls. bacon drippings and into this stir the flour, paprika, salt and pepper. When smooth, blend in the milk; cook, stirring frequently, until it begins to thicken. Add cheese. When cheese has melted, remove from heat and let stand, covered, until ready to serve.

(This sauce can be made far in advance and refrigerated until needed. Heat in top part of double boiler unless you stir it constantly in a heavy pan. Add bacon to sauce if making in advance.)

When ready to use, put sauce in a side bowl and pass it with the vegetables—crisp bacon should be sprinkled over the vegetables if sauce has been made shortly before the meal. Snowy-white cauliflower in the center of a bowl with a ring of bright green vegetables around it (brussell sprouts, green beans, etc.) is very "company special" when this sauce is served with it.

**HILLBILLY HOT DISH**

- 1 pkg. macaroni, cooked
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 1/2 green pepper, chopped
- 1 cup cream-style corn
- 1 cup milk
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/2 cup cheese, diced

Brown the meat in the shortening. Add the onion and green pepper and continue cooking until onion is a golden brown. Combine with all the other ingredients. Put into a large, greased casserole. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes.

**SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE CAKE**

- 3 egg yolks, beaten
- 1 cup thick sour cream
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1/4 cup hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine the egg yolks and the sour cream. Beat until thick. Gradually add the sugar and continue beating until very light and fluffy—about the consistency of whipped cream. Put the chocolate and water in a small saucepan and melt over low heat. Cool and add to the batter. Stir in the flavorings. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Grease and line a 9 by 13 pan with waxed paper. Pour the batter into the pan and bake at 350 degrees for about 40 to 45 minutes or until the center springs back when touched and the cake pulls slightly from the side of the pan.

This makes delicious cupcakes, also. Simply fill the paper lined tins half full of batter and bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes.

**CHURCH HAM LOAF**

- 3 1/2 lbs. ground veal or beef
- 1 1/4 lb. ground smoked ham
- 2 tsp. salt
- 6 Tbls. catsup
- 6 Tbls. horseradish
- 1 1/2 cups cracker crumbs
- 3 well-beaten eggs
- 1 1/2 cups rich milk
- 1 cup mushrooms

Place a few strips of bacon in the baking dish. Form the loaf on top of them. Place 2 strips of bacon over the top. Bake this loaf for 3 hours in a 350 degree oven, covered. Will serve 15 and can easily be doubled or tripled (if you have an enormous roaster) for a large crowd. Slices perfectly.

**CREOLE RICE**

- 1 cup chopped boiled ham
- 1 onion
- 1 cup boiled rice
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt

Mix in the order given, pour into buttered casserole. Bake for 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

**HAMBURGER SOUP**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 3 potatoes, peeled and diced
- 2 carrots, peeled and sliced
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 quart canned tomatoes
- 1 beef bouillon cube
- Salt and pepper to taste

Brown the ground beef in a little hot shortening. Add the chopped vegetables and the bouillon cube with enough water to make a "soup consistency". Simmer until the vegetables are tender and the flavors blended. Salt and pepper to taste. This can be made with left-over vegetables as well as the fresh. Be sure the ground beef is very well browned before combining with the other ingredients as the necessary cooking time will be shorter for the pre-cooked vegetables.

**CHOCOLATE DREAM**

This is a simple dessert which can be made with one of several cake mixes, or with your favorite white, yellow or chocolate cake recipe.

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 2 cups water
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 15 marshmallows, quartered
- 1 chocolate, yellow or white cake mix
- Nut meats, if desired

Mix together the brown sugar, cocoa, water and flavoring, and pour the mixture into cake pan. Quarter the marshmallows and distribute them over this liquid. Prepare the batter according to directions on package and spoon it over the ingredients in the pan. Sprinkle the batter with nut meats if desired. Bake at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes, or until cake is done. When the cake is cut and the pieces are inverted on plates, there is a luscious topping on each serving. Simple?

**EASY SCHOOL DAY FUDGE**

- 1/2 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup sugar
- 7 caramels
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter

Mix the evaporated milk and the sugar in a heavy saucepan. Add the caramels (either the chocolate or the caramel flavored are fine). Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until sugar is dissolved and mixture comes to a boil. Boil 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat and stir in the School Day peanut butter and the flavoring. Beat until the peanut butter is well blended and pour into a buttered pan. Chill until firm and cut into squares.

**ESCALLOPED ASPARAGUS**

- 2 cups cooked asparagus
  - 1/4 cup pimiento, diced
  - 4 hard cooked eggs, diced
  - 1 cup grated cheese
- Cover bottom of baking dish with cracker crumbs. Add alternate layers of asparagus, eggs, pimiento and cheese. Salt. Add thin cream to nearly cover. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, until brown, and cream is well absorbed.

**MAPLE-NUT DROP COOKIES**

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 3 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Mix the shortening, sugars, flavorings and eggs together until fluffy. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sour milk, beating well. Stir in the nuts. Drop dough by rounded teaspoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet and bake 12 to 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven. This recipe will make about six dozen cookies.

**DUTCH MEAT LOAF**

- 2 lbs. ground beef
  - 2 eggs, beaten
  - 1 large onion, chopped
  - 2 cups cracker crumbs
  - Salt and pepper to taste
  - 1/2 can tomato sauce
- Combine all of the ingredients. Shape into a loaf and put into baking dish. Make the following topping:

**Topping**

- 1/2 can tomato sauce
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 tsp. dry mustard
- 3 Tbls. water

Mix these ingredients together and spoon over the top of the meat loaf. Bake for 45 minutes to 1 hour in a 350 degree oven. Served with baked potatoes, green bean casserole, banana-lettuce salad and hot rolls, this is real company fare.

**SPICED PINEAPPLE CHUNKS**

- 1 lb. pineapple chunks
- Drain, and to syrup add:
- 1/4 cup white sugar
  - 1/4 cup brown sugar
  - 1/4 cup cider vinegar
  - 1/4 tsp. salt
  - 1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon
  - 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
  - 6 whole cloves
  - 1 1-inch stick cinnamon
- Boil 15 minutes. Strain. Add pineapple and simmer 30 minutes.

**HAMBURGERS WITH OLIVES AND MUSHROOM SAUCE**

Mix 1 1/2 pounds ground beef, 1/2 cup lightly crushed cornflakes or cracker crumbs, 1 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. paprika, 1/4 cup minced onions.

Grease baking dish and spread the beef in it. Cut into pieces 10 or more stuffed olives and sprinkle them over the top. Cover with a can of mushroom soup. Bake in the oven at 375 degrees until meat is done.

**PINEAPPLE DROP COOKIES**

- 1 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup pineapple jam or ice cream topping
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Powdered sugar

Cream the butter and sugar together until light and fluffy. (If margarine is used, add the Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.) Beat in the egg, the jam or ice cream topping and the pineapple flavoring. Sift the dry ingredients together and add. Mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoons on an ungreased baking sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for about 10 minutes. Let cool a few minutes and then remove from pan. Make a powdered sugar frosting using a little of the pineapple jam, powdered sugar and Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring to taste. For party cookies a nut meat may be put on top of the frosting. These are the finest pineapple-flavored cookies yet!

**MAY'S BAKED LIMA BEANS**

Thaw out and cook 2 pkgs. frozen lima beans until tender. In skillet put 2 Tbls. butter and 1 diced onion. Brown. Add 1/4 cup brown sugar, 1 cup sour cream, and a little catsup. Salt and pepper to taste. Pour over beans in casserole and bake until done, but not dry, in a slow oven.

**SCHOOL DAY PEANUT BUTTER PIE**

1/2 cup sugar  
 1 cup corn syrup (dark or light)  
 3 eggs  
 1 Tbls. margarine  
 A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 1/3 cup crunch-style School Day peanut butter  
 Cook the sugar and syrup until it comes to a boil. Beat the eggs without

separating. Slowly add the hot syrup to the beaten eggs, beating constantly. Add the rest of the ingredients and continue beating until the margarine is melted and the peanut butter well blended. Pour into an unbaked pie shell. Bake at 450 degrees for 10 minutes, then reduce the heat to 300 degrees and continue baking for 30 minutes or until the center of the pie is firm. (This is much like the pecan pie which is such a favorite with many people.)

Serve the pie with or without a topping of whipped cream for a delicious dessert for a company meal.

**HUNGARIAN RING ROLLS**

1 pkg. dry yeast  
 1/4 cup lukewarm water  
 1 cup scalded and cooled milk  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 egg, beaten  
 1/4 cup shortening, melted  
 3 to 4 cups sifted flour

Dissolve the yeast in the warm water. Stir in the scalded and cooled milk, the sugar and salt. Add the beaten egg, the melted and cooled shortening and enough flour to make a dough. Knead until smooth, put in a warm, greased bowl and set aside to rise in a warm place. When double in bulk, punch down and let rise until double again.

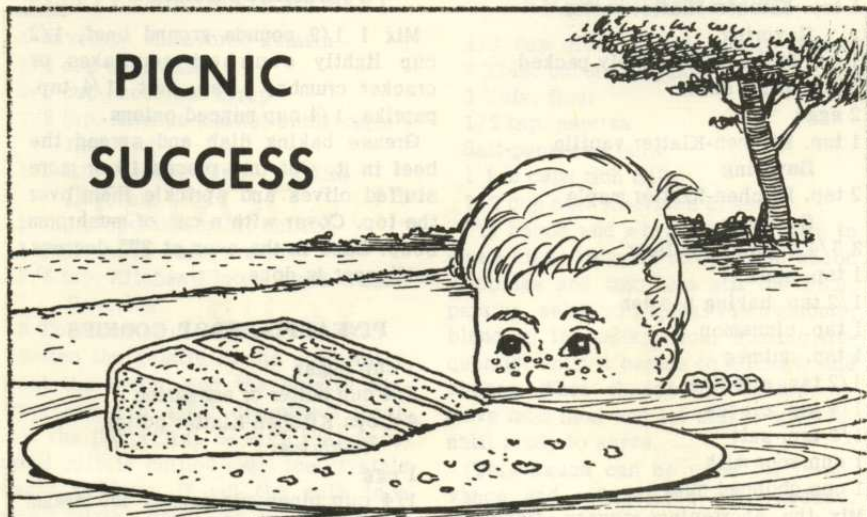
Grease a ring mold or an angel food tube pan. Prepare a bowl of melted butter or margarine, about 1/2 cup. Add a few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. Mix together 3/4 cup of sugar and 2 tsp. cinnamon in another bowl. Now, knead the dough. Pinch off balls of dough about the size of a walnut. Dip in the melted butter or margarine, then in the cinnamon-sugar mixture. Put in the tube pan or ring mold in layers. (Steamed, cooled raisins and nuts may be sprinkled around between the balls if desired.) Let rise until light, not quite double in bulk this time. Bake at 400 degrees for about 20 minutes, or until nicely browned. Remove from the oven, let set about 5 minutes and then turn the entire ring out onto a large plate. This may be glazed or frosted with a light powdered sugar-butter icing.

**TAMALE PIE**

This time of year we like to be out of doors as much as possible, and simple one-dish meals are always welcome. We think you'll like this one.

1 egg  
 1/2 cup cornmeal  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1/2 lb. pork sausage  
 1/2 lb. ground beef  
 1 cup chopped onion  
 1 can tomato sauce  
 1 can pitted whole ripe olives  
 1 can whole kernel corn  
 1 can tomato soup  
 1/2 lb. grated American cheese  
 1 Tbls. chili powder  
 Salt and pepper to taste

Beat the egg, add cornmeal and milk and let stand while you fry the sausage and beef. To the meat you will then add the onion, tomato sauce, olives, corn, soup, grated cheese, chili powder. Lastly, add the egg mixture. Mix all and bake at 325 degrees for 45 to 60 minutes, depending upon size casserole used.



Those satisfied, cake-smeared grins make all the preparation worthwhile, don't they? The hot dogs disappeared, the potato salad vanished, and look what happened to that luscious cake!

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## Melon Moods

by  
Enid Ehler

Groups of fun-loving people, juicy ripe melons and warm August days belong together. Here is a party suited to the taste of anyone who is in the Melon Mood!

### Invitations

Plain white paper may be used for the invitations. Paste a colorful picture of an appealing melon slice on the left hand side of the paper. Or if you prefer, arrange melon seeds in a circle, pasting them on the paper with pointed ends toward the center of the circle in a flower type design. The invitation might read:

"Sunday at two, please knock on our door,  
We would like you to be our guest.  
We'll have laughs, fun and games  
by the score,  
Including a Melon Fest!"

### Decorations

A plain white tablecloth is the ideal background for this colorful melon centerpiece. It may be as simple or extravagant as the hostess wishes. Use various types of melons. Paint or color happy faces on them. A large melon makes the perfect man's face; a middle-sized one might suggest a woman's face; small melons could be children's faces, a tiny, tiny one wearing a perky baby's bonnet.

### Games

**Seed Guessing:** Each guest estimates how many seeds are in a certain melon. The hostess collects the estimates and then cuts the melon being sure each guest receives a piece. As the guest eats the melon, she must count the seeds in her slice and write it down. The hostess collects the slips of paper, totals the figures, and awards a prize to the person whose estimate came closest to the correct number.

**Melon Fortune Telling:** Mark a melon into squares with a sharp pointed instrument or knife. Cut deep enough to make the squares distinguishable. In each square either outline different fortune signs such as a horseshoe, cupid's bow, wedding ring, dollar sign, airplane, ship, letter, etc., or purchase tiny miniature charms at a variety store and pin them into the melon. Have at least as many fortunes as there are guests. Place the melon on a Lazy Susan. Blindfold the contestant, and spin the melon. The contestant points to a square, removes her blindfold,

and reads her fortune to the group. An airplane would mean travel; wedding ring, marriage, etc.

**Mixed-Up Melons:** Rewrite the correct melon names in the following:

1. kmnlmusoe (muskmelon)
2. yrlae ledisucoi (Early Delicious)
3. tsarhe fo lodg (Hearts of Gold)
4. loenmtraew (watermelon)
5. ralye saskna eetws (Early Kansas Sweet)
6. wen pmahirehs gdiemt (New Hampshire Midget)
7. toesn nmuoiant (Stone Mountain)
8. guras ybba nolem (Sugar Baby Melon)


9. rylae danaac (Early Canada)
10. dlenog idetgm (Golden Midget)

### Refreshments

Serve a "help yourself tray" filled with an attractive arrangement of slices of different types of melons.

If planning this party for youngsters, feature Melon Juice Punch (pink lemonade) and Melon Seed Cookies (sugar cookies with raisins). Serve watermelon slices which suits most any youngster's taste, and prevents any confusion an assortment of melons might present.

.....




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# KITCHEN - KLATTER

# NO-CALORIE SWEETENER



**"TO EACH HIS OWN"**

by

Roberta Smith

My two sons have reached their mid-teen years. Amidst the resulting impact, to me, comes this quandary: How did it arrive so soon and were they ever little children? Naturally, of course. But it sometimes seems as if only for a year or two!

At their level now, outstanding is the constant climate of rarely being alone, always in a group or gathering. Every phase of living today seems to lend itself to multiple atmosphere.

The schools sponsor extra-curricular activities, admittedly, for the students' benefit—for social, educational, and service channels, to mention only a few.

Youth programs in the churches give young people group participation besides the Sunday evening fellowship.

Few reach their teens without emerging from Cub Scouts, Brownie Troops, junior theatre groups, dancing lessons, swimming classes, and Saturday morning sessions for child and parents at universities.

These functions are valuable in training mind and body—developing interests, talents, social graces, and what have you. Contact with others, which aids growth emotionally, intellectually, and physically, is one of our greatest privileges.

Even a fair share of our home life is a togetherness of group living. For example, the backyard cook-out, wholesome fun, often ends up as a neighborhood event.

Mainly, all are fine and worthwhile contributions to growing up. But the majority are organized and/or supervised action.

As I reflect on my own two sons, I query as to how much opportunity they've had in the past, as now, to have some aloneness—time for imagining, for listening to sounds, for dreaming and thinking.

All youth should have the privilege of growing up gradually. There's a time for fantasy, and comes a time for living life; a season in the sun, to ripen, then maturity.

Lying on the grassy bank in the backyard, midway through a mowing job, may appear to an unthinking neighbor as laziness, but Bill might be pondering the jet ripping through the top of the sky, so high it's almost invisible except for the vivid trail left behind.

Bob, while raking leaves under the maples, may imagine, and dream in magic, the bird and squirrel sounds erupting from the tree tops.

It's a good sight, sometimes, to pass their bedroom door, and view one of



Since the Shenandoah swimming pool was closed for repairs when the children were here, they enjoyed playing in the water while they helped Juliana wash the car.

them sprawled upside down across the spread. Daydreaming, you say? Yes, or perhaps just wondering, pretending, or creating.

Youth, without his trusty transistor, is a rare sight these days! Yes, never alone? But I've come to learn that sometimes it's to furnish background—music to dream by?

A tramp in newly fallen snow, soft as fluff, a good book in a cozy corner, the sound of a tug over on the river—all things to savor and relish alone.

Time to share in silence, with an arm around the family pet, meditating the daily works of God and His goodness.

Let's allow our children given opportunities for privacy and solitary enjoyment to also develop maturity, reverence, creative instincts—and contentment.

Let's strike a happy medium!

**NEIGHBORS**

A neighbor isn't merely  
The gal "who lives next door";  
A neighbor gives, when needed,  
Of time, and love,—and MORE,—  
She helps, in case of sickness—  
She "sits", when you're away;  
She "pins" your hem, for fitting—  
She even comes to stay  
When you are called to visit  
A loved one who is ill;  
She lends her "crying-shoulder"  
When you've "been thru" the mill!"  
She helps you with your canning—  
She shops, when you're "all in";  
She entertains the youngsters  
When you're crazy with their din!  
Yes, neighbors are delightful—  
They're worth their weight in gold;  
They win undying friendship  
Be they "middle", young, or old!  
They earn a shining halo  
For the many things they do,  
But to HAVE such helpful neighbors,  
One must BE a neighbor, too!

—Pearl M. Garrison

**FOR A GROUP GAME**

If you are entertaining a large group at a church party you will find this an ideal game. You may prepare pictures of the objects mentioned in each sentence, number each, and let the players match the numbers with the verses. However, we have provided an evening's pastime by supplying heaps of old magazines and scissors and turning the players "loose". The game may be played individually or in groups. In each sentence, which is a well known portion of Scripture, find the correct picture.

1. My (SHEEP) hear my voice and I know them.
2. A word fitly spoken is like (APPLES) of gold in pictures of silver.
3. Thou anointest my head with oil, my (CUP) runneth over.
4. Cast thy (BREAD) upon the waters.
5. I will lift up mine eyes unto the (HILLS).
6. Ye are the (SALT) of the earth.
7. Enter ye in at the strait (GATE).
8. Are not two (SPARROWS) sold for a farthing?
9. I am the true (VINE).
10. Hide me under the shadow of thy (WINGS).
11. Thou preparest a (TABLE) before me in the presence of mine enemies.
12. Thou art my (ROCK) and my fortress.
13. The (HEART) is deceitful above all things.
14. The love of (MONEY) is the root of all evil.
15. As for man, his days are as grass; as a (FLOWER) of the field so he perisheth.
16. He telleth the number of the (STARS); he calleth them all by their names.
17. Consider the (LILIES) of the field, how they grow.
18. If I may but touch His (GARMENT) I shall be whole.
19. Some seeds fell by the wayside, and the (FOWLS) came and devoured them up.
20. Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little (CHILD) he shall not enter therein.

If you should be entertaining children too young to know the verses quoted above, you may give them the complete sentences and see who can find the most pictures in a designated time.

— Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Learn from the mistakes of others . . . you can't live long enough to make them all yourself.

## ACCESSORIES ARE FUN

by  
Evelyn Birkby

One of the most satisfying statements visitors have made about our new home has been, "It looks like you folks". This is especially appreciated, because we feel a home *should* reflect the personality and interests of the people who live in it.

Accessories and color are the two factors which, I believe, make a home your very own. It may take a few months of living in a place (whether new or old) to make it seem homey, but a few precious treasures on display, pictures hung on the wall, books and magazines laid on the coffee table and the colors you enjoy around you, and the warmth and friendliness will begin to shine through.

When I first walk into a room I enjoy being able to know a little about the family who lives there. Do they love books? Is music part of their life? Are they artistic? Are pets a family project or are animals particularly enjoyed? Do they have boys?—or girls?—or both? The reflection of the taste of the individuals who live in that family *should* show in, the accessories and the decoration of the room to make it looked *lived in* and *loved*.

Perhaps it is fear of making a mistake that makes us timid. Many nights I lay awake worrying about the choice of color, wallpaper, curtain material, rug patterns, bedspreads and the like. I tried so *hard* to get a mental picture of just how *everything* would look when put together. After all, a house costs so much money and if the colors did not go well or the decorations were not right, the entire effect, I felt, could well be ruined.

Finally, a good friend said to me lovingly, "Evelyn, the walls are permanent, the windows are in, the doors will undoubtedly stay right where they are, but if you make a mistake with the wallpaper you can eventually replace it without *too* much difficulty! If the paint does not go right and blend with the other colors in the room you *can* paint over again. These are not major catastrophies with which you have to live the rest of your life." From that moment on I barged in where I had previously hesitated and, surprisingly, the total effect ended up by being very satisfactory.

My friend gave me another bit of advice which helped greatly. She said, "Don't be afraid to do what *you* like regardless of advice from friends, comments of relatives or the rules decorators set up for you." As I listened to comments, poured over magazines and talked to decorators, I remembered

her advice. I felt I needed all the information I could get about color combinations, furniture arrangements and the like, but once I listened to everyone and read over all the suggestions available, I sat down to think through what I liked. Our final decisions were based according to what *we* wanted and the way *we* wanted to live in our home.

What we could find in the stores, what we already owned (we used our old furniture throughout the entire house) and what we could afford, naturally, were frequently the deciding factors in many a quandary. Some items in magazine and book illustrations are just not to be found. A large number of these *must* be decorator items, one of a kind, or borrowed from the owner just to fit that particular picture. It is pleasant to see, but extremely frustrating to spot just the right article and then be unable to acquire it.

It is still worthwhile to look through magazines and books and get ideas which can be adapted, however. For instance, we have a small early-American desk with a lid which comes down to form a writing area. Always I had kept this shut except when someone actually wanted to use it for writing. Recently, an illustration for hooked rugs, of all things, showed a similar desk open and laid with an attractive arrangement of books, flowers and an old inkwell with a flowing, red quill pen. The small pigeonholes held knickknacks.

Inspired, I dashed into the living room, pulled down the lid and emptied the pigeonholes of their utilitarian envelopes and postal cards. Into the small spaces went three precious Hummel figurines sent by a dear friend in Germany, and two small ancient books, one a church hymnal dated 1849 and the other a German Bible. I had never before put these delicate books on display and here was a safe niche just waiting for them.

On the open desk I placed a white African violet, a white milk glass candlestick with a red candle and a copy of Milton's "Poetical Works" with a lovely molded green cover (which has been in the family since 1890).

I was so pleased with the finished results I just wanted to sit and enjoy that display of family treasures. "Now," I said to myself, for no one else was within blocks of my voice, "I'll just *have* to start looking for an old inkwell and a red quill pen!"

Naturally, the finished product was not at all like the illustration, but the original certainly encouraged me to do some experimenting even though I have no intentions of making a hooked rug *anytime* in the near future. (That can

be a project when the children are grown and time hangs heavy!)

Another idea we found in an illustration was to use a patchwork quilt as a davenport cover. We had a large, comfort-type quilt made with many gay colors and set together in grays and browns. It proved a perfect, gay spot used next to the white, white walls of the living room. However, when hot weather arrived, that heavy quilt was *horrible* to sit on! What, oh what, could I use for the summer? After trying several different ideas, I finally brought out the beautiful quilt which Mother had made for Bob. It is made with light, bright squares of cotton material and set together with a rich, deep gold. At present it is our *company* cover (it is much too precious for everyday use). Now I am watching the yardgoods department for just the right color combination in quilting-by-the-yard so I can make a davenport throw which will give the effect of the old-fashioned quilt but will be more practical than Bob's heirloom.

Since I relaxed and began to *be myself* in working with the accessories, it has become fun. New ideas keep popping up in unexpected places. Experimenting with some of these various suggestions has made our house really our own. And, surprisingly, I've even gained courage enough to pound in a few nails and begin hanging the pictures on the wall . . . but that is another story.

\*\*\*\*\*

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



## Check Your Locks

by  
Joseph Arkin

The Jones family returned home from a Saturday jaunt to town to find their home ransacked and in disarray. During their absence thieves had broken a pane of glass in a side door, gaining access to the house.

In a search for money, jewelry and other valuables, Mr. Jones' desk and filing cabinets were forced open and the contents strewn about.

Today, this is a common occurrence. Drifters and petty thieves intent on burglary, find rural farm houses easy pickings — more so when habit causes the entire family to be away at the same time.

What can you do to protect your home and your farm buildings against this happening?

First, check all entrances. People who depend entirely on a stout lock for their front door might just as well leave their doors wide open — as far as burglars are concerned. The reason? A burglar almost never attacks a well-lighted, locked front door. He prefers to work around the side or back of the building where a loose window, a flimsy lock, or a pane of glass may provide a simple means of entry.

A common mistake of many is to have rear and side doors with glass panels and a spring latch on the door. The burglar simply breaks one of the panes, reaches inside and turns the latch. Any door with glass in it should be protected by a lock which opens with a key from the inside as well as the outside.

Warded locks (those that open with a "skeleton" type key) won't stop a burglar either. Any prowler can buy keys to fit at a hardware store for a dime.

Make sure your locks are good ones. Modern pin-tumbler cylinder locks provide the greatest security. In resistance to being picked, and with almost unlimited capacity for key changes, they are unequalled.

In a series of robberies in Chicago, detectives found paper match covers in the doorways of burglarized apartments. When the thieves were captured, they explained how they had simply

inserted the match books between the door and the jamb, and jiggled until the bolt eased open. It wasn't very hard, thanks to the failure of the occupants to protect themselves with proper locks.

The most securely locked farm building and residence isn't safe unless you yourself possess the only keys. . . something new occupants often overlook. Builders, rental agents, or previous owners may have keys to your quarters and be careless with them. When moving into new quarters it is the wise thing to have the tumblers on the locks reset.

A qualified locksmith is the man for this job. He can reset the tumblers in a matter of minutes — on the spot — for a modest fee. Duplicate keys for your convenience are another of his services — for about 25¢ or 35¢ each.

The Associated Locksmiths of America issue a word of warning about bogus locksmiths. In past years, there have been many cases of criminals posing as locksmiths in order to gain access to homes, apartments and places of business.

A. L. A. members carry identification cards, registered with the Association, so that you can be sure of getting an honest deal from a qualified expert.

Here are a few tips to keep your locks in working order:

When you have trouble latching a door, try rubbing moist soap on the strikeplate. On a lock that is hard to turn, use graphite in the keyhole (never use oil, it can foul the mechanism). This comes in handy for auto locks, which are often exposed to weather extremities and wear. Periodically tighten doorknob screws — a turn or two with a screwdriver is all that is necessary.

In doing all you can to "burglar-proof" your farm buildings and residence, you may be saving yourself a lot of money and trouble. Insurance companies require evidence of forceable entry before paying losses due to burglary. If a thief has to resort to smashing windows or breaking down doors to get into your farm buildings or residence, you collect from the insurance company. But if he succeeds through your own carelessness — a door or window left open, or a lock that is easily picked — you haven't much of a chance to sustain your claim. (Remember — a picked lock may show no evidence!)

Insurance companies know that the most successful burglaries are possible only through carelessness. The burglar's principal ally is his victim.

For security's sake — watch your locks!

\*\*\*\*\*

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### THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

The perennials you grew from seed in spring should now be lined out in the nursery row so that they can develop into hardy specimens and be ready to occupy their flowering locations next spring. Pansy seed can be sown early this month. The secret of getting pansies to winter over and bloom the following spring is in timing. The seed must be sown so that the plants develop just to the blooming stage before cold weather arrives. If planted too early, they will bloom in the fall and if planted too late, the little plants may not survive the winter.

Compost is one of the best substitutes for manure that a gardener can obtain. It is made up of a variety of refuse matter such as straw, leaves, kitchen wastes, lawn clippings, peat moss, pulled weeds—in fact anything that will ferment and decompose belongs on the compost pile. Compost not only improves the fertility of soil but it improves the texture, making it loose and friable so that roots can penetrate easily. It is one of the finest top-dressings available for lawns and does wonders when applied to roses and the perennial border.

Some gardeners build elaborate pits and bins, but this is not necessary. Select an out-of-the-way spot that is handy to both the garden and kitchen for your pile. I make mine in a long, narrow row that is continuous in function. The older end that is already composted is used as needed. New makings are added to the opposite end providing a constant supply of compost. Mixing and stirring the pile will hasten the decomposition but as I have neither the time nor the energy for this task, the heap is left on its own. But I do turn the hose on the pile and soak it thoroughly at intervals as a dry heap will not ferment and decay.

"Where is my wandering boy to-night, I wonder, near or far?" an anxious parent asks, and adds: "And also, where's the car?"

### My Woman-Heart Rejoices

For beauty found in flowers,  
And the wonder of a tree,  
Or the glory of a sunset,  
Lord, I thank You gratefully.

In the whispering of forests,  
Or the mountain's mystery,  
And in ebb and flow of oceans  
I can sense Your majesty.

But a helpless little baby  
Brings You closer yet to me,  
And my woman-heart rejoices  
That a Child was Deity!  
— Thelma Allinder

### CORN

Ranks on ranks, in shining armor,  
Stretching far across the field,  
Waving blades with sharpened edges,  
Strike the sunshine, not a shield.

Tall and straight, they hold attention,  
Facing left, and facing right,  
Swords upraised to aid in battle,  
Forward march in Nature's fight.

Ranks on ranks, in shining armor,  
Firm and high upon the field,  
Face the fronts of storm and sunshine,  
Fight for full and golden yield.  
— Pearl E. Brown



Vacations *don't* mean vacations from dirt (remember last year's fish-stained shirts, grass-stained knees, fire-blackened pans?). Wise wives make sure **KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER** goes along on every trip. It works wonders on everything that needs washing — and it works as well in the Rockies as it does at home!

Be sure your last prevacation shopping list includes **KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER**. Your grocer has it. Remember:

you go through the motions...

## KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

does the work!

## COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

The hurrier I go, the behinder I get reads the cross-stitched sampler on the kitchen wall. Words of wisdom, those.

Hilda Cole Espy's problem in *Look Both Ways* (Lippincott, \$3.95) was not that she was so hurried; rather, she found time on her hands as her children grew older. The book tells how she learned the lesson all mothers must accept: as children grow up, they go their own ways. A return to a city job brought her a new kind of life. (Before her marriage, she worked as a publicist for Fred Waring. She is now a contributing editor for *Woman's Day*.)

If you've read her first book, *Quiet, Yelled Mrs. Rabbit*, you already are acquainted with the hilarious "incident-prone" Espy family. Freddy, Mona, Joanna and Cassy are the girls, and then there is young Jefferson, who continually makes life interesting. He likes to argue about simple requests; he likes hair glup. He catches bullfrogs and he is filled with confidence. Laughter and pathos are intermingled in this book.

Ever notice the gorgeous array of cookbooks in a bookstore? A sure way to whet a person's appetite for delicious food is to glance through *America's Cook Book* (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$7.95) by Marguerite Dodd. Explicit instructions are given the beginner cook including a chapter on "Pantry Shelf Meals" where ingredients are



Every community which has a public library should feel very fortunate, and we are very appreciative of the one we have in Shenandoah.

chiefly ready-prepared foods. Says the author, "With the help of these recipes you can add to simple dishes a touch of individuality that will turn them into little meals of distinction."

The recipes include the classic and traditional ones for all the food America likes best, as well as instructions for buying, preparing, serving and storing every kind of food.

Regarding bread the author says, "It is sad that so many homemakers are out of the habit of baking their own bread. . . Baking bread is not a difficult job and it can establish you as a great cook in your family's eyes." Who can forget Mother's home-made bread and grape jelly sandwich waiting for us as we returned home from school, absolutely starved?

*Garden Smartly* by Nancy Ruzicka Smith (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$4.50) is an intriguing title for a book. We garden smartly when we learn to take our time, and look before we leap. We should plan in detail on paper, then plant with confidence. We should say no to risky bargains. One good plant is worth three straggly ones.

Anyone who needs guidance about the essentials will find this gardening book invaluable as it tells not only how to plant but what to plant--the shrubs which are the hardiest, the flowers which bloom most profusely, the vegetables which give the best harvest.

Since we live near the airport, we watch the sky. The graceful Caravelles, the Piper Cubs, the air guard jets, we watch them all fascinated.

Two adventurous flying books have held our attention. *Boring a Hole in the Sky* (Random House) by General Robert Lee Scott, Jr. is the story of six million miles with a fighter pilot. And what exciting miles they are! General Scott's outspoken story takes

us all over the world from air combat with Chennault and the Flying Tigers in China to his controversial job at the Pentagon. *Fate Is the Hunter* by Ernest K. Gann (Simon and Schuster) is another thrilling book. Mr. Gann narrates a series of events that illustrates the theme: Fate Is the Hunter. It is at these times that true courage and cowardice reveal themselves.

The MacMillan Company has published the MacMillan Classics for boys and girls. What joy these old favorites will bring the special children in your life! There's *Heidi*, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *Black Beauty*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, and *Five Little Peppers*, to name some of them. (\$2.95 each.) Your favorite bookstore would probably have the complete list available.

Our Ann was interested in getting her own library card, so as soon as she could print her name, off we went to the branch library. Now she can check out her own books. I realized tonight what pleasure this gave her as we drove by the brightly-lighted library. Said Ann, "There's our library."

\*\*\*\*\*

## O! GIVE ME PATIENCE

O! Give me patience when little hands, Tug at me with ceaseless small demands.

O! Give me gentle words and smiling eyes,

And keep my lips from hasty sharp replies.

Let me not in weariness, confusion or noise,

Obscure my vision from life's few fleeting joys.

Then when in years to come, my house is still,

○ No bitter memories, its rooms may fill.

—Anonymous



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**Kitchen-Klatter**  
Shenandoah, Iowa

**EXCURSION PARTY - Concluded**

*Cross Country Tour:* Divide into two equal groups (can be boys in one, girls in another). Line up teams on opposite sides of room. Those in one line are given sealed envelopes in each of which a song title is written on a slip of paper. At a signal "go", these players rush across room to players opposite, touch that person on right hand, and then open envelopes to see what tune title is. Each one whistles the correct song to the partner, who has a pencil and paper and writes down the title. The whistler then rushes to judge with paper, along with his title slip. The first player to turn in correct title to judge wins. This really can be a riot, as all the songs to be whistled are different, and to hear the correct one and get it written down can be confusing!

*Stateside Excursion Special:* A state is hidden in each sentence.

1. It's been a long time since I've seen a teacher washing tongues with soap. (Washington)
2. Maroon was the color adopted for the new choir robes. (Colorado)
3. Our cabin was nothing but a hovel. (Utah)
4. The play featured Emma in every act. (Maine)
5. Polio was the cause of Johnny's lameness. (Iowa)
6. The class did a hobby show for their part of the school exhibit. (Idaho)
7. The boy's behavior was not only rude, but exasperating to me. (Texas)
8. Mother said, "This cream is sour, I think." (Missouri)
9. When she saw the storekeeper coming, she threw her scarf over Montgomery Ward's catalogue. (Vermont)
10. I find a lab amazing in so many respects. (Alabama)

*Grab Bag Tour:* Divide group up into several smaller groups. Have a bag ready for each group, each bag containing a different collection of articles. Each sack of articles should be representative of a different country, or could be different parts of the United States. The groups are given ten minutes to look over the articles and then prepare a skit which will involve *all* of the articles in their bag, and be typical of the country represented. The skits can be judged on originality, performance, accuracy, etc., if desired.

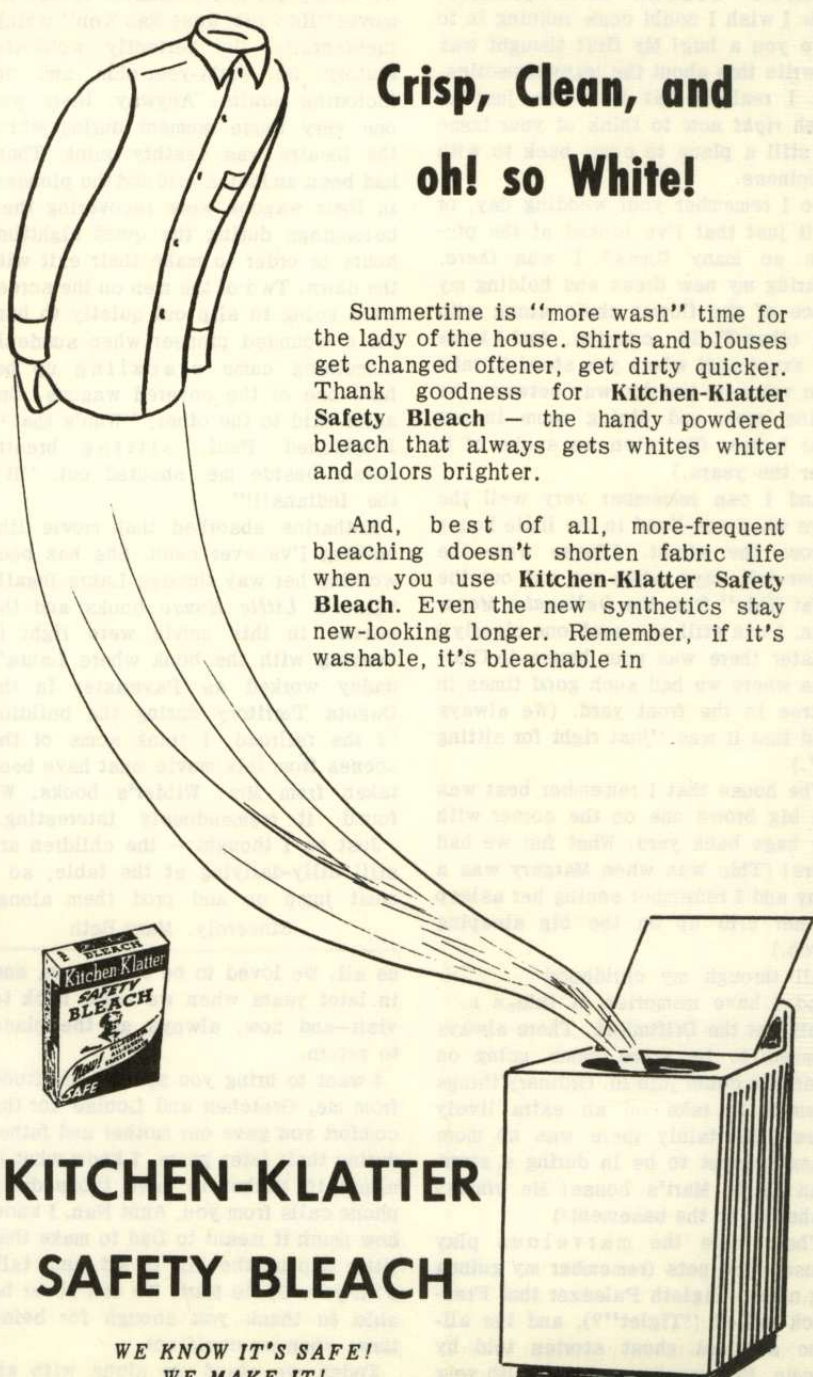
*Where Have You Been?* Put different objects on a table and number each one. Allow guests ten minutes to look over objects and then write down the number and the country or state which it represents.

1. Rice - China (or could be tea)
2. Potato - Ireland
3. Corn - Iowa
4. Bowler hat - England
5. Baked beans - Boston
6. Picture of carved faces (Rushmore Memorial) - South Dakota
7. Orange - Florida or California
8. Coffee - Brazil
9. Salt - Utah
10. Pineapple - Hawaii
11. Serape - Mexico
12. Sugar - Cuba (or Colorado)

*Suitcase Stunt* can be usual suitcase relay which never fails to provoke

laughter, or a "travel version" in which suitcases have costumes of different countries, which player must don and others must guess what country is represented. As men try to get into sari (for India), or ladies into Dutch boy costume, etc., there are bound to be laughs.

*Food*, carrying out the general theme, might include sheet cake that has been cut into rectangular pieces, with each piece decorated to resemble one of the cars on a train, and having wheels of the various colors of Life Saver candy.



**Crisp, Clean, and  
oh! so White!**

Summertime is "more wash" time for the lady of the house. Shirts and blouses get changed oftener, get dirty quicker. Thank goodness for **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** - the handy powdered bleach that always gets whites whiter and colors brighter.

And, best of all, more-frequent bleaching doesn't shorten fabric life when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. Even the new synthetics stay new-looking longer. Remember, if it's washable, it's bleachable in

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SAFETY BLEACH**

WE KNOW IT'S SAFE!  
WE MAKE IT!



Mary Leanna, Martin and David  
at Waubonsie Park.

### A SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY GREETING FROM A NIECE

Dearest Aunt Leanna and Uncle Mart,  
**HAPPY GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY!**  
How I wish I could come running in to give you a hug! My first thought was to write this about the many memories, but I realize that it means just as much *right now* to think of your home as still a place to come back to with happiness.

Do I remember your wedding day, or is it just that I've looked at the picture so many times? I was *there*, wearing my new dress and holding my piece of the flower chain along with the other Field cousins. And I know the exact spot where you stood to take your vows—in the doorway between the living room and dining room in our dear house. (So often we spoke of it over the years.)

And I can remember very well the days when you lived in the little house across the street. (These were the paper-doll days when we cut out the "Fat Kids" from the *Delineator Magazine*. I can still see each one clearly.)

Later there was your house in Clarinda where we had such good times in a tree in the front yard. (We always said that it was "just right for sitting in".)

The house that I remember best was the big brown one on the corner with the huge back yard. What fun we had there! (This was when Margery was a baby and I remember seeing her asleep in her crib up on the big sleeping porch.)

All through my childhood I have memories of things happening at the Driftmiers. There always seemed to be some game going on when one could join in. Ordinary things seemed to take on an extra lively sheen. (Certainly there was no more dramatic spot to be in during a storm than Uncle Mart's house! He *always* rushed us to the basement!)

There were the marvelous play houses, the pets (remember my guinea pig named Tigleth Paleezer that Frederick called "Tiglet"?), and the all-time scariest ghost stories told by Lucile. How much we shared with your children! There was a special warm feeling in your household that included

### MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

room. His group was in *another room* and he had sat the entire 90 minutes by himself. He apparently didn't panic or misbehave but, instead, just sat and waited for us to come for him. I was very sorry it had happened but it didn't seem to bother Paul until we apologized for making the mistake. Then he got to feeling rather sorry for himself! It is reassuring to us, however, to know that he'll sit and wait in one spot if he's in unfamiliar surroundings rather than wander off to goodness knows where.

While Grandma Schneider was here we took Paul and Katharine to see the movie "How the West Was Won" which, incidentally, is perfectly wonderful history for eight-year-olds and up, including adults. Anyway, there was one very tense moment during which the theatre was deathly quiet. There had been an Indian raid and the pioneers in their wagons were recovering their belongings during the quiet nighttime hours in order to make their exit with the dawn. Two of the men on the screen were going to slip out quietly to hunt for a wounded pioneer when suddenly something came crackling up behind one of the covered wagons. One actor said to the other, "Who's that?" Frightened Paul, sitting breathlessly beside me, shouted out, "It's the Indians!!!"

Katharine absorbed that movie like nothing I've ever seen. She has been working her way through Laura Ingalls Wilder's *Little House* books and the scenes in this movie were right in keeping with the book where Laura's daddy worked as Paymaster in the Dakota Territory during the building of the railroad. I think some of the scenes from this movie must have been taken from Mrs. Wilder's books. We found it tremendously interesting.

Just as I thought — the children are still dilly-dallying at the table, so I must jump up and prod them along.

Sincerely, Mary Beth

us all. We loved to be there then, and in later years when we came back to visit—and now, always as the place to return.

I want to bring you special gratitude from me, Gretchen and Louise for the comfort you gave our mother and father during their later years. I know what it meant to Mother to have those daily phone calls from you, Aunt Nan. I know how much it meant to Dad to make that little trip up the hill to sit and talk with you, Uncle Mart. We can never be able to thank you enough for being there when we could not.

Today we stand up along with all your dear ones and call you blessed  
Love, Mary

### STATE FAIR — Concluded

price, we could have gone in to sit in the grandstand and watch for hours. We didn't like to sit that long, though. It always seemed that one must keep moving in order to see EVERYTHING.

Now we felt suddenly tired and very hungry. We walked slowly and watched bands parading down the streets, and the satin uniforms, and horns, and bare legs of the majorettes flashing in the sun. It was time to meet at the car to eat dinner. Never had chicken and potato salad and sliced tomatoes and all the rest tasted so good! It was hot, even in the shade; but a Midwest fair is *always* hot. The flies buzzed about, and ants discovered us before we finished, but still—there is something wonderful about outdoor eating, in the midst of folks from all over the state.

After dinner, we didn't walk quite so quickly. I always wanted to see the cows because they were so very large. Mother didn't care much for them. But here again it paid to plunge! The show animals were of a quality most of us didn't see often. They were an inspiration.

We *all* lagged in the horse and mule barns. The mules, with their sad, brown eyes and long ears were so touching, and the horses so sleek and handsome. I wasn't too crazy about ponies. They frightened me. I guess I just liked horses!

After we viewed the animals, we went to the mid-way. The rides and side shows were stretched out for a mile, or so it seemed, and the noise was terrific. I wasn't the type to toss money away trying to win a stuffed bear or plaster doll. I preferred a ride on the double ferris-wheel or merry-go-round, or bag of peanuts. The memory of these lasted longer.

By now, we had practically covered the attractions, and it was almost time to go home. But first, we would sit awhile in the highway gardens; it was a long walk back to the car. Sitting here, we always saw *someone* we knew. It's like they say about the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street—if you stand there long enough, everyone you ever knew will eventually pass! Friends meeting here in the highway gardens always made the same comments—they were worn out—their feet hurt—the fair was the same as last year. (Also, they wouldn't miss it for anything!)

We stopped again on the way to the car at one of the numerous food stands, and sat on tiny stools to sip soda-pop. And this time, when we passed the religious exhibit, we *did* go in.

The fair is the same every year, but ever-new, too. Maybe that's why we love to go back year, after year, after year!

## "Little Ads"

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

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### DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

etc.—Ruth wanted to be busy, too, so she tackled a few of my housecleaning jobs. It certainly gave me a lift at this busy time, and we all had a good time visiting while we worked.

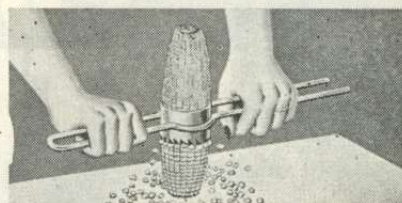
We have a new kitchen stove and I'm so pleased with it. My old stove had a very small oven compared with the spacious large ovens in the newer models. A twenty-pound turkey in my large roaster completely filled it. After the new stove was installed Frank said, "Now you can roast a turkey and escalloped turnips at the same time." To him a turkey dinner isn't complete without this turnip dish and he had missed the combination.

Before I put the typewriter away I must write a letter to Kristin, so I'll say goodbye until next month.

Sincerely,

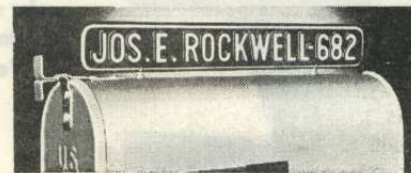
*Dorothy*

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



### SUPERLUXE DAY-N-NIGHT MARKER \$1.95

Your name (or any wording up to 17 letters and numbers) gleams on both sides in permanent white letters that reflect light. Red, Green, Antique Copper or Black background; epoxy enamel baked on rustproof aluminum. New Superluxe quality guaranteed 10 years! Perfect gift! Fits any mailbox—easy to install. We ship within 48 hours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. COD ok. Only \$1.95 postpaid, from Spear Engineering Company, 840-1 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs 7, Colorado.

### FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

farmer, I know what to talk about and how to be friendly, but when I meet a New England farmer, I must first of all find out his specialty before conversation comes easily.

How glad I am that my children are getting to see the great farm country of the Middlewest at this time of the year. How happy it made me to hear them say: "Oh, isn't it beautiful! Look, Daddy, see that pretty field over there? Is that wheat, or is it oats?" Again and again as we looked off across some fertile valley, I wanted to stop the car and get out and say a prayer of thanksgiving to God. Our country is so rich, our fields are so fertile, our people are so capable and hard-working. I pray to God that all of us are worthy of this bountiful land.

Faithfully,  
Frederick.

### SLOW ME DOWN, LORD

Amidst the confusion of my day,  
Give me the calmness of the everlasting hills.

Teach me the art of taking minute vacations,

Of slowing down to look at a flower,  
To chat with a friend,

To pat a dog,

To read a good book.

Teach me to look up at the towering oak

And know that it grew tall and strong  
Because it grew slowly and well.

Slow me down, Lord.

# DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

It costs you nothing to try

## \$75.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 100 boxes of our Pearl Splendor Christmas Card assortment, \$32.50 for selling 50 boxes, \$15.00 for 25 boxes, etc.

You can make a few dollars or hundreds of dollars. All you do is call on neighbors, friends and relatives anywhere in your spare time. Everyone needs and buys Christmas Cards.

Cut out entire Business Reply Coupon below—mail it today  
—and free samples of personalized Christmas Cards and stationery—plus other leading boxes will be sent you immediately on approval. No experience necessary.



**PEARL SPLENDOR  
CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**  
21 really deluxe cards.  
Excitingly different



**TRULY CHARMING  
ALL OCCASION  
ASSORTMENT**  
21 distinctive cards  
of rare beauty.  
Tremendous appeal



**CHRISTMAS GIFT  
WRAPPING ENSEMBLE**  
20 gay, colorful large  
sheets plus matching  
gift tags. Terrific

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

**IT COSTS  
YOU  
NOTHING  
TO TRY**



**WINTER BEAUTY  
CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**  
21 exquisite cards  
with an original, artistic  
use of color. Stunning

**FREE  
SAMPLES  
PERSONALIZED  
CHRISTMAS CARDS  
and STATIONERY**

**CUT OUT ENTIRE  
BUSINESS REPLY  
COUPON AT RIGHT**

**FILL IN  
FOLD OVER FIRMLY  
AND MAIL TODAY**

**No Stamp or  
Envelope Necessary**



**HOLY NIGHT  
CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**  
21 reverently beautiful cards with  
appropriate sentiments and Scripture  
Verses. An outstanding box

**CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY**

**Dept. H-35, White Plains, New York**

Cut Along Dotted Line — Fold Firmly — Mail Today

Postage  
Will be Paid  
by  
Addressee

No  
Postage Stamp  
Necessary  
If Mailed in the  
United States

**BUSINESS REPLY MAIL**

First Class Permit No. 589, White Plains, New York

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

**CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY**

**White Plains, New York**

**Dept. H-35**

DO NOT CUT HERE ↑ JUST FOLD OVER AND MAIL — NO STAMP OR ENVELOPE NECESSARY

**CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. H-35**  
**White Plains, New York**

**YES, RUSH MY CHRISTMAS CARD SAMPLE KIT**

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

Fill in your name and address below — No stamp necessary

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

THIS ENTIRE FOLD-OVER COUPON FORMS A NO-POSTAGE-REQUIRED BUSINESS REPLY ENVELOPE