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Kitchen-Klatter

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Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

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NUMBER 9



The Magnificent Grand Tetons of Wyoming



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

In the mail this morning I received a copy of Gertrude Hayzlett's "Guide for Good Neighbors", and her letter began with this verse:

The little lamps of friendship

We light along the way,

Go shining on far down the years,

And brighten every day.

'Tis love that keeps them burning

In sympathy and trust;

God help us that no lamp goes out

Because we let it rust.

I wonder how many of us let our lamps of friendship rust. Perhaps you, too, have dear friends to whom you haven't written a letter for months! We become so involved with our work and our own personal problems that we let the world close in about us, losing contact with those whose friendships we have much enjoyed in the past. Set aside a few moments some morning to write to some old friend — one to whom you've been writing only once a year with a short message on a Christmas card.

Summer will soon be only a memory for the sounds of the locusts in the evening hours tell us that fall is not far away. Early in the summer we were warned that we could expect swarms of locusts to descend upon us, but here in town there weren't very many. Dorothy told us that they were thick in the timber around their farm and covered the stems of the weeds along the roadsides. When our children were little, they had contests to see who could find the most locust shells. We don't see the youngsters out gathering them nowadays. This generation has found other pastimes, and that is how it is in a changing world!

Mart is still spending most of his time in bed. He uses his walker a little on days when he has the strength, but most of his getting about is by wheel chair. We know that the recovery of one who is almost 82 years old is necessarily slow and we must be patient, living one day at a time. We

enjoy our new stereo, a gift from our seven children, and add new records from time to time. Right now we are listening to Alexander Schreiner on the great Salt Lake City tabernacle pipe organ which he first played in 1921. For almost half a century this lovely music has found a place in the hearts and homes of people through their weekly radio broadcasts. We like good organ music and were pleased when this new record came out.

My brother Henry's daughters have had another reunion this summer, this year at the home of Hope Powek in Oakland, California. All the years while the girls had young families at home, they kept in touch with a Round Robin, but now it is possible for them to get together once a year for a real visit.

When I read the news of the political activities in Africa, I'm especially interested in what happens in Kenya, for Henry's son Philip and his wife are there. He is in government service and has two more years there on this present assignment.

Our son Howard and his wife, Mae, have just returned from a vacation in Colorado. They made the trip by plane to see their daughter Donna and her husband who have been spending the summer in Greeley where Tom is taking some summer-school work. While there they also visited our son Wayne and his family in Denver.

And still catching up on family news, Frederick, Betty, and their two children stopped off briefly enroute back to Massachusetts from their trip west. Now they are spending a little time at their cottage in Rhode Island before they resume their busy schedule at the church.

One evening when we were all gathered around the living room, Frederick started telling the children some of the amusing incidents that took place when our children were all still at home. How we did laugh! One story brought on another, of course, and soon

I was recalling some of the funny things we Field children did when we lived at Sunnyside Farm on the edge of town. And one of them I'll tell to you.

It was County Fair time and we had recently witnessed a balloon ascension. We decided that it was all very simple, for they just built a fire and caught the smoke in a big sack until it was full enough that it just went up without any trouble. We sat out under the old cottonwood tree talking it over when we hit upon *the plan*. If we put a flour sack over the kitchen chimney, we would be saved the trouble of building a fire. We waited patiently until Mother built a good fire to get a company dinner, then took our sack and string, climbed out of an upstairs window to reach the roof over the kitchen, and proceeded to fit the sack over the chimney. It wasn't as simple as it looked, for we ended having to place bricks around the edge to hold down the sack. Sister Susan was to remove all of this "holding down business" as soon as the sack was full, and just as she was working with the string, bricks, etc., the sack collapsed and down the chimney it went! Like children would do, we gave up with the first try and went to the barn to play.

But poor Mother! She was in the process of baking biscuits for the company and couldn't understand why the stove suddenly refused to draw, resulting in such a biscuit failure. The next day she took down the stove pipe to locate the trouble and was most surprised to pull out a flour sack and a number of bricks. Mother always took things in her stride and she knew that it wasn't necessary to pursue the subject — the consciences of the culprits was punishment enough! Yes, we probably were extremely conscience-stricken when poor biscuits, instead of Mother's usual fluffy, delicate ones, were served to company!

Speaking of company, our neighbor, Eltora Alexander, came over this morning to show me the lovely "company tablecloth" she has just finished. The cloth is eggshell linen, embroidered in shades of tan and brown — simply beautiful!

The nurse says Mart is awake from his afternoon nap, so I'll bring this to a close and read to him for a while.

Sincerely, Leanna

P.S. What a pleasant surprise! I had just laid down my pen when our son Donald walked in the door. He was in Iowa on business so came on to Shenandoah to spend the weekend. When we talked on the phone last, he said he hoped to see us on his next trip, but we hadn't realized it would be *this* weekend.

THE FREDERICK DRIFTMERS HAD A DELIGHTFUL TRIP WEST

Dear Friends:

You could never guess where I am writing this letter! I'm using one of the many typewriters in a large manufacturing office in Rhode Island. I forgot to bring my portable typewriter down to the cottage, and so I drove through the woods to the family factory in the nearby town of Ashaway. This is the factory where Betty's family manufacture fishing lines and surgical sutures, and whenever I want to use one of the office typewriters I am welcome. Several of the girls here in the office read the Kitchen-Klatter magazine, and it is fun for them to know that I'm writing my Kitchen-Klatter letter on one of their machines.

We returned to Springfield from our western tour just forty-eight hours ago, and after a day of laundry and dry cleaning activities we were on our way to the cottage in the Rhode Island woods where we have been spending part of each summer for the past twelve years. I shall be driving back to my church office in Springfield every few days, and this morning I had a long talk on the telephone with the church secretary.

We had a wonderful trip to Iowa, Denver and points further west. By now you know of all the accidents and sickness that put something of a damper on all of our plans for celebrating Mother and Father's 50th Wedding Anniversary, but I must say that in spite of all the trouble we did have a good time. The children were so happy to see all of their Iowa relatives. Of course it made them sad to see their grandfather so poorly, but I am sure they were able to give him some comfort and cheer.

When we left Shenandoah we drove up to South Dakota, spending our first night there in the town of Mitchell. Do you know what we most enjoyed in Mitchell? No, it was not the Corn Palace, although that was nice. We most enjoyed witnessing a cattle and sheep auction. Just down the road a short distance from our motel was an auction house, and so we went in to see how it was done. Even though I lived in the Midwest a good part of my life, I had never seen a livestock auction. The children were so intrigued with the auction and with the sight of some real cow hands, that we had trouble getting them to leave for their supper.

Anyone who has driven through the West knows of all the little tricks that are used to attract tourists to some of the roadside shops. Early on our trip we learned how to detect all the signs of a "Tourist Trap". Yes, we were



Frederick stopped in Iowa City, happy to find his cousin Gretchen (Fischer) Harshbarger at home.

caught once or twice, particularly whenever there was a promise of some live animals to be seen. I have to laugh when I think of the effort we made to visit what was advertised as "the world's largest prairie dog colony" only to discover that it had just one or two beat up old prairie dogs. One highly advertised place we do recommend as a sight to be seen. The Reptile Gardens at Rapid City, South Dakota, is something every person ought to see. I am something of an amateur authority on snakes, and I tell you in all honesty that I was delighted with the collection of snakes I saw there in The Reptile Gardens. As a matter of fact, I don't think that I have seen a better collection of snakes anywhere in the world, and I have seen many snake collections. Even the zoo in Berlin, Germany, does not have a collection as large and as varied as that one in Rapid City.

I credit our morning at the Reptile Gardens with having saved us from some serious harm. Here is the story. Later that day we were driving down a narrow gorge up on the Wyoming border when I decided to get some pictures of the children standing in front of a waterfall. We waded through some weeds and down a dusty, rocky path to a large rock. As we took the last few steps through the weeds we heard a strange and yet a familiar sound. At first I couldn't think where I had heard that sound before, and then it dawned on me that the sound was that of rattlesnakes. Yes, we had unwittingly walked right into a nest of them. There were three rattlesnakes in our immediate vicinity and it was obvious that they didn't like our presence. The man at the Reptile Gardens had told us to be sure and stand still if near a snake, and we did not need to be told twice. We remained very still until the snakes quieted down, and then we started to make our way back to the car. Again we heard the snakes, and again we literally froze in our tracks

until they quieted down. All in all it was not a pleasant experience.

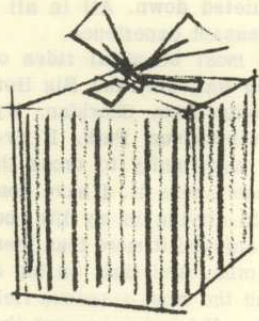
One of the most beautiful rides on our entire trip was over the Big Horn Mountains going from Sheridan, Wyoming, to Yellowstone Park. If ever you have an opportunity to cross the Big Horns, don't miss it. I have done much mountain driving in my life, but never have I enjoyed it more than there in the Big Horns. And right on top of them we found the most gorgeous field of wild flowers. If I had not known that I was in the Big Horns, those flowers would have convinced me that in some miraculous way I had been dropped down on top of the Alps Mountains in Switzerland. The blues and purples, the yellows and whites, and here and there some bits of pink and red stretching just as far as the eye could see across the mountain flats were absolutely heavenly.

Did we like Yellowstone Park? Yes, we did, but we did not like it as much as we had thought we would. Yellowstone Park is most interesting, and we are very glad that we included it on our tour, but I don't think that I would make a big effort to visit it again. As far as we were concerned, there were simply *too many people* there. If you weren't in Yellowstone Park this summer, you are to be included among those few Americans who did not make it. There were mobs and mobs of people all over the park. We found it something of a relief to get out of the park and go on to the true gem of all our national parks---The Grand Tetons. Grand Teton National Park was opened just a few years ago when the Rockefeller family gave our government several million acres of land, and so many Americans never have seen those magnificent mountains from the present vantage points. We saw them best from a motorboat as we toured the lake. No words of mine adequately can express their grandeur and their sheerness, but I hope that someday you will have an opportunity to be as humbled by their magnificence as we were.

It was while staying at Grand Teton National Park that we had to cancel one of the things that had promised to be a high point of our trip. Because of snow, we had to cancel our plans to take a rubber raft trip down the Snake River. That change in our plans came as a big disappointment to Mary Leanna and David, for they had heard many stories about the excitement and fun of the Snake River raft trips.

We were much impressed with what we saw of the campus of the University of Wyoming. It is a beautiful campus in a very lovely city, and we are proud that our own Kristin Johnson is a student there. Kristin showed us about

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Shopper's Special

*An Inspirational Service to Open a
New Club or Church Year*

by
Mabel Nair Brown

This program is planned for the Leader, who might be the president of the group, and her "shoppers". At the proper time each "shopper" steps forward to display her "purchase" and then places it upon a table which stands beside the Leader. The articles should be placed so that the labels can be seen by the audience. As each shopper displays her item, she gives the reason for her choice.

LEADER: A challenging year lies just ahead. We've set many goals, made many plans, but, to make these dreams realities, we need eager, willing hands. We need — well, *what* do we need to make this our *best* year through and through? I've asked some friends to go shopping and show what they bought for you.

Before they show us their purchases, I challenge you with this verse entitled "The Measure of a Man", but it is also the measure of a woman, and thus the measure of our _____ (name of club).

"Not — 'How did he die?'"

But — 'How did he live?'"

Not — 'What did he gain?'"

But — 'What did he give?'"

Not — 'What was his station?'"

But — 'Had he a heart?'"

And — 'How did he play his God-given part?'"

These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man as a man,
Regardless of birth."

—Anonymous

What do we need to have in our club storehouse if we would have a successful year? Let us see what our shoppers have chosen to purchase.

VARIETY PACKAGE of IDEAS and INSPIRATION: (This is several small boxes wrapped in white paper and labeled with such titles as "Youth Camps", "Exchange Student Fund", "Clothing for Overseas Relief"—whatever is appropriate for the goals your group might have. All of these boxes should be arranged to resemble one of the popular cereal "variety packs".) You cannot always find this particular variety pack on the shelves, for there is great demand; therefore, you had

better pick them up whenever you happen to spot one. Ideas can be stored for a time, if need be, but you'll find that inspiration is best when served fresh.

LARGE ECONOMY SIZE BOX of CO-OPERATION: (This might be a large box wrapped in brilliant orange paper, with lettering in bold black print.) I'd say that this is the one thing our club just cannot do without. In fact, it is the basic staple that should be on hand for every project, every program, and every meeting.

LEADER: In a mighty auditorium were four men. They were in widely separated corners of the room. They really desired to be together, but neither would go to the other's corner. In the center of the room was a beautiful fountain. Finally someone suggested that they all meet at the fountain. The nearer they came to the fountain, the nearer they came to each other. Thirty—forty—fifty feet, each making concessions of location and space. At last they reached their destination. They clasped hands around the sparkling fountain. Then they realized how much more beautiful it was to see the fountain close up, *and* with others there to share its beauty—a beauty made lovelier because it was shared.

A GALLON CONTAINER of ENTHUSIASM: (Write the word "enthusiasm" on one of the gallon-sized plastic jugs.) There is nothing like the spice of enthusiasm to add zip to every meeting and every project. We need to sprinkle it generously over every one of our activities. It is so potent that a few drops will go a long way to liven any occasion.

LEADER: Enthusiasm is roused by opposition, but never converted; it is the leaping force that blasts obstacles from its path. Enthusiasm is a contagion that laughs at quarantine and infects all who come in contact with it. Enthusiasm is a magnet that draws kindred souls with irresistible force and electrifies them with the magnetism of its own resolves. It is that vibrant thrill in a voice that sways others into harmony.

THE EXTRA-LARGE WRAPPING ASSORTMENT of TACT: (This package is done up in a big roll of brightly colored paper with the title printed on a large label.) Many people think the wrapping of a package is as important as what is inside! Wrapping can surely add to the appearance of the article; but some wrappings are used to hold articles together, and of this kind of wrapping we can use plenty!

SOLO: "Evening Prayer" ("If I Have Wounded Any Soul Today", etc.)

ONE BOX of COMPROMISE: (Use a box such as fresh peaches come in.) At first taste this may be a bitter pill to swallow, but it has been proved that it gives the fastest results where human relationships are concerned. It works faster if washed down with a cup of love.

LEADER: "He drew a circle that shut me out — heretic, rebel, a thing to flout. But love and I had the wit to win; We drew a circle that took him in." —Edwin Markham.

ONE LARGE SPOOL of UNDERSTANDING: (Use a large tube, such as aluminum foil comes on, and wrap with yarn; then add large label.) You can't beat this spool for mending hurt feelings and patching up touchy situations, not to mention sewing up a quarrel. On second thought, maybe we had better get *two* spools of this one!

LEADER: Whenever we find ourselves becoming critical of others, we had better search our own hearts. What pains us in another, might well be found in us, too. Nothing is easier than fault-finding. Someone has said that the reason we do so much of it is that no talent, no self-denial, no brains, and no character are required to set up in the "grumbling" business!

ONE CAN of the OIL of PATIENCE: (Borrow a large oil can to use for this one.) Keep a large can of this on hand, because it is very necessary that we have it at every club or committee meeting. It can lubricate almost any stormy session into smooth running order again. I imagine our president will need her own special little can of this!

LEADER:

"I hastily spoke to a friend one day,
In a spirit of petulance.

A sharp retort came quickly back—
He looked at me askance.

But when I said, 'Your pardon, friend,
Forgive my wrong, I pray.'

He gave me back a smile for smile,
And frowns were chased away.

A lesson thus I learned anew—

That what you give comes back to
you."

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KRISTIN ARRIVED HOME FROM SUMMER SCHOOL

Dear Friends:

These have been very happy days at the Johnson farm. Kristin is home once again, after attending the first session of summer school at the University of Wyoming in Laramie. After spending almost a full year in the high and dry altitude of Wyoming, she has had quite a time adjusting herself again to the very hot and extremely humid climate in Iowa.

She came home by bus this time, and Frank and I met her in Des Moines. All of us are very fond of Chinese food, so before we started back to Lucas we stopped at a Chinese restaurant for dinner. Frank and I both work such long hours that we seldom get to Des Moines, which is the closest place that we know of to get Chinese food, so this was a special treat for us. Kristin thought it was a wonderful homecoming.

The day after Kristin's arrival I had to tear myself away and go to Shenandoah to address the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. This is one thing that can't be postponed since we do have a deadline to meet. Kristin said for me not to worry about leaving her so soon for she had lots of unpacking and sorting to do anyway. Besides, she hadn't done any cooking or baking for a long time and it would be fun to prepare Frank's three meals a day. She was anxious to see her grandparents and the rest of her relatives in Shenandoah, so while I was still there she came down on the train and spent a couple of days, returning home with me.

Our little dog Tinker was the most demonstrative of any of us when Kristin came home! The minute he heard her voice I thought he was going to go crazy. He whined and he cried. He jumped up and down. He ran around her in circles. And on the way home she had wondered if Tinker would remember her!

Our crops look wonderful. As I write this letter I can say we have been very fortunate where the weather is concerned. We've had no damaging wind or hail, and rainfall has been sufficient, although we haven't had an abundance of rain. Our yard and pastures suffered the most during the dry spells.

Our water supply for the house comes from a huge cistern. Although the water runs through a very fine filter before it goes into the cistern, after we have had a long dry and dusty spell, Frank likes to unfasten all the eave spouts and let the first water off the house run into the yard instead of the filter. After the roof is clean of



Kristin lived in Ross Hall, the new women's dormitory, while attending the summer session at the University of Wyoming.

dust he fastens them back again. A few weeks ago we had plenty of water in the cistern so Frank decided it would be a good time to clean out the eaves again and disconnect the downspouts. He has some wire balls to put in the opening so twigs and leaves won't fall into the pipe and plug it up. The next day, while we were sitting on the front porch, we noticed a little wren working so hard trying to get twigs through the wire ball to build a nest in the pipe. (I was certainly surprised to see nest building this time of the year!) We were fascinated watching her. She would work as long as five minutes with one twig, and if she couldn't get it through she would drop it and come back with a smaller one. We didn't have the heart to take her nest out after she had worked so long and hard to build it. With our adequate supply of water, we didn't plan to save the first rain water anyway, and kept telling ourselves that *maybe* she would hatch her eggs and fly away *before* we needed water.

The day finally rolled around when we simply *had* to connect the pipes and save the water. Frank came in and said he hated to do it, but he had checked the nest and there weren't any eggs in it, so he removed it and connected the pipes. The little wren flew around the porch all day long scolding us for what we had done. I hope she found another *safer* place to make her home.

Late this spring Frank bought a few head of cows from a neighbor and good friend who was leaving the farm. When he had them trucked home and turned into the pasture with our cows he said they would probably fight for a few days until they got used to each other. Our cows soon let them know who was boss, and even the little calves were brave enough to chase them. They have been in the same pastures together for three months now, and still will not associate with each other.

When we move them from one pasture to another (as we have had to do often this summer) they walk along together side by side, but the minute the gate is closed they separate, the new cows going off by themselves to one end of the pasture, and the old cows staying together at the opposite end. I think this is so funny, and I'm wondering if they will condescend to eat together out of the same feed bunks this winter!

I certainly enjoy the letters you friends write when you order peanut pixies and embroidery transfers from me, and appreciate the fact that you take time to tell me of your activities. Several of the farm wives say that they have been helping their husbands cut thistles this summer. Frank has been doing this too, and I doubt if there are many farms that are free of this weed. I expect Frank would appreciate it if I could help him, but since we found out I was so allergic to bees, my outside activities in the summertime have been greatly curtailed.

Before Kristin came home I finally got my kitchen walls and woodwork washed, and the bathroom ceiling and woodwork painted. I still have some paint left, so while I'm in a painting mood I'll try to give the pantry a fresh coat of paint. Kristin said that while she is home to help me I had better get the summer dust washed out of the curtains. She knows when the club meetings start again in September I will be busy most of the time making pixies to fill orders, and will have very little time to wash and iron curtains. It seems that everyone has his special busiest times during the year.

The clock on the kitchen wall says it will soon be time for supper. It's too hot to stand over the kitchen stove so tonight my family is going to be served a big bowl of potato salad which is chilling in the refrigerator, cold meat sandwiches, and a fresh peach dessert (a recipe I tested this morning) topped with ice cream.

Sincerely,

Dorothy



PEANUT PIXIES

Keep these clever little fellows on hand. Use them as birthday gifts, bridge prizes, hostess gifts or your own decorations. Made entirely by hand with red trimming.

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postpaid

Send orders to:
Dorothy Driftmier Johnson
Lucas, Iowa



What Will *YOUR* Future Be?

by
Muriel Preble Childs

"Whatever will be, will be" was a delightful theme for a popular ballad of a few years ago, but it is no philosophy for teen-agers in planning future careers. It is far from adequate today, when competition has never been fiercer, nor opportunities greater.

Graduating classes have been told for decades that the greatest challenges ever to be faced are facing them now. Every year this statement has been *true*, and it is as true in 1963 as it was in 1903. The acceleration in economics and science, and changing views on government, have served to create a dozen new problems for every one solved.

There is one dilemma unique to the graduates of the sixties, and that is their very numbers. The United States Labor Department recently released figures which illustrate this. While *employment* reached a new high of 70,000,000, the number of *unemployed* teen-agers who want work also reached a new high—700,000. One out of every three teen-agers wanting a job this past summer could not find one. The war-time boom in births is beginning to be felt in the labor market.

Statistics are all very good, but how, exactly, do they affect you as an individual? It is obvious that such numbers of teen-agers are already creating needs for more goods and more services. That helps! It is also obvious that among such numbers there will be greater competition for places in the economic and professional world. That hurts! Your real interest is what can you, yourself, do to make your *own* place in the sun.

Bulging colleges and universities are eloquent proof that young people and their parents are acutely aware of the need for education and developed skills. If you are one of the fortunates for whom college training is possible, you also realize that you cannot go to college like an empty vessel to be filled and pushed into an exciting and lucrative position.

You college-goers face two major problems. The first, in your freshman year, is one of simple survival. The second, which must be resolved by your junior year, is the choice of a major. I'm sure that high school teach-

ers are still advising and warning potential college students of the need for the best preparation possible. And many students are still resenting the advice, and thinking that it applies only to others. Believe me, it applies to *you*. Only good preparation, good study habits, and a real desire for a college education will land you safely in your sophomore year.

Fortunate, indeed, is the student who discovers early exactly what he wants his life work to be. Not so fortunate are those who *think* they know, but discover that basic courses leading to the goal are distasteful. Among these are the dreamers who want to be doctors, but hate anatomy and chemistry; those who want to be lawyers, but find the reading of law fusty and dull; and those who want to be authors, but rebel at composition and grammar.

The least fortunate of all are those whose every decision is made by their parents. It seems to me that we put an intolerable burden on conscientious young people when we say, "But Dad went into law with *his* father. His dream has always been for you to come in with him," or, "You *know* this farm has been in the family for generations!"

We parents do our best when we do simply that—our best. If we rear our children as well as we know how, give them as much opportunity for advanced education as we can, advise when our advice is requested, and then let them go, to make their own decisions, and, yes, their own mistakes, then we have done all that we can to help them to a happy maturity. Somehow majors are chosen—by hook or crook, they are chosen.

Those who do not go on to higher education because of lack of interest, scholarship, or money are badly neglected so far as further training is concerned. Yet this group possesses many valuable abilities and talents, and will perform much of the work that keeps our complex society going. Among this group, in the past couple of generations, there has been a mad scramble to get into "white collar" work—often uninteresting and poorly paid.

During the past few years, it has

seemed to me, there has been the beginning of a trend back into the more challenging and lucrative jobs—plumbing, carpentry, car repair, electrical repair—all those services so vital to our mechanical way of life. Few communities offer much in the way of vocational training, but there is much that the high school graduate can do for himself. It isn't enough to get a wrench and become a plumber. One must try to become the *best* plumber in town.

Correspondence courses, night school classes, short courses at college, on-job-training, apprenticeships in some states, and training during a stint in the armed forces, all open doors of opportunity to anyone who wants to avail himself of the chance to develop his skills.

What will *your* future be? Biographies of successful people, from immigrant boys who rise to become captains of industry to highly educated scientists, are often inspiring. Most of them have much in common: a consuming interest in the subject's field, arduous preparation, and, sometimes, an element of luck. Too often we see the "luck" and forget the devotion and the work. Luck taps the shoulder of the one who is so well prepared that he seems the only logical choice for a given post.

Lawrence of Arabia did not have his spine-tingling adventures by luck alone. Only *he* had spent so many years living with the Arabs, learning their language and living as they lived, that he was almost an Arab himself.

What will *your* future be?



MORNING START

At early dawn the day is fair and new,
What will it bring of beauty, joy or hate?

Can I, by plan or act, design my fate
Into a channel with a finer hue?

Perhaps like freshness in the morning dew

I'll tune my mind to cheer this special date,

To make it extra fine and really great,
An ideal day where my best dreams come true.

For woven into every dawn there lies
The hope and challenge of a better day,

But only with resolve and strength of heart

Can we fulfill those inner dreams that rise

To greater heights that build a better way;

But we must strive each hour from that brave start.

—Alice G. Harvey

THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS ATTEND A BIG PARADE

Dear Friends:

The neighborhood is so still this afternoon that the silence is almost deafening me! All the new houses around us are completed except for one, and the bricklayers are so quietly at work that I almost forget they are around.

This new family will bring two boys into the neighborhood and one of them is five years old! Paul has been a much more contended boy this summer since he has had a boy his own age to play with. He managed to play with the girls other summers but he and little Jeff Darby are content hour after hour with their trucks and cars, pretty much ignoring the girls and their activities. I've been giving Paul wider range in the neighborhood this summer, too, and am happy to report that he's proving to be very trustworthy. He goes directly where he is expected to go and walks along the proper side of the road. I probably sound like a fuss-budget commenting on the fact that Paul is allowed to go away from home to play by himself, but it seems hard for little ones to *remember* that streets are primarily intended for automobiles and *not* for children.

I must comment on one of the highlights of our summer. And you mark your calendar accordingly so that you, too, can enjoy next year's 4th of July circus parade in downtown Milwaukee. I've never seen anything to equal this parade and it would be worth your scheduling a vacation in this direction in order to treat your children to the spectacle of an old time street parade. There were certainly as many adults viewing this year's parade as there were children—the police department estimated that there were 425,000 Milwaukeeans and visitors lining the three-and-a-half miles in the parade route.

A pageant of the past, the parade featured circus wagons of the last century—all sparkling bright in colorful new paint. It had antique cars, bands, circus animals, horses, cowboys and Indians, and the American flags and patriotic music that made my scalp fairly tingle with excitement!

For the first time in 40 years the greatest collection of circus wagons in the world lumbered down the Milwaukee streets. Drawn by 300 horses, this old-fashioned, 60-unit parade was larger than any of its predecessors that the parents and grandparents viewed from 1880 to 1920.

Loaned by the Circus World Museum at Baraboo, the collection of 25 band-wagons, tableau wagons, cage wagons and circus floats are all that remain of a dozen of the largest circuses that



It will be a drastic change for little Adrienne (as well as for her parents) when both Paul and Katharine leave the house each morning.

once traveled across the land. It is valued at a half-million dollars.

Donald and I packed a lunch on the morning of the 4th, folded our lightweight aluminum lawn chairs into the car, picked up a blanket for the children to rest on, and left for the parade route at 10 o'clock. The parade was not scheduled to begin until 3:15 in the afternoon, but because the police were so concerned about the expected crowds we decided it would be wise to go early. I have viewed a few parades over many rows of adult heads and know how much it detracts from the pleasure—and I very much wanted the children to *see*. So we went early, feeling not the least bit foolish as we waved goodbye to our neighbors, but it paid off because we settled down directly across from the reviewing stand. These were marvelous seats because every band stopped there to perform and we got a very good, long look at each tableau wagon and particularly the steam calliope. The children waited very patiently and Adrienne even stretched out on the blanket on the concrete and took a nap! We weren't the only people with this idea which helped allay the slightly foolish feelings we had about sitting along a city street in porch chairs!

At one point eight handsome Clydesdale horses pulling the Pawnee Bill bandwagon gave us a few tense moments and made us wish we weren't sitting in such "You Are There" seats.

A singletree (crossbar) on the left lead horse broke, and after it was removed an attempt was made to start the teams again. The first four horses bunched up and almost ran into those people sitting along the curb! Police aided teamsters in holding the horses while the lead animals were unhitched. Then, when the remaining six started to pull the heavy wagon, they moved closer to the crowd again (us)! After a

torturous 10 minutes they got the horses started in the right direction and the crowd roared their applause at the gentlemen who got the parade going again. I'm convinced that they roared in relief. I did! Those horses looked enormous from a curb's-eye view.

Among the most interesting pieces in the parade, to me at least, was the horse-drawn steam pumper built in 1875 which came huffing and puffing down the street.

There were four cage wagons, too, which the little ones enjoyed. One contained three peacocks from the Circus World Museum in Baraboo, Wisconsin, and the other three housed five tigers and one lion which were loaned by Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus. It was stated to be the first time in 20 to 30 years that the cages had carried the big cats. The oldest cage wagon, housing two tigers, was built in 1884 for Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson circus. It is known as the "whiskers wagon" because of the bearded male figures on each corner. I wish I could go into detail about each wagon but space simply won't permit.

Of all the people immediately surrounding our viewing spot at the parade, none were from Milwaukee. Observers were from all over.

Some public officials remarked that the parade, a glittering success in its debut, might be made the kick-off of a longer lasting celebration that would rival Munich's Oktoberfest or New Orleans' mardi gras.

We spent three days in Door County, Wisconsin, recently and stumbled across a delightful Swedish restaurant. Their food was delicious, and I'll be sending some of their recipes which I hope you'll enjoy as much as we do.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

MARGERY'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

In no time at all we'll be winding up summer and heading straight into fall. Are you glad? I can say in all honesty that I am, and for a number of reasons.

Surely cooler days will be coming along with fading summer and Dad and Lucile, who have to spend most of their time in bed, should be more comfortable. It isn't pleasant to be a bed patient under any circumstances, but it always seems more bearable when the temperatures and humidity drop.

Secondly, youngsters can become mighty weary of vacation. They would deny this, of course, which I suppose is natural, but it will seem good to get back with friends and the routine of school. I've noticed the restlessness among the children in our neighborhood, and I suppose you have observed the same in yours.

Thirdly, I'm more than weary of the constant noise of power mowers running somewhere in the vicinity from morning until night. There is no relief from this, it seems. Do you ever think back to the days before power mowers when we had a little peace and quiet? Now don't laugh at me, please, but one day when we had a din from seven in the morning until seven in the evening, I wondered why a law wasn't passed to confine mowing to certain days of the week! Naturally it couldn't be, for the elements of nature wouldn't make that possible — but I was that sick of the noise!

I could go on with fourth, fifth and sixth reasons for anticipating fall, but they deal with the loveliness of the season, and right now that is a little premature.

This has been a busy summer. As many of you recall, the Stroms had aimed to do some remodeling on the house, but with the illnesses in the family it was out of the question. Our time and energy were needed elsewhere and it just wasn't wise to complicate life with a big remodeling job. We felt that it would be better to forget about tackling it for the time being. I don't know if there will ever be an *ideal* time, but surely there will be a *better* one. In the meantime we're keeping our eyes open just in case a house comes on the market with the features that we've been considering for this one. It would save a lot of stress and strain.

Perhaps the handiest thing that has happened to us this summer is that Martin has his driver's license and has taken over a good share of the errand-running. Since the training course was only six weeks long, he didn't have a great deal of actual driving practice before he took the



Margery was having camera trouble when most of the family was here this summer, but fortunately Frederick took a number of pictures too, and this is one he took of Mother and his daughter, Mary Leanna, who is sixteen.

examination. We've tried to make it possible for him to drive the car several times a day in order to gain more experience behind the wheel.

One thing we've observed, and that is that no matter what the errand, or how hot the day, *he's ready to go!* He loves to drive, is cautious and careful, and it is a pleasure to turn the car over to him to take care of something that would be a time-consumer for us when we're especially busy.

Because of Dad's critical illness and Lucile's misfortune, our family didn't take a summer vacation. This is the first summer in many years that we haven't planned a trip. We're looking forward, however, to taking a few short week-end trips this fall. A number of them will be the result of my asking you friends to write in about places of interest around your own communities. Often little publicity is given to some of the most interesting historical sites in our own area. We've received letters from nearby Nebraska friends telling about old forts, as well as some information about old Indian village diggings in Missouri. These letters have been saved and we hope to visit a few interesting spots this fall.

Martin hopes to go to our church camp for a short retreat a few days before school resumes. The young people will have the camp to themselves, and besides enjoying the recreational facilities they will make out their youth program for the coming year. It was necessary for Martin to locate a replacement for his job before he could make definite plans to join the group, but that was managed easily, for one of his friends said he would be happy to "fill his shoes" for the few days he would be gone.

Now that little youngsters are starting to school for the first time, doors will be opening to a wider world. We often wonder, especially when these little

tykes are leaving the nest for their first venture into the unknown, if we've prepared them for what is lying ahead. And not only when they are five- or six-year-olds, but on through their youth.

I was reading something on this very subject recently, and a number of things stand out in my memory.

Begin with infancy to teach the child that he cannot have everything he wants. If this is enforced from early babyhood, he'll be prepared for the sharing and taking of turns that is necessary in kindergarten. If he is an only child in the home, as in our case, the lesson must be learned as he plays with cousins and little friends.

He is bound, eventually, to pick up some bad words, and if he does, correct him. And along the same line, make frequent use of the words "wrong" and "right". In a book I read recently about the famous trial lawyer, Clarence Darrow, in one of his summations to a jury, he reminded his listeners that children are not born with a knowledge of right and wrong — they can only be taught the difference.

Keep the atmosphere of the home warm and pleasant, and train him early in life to assume responsibilities. This will carry over from the home to the schoolroom.

We must impress upon our children the worth and dignity of the individual, and give him the guidance in developing the ability to make intelligent decisions.

There are a number of things to recommend to the older children heading off to junior high, high school or college. This clipping was sent in by a friend, and it is very sensible advice.

1. Speak to people . . . there is nothing as nice as a cheerful word of greeting.

2. Smile at people . . . it takes 78 muscles to frown . . . only 14 to smile.

3. Call people by name . . . the sweetest music to anyone's ears.

4. Be friendly and helpful . . . if you would HAVE friends . . . BE one.

5. Be cordial . . . speak and act as if everything you do were a pleasure.

6. Be genuinely interested in people . . . you can like everyone, if you try.

7. Be generous with praise . . . cautious with criticism.

8. Be considerate of the feelings of others . . . it will be appreciated.

9. Be thoughtful of the opinion of others

10. Be alert to give service.
As a matter of fact, this is sound advice for all of us, isn't it?

And now I must close.

Sincerely,

Margery

NOW'S THE TIME!

by
Wilmine Benzen

Now's the time.

What time?

Time to improve your time.

Literally thousands of adults are enrolled in adult evening classes. Are you missing out on this?

Students come from all walks of life. Their backgrounds vary. Their interests vary. The foreign-born come to learn English. Americans come to learn a foreign language. They come singly, in teams, and in families.

Subjects taught are those in which adults show an interest. If there is an inquiry for a class not already in the program, an effort is made to include such a class.

For example, there is the woman who spends her days answering the phone and typing. She heard of yoga, the Hindu art, but there was no class of that type in her town's adult evening school. They told her, however, that they would arrange one if there were a certain number of students interested. She circulated among her friends, found a number interested, and the class was formed. All that each needed by way of equipment was a small mat. They're finding the exercises relaxing, tension-easing, and fun.

An older man, who had never owned a piano, wanted to learn to play just for the fun of it. To his delight he found a class especially designed for adults with no previous musical background. Owning a piano was unnecessary; playing was done through a melody approach. He is delighted. And to add to his delight, he was given an old upright piano. Now he is the neighborhood "Mitch" and his friends come in to "sing along".

Among the students in one particular class in a St. Louis County adult school is a retired couple. They wanted to spend their leisure time in a creative way, and chose ceramics. They not only found a new interest; they made new friends. After the course of eleven lessons, one of these friends set up a workshop in her basement. Here the three spend much time developing their art.

In the school mentioned was a writer's workshop. The students in this class were enthusiastic, and worked diligently all through the course. In addition to this, they found they had formed an association with each other that they wished to continue. On the last class night they decided to form a club. They would

have dinner, discussions, and a guest speaker. Their teacher approved the plan and accepted their invitation to be the first speaker.

The teachers are those who have had experience in their particular fields. This switch in teaching from young to old apparently makes no difference to them. They make the students feel capable, urge them to participate, and, most of all, make them feel at home in a classroom. Each class night has its distinct value. For this reason students are encouraged to attend regularly and to be just as regular in turning in their assignments.

At only one point does age make a difference. That is when yesteryear's grads are obliged to squeeze into

junior classroom seats. A low bend, an extra push, and a sigh of relief! Class begins and the squeeze is forgotten.

Strangely enough the classroom scene and routine have changed little since the school days of these adults. The start and stop bell still sounds like a warning signal at a railroad crossing. The chalk still squeaks as the teacher writes on the blackboard. And there is still that "apple" for the teacher—not always a big, red juicy one. For instance, a very promising student in the aforementioned writing class is a young man who operated a neighborhood confectionery. To prove to the teacher that the "penny candies" she had enjoyed in her school days were still available, he brought her a bag full.

Students feel that time spent for this added study and instruction is rewarding. Walking down the corridor on the last night of school is a young mother, sporting a hat of her own making. She loves hats, but could

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BEHOLD, THE KINDERGARTEN TEACHER!

by
Betty J. Stevens

Kindergarten is a frightening place, especially for the teacher. As soon as the children are in their seats and the last damp-eyed mother has gone her way, the teacher feels a panic no child can match. She looks into all those anticipating eyes, expecting a sea of faces. But it's no sea at all—just one individual after another.

Her mind races back through educational psychology and all the teacher-training methods she has studied, and draws a complete blank. She thinks of the certificate she's got tucked away somewhere that says she's qualified to cope with this sort of thing. She knows now that it'll take more than a certificate to qualify her for this kind of responsibility.

In this classroom, in the next few months, the foundations will be laid for high school drop-outs as well as class valedictorians. She realizes that how she meets the needs of each of these children will determine to a great extent their liking or disliking school in the years to come. Helping these children close the door on babyhood and enter the larger world of childhood is a throat-grasping experience.

As she plunges into the task at hand, she can't help but wonder what moment of temporary insanity maneuvered her into this position.

The kindergarten teacher dispenses more Kleenex than a drugstore. She

listens to tales from home that would cause a psychiatrist to blush. She gets a lot of funny gifts, like baby teeth or messy valentines at Easter. A kindergarten teacher knows a lot more about overshoes than B. F. Goodrich. If all the boots she has put on and taken off were laid end to end, they would reach way back to the factory in Akron.

When kindergarten teachers can't sleep nights, they pass the time humming those great immortals, "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" and the "ABC Song".

In a world that measures success largely in terms of dollars and cents, it's hard to tell if one is a successful kindergarten teacher. When some scientist splits the atom, or rises to some equal achievement, he gives all glory to his science teacher. When someone else becomes mayor, he says, "All that I am and all that I hope to be I owe to my angel civics teacher."

Kindergarten teachers seldom get such credit, not publicly, anyway. But someday when a note comes from a former student that reads, "Today my little boy is starting school, and I just wanted you to know that I would be real glad if he could start with the kind of teacher that I had," then, with cup overflowing, it's back to the classroom—still scared, but warmed by the words of appreciation.

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A Sabbath in the Rockies

by
Pearl E. Brown

Many have extolled the surpassing grandeur and beauty of the Rockies. Several times, as a traveler, I had visited and enjoyed their most scenic parts, but never before did I receive such inspiration as that which came to me on a recent Sabbath spent in Estes Park at the Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association.

In a lovely modern cabin, the living room picture window of which framed a masterpiece of snow-capped peaks and pine-covered foothills no mortal artist could ever paint, I was the week-end guest of old college friends, a man and his wife. The calm beauty of love and God's handiwork surrounded me.

Fluffy cotton clouds billowed against the blue of the sky. Mountain daisies, yellow and white, brown-eyed Susans, and other flowers of various hues besprinkled the slopes around the cabin. Bluebirds flitted about, chipmunks searched for food, and a humming bird, resting on his whirling wings, sipped from a little red cup of sweet water placed outside the porch screening for his pleasure. All was serene and beautiful.

My host, closely allied with the Y.M.C.A., and a long-time former leader of its boys work in Denver, Colorado, took us to the morning worship service in Hyde Memorial Chapel on the camp grounds. Here a volunteer choir of some fifty young men and women, under the able leadership of a trained chorister, sang as if they, too, were inspired. Two young men, with excellent voices, sang beautiful solos. A visiting minister from a distant state gave the gospel message.

Much thought had gone into the building of this interesting chapel, which was completely filled on this Sabbath morning with men, women, and children, who maintained an attitude of deep reverence. An eight or nine-year-old boy seemed not at all averse to sharing his hymn book with me, a stranger. He sang heartily.

The chapel had been so planned that it was suited for triple purposes. The altar and choir can be closed off from the auditorium by means of sliding doors, leaving only the two pulpit desks at the front of the rostrum. In this way the auditorium can be used for lectures or classes as the occasion demands. At the back of the auditorium is a well-equipped stage with curtains. Merely by turning the folding chairs



Emily Driftmier took this picture of the mountains near Estes Park, Colorado, while attending a church youth conference.

around to face in the opposite direction from the front of the church, and opening the curtains of the stage, plays and movies can be shown. These possibilities were intriguing.

"The glory of God fills the universe," was my thought, as we drove over smooth mountain roads during the afternoon. We gained a closer view of little summer homes nestled in the valleys, some far from any other habitation. Others were in neighborly groups. We saw chalets, bridges, villages. There were grassy plains to which, in the autumn, the elk and deer descend from the high summer pastures on the mountains to feed, and where, sometimes, by permission are slain by hunters.

Clear reservoirs of water and glassy pools shone in the sunlight. Sparkling streams dashed over rocky beds and hurried down the slopes. Pine-sentinelled glens below the snow-streaked ridges of lofty rocks were enchanting. The air was pure and invigorating. How can one be thankful enough for such wonderful bounties?

The evening was best of all. We attended the "hymn sing" in the Administration Building of the Young Men's Christian Association camp. There, as the sun set behind the towering mountains and gilded the floating clouds, about five hundred persons, I estimated—young, teen-age, and old—sang the grand old hymns—"Abide with Me", "The Little Brown Church", "Onward Christian Soldiers", and many others.

The hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee" seemed an appropriate expression of the feelings of everyone present. Truly, the hour gave a most inspiring and unforgettable experience.

If every boy and girl, young man and young woman, in their formative years, could spend a summer or two in such an atmosphere of work, play, and devotion, there would be few delinquents, I do believe.

A Happy Day

by
Roberta Smith

Summer was whispering goodbye. Fall was nudging with an occasional crispness of air and a deepening blue sky. School, with its disciplined routine, would soon take over. A settling down of schedules and activities for my family and me loomed up. Now was the last chance to get away! The boys and their dad hoped for one final fishing trip, which they so thoroughly enjoy. A fishing trip is not my cup of tea. When I go along it's no vacation—for me! I had secret visions of a few days at home all by myself. What a treat! What a novelty! Now we're a family who enjoy each other. We do and share almost everything together. So the thought of a few days alone became quite intriguing. And, as they all informed me, "Mom, it'll do you good!"

Being one of these people who make lists for everything, including to myself, I had a dandy list compiled of things I'd like to do while alone. I couldn't imagine such a situation, so became increasingly elated as plans began forming.

Departure Day arrived, and the car was finally packed, complete with a huge canister of chocolate chip cookies, mosquito lotion, and tooth paste among the fishing tackle and blankets. Goodbyes and warnings were exchanged, and before I knew it they disappeared around the corner, all waving.

Well, here I was, alone, at last. I turned to the door with mixed feelings—a strange combination of real let-down with an undercurrent of self-satisfaction. It was 6:30 a.m., a bright sunny day.

Over more coffee I reached for my list—sorting through that old chest in the attic, a visit to the art museum, one morning of nothing but work among my flowers and weeds, all totally uninterrupted. I might even consider watching a late TV movie in a quiet, peaceful living room, although TV viewing is not near the top of my pleasures. I had a chance to read poetry on the patio in early morning with a pot of good coffee. I could chat with my favorite shut-in. What else? I could go on and on. I had a total of four days to relish, and I've never been one to sleep mornings, the nicest part of the day.

Excitedly I began my first day. By noon the house seemed lonesome and strange. I tell you that by 4:30 p.m. I'd have given anything to see them roll into the driveway. I fixed a light

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WAYNE AND ABIGAIL HAD SUMMER VISITORS

Dear Friends:

Perhaps there will be time to write a few lines before supper activities get underway. The children are eating early tonight because they have been invited to go out for the evening with some neighbors. Wayne and I are going to a church dinner. I had planned to take that delicious green bean casserole made with cream of mushroom soup and French-fried onions, but when one of the cans of beans was opened, it popped and sizzled and I was afraid to use it.

The larder was somewhat bare but I did manage to find enough odds and ends to make a sort of "vegetable jumble"—a casserole made of the other can of beans, a can of corn, stewed tomatoes, green pepper, celery, French-fried onions, rice and cooked ham. It made a generous amount and seems to be reasonably edible!

We had a neighborhood covered-dish supper one evening not long ago, and it started to rain just as the barbecued ribs were ready to eat. There was a bit of a scramble to move everyone and everything into the house. None of the homes in our neighborhood are of sufficient size to accommodate such a crowd of adults and children in the dining room, and barbecued ribs in the hands of children is hardly the most desirable combination to turn loose on carpeting. The solution was to cover the living room carpeting with newspapers and let the children sit down on the floor while the older generation enjoyed the comfort of the table in the dining room. About the time we finished eating, the rain was over and we returned to the out-of-doors to enjoy the evening hours.

Another evening we've enjoyed recently was to be entertained for dinner at the semi-outdoor restaurant at Elitch's Gardens, one of the most famous and lovely entertainment centers in Denver. After dinner we went to see "Sabrina Fair", a pleasant, romantic comedy, at the summer theatre there. Surprisingly enough, this is the oldest summer theatre still in existence in the country. Most things in Colorado are so young that it is a rare experience to find something that is the oldest in the country.

This was the year when some of the members of the Driftmier family found circumstances bringing them to Denver. Frederick, Betty, Mary Leanna and David attended the national meeting of the United Church of Christ at the Denver Hilton Hotel. Mary Leanna and David spent part of their trip here at our house and charmed all of us. Frederick and Betty were operating



The favorite hobby of the Denver Driftmiers is camping in the mountains of Colorado. They particularly enjoy looking for old almost-forgotten ghost towns on these excursions. Emily took this picture showing part of the little town of Alta, which they visited on their camping trip in the Ouray area last summer.

on a very tight schedule, as far as their part of the stay was concerned, but they were able to join us for dinner at the country club on one free evening and we enjoyed having a good visit back at the house afterwards.

Later in the month Wayne's brother Howard and his wife, Mae, flew out to Colorado for a vacation. We had been begging them to come for six years! With their daughter Donna and Tom at Colorado State College in Greeley for summer school (Tom is working on his Master's Degree in Education), Howard finally agreed that he could get away! Donna's letters home about the delightful weather were so tempting. As things turned out, it was very fortunate that they decided to fly. Not only did it add two days to their vacation, but shortly after their arrival Howard suffered a very severe attack of lumbago. A long ride back to Iowa would have meant intense pain for him. As it was they missed out on a number of sight-seeing trips but we informed them that that only gave them good reason to return soon and not wait six years again.

Our trip to Iowa included two days spent in my hometown of Onawa, Iowa, which were happy and heartwarming. I left there in June of 1943 to start college and I've made only very few and brief visits back there since then. My family has been gone for most of these years and somehow, I just never made it back very often. But for those twenty years I've always cherished the memories of my happy childhood and the fine people I knew then.

The purpose of this visit was to attend my high school class reunion. One of my girlhood friends was kind

enough to invite all five of us to stay with her. She is married and lives on a farm, and our children had no doubt but that life on their farm was infinitely more fun than Disneyland!

On Saturday morning Louise and her mother had a coffee to which they invited everyone they could think of whom I wouldn't be seeing at the class reunion. My! but it was good to see those familiar faces once again! There were only two old friends that I missed during the 48 hours we spent there.

Our class reunion was simple: just dinner, lots of visiting and a very brief program, and so successful that there was an unanimous vote to reunite in five more years.

Wayne, whose acquaintance with Onawa was practically non-existent, even admitted that he had had a better time at my class reunion than at his own. I suspect there is a reason for this. We lived in Shenandoah when his class had its reunion, and I'm certain that it is considerably more advantageous to come from a distance to attend such an affair. The people one sees every week don't get nearly the welcoming attention that is given to the people who are seen only rarely.

Before the summer comes to a close, and before the children start back to school, we're planning a short camp-out in the Maroon Bells region above Aspen, Colorado, and a trip to the White Mountains of Arizona. I'll tell you about those experiences in my letter next month. Until then.....

Sincerely,
Abigail

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.

CONVERSATION PIECE

What do they find to talk about, you say?
 The young wife and the woman, old and grey?
 The young one listens with her brown head bent
 To hear the other's every word. Intent,
 Engrossed in conversation now they smile
 As if they reminisce. And for a while
 I wondered, too, what subjects they pursue;
 Then overhearing these few words
 I knew —
 "I know, my dear, I had five children too."

— Jean Calvert

SUNSET

Although the sunset panorama
 Has no monetary worth,
 It seems that jeweled gates half-open
 So inhabitants of Earth
 May catch a glimpse of golden turrets
 Gleaming in the City's square,
 And know the Architect of Heaven
 Fashioned masterpieces there.
 God's glory lingers round about them;
 Shimmers on each tower,
 And the aura of His Presence
 Blesses Heaven and Earth this hour!

—Thelma Allinder

NATURAL LAW

I discovered a shattering fact today
 Though I vaguely have known it some time;
 It's really contrary to rules of good sense
 And doesn't make reason or rhyme.
 I straightened and cleaned while my family was gone,
 Put away, threw away, fit to break every heart.
 But when I was through, it's a fact,
 it is true,
 More was left than there was at the start.

—Harverna Woodling

CHILD ADOPTED

Who wears a button nose cuter than this?
 Who has a cowlick more gallant?
 Who turns a petal cheek sweeter to a kiss?
 Who waves a toe with more talent?
 How long a time must the heart's garden wait
 Tended, denied of its flowers?
 In this small bed blooms the seedling of fate—
 This little transplant of ours!
 —from Hillcrest Babyfold Leaflet



This is quite a collection of young cousins to identify! Back row: Cindy Shambaugh, Mary Leanna and David Driftmier, Martin Strom, and Bill Shambaugh. Front row: Nancy and Heidi Watkins, Stacey Shambaugh, and Jennifer Watkins. Little Jared Watkins is standing in front of Stacey. Cindy, Bill and Stacey are the children of Mr. and Mrs. William Shambaugh. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watkins are the parents of Nancy, Heidi, Jennifer and Jared. (Daughter Wendy was not present.) And of course you know that Mary Leanna and David are daughter and son of Frederick and Betty Driftmier, and that Martin is the son of Margery and Oliver Strom.

IT'S BEYOND WORDS !!

Skit for a P.T.A. or Other Club Meeting
 by

Mabel Nair Brown

This whole skit is based upon the literal meaning of some of our often used forms of expression, and, as you will soon see, is intended strictly for fun.

As the narrator reads, various persons walk onto the stage to pantomime, or otherwise indicate, the results if we were to take all of our conversations LITERALLY!

NARRATOR: Foreign students tell us that the English language is not all it's COOKED UP TO BE. (Someone enters with a big kettle and spoon and a dictionary. She tosses the book into the kettle and stirs vigorously, then goes off stage.) As I thought about this I knew I had A BEE IN MY BONE. (A player rushes in with beekeeper's bonnet on, and appears to be trying to shake the bee out, or fan it away.) Perhaps by now you have guessed that someone has SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE. (Someone enters and proceeds to pull a variety of small objects from her sleeve, or she could pull out yards and yards of a heavy cord or clothesline rope.)

Yes, we are going to talk about this language of ours as we CHEW THE RAG here a spell. (Enter player, chewing huge rag.) You may think it makes sense to JUMP IN AND DO THE

DISHES. (Woman carries on a large dishpan which she places on floor, and then jumps into it), or to DASH INTO THE HOUSE (player dashes head against the wall), but it seems like doing it the hard way to me! At that I'd just as soon do that as to POUR OVER THE COMIC SECTION OF THE PAPER (places paper in large pan and proceeds to pour water over it from a large pitcher) or to DEVOUR A BOOK (pantomimes eating a book).

But let me tell you the latest gossip HOT OFF THE GRIDDLE (uses a pancake turner to flip large cardboard letters around on a griddle with sizzling sound effects). My neighbor's boss got HOT UNDER THE COLLAR (player appears to take lighted match from under her collar) and promptly FLEW OFF THE HANDLE (have some large object on stage so that player can sit upon it and then go "flying" off waving her arms like wings) and GAVE HIM THE AX (player soberly hands narrator a large ax). But neighbor Bill didn't want to tell his wife the truth, that his boss had SACKED HIM, (one player puts another in a large burlap bag, or steps into a bag and goes hopping off stage), so he GAVE HER A LINE (one player hands another a fish pole and line) about wanting to JUMP THE TRACES (jumps over big rope), to CUT LOOSE (uses large knife and cuts off sleeves of her blouse), and that finding a new job would be as EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG. (Have a big piece of board handy on stage. Player lies down on it and rolls off.)

His wife just THREW IN THE TOWEL (throws towel into middle of stage and BOUNCED home to mother! Doesn't that BEAT THE BAND? (She beats someone with a drumstick or any other instrument.

Well, I must be SHOVELING OFF. (Narrator is handed a large scoop and goes shoveling off stage.)



NEW USES FOR OLD THINGS

An old table and old window shades will make a nice playhouse for a little girl, or a tent for a little boy. Insert shades in brackets on a table, or a frame. Pull shades down to make slanted sides—a shade holder may be tied to a small stake. A coat or two of paint on both the table and shades will make it last longer.

An artist in the family can use old shades or the back of oilcloths for their paintings. Both make good canvases.

—Estelle Davis Taylor

**HAMBURGER-CORNBREAD PIE**

- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped green peppers
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 2 Tbls. catsup
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- Cornbread topping

In a skillet, saute the onion, green pepper and ground beef in the shortening until brown. Add the tomato sauce, catsup, chili powder, salt and pepper. Put this into a casserole and cover with the cornbread topping. Bake in a 400 degree oven for 25 minutes, or until brown. Turn onto a serving plate, topping side down.

Cornbread Topping

- 1/2 cup sifted flour
 - 3/4 cup yellow corn meal
 - 2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1 Tbls. sugar
 - 1 egg, beaten
 - 1/2 cup milk
 - 2 Tbls. melted shortening
- Sift together the dry ingredients. Add the egg, milk and melted shortening. Stir until blended.

GARDEN SALAD

- 2 pkgs. lemon gelatin
 - 3 cups hot water
 - 3 Tbls. vinegar
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/8 tsp. pepper
 - 1 cup mayonnaise
 - 2 Tbls. onion, grated
 - 1/4 cup green pepper, diced
 - 3/4 cup raw cauliflower, diced
 - 3/4 cup carrots, shredded
 - 3/4 cup celery, diced
 - 3/4 cup tomato, chopped
- Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add the vinegar, salt and pepper, stir to blend and then chill until slightly thickened. Add the mayonnaise and beat until fluffy. Fold in the remaining ingredients. Pour into a mold and chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce leaves.

HOUSE DEDICATION PUNCH

- 1 pkg. cherry powdered drink
- 1 pkg. lemon powdered drink
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 large can frozen lemonade
- 1 large can pineapple juice

Make up the powdered drinks and the lemonade according to directions, except scant the water slightly (to compensate for melting ice), and use part sugar and part Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener. Combine all of the ingredients. Some of the punch may be frozen in ring molds to be used in the punch bowl.

If you are serving this punch with cookies, keep it rather tart. This will give it a tang almost as definite as a punch which uses gingerale at the last moment, yet this punch can be prepared ahead of time. It is a beautiful pink in color.

BARBECUED CHICKEN

- 1 large or 2 small frying chickens, cut in pieces
- 1/4 cup onion, chopped
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 2/3 cup catsup

Brown the chicken in a small amount of shortening. Drain. Combine the rest of the ingredients. Put in a casserole and pour the barbecue sauce over the top. Cover and bake in a 325 degree oven for 45 to 60 minutes. (Baking time depends on the size of the chickens used.)

This may be prepared on an outdoor grill by wrapping each piece of chicken in aluminum foil after it has been browned and coated with the barbecue sauce. Turn frequently.

For electric skillet preparation, brown the chicken, drain well, pour the sauce into the skillet, cover tightly and simmer over low heat until the chicken is tender. A small amount of water may be added if the sauce seems to become too dry.

DROP-AND-BAKE SUGAR COOKY

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 egg white

Mix together the shortening, sugar, flavoring and egg yolk until light and fluffy. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sour milk. Beat the egg white until stiff and fold this into the batter. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls onto a greased cookie sheet. Sprinkle with sugar mixed with finely chopped nuts. Bake in a 375 degree oven about 10 minutes, or until golden brown. Makes three dozen. You can vary this using other Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. This is a nice basic recipe.

KOREAN GREEN PEPPERS

- 6 small green peppers
- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1 tsp. sesame seed
- A dash of pepper
- 2 1/2 tsp. salad oil
- 2 tsp. soy sauce
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 egg, beaten

Slice the peppers in two halves, lengthwise. Wash and remove seeds and white membrane. Combine the beef, sesame seeds, pepper, salad oil and soy sauce. Pack into the pepper halves. Dip each half into the flour, then in the beaten egg. Steam in a small amount of hot salad oil in a covered skillet for 15 minutes, or until the meat is cooked through. Serve with additional soy sauce.

BACHELOR BUTTONS

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Cream shortening and brown sugar. Add egg and flavorings and beat well. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. Roll into balls and mash with a fork, or with a glass dipped in sugar. Decorate each with a piece of maraschino cherry, nut meat or chocolate bit. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees.

MIXED FRUIT SOUP

- 1/4 lb. dried prunes
- 1/4 lb. dried apples and apricots
- 1 qt. water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 stick cinnamon
- Juice of half lemon
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup tapioca

Soak fruit in cold water 2-3 hours. Add sugar and cinnamon stick and cook slowly in the same water until tender. Add tapioca during last half hours. Add lemon juice and flavoring and pour over fruit. Serve cold with rusks.

—Mary Beth

SPICED PEACH PIE

- 2 No. 2½ cans sliced peaches
- 1/3 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 tsp. quick-cooking tapioca

Prepare your favorite pie crust pastry for a two-crust pie, but before adding the water, remove 1 1/4 cups of the flour-shortening mixture to another bowl. Now mix and roll out the rest of the pastry and line a 9-inch pie pan. Into the reserved 1 1/4 cups of mixture, add the chopped nuts, brown sugar, vanilla flavoring, cinnamon and butter. Mix well. Drain the peaches thoroughly. Arrange 1/3 of the peach slices in the bottom of the lined pie plate. Sprinkle with 1/2 tsp. of tapioca. Repeat twice. Sprinkle the crumbly mixture evenly over the top. Cover with foil and bake for 30 minutes in a 425 degree oven. Remove the foil and bake 30 minutes longer.

PUMPKIN COOKY

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/4 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups pumpkin
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup nutmeats

Cream together the shortening and brown sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Add pumpkin and flavorings. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. Stir in raisins and nutmeats. Drop by teaspoon on lightly greased cookie sheet and bake for about 12 to 15 minutes at 375 degrees.

MARVELOUS FRIED CHICKEN

- 1 3-lb. chicken, cut in pieces
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 4 Tbls. shortening
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup water
- 1 Tbls. catsup
- 1 bay leaf

Sprinkle the chicken with the salt, pepper and flour. Brown in hot shortening. Drain. Add the onion, soup, water, catsup and bay leaf. Simmer, covered, until tender—30 to 45 minutes. Add water if necessary. This is a delicious chicken dish. It is perfect for electric skillet cooking. Serve over hot fluffy rice.

MACARONI AND HAM CASSEROLE

- 1 cup macaroni (before cooking)
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 1 cup cooked ham, diced
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 1 green pepper, minced
- 2 Tbls. ham or bacon fat
- 1 cup milk
- 2 cups bread crumbs

Cook macaroni in salted water until tender. Drain and put in a bowl with cheese, ham and salt. Fry onion and pepper in bacon fat. Mix and put in baking dish. Cover the top with crumbs and pour milk over all. Bake 20 minutes in 350 degree oven.

ROSA'S SPICE CUPCAKES

- 3/4 cup seeded raisins
- 1 cup water
- Bring to boil and boil for 1 minute and cool.
- Cream:
- 1 cup brown sugar (packed)
- 1/2 cup margarine
- Add:
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. soda, mixed in
- 3/4 cup raisin juice (add enough water to make 3/4 cup, if there is not enough juice)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- Add the following dry ingredients which have been sifted together:
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 3/4 tsp. salt

Lastly, add the raisins and 1/4 cup black walnut meats. Bake for 20 minutes in cupcake pans, or 35 to 40 minutes in 9-inch square pan at 350 degrees. Makes 20 cupcakes.

CHERRY KUCHEN**Crust:**

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 2/3 cup shortening
- 1 egg, beaten
- Enough milk to make dough soft enough to roll. (about 1/3 cup)

All ingredients can be put into bowl together and mixed with a fork, and then with your hands, if desired. Dough is very soft and difficult to roll so I find it easier to pat out and line a 13 1/2-by 2-inch pan. Save enough dough to make crisscross strips on top of cherries.

Filling:

- 2 2-lb. cans unsweetened cherries or 1 quart home-canned cherries, drained. Save juice.
- 2 cups sugar
- 5 to 6 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. butter

Mix cornstarch and sugar together in saucepan. Add enough water to the juice to make 2 cups liquid. Add this to first mixture and cook until very thick. Add butter. Cool slightly and pour into crust. Place strips of crust on top crisscross fashion. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 minutes. Delicious served with ice cream or whipped cream.

—Mary Beth

DRESSING FOR CABBAGE

- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 3 Tbls. sour cream

Stir together until sugar is dissolved, and put over finely shredded cabbage. You can add green pepper and onion for variation. This is enough for 2 cups of shredded cabbage. Add this dressing just before serving.

EGG-TUNA CASSEROLE

- 1 can tuna fish
- 1 can mushrooms, drained
- 6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 2 cups medium white sauce
- Slices of American cheese

Put the tuna fish, mushrooms and sliced eggs in layers in one large casserole or in individual casseroles. Prepare two cups of medium white sauce and pour over the tuna-egg layers. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and top with slices of American cheese. Bake at 350 degrees, 45 minutes for a large casserole and 25 minutes for the individual size.



Frederick enjoys cooking and one of his specialties is steak. Mother watches with interest as he prepares meat for the broiler.

LEMON BARS

- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup powdered sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- A pinch of salt

Combine the 1 cup of flour, margarine, butter flavoring, and powdered sugar. Press into a greased 8-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes.

Beat the eggs until light and add the

other ingredients. Beat well. Pour over the baked crust, return to the oven and continue baking for 25 more minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from the oven, and cool.

This may be glazed with a thin powdered sugar frosting which has been flavored with Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. A few nuts may be sprinkled on top. However, it is perfectly delicious unfrosted. This bar may be frozen and removed from the freezer about 30 minutes before serving.

GOLDEN CABBAGE SALAD

- 2 cups shredded cabbage
- 2 cups grated carrots
- 1/2 cup sweet pickle relish, drained
- 1/4 cup onion, chopped
- 6 or 8 stuffed green olives, sliced
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- Salt to taste

Combine all of the ingredients and serve on individual lettuce leaves or in a big salad bowl. This salad looks particularly pretty in wooden bowls.



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Be Super-smart at the Supermarket

Want an extra \$150 a year for your food allowance? You can get it merely with a little extra savvy at the supermarket.

Figures from the U.S. Department of Commerce indicate the typical American family spent \$1500 on groceries last year. Now, researchers for a leading university report this grocery bill can be cut as much as 10 per cent with smart shopping practices.

How? Here are some tips from supermarket home economists. Smart shopping starts at home. Sit down with your newspaper and a pad and pencil and read the supermarket ads. Start building a grocery list from the specials—you'll probably find meal plans shaping up for the week.

Home economists, who are members of the National Association of Food Chains Consumer Advisory Committee, suggest you start your reading with specials on meat—the focal point of most meals. If you run across a cut you're not familiar with, see if the ad includes hints on how to cook it. Or check a cookbook. You may discover a new dish that will become a family favorite.

When a big cut is offered, consider

how it can be turned into meals for two or more days. This is real thrift—and you'll save time by cooking only once for two meals.

Here's another tip from the supermarket home economists: When these cuts are on special, cook two different meats together—beef with pork shoulder or fresh picnic ham; pork with veal shoulder or rump; veal with lamb shoulder.

Each meat flavors the other, and again you'll be cooking just once for two meals. You can serve part of the mixture at one meal and part at another, or serve one meat one day, saving the other for later.

Knowing how much meat is needed per serving is another way to save. A pound of boneless meat, such as ground beef or boned or rolled roast, is usually good for four servings. With the bone in meat like sirloin steak, figure on two servings per pound. But be very generous with boney choices such as pork spareribs or breast of lamb and plan on only one serving per pound.

See how you can get the most out of what you buy. If you buy the whole chickens, don't discard the giblets, neck and back because no one will eat them. The broth they're cooked in can be used for soup.

When buying fruits and vegetables, keep their use in mind. Tomatoes for a fancy salad for company should be firm, attractive and well-colored—but if it's a casserole you plan, the family will get just as many vitamins from the less attractive but cheaper ones.

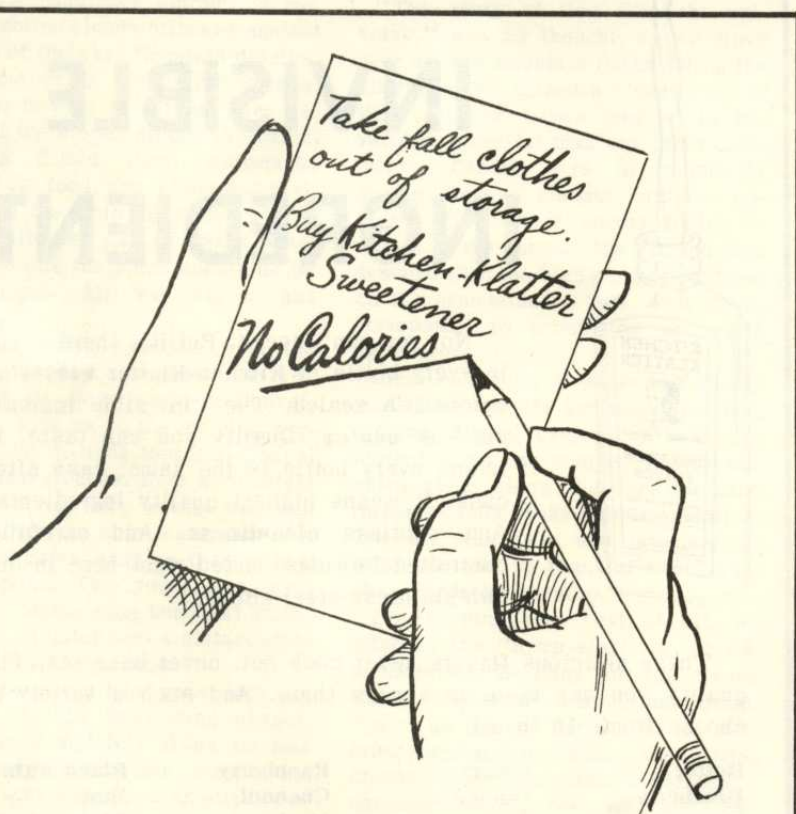
Compare prices on canned, frozen, and fresh vegetables. This is the place to keep your shopping list flexible. Fresh green beans may be in season and reasonably priced, but asparagus—which is what your taste buds are set for—may be between seasons and cheaper in frozen or canned form than in fresh.

Don't hide behind your list when you're guiding your shopping cart through the supermarket. Keep an eye out for unadvertised specials that can add to your savings.

Also, don't be fooled by packages that are deceiving in size. Some items are packaged in large containers that don't contain nearly the weight or amount as an honestly packaged product.

.....

A vacation is a short duration of recreation, preceded by a period of anticipation, and followed by a period of recuperation.



Smart girl! She knows it's been months since she's tried on those suits and sweaters. Months filled with picnics, barbecues and the fattening foods and sweet drinks that go with them. If you need to shed a few pounds, why not start using **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** tomorrow? In drinks, on cereal, in cooking or baking, it adds natural sweetness — but never, never adds a single calorie. Your grocer has it on his shelves. You should have it on yours.

Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

WE DEDICATE OUR HOME

by
Evelyn Birkby

It was a beautiful summer evening; the breeze was blowing refreshingly across the green lawn, the last rays of the sun were glowing pink, purple and gold above the horizon, the flowers in the garden were nodding their welcome and one bright yellow rose opened its petals just in time to see the first guest arrive.

The house had never looked so gay. Fresh flowers from friendly gardens were everywhere: on the bookcases, in big vases in the corners, in the fireplace and on the dressers.

The tea table was centered with choice flowers. White daisies with deep golden centers, blue delphinium, pink sweet peas and dainty baby's breath were arranged in a tall milk glass pitcher. The pink candles in matching milk glass holders blended with the pink sweet peas and the pink flowers on the napkins, which also included the words, "God Bless This Happy Occasion".

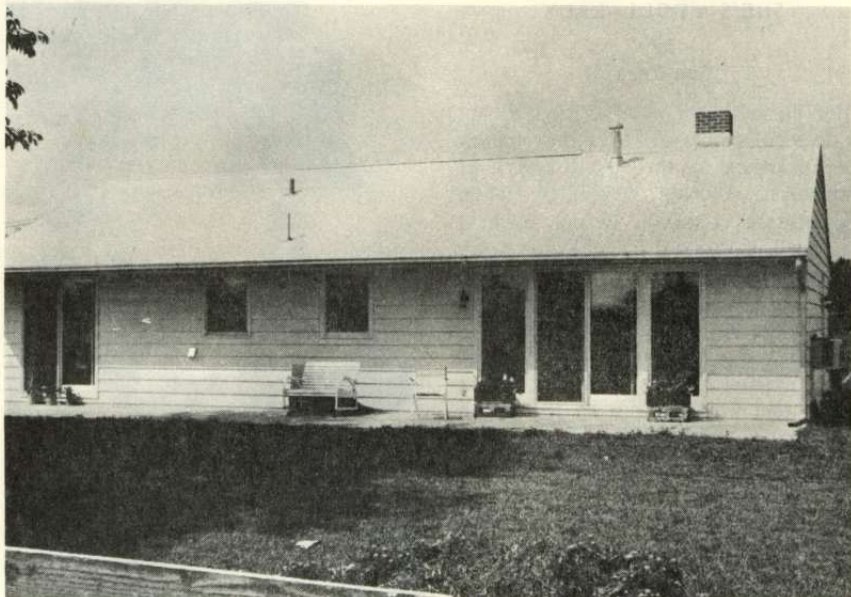
Stacks of cookies were waiting on trays, lovingly made by a number of friends and relatives. Sister Ruth had mixed together a tasty pink punch. She also brought her tape recorder with a number of her own organ renditions fitting for the occasion.

"Here comes someone," the boys called from their sentinel positions. Soon that someone was followed by more until thirty guests had arrived—close relatives and the members of the adult church-school class which we have attended since moving to the Sidney area.

Around and around the house we went. Each new group of people created a *tour*. It was so much fun to listen to the comments; some folks liked one thing, some another. Naturally, the remarks were complimentary; any dissenting thoughts were *silent* ones!

We sat and visited for a short time. At 8:00, as prearranged, the minister, the Rev. Darrell Mitchell, suggested that it was time now for that part of the evening for which our guests had come—the dedication of this new home. We had requested that this part of the evening be meaningful and sincere but not too stilted and formal. Even the songs were kept purposefully rather light. We did adapt some of the words in the solos to make them more suitable for the occasion.

The service developed exactly as we hoped it would—a period of time when those we count as close friends, our relatives, our minister and his wife and our own family, gathered close to God to lovingly dedicate our home.



A mimeographed leaflet was passed out which had a cover upon which an outline of the house had been printed. Underneath were the words, "The Robert Birkbys' House Dedication"—then the date. (This was an idea sent in by a Kitchen-Klatter friend, Mrs. E. C. Williams of Oswega, Kansas.) Inside the cover was a sheet with the order of worship to be used. This included the responsive readings and unison prayers in which everyone participated. The program proceeded as follows:

A HOME DEDICATION SERVICE

SENTENCES OF PRAISE: (Minister)
"Peace be to this house." "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."

SOLO: "A House with Love in It" (written by Dee and Lippman)

SCRIPTURE: (Minister) Romans 8: 26-28 and Hebrews 12:1-2

PRAYER: (Minister)

READING: "Design for a Home" (As printed in the August, 1963, issue of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine)

THE SERVICE OF DEDICATION:
(To be read responsively)

Minister: To all those values for which the home at its best has come to stand,

People: We dedicate this home, O Lord.

Minister: To the spirit of discernment and understanding, of helpfulness and patience, of love and comradeship,

People: We dedicate this home, O Lord.

Minister: To the spirit of joyful and creative living,

People: We dedicate this home, O Lord.

Minister: To all those loved ones and friends who across the years

will enter and leave its doors,
People: We dedicate this home, O Lord.

Minister: To thyself, O God, and thy Kingdom of love and good will,

People: We dedicate this home and the family that lives in it.

A PRAYER: (All uniting) O God, our heavenly Father, who art the head of every family and the light of every home, receive anew the vows of our dedication of ourselves and all that we have, and consecrate this home by Thy presence that it may be a temple of thy Holy Spirit. Surround it by the love that is old yet ever new, and protect us by thy might that is the same in all places of thy dominion, for Thysake and ours. Amen

CLOSING HOME DEDICATION PRAYER: (Minister)

We build an altar here, and pray

That thou wilt show thy face;

Dear Lord, if thou wilt come to stay,

This home we dedicate today

Will be a holy place.

BENEDICTION: (Minister)

SOLO: "May You Always" (written by Marks and Charles)

As soon as the service was concluded, the organ music was resumed, punch and cookies were served, and the rest of the evening was spent in just plain, good talk!

As the last guests left, Robert, Bob, Craig, Jeff and I waved them a contented "goodby". It had been a wonderful evening. We felt that the home for which we had planned so long and worked so hard to obtain, was truly consecrated. Whatever our future may be, we know that God is with us, guiding, directing and strengthening. It was a blessed evening, one we will always cherish.

SHE'S A DOLL-LADY

by
Sue Reed

Her name is Mrs. Zella Layton, but to doll collectors all over the country she is known as the "Doll Lady" of Bradenton, Florida. Recently, when she visited relatives in our town, I was invited to meet her and see some of her dolls.

"It all started," Mrs. Layton told me, "when we moved to Florida from Independence, Missouri, several years ago. I started making dolls out of sea shells that I picked up on the beach just for my own amusement. When my husband and I opened a shell novelty shop in Paradise Bay, Florida, I put some of my dolls on display, and they soon became our best selling items."

The Laytons operated their shop for a good many years, and because of their beauty and delicate workmanship, the dolls continued to be the best sellers. They were so much in demand that Mrs. Layton could hardly make them fast enough, especially during the tourist season. Because so many tourists bought the dolls, Mrs. Layton soon became known all over the country, and doll collectors came from far and near to buy them.

Mrs. Layton has won prizes in doll shows in New York, Chicago, and many other cities. One tiny doll, just one inch tall, is on display in the Ripley Odditorium in New York, and is believed to be the smallest shell doll in the world. Mrs. Layton named it "Tinette, the Sea Shell Princess". "It was necessary to use a magnifying glass in making that one," she said.

Mrs. Layton, now a widow, lives in Bradenton, Florida, in a small apartment which she calls "The Doll House". When cataracts formed on her eyes, she could no longer work with the tiny shells, but this didn't stop her. She had the cataracts removed and started making larger dolls out of materials easier to work with. These are not just dolls; they are little people, each with a personality all its own. A writer of children's stories, Mrs. Layton uses her creative imagination to breathe life into her dolls. The pride of a mother for her children shows in her face as she talks about them. She had them arranged in groups on a table and explained each group to me.

"These," she said, indicating two individuals seated in rocking chairs, "are Barefoot Kate and her boy friend, Lazy Sam. Sam likes to sit and rock and smoke his pipe while Kate attends to her knitting." Sam looked almost human, sitting with legs crossed, completely relaxed with pipe in mouth and floppy hat pulled down on his



Mrs. Zella Layton is shown here with three of her famous hand-made dolls: Lazy Sam, Barefoot Kate and Miss Flora. Mrs. Layton has won prizes in doll shows in many cities.

head. I could almost hear the click of Kate's needles as she knitted away on, perhaps, a pair of socks for Sam. Then there was an elderly couple in flannel night clothes carrying a hot water bottle on their way to bed. Miss Flora, a dainty little lady in street clothes, carrying a handbag and notebook, was on her way to a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of which she was a secretary. She had a boy friend, too, a nattily dressed, white-haired gentleman, who would be on hand to escort her home from the meeting.

Mrs. Layton makes these dolls completely by hand, from their bodies, heads and feet, down to the last detail of their clothing. She even paints the little faces that are so expressive that they seem about to speak.

After hearing the stories Mrs. Layton weaves around them, I felt that I had met a group of charming people.

Mrs. Layton didn't go to Florida in search of the Fountain of Youth, but her youthful vigor and zest for living at the age of eighty would make it seem that she has found it.

Back to school



With the children off to school again and the house settling down to a normal routine, take time to listen to the **KITCHEN-KLATTER** radio visit.

We can be heard over the following stations each weekday morning:

WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscataine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

It Gives Me Great Pleasure....

by
Mabel Nair Brown



As the new fall season opens, will you be called upon at P.T.A., at club, or by your church group, to introduce a guest speaker? If so, and you are already quaking at the thought, these suggestions are intended to help you face the task with calmness, and to carry it off with ease—perhaps even to enjoy it!

1. In the vernacular of the day, "get the low-down". Dig up every bit of information you can about your speaker. Learn his educational background—where he studied, degrees earned, special awards or scholarships won. Find out if he is married, about his family, the number of children, and perhaps some interesting details concerning them or their special achievements.

2. Allow about two to three minutes for an introduction in most instances. You might use another two minutes if it is a very special occasion and a noted speaker.

3. Write out your introduction and time it, selecting your words with care so that you can say the most, in the best manner, in the time you have. Humor is always a desirable ingredient, but if telling a funny story is not your forte, then omit it. Better skip it than to have it go flat and laughless!

4. Practice your speech several times in front of a mirror, with a clock at hand. Do not memorize the speech, but practice it enough so that all the facts are as familiar to you as your own name.

5. Speak loudly enough so that even those in the back of the room will be able to hear you. Your time has all been wasted if all that your audience hears is a low rumble!

6. Avoid wearing jangling bracelets and earrings. Avoid the rattling of keys or paper. If you must have something in your hand, or the comfort of a few notes, write them on a small card, and hold it as inconspicuously as possible. Check your appearance at the last minute, before a full length mirror if possible, so that you may have the added assurance of knowing that no slip is showing, stocking seams are straight, stray locks are tucked in place, and that lipstick isn't smeared.

7. If the speaker is to receive a fee, arrange with the treasurer to have a check ready in a plain envelope, which you hand to the speaker inconspicuously before he leaves. Later,

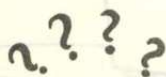
see that he receives a written note of appreciation.

8. Save the name of the speaker to the very last as you make the introduction, and let his name be the signal for the audience to welcome him to the platform with applause. (You may lead this applause as you announce his name.)

9. Thank the speaker warmly at the conclusion of his speech.

10. Following the program, be near at hand to introduce him to officers of your group and others as they step forward to comment on his speech. See that he is served refreshments, and is with a congenial group while eating. Too often a group will become so absorbed in their own club business, family news, etc., that the poor stranger in their midst is left feeling stranded and alone, not sure if he is to go or stay, if to help himself at the tea table, or be invited to eat.

Along the same line of hospitality to the guest is the reminder to BE SURE that someone is on hand to meet him on arrival, ready to give any information desired as to where to leave wraps, where to stand to speak, the presence or lack of a speaker's stand for his notes, and where he sits until time to speak.



ARE WE THINKERS?

by
Roberta Smith

Recently with my husband I attended a Ladies' Nite Dinner sponsored by a local civic group. I heard the lecturer ask "How long has it been since any of you here have had a real genuine thought?" With my feathers properly ruffled I retorted angrily all the way home how much serious thinking I felt I assumed daily, had always considered myself a pretty good thinker, and a busy one!

Lying awake during the night, in that silence that seems unique, I analyzed how much of my thinking was really worrying. I worry about my husband's work, I worry about his health and the children's, I worry about how my dress turns out at the cleaners, I worry about Communism, I worry about next week's program at circle, and I worry about possible nuclear warfare.

It's true, with responsibility comes worry, or may we call it concern, and who wants to live without responsibility? But worrying is not constructive, and thinking *can* be. Most of my worrying was done under pressure of daily humdrum demands. Now, do I honestly call that thinking? Stewing, fretting, worrying, yes. But thinking? Definitely not.

In his book of essays "*The Art of Living*" Wilferd A. Peterson writes, "The thinker knows today where his thoughts have taken him and that he is building his future by the quality of the thoughts he thinks."

I decided to spend part of my energy on constructive thinking, positive thoughts, a few beautiful reflections each day, even some special pondering, thankful thoughts on our many constant blessings.

Perhaps some of my worrying might be crowded out for lack of time—time spent on thinking.

Have you had a real genuine thought lately?



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Last spring two clumps of the dear little fern-leafed peony, *P. tenuifolia*, bloomed in my border. Visitors who had never seen this peony before were delighted with its deep crimson blooms and feathery foliage and wanted to know where they could obtain planting stock. I searched through dozens of catalogues and not one offered the fern-leaf peony. If some of you who read this have this peony and would care to sell "starts" send me your name and address and the price of the roots. Be sure you have the *genuine*

fern-leaf peony. It grows only about 15 inches high, has foliage that resembles the finely-cut leaves of cosmos, and the flowers may be crimson or purple-red. The flowers are only 3 or 4 inches wide when fully opened and the plant goes dormant much earlier than other peonies. The rootstocks are also different, being of a creeping nature.

September is the best month for planting peonies. The planting site should be well prepared in advance, and it pays to do this properly as peonies can remain in one place for many years. In fact, some of the clumps about our farmyard have been undisturbed since they were planted almost 24 years ago and they come back each spring with great beauty.

The holes where peonies are to be planted should be at least two feet wide and 18 inches or more in depth. All peonies like full sunlight, plenty of water, good drainage and free air circulation. Do not plant where the roots must compete with those of trees and shrubs.

Remove the layer of subsoil in the bottom of the planting hole and replace

it with a mixture of topsoil, compost, leaf mold, and a shovel of old, well-rotted manure. Fill in a layer of good garden loam on which to seat the peony root. Build up a cone of soil if necessary so that the buds or eyes are no deeper than 2 inches below the surface. Too deep planting is said to be the cause of nonblooming plants. Peonies thus planted will grow and their blooms will increase in number, size and beauty over the years.

And remember, if any of you have the fern-leafed peony I mentioned above, I would like to hear from you. Address your letters to Eva M. Schroeder, Eagle Bend, Minnesota.

NOW'S THE TIME - Concluded

never afford the individually styled creations. She now has the know-how to create her own hats inexpensively. The husband of the woman who inherited those dreary and worn antiques has learned how to turn them into glamorous conversation pieces.

On the last night, you'll hear such remarks as "See you next year!" "What are you going to take next year?" "There are so many fascinating subjects, I don't know which to choose!"

School's out, but inspiration is in. Each student learned to his satisfaction that it really is never too late to learn. Now is the time that those of you who are interested can make inquiries about fall classes in your locality. Local papers carry information about such classes. Your own school superintendent can no doubt tell you where to inquire. Happy learning to you!



WHAT ARE YOU WASHING TODAY?

Something, that's for sure. The dishes, of course. Perhaps the family laundry. Or windows. Or curtains. Or walls. Or floors. Whatever it is, it will come cleaner faster if you use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. And, since **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** never leaves suds or scum to be rinsed away, your clean-up time is neatly cut in half.

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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Is your home quiet today? Is it too quiet because you've sent your youngest off to school? Think of the world of knowledge to be gained in the months and years ahead.

A chapter on Pioneer School Days in the Centennial History of the City of Humboldt, Iowa, gives us a glimpse of the reading material available in a rural school in early 1900.

Our library consisted of only a few books and reread many times over. A few volumes of Dickens, a copy of Grimms' Fairy Tales, the works of Hans Christian Andersen and an Unabridged Webster's Dictionary were the best of the lot. There were no reference books of any kind and when an encyclopedia salesman came with his wonderful books he and our teacher would sit on the recitation bench while we children grouped about looking at the marvelous pictures he showed and the stories he told—how the ant had ears on its hind legs, the toad and frog drinking water only through their skin—hoping with all our hearts that these books would be available to us.

Quite a contrast with the many books available today just waiting to be read!

Bruce Catton's new book *Terrible Swift Sword* (Doubleday, \$7.50) is the second volume of the centennial history of the Civil War. It traces the personalities and actions leading to the Emancipation Proclamation and the removal of General McClellan from command of the North's principal army.

What began as a short war to reunite the United States slowly got out of control and became a war for human freedom.

In *Two Roads to Sumter* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95) Mr. Catton and his son, William, an assistant professor of history at Princeton, have written a comparative study of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, using the careers and attitudes of the two men up to 1861 as a key to an understanding of the nature of the slave controversy and the coming of war.

"Lincoln and Davis," write Bruce and William Catton, "were born within a year of each other and less than one hundred miles apart in the wilderness of Kentucky, and rose from a common origin to oppose each other as chief executives of a divided nation—the differences in character and personality between the two men were in part a reflection of the differences between North and South, and help to explain both the causes and the outcome of the war."

"The American Civil War," they con-

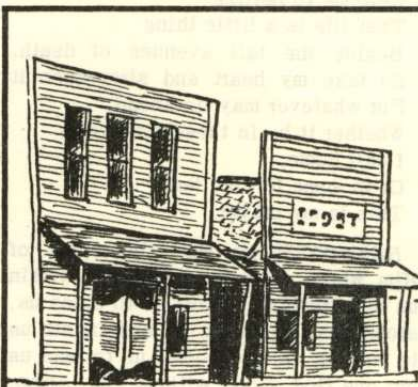


One hobby which is growing in popularity is the reconditioning of antique cars. This picture was taken in Colorado during an antique car convention.

tinue, "is far too big to be explained solely in the lives of the two men—yet when one tries to see just how this war came about, why the people on

both sides fought so hard and what the whole of it finally means, one does come back to the two protagonists—they were of their respective peoples and they spoke for them..."

Automobiles of Yesteryear (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50) is a pictorial record of motor cars that made history. Here is the story of the coming of the automobile, from the earliest horseless carriages to the luxurious machines of the Thirties, of the days of the Pierce-Arrows, Hupmobiles, Maxwells and all the rest. A book to treasure, it will bring back fond memories of the Model T to adults and make youngsters curious about the cars of bygone days. Drawings include outstanding cars from 1893 through 1940. Back in 1897, the Stanley Steamer could go a mile in two minutes and eleven seconds. Quite a record in those days.



WATCH IT, PARDNER!



You're right Ma'am. You can't be too careful, especially when some fast-talking stranger makes wild promises. Like, for instance, safe bleaching with harsh liquid bleach. You know and I know that most liquid bleaches use chlorine — and we know what chlorine does to dainty fabrics.

So play it safe with **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**—the bleach that's so safe it's recommended even for the new synthetics. Colors stay brighter, whites stay whiter, everything stays new-looking longer. If it's washable, it's bleachable, in



Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

WE KNOW IT'S SAFE!

WE MAKE IT!

SHOPPER'S SPECIAL - Concluded

GIANT SIZE TUBE of HUMOR: (If you cannot find a large squeeze tube, fashion one from aluminum foil, perhaps by molding it around a tall bottle. Then add a large label.) Plenty of this stuff will brighten our meetings and activities beyond imagination, adding sparkle to our words, and gleams to our eyes.

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GROUP SINGING: (The parody found in many of the sociability song books, "Smile awhile and give your face a rest", etc. Do go through the actions on this song for more fun!)

LEADER:

Prayer for the New Year

God, give me the courage to forget
my yesterdays
And welcome the challenge of today.
Give me the gallantry to discard
Needless fear and remorse, childish
caution and pettiness,
And give me wings wherewith to
brave
Those far horizons
Which lie beyond our common exist-
ence.
And let me live splendidly—
But be ready to give up life laugh-
ingly.
But always, whatever hazards,
Help me to realize
That life is a little thing
Beside the tall avenues of death.
So take my heart and strengthen it
For whatever may lie ahead,
Whether it be in these four walls
I call home,
Or in some foreign land.
This is my prayer.

BENEDICTION: May the Spirit of
Him Whose love is eternal be within
us to refresh us, above us to bless us,
around us to protect us, underneath us
to hold us up, and before us to lead us
on; one God, world without end. Amen.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

the campus and gave us the startling
information that the University of
Wyoming is the only four-year college
in that enormous state. Why, out here
in New England we have so many fine
four-year colleges and universities
that we found it hard to believe Wyoming
had only one. Of course that one is most
superior, and from what we were told,
it has plenty of money for every type
of advancement.

My! but we did enjoy our two full days
at the YMCA Camp just a short distance
from Estes Park, Colorado. If you never
have visited that mecca for tourists,
you should do so. I doubt if there is
any tourist camp in the country as nice
as that one of the YMCA. Actually, it
is a small summer colony with a com-
plete recreational and educational
program. Believe it or not, the finest
and most luxurious motel accommo-
dations in the United States are to be
found right there at the YMCA. We
could not believe our eyes when we
saw the loveliness of our rooms. The
food was superb—in all honesty, the
best in the West!!

In my last letter I told you that I was
going to Denver, Colorado, to represent
our Massachusetts churches at the

meeting of the General Synod. The
eight-day meeting will go down in my
memory as one long inspiration! The
hymn singing, the powerful preaching,
and the great statements of policy
made the entire meeting a source of
faith, strength, and courage for me.
Betty and the children were able to
attend many of the meetings, and I am
sure that as a family we gained much
of good. While in Denver we did not get
to see as much of our Denver Driftmiers
as we would have liked, but we did
have one very fine dinner party, and of
course the children were able to spend
a few days together.

Here at our little cottage in Rhode
Island we are just resting and thanking
God for a perfectly wonderful trip. Oh
how good He has been to us.

Faithfully,

Frederick

A HAPPY DAY - Concluded

supper tray, and spent the early eve-
ning on the patio with the newspaper,
yes, all of it at one time, too. At dusk
I picked a bouquet of marigolds and
mums and came into the living room,
after locking the doors. What a living
room! Ours?

I was not afraid, but at bedtime the
noises of a silent house saddened me.
Come now, I told myself in a snappy
pep talk. That's no way to be. This is
just the first day and everything's so
different. Tomorrow will be better.
Besides, there's your List.

The next two days passed somehow.
Oh yes, I checked my List. I didn't get
half the things accomplished I'd in-
tended. I hadn't reckoned with the
competition I encountered. Tidy rooms.
No noise or interruptions. Only one
bed to make. A handful of dishes. A
spic-and-span bathroom. No yelling.
No demands. And no affectionate looks
and teasing fun, either.

Arrival Day was here at last. Joy, oh
joy! I could hardly wait, as I tucked a
pie into the oven. But in time I heard
the car doors slam, and soon three
faces appeared, and three pairs of
arms caught me in the kitchen door-
way. Home again, and safe, I breathed
thankfully.

"Hi, Mom. Look at our fish!", and
"Did you have a lot of fun while we
were gone?" caressed my ears.

I smiled, and babbled, as we all
walked back to unpack the car.

Oh, I'd had a great time! Yes.

And here comes clutter, confusion,
fishy-smelling clothes, damp towels,
and loving!

Lucky, lucky me! *This* was my happy
day.

"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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CROSS STITCHED aprons—\$2.50; embroidered dish towels—\$4.50; knit wool slippers—\$2.25. Quilted quilt. Mrs. A. Ferstet, 458 26th Ave., Greeley, Colo.

FANCY PAN Scratchers or Dish Cloths nylon net 25¢ postpaid. Mrs. Glen Beverly, Burlingame, Kansas.

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COOKBOOK — 300 Delicious recipes, home tested, signed "Friendship Cookbook". You'll love one. Loose leafed, plastic bound. \$2.25 postpaid. Mrs. Charles Timm, Rt. 1, Big Springs, Nebraska.

PRETTY METALLIC PINEAPPLE-WHEAT 14½" doily \$2.10. R. Kiehl, 2917 4th N.W., Canton, Ohio.

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Take up to 60 days; we give credit on napkins. You risk nothing to try my amazing tested plan, used by over 50,000 groups.

Rush name and address now for sample napkins, details of my Plan which brings you fast cash, or valuable equipment for your group, sent free, no obligation.

RUSH NAME AND ADDRESS TODAY!
ANNA WADE, Dept 420ht, Lynchburg, Va.



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IS
A
DISH
TOWEL

It is hand painted on white absorbent cotton muslin approximately 18 x 36 inches. It has a design of a gay colorful old fashioned girl. The skirt is made separately and padded for a pot holder painted with a border of bright cheery flowers and the edge is finished with buttonhole stitch. This is fastened to the towel with a dress snap so the skirt can be used without the towel. The towel with skirt will make a colorful decoration in any kitchen. They are colorfast. You may have your choice of color — red-blue-green-yellow-orange-brown-pink-black-lavender or chartreuse. Price \$1.50 a pair. Send to ALVINA M. PARKER, R. 1, WAUKEE, IOWA.

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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-52, 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-52

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

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. H-52
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