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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

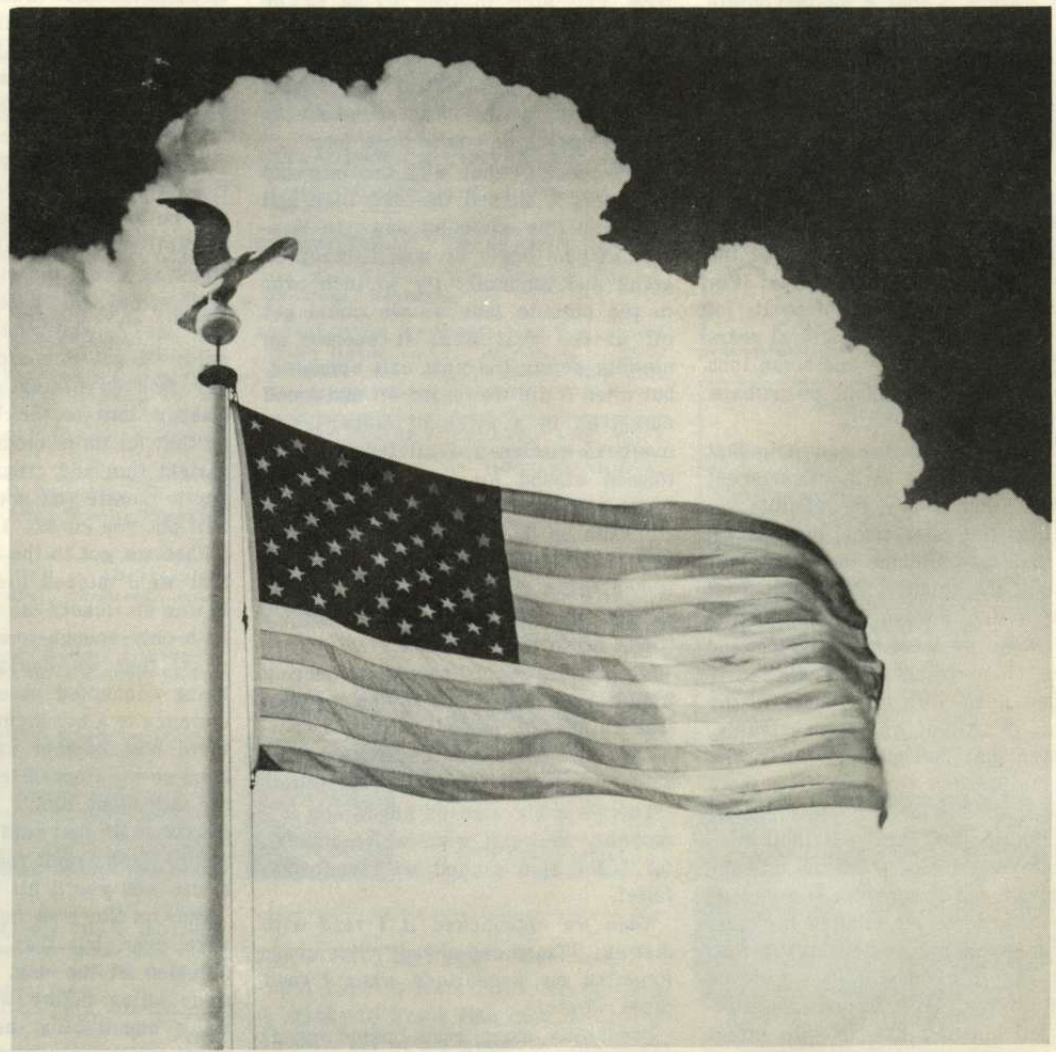
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— H. Armstrong Roberts

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Dear Good Friends:

Now that summer is right upon us it stands to reason that a lot of you folks are going to take to the highways and, in many cases, are headed for areas where you've never been before. It also stands to reason that a lot of you are going to find yourselves in predicaments identical to the ones described in "Which Way Is East?" that appeared in last month's issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*.

When I read that article I was plunged right back again to the single most desperate day that Russell and I ever experienced in all of our travels, and I don't believe I've ever given you the full details of that particular day. (For a long time I couldn't mention it, let alone write about it!) But several years have passed since then and I can look back at it now and laugh, so perhaps you'd like to hear about it.

This happened on the last trip that Russell and I made to the East coast and was primarily responsible for Russell's flat statement that never, never again would he drive in that section of the country. He didn't. That particular day always rose up in our minds when we were slightly tempted to think about going East again.

We had been visiting friends in the vicinity of Allentown, Pennsylvania, and when that portion of the trip was over we intended to drive from there up into Rhode Island to visit brother Frederick and his family at their summer cottage. I've forgotten the mileage it involved, but it wasn't a tremendous distance, and, as we studied the map, we figured that by getting on the road around 7:00 in the morning we could be at Frederick's place around mid-afternoon. We notified him to this effect and everything was settled.

Well, we awakened to heavy rain, but we got out of the motel right on schedule, maps in hand, and made it on to one of those expressways without trouble. However, once on the express-

way we were worried about the tremendous amount of traffic and the high speed at which it was moving. Rain or no rain, everything in all six lanes was simply tearing along and I began to get worried about seeing the right exit sign in time to be in the correct lane. There was no question of slowing down to be sure and see the sign for in such traffic you simply keep moving at the same speed as the other vehicles or you're done for.

Sure enough, what with the rain and the speed I missed the exit sign and screamed this alarming news to Russell. All he could do was to keep on going and gradually try to inch over to the outside lane so we could get off at the next exit. It seemed an eternity before the next exit appeared, but when it did we turned off and found ourselves in a maze of clover-leaves, overhead circles and all the rest. We roamed around for a long spell, but eventually we somehow managed to get back up on the expressway — and sort of shaken too, I might add, since it had taken quite a few miles to put us back where we could once again try to get off at the right exit.

Back on the expressway I kept peering frantically ahead trying to see the sign that we needed, and all at once I spotted a large green sign ahead of us and said to Russell with enormous relief: "There's a big sign up ahead and it's probably the exit sign we're looking for." He also sighed with enormous relief.

When we approached it I read with dismay: "Trash can ahead". I've never forgotten my sensations when I read those words!

Eventually, much, much behind schedule, we managed to get off the expressway for the best reason in the world: it terminated with a big barricade that announced new construction going on ahead, and all of that heavy traffic was funneled into a narrow residential

suburb in the area of New York City. There were no signs to help the hapless wanderer and as we looked about nervously we were staggered by what we saw — it looked like a battlefield with great machines tearing up things in every direction, nice houses actually chopped right in half, and all indications of tremendous highway construction — the kind that simply changes the face of the country.

Finally we realized we were never going to be able to get over onto Highway No. 1 (the big one that runs all down the East coast) without help, so we pulled into a service station and Russell asked the attendant how we could get to Highway 1. I've never forgotten that attendant's face. He looked singularly mournful as he stared off into space, and then he turned back and said forcefully: "I don't know. I was born and raised right in this town and I never know when I get down here in the morning if I'll ever be able to get home at night! You'd better just go on down this street as far as you can get through and then ask at another service station."

We skirted the edges of the "battlefield" for a couple of miles or so and then pulled into another filling station. Russell started to ask about getting to Highway 1, but the attendant didn't let him get beyond "I wonder if you could tell me?" when he interrupted and said: "I get this around 500 times a day. Now go straight ahead six blocks, make a turn to the left and continue on that for three blocks and then make a right turn and cross a bridge, go to the left until you see a sign and that will put you on No. 1."

When we got to the bridge we figured that we'd missed his instructions for it was so rickety (an old wooden affair with only enough room for two cars to pass) that we couldn't imagine this being connected in any way with the entrance to a big highway. Fortunately, there was another service station at hand so we stopped there and this time the attendant didn't even wait for a question. He just said instantly: "Yes, you're on the right road — get over the bridge and you'll hit No. 1."

Once on No. 1 we figured our troubles were over, but that was the biggest delusion of the day. We hadn't made many miles before we ran into more major construction and were plunged once again into unmarked suburban areas. The next few hours were a repetition of this and we were both in a state of nervous exhaustion when we finally found ourselves back on old

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GOOD NEWS FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

So much has happened since I last wrote to you that I hardly know where to begin. I guess the best way is to start with the most important news and work down.

Frank and I now belong in that wonderful world of Grandparents. Kristin and Arthur have presented us with a beautiful grandson, Andrew Wade Brase. I was so excited when Art called I could hardly talk, and as soon as he had told me that the baby was here, it was a boy, and both Kristin and the baby were fine, I practically hung up on him so I could run and tell Frank. I'm sure that those of you who have experienced the thrill of the arrival of your first grandchild know just how I felt.

My first impulse was to get on the next train headed west, but I wasn't ready to go and there were many things that had to be done before I could leave. Since I could be gone only a few days and there was nothing I could do to help Kristin until she came home from the hospital, I decided to be sensible and go out a few days later. With so much field work to be done Frank couldn't go with me, but we are hoping that sometime this summer Kristin and Art and the baby can spend a few days with us.

Although I took a fast train, it seemed incredibly slow! Art was at the station to meet me and took me right out to the little house they had recently moved into. Art made some coffee, but before we had time to drink it Mrs. Smith, their landlady, came in and said that she had spoken to Kristin at the hospital and I was to call the minute I arrived. I went to Mrs. Smith's and called her and she said, "Oh, Mother! It's so wonderful and I'm so happy." I knew just how she felt.

Art and I had two hours to wait until visiting hours, so this gave him a good opportunity to fill me in on all the details. He was working at the cafeteria when Kristin called him, and he was so excited he forgot where he had parked the car and walked a block past it. When he finally located it he couldn't get it started — probably flooded the engine in all the rush and flurry — so he dashed back to the cafeteria and a young Baptist minister came to his rescue and took them to the hospital.

I guess the first time it really dawned on me that I was a grandmother was when we walked up to the closed door of the maternity section and I saw the sign on the door which said, "No visitors allowed except fathers and



Our first picture of Kristin with her baby son, Andrew. Doesn't he look just like a little china doll?

grandparents." Kristin was waiting for us and went with us to look through the window at our baby. I could hardly wait until morning when we could take him home so I could *really* get a *good look*, and hold him for the first time.

Kristin is nursing the baby and since I didn't have to mix formulas and sterilize bottles, my services consisted mainly of washing, ironing, and cooking. This gave us a lot of time to visit.

Kristin showed me all the things she has been doing with the little retarded girl she has been tutoring. She is so enthusiastic about her job she can hardly wait to get started again, and feels sure she will be strong enough in a few weeks. The child comes to her house for the lessons, so I asked her if she thought the baby would be too much of a distraction since her pupil is an only child and a baby in the house might prove too exciting. Kristin had thought of this and was already planning to fix up a cheerful little room off the kitchen as a schoolroom. She could close the door on all the distractions.

Kristin saved all the letters she received from our *Kitchen-Klatter* friends in response to her article in the March issue about the retarded child, and was so pleased that so many of you took the time to write. She wanted me to read each and every one of them.

Art's mother lives in Laramie so came over every day to see the baby. We had lots of fun trying to decide who Andy looks like, and we all agreed he looks more like Art than Kristin. When I got home I dug out some baby pictures of Kristin and sent them out to her so she

would have something to compare him with. Art is also an only child, so Baby Andrew is Mary's first grandchild, too. When it was time for me to start home, it was a great comfort to know that Mrs. Brase is close in case Kristin needed a little advice.

In the last letter I wrote to you, I told in great detail about selling our former home, and the improvements the new owner had made on it. The Halfertys had already moved a little of their furniture in, and were planning to move in completely in a week or two when the house burned to the ground. This was certainly a great shock to them after all the months of work they had put into it.

The house burned in the early hours of the morning, and no one knows what caused the fire, since it was locked up and empty, unless it was due to defective wiring. In fact, Frank and I didn't know it had burned until eleven o'clock that morning. John Johnson, a cousin of Frank's who attends Iowa State University, was spending the weekend with us and had gone to town that morning. When he came home he asked when our old house had burned. We thought he surely must be mistaken for the house was there when I drove past the afternoon before. Frank and John drove right up there and when they came back Frank said, "John was right. The house is gone."

At that hour on a Sunday morning everyone was still in bed asleep, and as far as we can find out only two of the neighbors even knew it had burned, and they didn't see it until the whole house was completely in flames. The only close neighbors (and they live as close as some town people) were on vacation, so they really had a shock when they came home. If the wind had been from another direction, they might have lost their home also. Until we sold the house, their son and wife and six children lived in it, and we all commented on how horrible it would have been if this had happened while those six little children were sleeping upstairs. It was a terrible thing to have happen, but at least there were no lives lost.

Farm news? Well, the crops are planted, although Frank was beginning to think it would never dry up so he could get into the fields. It finally did and he worked day and night for awhile. He had all his seeding done and the corn planted by the 21st of May. I thought that was very good.

Our Tinker dog finally got tired of running away when he found out he

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Serve the Lord with Gladness

An Outdoor Vesper Service by Mabel Nair Brown

Nature herself provides a beautiful setting for an outdoor worship hour, but if you desire a central point of interest, you will find that a rough cross fashioned from two dried branches most effective. One of the most beautiful outdoor arrangements I've seen was made by placing an open Bible upon a tree stump. Around the base of the stump had been placed bouquets of wildflowers which the young people of the church had picked while on their walk through the woods.

Call to Worship: *O sing to the Lord a new song for He hath done marvelous things.* This is the theme from earthly throngs; this is the word that rings. A joyful noise from all the earth ascends to heaven above, to sound the great Creator's worth, to tell His power and love. The woods, the fields, the vales, the hills, proclaim His wonderful power; the river, the seas, and tiny rills their paeans sound this hour. O let us in this temple meet and bow before the Lord. Our praise shall reach the mercy seat for gifts He doth accord.

Scripture: The reading of Psalm 100.

Leader: Serve the Lord with joy. Serve the Lord with song. Carry out His holy will, happy all day long. With each thought and deed, with each word we say, let us serve the Lord with gladness each and every day.

Let us hold this meeting in that very way. Let us make this service a blessed one today, with every hymn, every verse of scripture or of rhyme, awakening in our hearts that call of olden time. May a message reach us; may a voice be heard in some line of music, in a spoken word that shall echo in our hearts — bid us, as of yore, "Serve the Lord with gladness now, and evermore."

Prayer: Dear God, here in this quiet spot, surrounded by the beauty of Thy handiwork, we open our minds and our hearts to Thy guidance. Help us, O God, to discover your plan and your purpose in our lives, and show us how

we may do these things according to Thy will, serving Thee with gladness, so that those around us may know that we, too, find joy in the Lord. Amen.

Hymn: "He Keeps Me Singing", "He Put a Song in My Heart", or a similar hymn of joy.

Leader: From Joshua, valiant leader of the Israelites, come these thrilling words, first spoken to a great throng of his own people, but even for us today they still ring out a challenge to all who hear them.

Reader: (This reader should draw a little apart from the group and read the scriptures indicated in a clear, ringing voice.) **CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE!** (Joshua 24:15)

Leader: Then, like a bright banner proudly raised for all to see, comes the swift announcement of his own high choice:

Reader: **AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD!**

Leader: Surely, we all say we will serve the Lord; but I challenge you in this hour — HOW will you serve Him? Will it be lip service alone? Will it be a task grudgingly done, because we feel we should, or because we are aware of public approval? Will it be because our mind says it is the right thing to do, the accepted thing to do?

Reader: **NOT WITH EYE SERVICE, AS MENPLEASERS; BUT AS THE SERVANTS OF GOD, DOING THE WILL OF GOD FROM THE HEART.** (Eph. 6:6)

Leader: Serving God from the heart! Do we always? How do YOU serve Him? Suppose He calls us along the Road of Life where there are disappointments, where there is sorrow for us, where we run into trouble, and are beset with misfortunes; have we reason to serve with gladness then?

Reader: **BUT LET ALL THOSE THAT PUT THEIR TRUST IN THEE**

REJOICE: LET THEM EVER SHOUT FOR JOY, BECAUSE THOU DEFENDEST THEM: LET THEM ALSO THAT LOVE THY NAME BE JOYFUL IN THEE. (Psalms 5:11)

Poem: (Read by a second reader.)

"God hath not promised skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways all our lives through;
God hath not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.
But God hath promised strength for each day,
Rest for the labor, light for the way,
Grace for the trials, help from above,
Unfailing sympathy, undying love."

—Church Bulletin

Leader: How many times God's word admonishes to gladness, to joy! We are not told to go about with long faces and cast down spirits, nor to cast aside laughter, to shut out happiness and joy. Instead, we must face what comes with valiant spirits and songs on our lips, because God walks beside us all the way. We must "keep the joy bells ringing" in our hearts!

Hymn: "You May Have the Joy Bells", or other hymn on joyful service.

Leader: We must never underestimate our influence upon those about us — the influence of our words and our actions. Will they speak of a cheerful giver, a patient friend, of loving kindness, of love for fellowmen? Do we accept our share of church responsibilities, community tasks, home chores, with cheerfulness and good will, or with complaints and grumbling, with fault-finding and frowns? Let us hear the WORD.

Reader: **SERVE HIM IN SINCERITY AND TRUTH . . . SERVE HIM WITHOUT FEAR, IN HOLINESS AND RIGHTEOUSNESS — ALL THE DAYS OF OUR LIFE.**

Leader: Can we not begin to see what it means to "serve the Lord with gladness"? Does it not ask us to dedicate ourselves willingly to those things God finds for our hands to do, in thanksgiving and praise for all the blessings we have received, and continue to receive, from our heavenly Father? To give happiness to the world because we have known happiness?

Reader: **O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE**
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ABIGAIL WRITES FROM COLORADO

Dear Friends:

This is one of the many days when my thoughts keep flying off in every possible direction. Collecting them together long enough to settle down to write this letter seems to call for some concerted self-discipline. During the summer months of continuous comings and goings it does seem as if no activity is constant for more than ten minutes.

In my most recent letter I wrote about some of the construction of Interstate 70 near Idaho Springs. I know many of you readers will be traveling this highway throughout the summer and will continue on west of Idaho Springs on U.S. 6. I mentioned there was another monumental project a little further along the highway which can really whet the appetite of any "sidewalk superintendent".

At the entrance to Loveland Ski Area, just where the highway makes its final ascent on the Continental Divide, is another concentration of men and big machines. It is here that another great engineering challenge is being faced. Under construction are the preliminary stages leading towards completion of two tunnels. Extending for several miles, they will carry Interstate 70 through the mountains beneath the Continental Divide.

The first of the two Straight Creek Tunnels is scheduled for completion in 1967 and will cost about \$20 million. The second tunnel will probably not be constructed until this interstate highway is more nearly complete.

Still in the very earliest stages of planning is the proposed Red Buffalo Tunnel under Vail Pass a few miles further west of U.S. 6. Someday travelers will be saying, "When we drove under the Continental Divide . . ." instead of "When we crossed over the Divide . . ."

Undoubtedly there are those of you readers who are still planning a camping vacation in the Rockies this year. There is a very useful new campground directory available for the National Forests in this region. It lists the campground name, location with travel directions, elevation, number of camping units, and type of water supply for each of the National Forest areas in Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Colorado. The folder is available by writing to the Regional Forester, Building 85, Denver Federal Center, Denver, Colorado.

This folder does not list the camp-



Hasn't Lisa grown since you saw her picture in February? Her parents, Donna and Tom Nenneman, are moving to Omaha, where Tom will be a principal at Ralston. Howard and Mae Driftmier, Lisa's grandparents, will certainly miss them, as will the rest of us.

ground facilities within the adjacent National Parks. The latter is a separate department within the U. S. Department of Agriculture. However, we have found it more convenient, upon occasion when we wanted to visit a National Park, to set up camp in a nearby National Forest campground. Frequently they are considerably less crowded during the height of the tourist season.

July can bring some very warm temperatures to Denver. Ordinarily the humidity is quite low and shade provides a great deal of relief. But the sun's rays can burn with rapidity. Since I'm rather susceptible to sunburn, I avoid too much time out in the direct sunlight. The yard gets neglected, but I find it rather pleasant to retire to the house. We moved our room-sized air-conditioner from Iowa. Our living room here is on the west and the brick has a tendency to retain the heat of the afternoon sun. Therefore, the air-conditioner is hooked up to cool this room primarily, although the dining room benefits also.

After several weeks of ignoring my sewing machine for outdoor activities, I'm glad to return to it as a cool escape on a hot day. I spend a great

THREE MAGIC WORDS

"Please."

"Sorry."

"Thanks."

Use them for top results in everything you do.

many hours sewing in the winter. I find that as my experience in sewing has increased, so has my pleasure. Nowadays I sew most of the clothing for Emily, Alison and myself. The two girls continue to change size with frequency and it takes a good deal of time just keeping them in clothing that fits.

One of the things that keeps sewing interesting is the many new and enticing materials placed on the market each year. Last winter when I wanted to make some warm slacks, I used what was, to me, a brand-new development in material: a wool flannel which had a lining material bonded to the back. This meant that it was not necessary to line the slacks separately. I found this material a real delight to sew and, of course, it saved all the time consumed in making the lining separately.

This material sells for about a dollar per yard more than regular wool flannel which makes it a bit more expensive than buying the wool and lining individually, but it certainly saves time and energy! I was a little concerned that the bonded lining *might* separate from the flannel. However, I can report that after a full winter's wearing, *this did not happen*.

This past spring I attempted making a coat for the first time. Having never received any instruction in tailoring, I have always been afraid to tackle a wool suit or coat. The desire to have a white wool spring coat prompted me to overcome my reluctance to branch out into a new field. Through diligent searching in the pattern books, I managed to locate a pattern which, in the first place, I liked; in the second place, did not have set-in sleeves; and in the third place, did not call for bound buttonholes which I have forgotten how to make. The final result was much better than I had dared to hope and the materials cost a *fraction* of what a ready-made coat would have cost.

Incidentally, I never buy cheap or poor quality materials. Occasionally, I do make a substantial saving by picking up a remnant, or finding a good sale in force, but *never* do I choose a shoddy material. Sewing consumes a goodly portion of time whether the material is good quality or poor. I just don't want to put my time into something that won't hold up for any length of time.

The children are repeating their request for a refreshing swim in the pool. This sounds like a fine suggestion to me and so until later . . .

Sincerely,
Abigail

Middlefork's Aprons

by
Mary Waugh

The Middlefork aprons were begun as a money-raising project. The WSCS, our ladies' organization, needed money, but for every idea offered we had one stock objection: "If we lived in a city we might, but out here in the country —"

Middlefork is a small country church, (Methodist), and our WSCS consists of seven or eight active members and about that many who are inactive. Our annual budget of slightly over \$100 would not look large to the city churches we were talking about, but it did to us.

The apron suggestion might have gone the way of all the others except for Evelyn.

"Everybody make two aprons," she challenged, "and I'll bet I can sell them."

Finally a half dozen were turned in, and on an evening when her daughters went skating, she took the aprons along to show, and perhaps advertise the project. To her own surprise, she sold them all, but more important she was told of several others who wanted aprons. The next morning Evelyn was on the phone, as she has been many times since, with the plea: "Make more aprons."

Those first aprons were all kinds — cobblers, cross-stitched, coveralls — but with true beginner's luck, they sold. However, as a customer wished that the apron she liked had a pocket, or was shorter, or fuller, or brighter, we began to see an overall type: a tie-around, priced at about a dollar. It must be bright but practical — no sheers or party aprons — be about eighteen inches long with about thirty-six inches of fullness. And have a pocket.

Everyone wants a pocket! The waitress for her pad and pencil; the housewife for the odd bits she picks up; the teen-ager for bobby pins and rollers; the busy mother for Kleenex. Even Grandma wants a pocket for the letters she received that day. An apron without a pocket is an abomination. It will not sell.

We also learned that a few styles always sell well. We have one small apron for 75¢, and two styles priced at \$1.25, but the greatest demand by far, is for those selling for a \$1.00. We feature one novelty apron, the pedal pusher, which resembles a pair of old-fashioned bloomers, and is popular for gifts and prizes.



Middlefork Church, founded in 1886

We still make the cobbler and cover-all aprons, but on order. They require a certain amount of fitting, and almost every woman has a pet pattern. We charge 75¢ if the material is furnished, or \$1.50 if we furnish it.

The aprons were hardly launched before we were asked if we did quilting. After a little consultation, we decided to try — the very plainest kind at 2¢ and 3¢ per yard. Like the aprons, word was passed along, and we found ourselves refusing more quilting than we have been able to accept.

Word of mouth has been our only advertising. We had some elaborate plans in the beginning. We would get a large stock of aprons on hand and put ads in the local papers. We would take them to schools to show teachers for room-mother gifts, and we would visit club meetings. Those are all good ideas that we may try *someday*, but so far we have had all the business we can handle without any of them.

In the two years since Evelyn started with those half-dozen aprons, we have sold over 325, and there is no sign of slackening. Our sales now are mostly repeats, but some of them are surprising. Like the lady who had seen a pedal pusher apron, and called long distance to order two, sight unseen, for party prizes. Another woman who had bought six aprons for Christmas gifts, ordered eleven more. And our most impressive repeat sale was a lady who took two dozen. Not all for herself, of course. It seems that her mother wanted some, and her sister, and a cousin in Kansas and . . .

However, most of our customers take just one or two at a time. Their first purchase may have been to help a church organization, but when they come back again and again we know



View of some Middlefork aprons

that we have a product that will stand on its own merits.

That brings up a point we repeatedly stress — good materials and good workmanship. Each apron is inspected. Informal inspection, I admit, but very thorough, as each member likes to see what has been added to the apron box. If an error is spotted, it is repaired or the apron withdrawn from sale. Whoever has the apron box, and it is passed around, is responsible for keeping them pressed and priced and ready to show. A lot of work? It certainly is, but it makes satisfied customers and those repeat sales I was telling about.

Financially, the aprons have been a resounding success, but a much deeper success is the good-humored co-operation. Members who do not sew furnish materials and trimming, and everyone sells aprons. The men joke about the "cold notes" they've had for dinner, but they wouldn't miss a quilting.

In fact, everyone comes, for this is a country church and the generations from infancy to age are linked to their mutual enrichment. The men visit and often help with stretching and marking a quilt. The teen-agers do their homework, and then try their hand at quilting. Even Aunt Tillie, our ninety-year-old member who can no longer see to quilt, comes along to take care of the baby.

The quiltings are entirely unorganized. We may meet several times a week when work is slack, and not at all during rush seasons.

Officially the apron and quilting money belongs to the WSCS, but it is used wherever it is needed, as it should be. Considering the "cold notes" and baby tending, everyone helped earn it.

* * * * *

FREDERICK AND BETTY TOUR WALES

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter while seated in my room in one of the big hotels of London, England. There was no mention of a trip to England in my last letter to you for the simple reason that I did not know of it myself. This whole expedition is like a dream! Betty is with me, and I keep asking her to pinch me to see if I am awake or asleep and dreaming!

It all came about like this. Just after writing to you last month I was chosen to represent the Rotary Clubs of my district in Massachusetts on a good will mission to the Rotary Clubs in southern Wales. For the past two weeks Betty and I have been in Wales and England, and we are soon to fly home. Since neither of us had ever seen the land of Wales, we were delighted with this opportunity. We flew to London in just six hours by jet from New York City. There were 150 passengers on the plane, and the trip was a beautiful one.

After landing in London we stayed overnight and then took a train to Swansea, Wales. The city of Swansea was nearly destroyed by the Germans in World War II, and so most of the downtown area is new — our hotel being one of the newest in the British Isles. For three days we were entertained by the Rotarians of Swansea and the nearby city of Neath. We went to a church service on Sunday and heard the finest hymn singing we ever heard in any church, anywhere. There is an old saying: "Put two Welshmen together and you have a song!" It is true! The Welsh people would rather sing than eat. The sermon we heard that night was one of the finest, most spiritual sermons one ever could hope to hear. In all the British Isles, the people of Wales are the most religious, and Betty and I are better people for having been with them.

Last Tuesday we visited the Rotary Club in Tenby, Wales. Until we made this trip I didn't know such a place even existed, and now that I have been there I can honestly say it is one of the most beautiful and one of the most historic cities in the world. Tenby is a truly unique seaside resort with all of the natural beauty of sea, of shore, of cliffs, of quaint antique charm — completely unspoiled. It is so far off the beaten tourist track, that I almost felt that Betty and I discovered it.

The town of Tenby is built inside high fortress walls that were con-



Rev. Frederick Driftmier in the church parking lot before leaving for the British Isles.

structed before 1500 A.D. The whole city is on the edge of high cliffs that drop off to some of the finest beaches in the whole world. At low tide the golden sand stretches from the cliffs for more than a city block. At high tide the beaches are much more narrow, but always wide enough for good beach bathing. Inside the old city walls the streets are very, very narrow, the shop buildings are very, very old, and the whole town looks like a picture out of a fairy story book.

The church we visited in Tenby was built sometime in the eleventh century and still is used every Sunday. In a few years that little church will be more than one thousand years old. Next to the church were the remains of an old schoolhouse built 800 years ago. We saw nearby an old farmhouse built about 800 years ago. It is still being used and has a big television antenna on its roof.

From Tenby, Wales, we took a bus over to the beautiful coastal city of St. David's. This little city is seldom seen by American tourists because it has no train or plane service. It sits right on the shore of the Irish Sea, and during the long twilight — it doesn't get dark here in the summertime until 10:00 P.M. — Betty and I walked along the cliffs looking down at the surging surf breaking on the rocks below.

Although Swansea and Tenby are in Wales, it was not until we started to St. David's that we realized just how very different Wales is from England. In Wales we couldn't understand a single word that was spoken because the people all speak Welsh, not English. We rode in a bus loaded with people and did not hear one word of English spoken. Of course, almost all the people can speak English, and when they spoke to us they used English, but between themselves they spoke nothing but Welsh. When Betty and I

asked directions, we had to show them the map, because we could not pronounce the names of the towns.

Just to show you how different the Welsh language is from the English, let me give you a line of it here. "Bwrdd Croeso i Gymru." It means "Welcome to Wales". At first we had planned to rent a car and drive around Wales on our own, but when we found we could not pronounce the names and could not read all of the road signs, we decided to continue our trip by bus. For one day of driving in the mountains of North Wales, we did splurge a bit and rent a car and a driver. Do you know what it cost to have a car and driver for all of one day? Just \$18.00, and that included the tip!

In South Wales the chief industry is mining, but up in North Wales the chief industry is that of sheep farming. Is there any countryside anywhere more beautiful in the spring than that countryside where there is sheep farming? Where sheep graze, there you find close-cropped grass looking for all the world like a green lawn freshly mowed. Well, in Wales we saw thousands of sheep and lambs, usually grazing in fenced-in areas, but sometimes on open range land where they were free to wander out onto the highways and often did. For the most part, the farmers live in stone farmhouses built hundreds of years ago by their ancestors. The houses are quite attractive, and the larger of them are most impressive. Some of the houses on the farms were large enough to look like small castles. I will say this for the people of the British Isles: when they build, they build to last.

There are many ancient castles still standing in Wales, but we visited only one of them. We spent an afternoon in Conway Castle, located high above an estuary pouring into the Irish Sea. The castle stands in one corner of the walled city of Conway, and from the top of the castle wall we could look out at the old wall still encompassing the business district of Conway. (One reason I liked Conway, was that I could pronounce the name!) The old castle was built in the 13th century. It was in this castle that King Richard II was entrapped and eventually beheaded. We particularly enjoyed visiting the chapel and the dungeons of the old castle.

It was in Conway that we had our only bad hotel accommodations. It seems that our hotel had been built 500 years ago and is now undergoing extensive renovations. Believe me, our 500-year-old bedroom could have stood some modernization. Since we had had

(Continued on page 22)

Grandma's Medicine Chest

by
Katherine Epperson

We are accustomed to thinking of grandma's garden as the source of her year's supply of food. However, there was another valuable product of her garden that perhaps many people today have never known about, and that was the yearly supply of the ingredients for laxatives, salves, medicinal teas, etc., that grew in odd nooks and corners. Just as we, today, buy lotions and aspirin in the supermarket where we get our bread, sugar, and soda, so grandma could supply her medicine chest from the same place she got her food.

That great mound of misty-green loveliness which put forth purple bloomspikes in the fall was not grown for its flowers; grandma picked the leaves from her sage plant to be used, not only as poultry seasoning, but also to make a tea which was an important household tonic and an aid to digestion.

Horehound and catnip grew by the garden fence. The former was used to make a syrup for coughs, and catnip tea was used to treat colic. Under the grape arbor, and in other shady places, grew the ground ivy — dark green with tiny blue flowers — which was used to make tea for colds, and to make children "break out" with chicken pox or measles.

A tall plant with feathery, black-and-white fronds had roots which could be boiled to make a laxative — perfectly horrid-tasting but extremely effective. This was blackdraught, looking like an attractive, ornamental planting in its corner by the rambler rose and the day lilies.

Bittersweet salve was made for drawing and healing. It could be found growing wild in fence rows, but sometimes grandma dug it up and set it out on the outside of her garden. The roots were boiled and mixed with unsalted butter churned in May. For some obscure reason May butter was considered to be best for making this salve. Perhaps it was because of an enzyme in the grass which the cows ate at that season, or maybe it was because of the sign in the zodiac. At any rate, the result was a salve which was excellent

for rubbing on cracked, chapped hands; poulticing feverish, swollen flesh; and even for treating the caked udders of milk cows.

There was mustard seed to be gathered, crushed, and saved, to be used as a household remedy. Mixed with lukewarm water, it made an effective emetic which could be produced quickly in an emergency. Hot mustard foot baths were a regular rite when someone came down with a cold, and, of course, there was the time-honored custom of applying a mustard plaster to reduce congestion in the chest. This latter practice still survives today, despite all of the antibiotics, high-potency vitamins, shots, drops, capsules, and sprays daily pursuing their persuasive parade across millions of television screens.

Children were warned never to touch the deadly nightshade, or belladonna, because it was poisonous. This plant, which sent its aromatic fragrance into the night, had a valuable astringent use, and was employed in making a liniment which was effective in the treatment of inflammation and for the pains of neuralgia.

Hops were sometimes used in the making of a preparation for the treatment of stomach disorders. The hop bushes seeded themselves, and came up as "volunteers" each year. The pods were picked when ripe and were made into yeast cakes. These cakes were made by pouring boiling water over the pods, allowing it to stand a day or two, and then mixing the liquid with corn meal to make a stiff paste. The paste was spread out on a clean board to a thickness of about half an inch, and then cut into three-inch squares. When thoroughly dry it was stored in stone jars where it would keep for many months. These cakes were also used for baking as well as for medicinal purposes.

Probably grandma never knew why many of her remedies and methods worked so well. She knew only that they did. If, in later years, her modern grandchildren may have been inclined to regard her old-fashioned home remedies with amused indulgence, or to

dismiss them as superstitions, they might be surprised to learn that, from time to time, scientific research comes up with a discovery which affirms the efficacy of her practices.

For instance, grandma knew that putting grape leaves in the jar with her pickles would help to keep them firm. The pickle-making companies of America spent thousands of dollars trying to determine why pickles sometimes get soft. A scientific report announced the cause to be a certain enzyme which breaks down the structure of the cucumber. Further research disclosed that this can be prevented by an ingredient which is found in grape leaves!

So, as so often happens with "folk" ideas, we have come a full circle, and find that grandma was ahead of her time with her homely remedies.



TO PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE LAND

How many know the story of the Liberty Bell, whose ringing first announced to the waiting people the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776? The bell still hangs in Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

The bell was brought from England in 1752 and hung in the old State House in Philadelphia. Among its uses was to spread a fire alarm in the city. It soon cracked, however, and in April, 1753, was melted and recast by American workmen. But the bell did not sound right and in June of the same year was again recast. This time the words, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof", were inscribed upon its crown. After that the bell was used by the city of Philadelphia until July 8, 1835, when it cracked while being tolled at the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

Independence Day, July 4, should remind us that freedom is worth fighting for — that freedom does not come easy — it must be worked for, fought over, and guarded closely.

Throughout America we should appreciate the real meaning of the date; reaffirm our dedication to accepting the responsibilities which, as a nation of free men, we have been privileged to enjoy.



From Inns to Motels

by
Joseph Arkin

America's first public houses providing overnight sleeping accommodations were seaport inns and converted farm-houses along stagecoach routes.

The superhighway of Colonial America was a series of dirt roads — a river of mud, high on impassable when wet, a rutted dust basin when dry. Broken stagecoach axles were commonplace, and a journey of even 30 miles was a bone-jarring experience, subject to delays en route.

The very first inns provided dormitory-style accommodations for most guests. Private rooms were scarce. It was the enterprising innkeeper who drew repeat business by providing the heretofore unknown luxury of wash basins and free soap.

The more respectable and competitive inns located near the larger seaport towns boasted large lounges with sanded floors and separate parlors for the female traveler. Game rooms and ballrooms were added to some — the real birth of what we know as a hotel gradually came into being.

North or South, the nation's inns soon became all things to all men — a home-away-from-home, political headquarters, village club, or just a place to eat.

The inns of Colonial America entertained only foreign visitors, wealthy merchants and sailors at liberty. Inland, it was the Yankee peddler — the men who carried the produce of the industrial coastal cities, to the frontiers — who frequented inns.

Vacations were virtually unknown at that time, and most persons did not have any real reason to travel from one colony to another. People took care of their own needs locally, living in a little world all their own, hardly aware of what was happening in neighboring areas.

Many travelers in Colonial days sought lodging at large estates; having other people around was good insurance against robbery.

When the Revolution was successfully completed, the need for industrialization was felt and it was about this time that trade routes were hacked across the nation — and commerce arising from the manufacture of home-produced goods was instituted.

Townpeople in early America found innkeeping profitable. It was comparatively easy — open a room or two in your home to the weary traveler who was eager to pay for the warmth of a friendly fire, for a place to rest his weary body, and for the opportunity to replenish his strength with good, hearty food.

But the traveler of that day had no claim to services of any kind. He had little redress if the bed was rough, if the sheets were coarse and unwashed, filthy with vermin. Usually the room was cold and cheerless, yet any shelter was better than the open road with its highwaymen or "road agents" as they were called.

Gradually, however, the innkeepers of Colonial America and of the post-Colony period found themselves in competition with each other. This brightened the picture for the traveler. In time, the host of the inn would personally welcome travelers and invite them to dine before a roaring, warming fire. A large area which came to be known as the "great room" became the heart of the inn. Here benches and chairs lined the walls and tables were provided for writing, card playing, or for playing checkers or chess. Meals of thick stew, corn meal pastry, and hot beverages were prepared by the wife and daughters of the innkeeper.

When railroads chugged into the picture, inns were built near depots, some with as many as 300 rooms. Then Americans really took to the road en masse with the advent of the automobile.

Now there existed the need for a network of inns, providing the comforts on the road that persons were accustomed to at home in the ever growing standard of living of Americans. Persons with foresight recognized the need for providing adequate accommodations across the width and breadth of America. Today roadside lodging is one of the biggest industries in the country.

Present-day travelers are treated to modern motels with beautiful rooms at moderate prices. Our traveling ancestors would find it hard to believe the clean and comfortable beds, private tile baths, telephones, radios,

television sets, air-conditioning — accommodations which we take for granted.

The motel manager makes sure your room is in good order, smiles a salute and wishes you a pleasant stay. Even for the traveler who is well-fixed financially, the luxury obtainable while traveling at hotels or motels is comparable to that enjoyed at home.

Keen modern-day competition has brought about the formation of many chains and systems of motel-hotels. The "inns" of this day offer a multitude of services to the traveler: free advance teletype reservations; free kennels for traveling pets; tie-in for touring information with the AAA, travel agencies and gasoline companies; free guest magazines containing travel information and tips; games for the youngsters; and free travel information and directories, plus a host of personalized services.

Many hotels and motels today want to foster family travel and they accomplish this by providing free accommodations for children under twelve who use the same facilities as their parents. In addition, they have a "baby-sitting" service which provides safety for the unattended youngsters while the parents take in a movie or do some sight-seeing.

The transition from Colonial innkeeping to the modern motel-hotel industry of today has truly been an American phenomenon, indicative of the great strides in comfortable living enjoyed by all who travel in America.



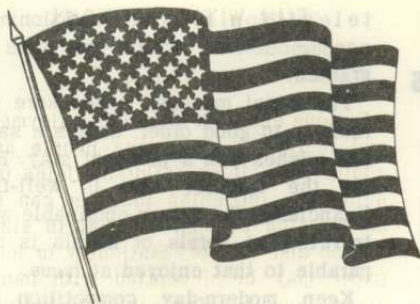
THE MESSENGER

Alone upon the wooden deck I stood
While grey clouds scudded swiftly
overhead;
And from my view all color had been
bled
So evil was left where once there had
been good.
The ceaseless waves lapped weakly
at the side
As if they too were tired of this state.
I stood and wished the waters would
abate;
But few more days of this could I
abide.
Yet as I pondered all life's mystery
The clouds broke open on a flaming
sky,
And in the west a golden sun did lie
And spread life-giving rays across the
sea.

The tiny bird appeared. Nearer it
soared

And dropped the twig. I knelt and
praised the Lord.

—Mary Leanna Driftmier



Old Glory

by
Pearl E. Brown

It was Captain William Driver, the youngest sea captain of Salem, Massachusetts, who, in 1831, according to various historical sources, first called the American flag "Old Glory". He was scarcely fourteen when he ran away from an apprenticeship to a smith, and shipped as a cabin boy on the *China*, one of the swiftest sailing vessels afloat.

Seven years later, as he stood in the spring sunshine on the deck of his own two-masted brig loading for a voyage to the Orient, a sailor announced that a delegation of ladies waited to see him.

"Bring them aboard," the captain ordered.

There came up the gangplank, carrying a long bundle between them, two rows of pretty girls. They tripped forward across the deck, and lined up before him. One stepped forward and spoke.

"Captain Driver," she said, "we have stitched together a flag for your ship, hoping that as you sail the seas, our emblem will always remind you of the town where you were born."

Having expressed to them his appreciation for this gift, Captain Driver ordered the flag aloft, and, as the sheet of red, white, and blue, measuring twelve- by twenty-four feet, spread out on the breeze, he exclaimed, "Look at her there! Old Glory!"

On that trip, and on all his subsequent voyages, "Old Glory" accompanied Captain Driver, visiting many lands.

The American flag is one of the oldest national standards of the world. Only three, probably, antedate the Stars and Stripes, although that design was not officially adopted until late in the eighteenth century. Older national emblems are the flag of Denmark, dating from the thirteenth century; the flag of Switzerland, which gave the design and colors of the emblem of the Red Cross, used since the fourteenth century; and the present red, white, and blue banner of The Netherlands, the official flag of that kingdom since 1650.

Before formal adoption of the Stars and Stripes as our national emblem the American Colonies were under many flags. During the early seventeenth century the flags of at least five countries were floating over colonial possessions in North America — those of Spain, France, England, Sweden, and The Netherlands. Only two, however, remained in 1776 — the English and the Spanish.

The American Colonies also had their own flags before they won their independence from England. The flag of Rhode Island bore an anchor below the word "Hope", and it is thought to have been the first to use thirteen white stars on a field of blue to represent the thirteen colonies. Maine's flag carried a pine tree with the motto "An Appeal to Heaven". Other variations of design and proportion were used by the different colonies.

The flag that Captain Driver dubbed "Old Glory" was authorized by the Second Continental Congress, June 14, 1777, the date now observed as Flag Day throughout America. The flag was made up of thirteen alternating red and white stripes, with a field of blue in its upper left-hand corner, on which were thirteen five-pointed white stars. This design was based upon that of the coat of arms of the Washington family.

John Paul Jones has been credited with having the honor of first raising the Stars and Stripes. He flew our national banner from the mast of the *Ranger*, July 4, 1777, just twenty days after its official adoption. Now, every ship of the U. S. Navy is a flagship. "Old Glory" is carried to all lands and all over the seven seas, into space, and even under the sea.

It had been decreed there should be a star and stripe representing each of the original colonies that had become states. When, in 1794, Vermont and Kentucky were admitted to the Union, two more stars and stripes were added to the flag, making fifteen of each.

This star-spangled banner was the one that waved triumphantly "in the dawn's early light" over Fort McHenry,

Maryland, September 14, 1814, and which went around the world with the man who had given it the imperishable name "Old Glory". It was this flag that inspired Francis Scott Key to write what became our national anthem. This particular flag now reposes in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C. It is regarded as one of that institution's most prized possessions.

It soon became evident, as more states were admitted to the Union, that a star and stripe for each state would result in too many stripes. Therefore, in 1818, Congress passed a law limiting the stripes of the flag to thirteen, but designating that a star should be added for each state. This is the law today.

Do you know that every star of our American flag represents a particular state, and that its placement on the field of blue is definitely regulated by law and executive order? Because Delaware was the first state to ratify the Constitution of the United States, her star is the first in the upper left-hand corner. Next, on its right, is Pennsylvania's star. The others follow in rows from left to right, representing the states in the order of their ratification of the Constitution.

The thirteen stripes, seven of red and six of white, remain unchanged as they have for more than a century, but the blue field of the new flag bears fifty stars in nine rows, five made up of six stars each, and four of five stars each. This became the official American flag on July 4, 1960.

Honor your flag. Heroes have died for it — that symbol of the strong spirit of patriotism which brought liberty to the people of America. Honor and loyalty are its due.

HAIL! OLD GLORY!

Humble of birth upon the earth,
Yet, dearest of all to me,
Is the flag of the free, the flag of
the brave,
Old Glory, on land and sea.

That banner free, with victory,
Has swathed the bier of the
brave;
No other shall wave in triumph
there,
At last above their grave.

That flag held high in darkened sky,
Now floats above field and sea;
O God of the free, be with us yet,
There may it ever be!*

*By Pearl E. Brown. Reprinted from her book *Freedom's Land*.



MARY BETH HAS HAD A BUSY MONTH

Dear Friends:

This week is one of those weeks that, if I stopped to think of everything I have to do, would so demoralize me that I would get *nothing* done. So I'm taking each day by itself and working like the proverbial beaver. My trusty "M. B. Work List" is attached to the refrigerator door, and my spirits will lift with each red line I draw through a job accomplished.

This letter is my number one task for this early Monday morning. I should finish this before the mailman comes at eleven o'clock — provided the telephone doesn't ring too often.

This afternoon I have 40 phone calls to make. (I must have a reputation of being unable to say "no" when folks have a pet project with which they need help.) One day last week a most nicely mannered gentleman called to ask my telephone assistance in contacting a list of people for him.

My schedule this week didn't allow for chapters two and three of the Driftmier children's having measles! Just when I was geared to make some personal calls on *another* list, to collect money for our political party, Paul popped out in red spots. Since he didn't run a fever or feel sick, I had a sweet time convincing him that he *was* sick and *could not* play with nor go near the neighbor children. At least, I had my housework caught up for a few days, and sufficient groceries accumulated that I had no worries over meal planning when he surprised me and changed my whole week. I'm happy to report that, in the meantime, I took up the hem in a dress that was of the era of long, long skirts, and just generally got some backlog of mending and cluttered-closet-type jobs taken care of.

Our children — all three of them — went "dentisting" last week for their six-month check, and the two oldest celebrated the occasion with only one cavity apiece. We have stressed, nae, preached, the folly of too much candy and chewing gum. We give the children this sugarless chewing gum, which is really an adequate substitute, but it has become increasingly difficult to maintain this strictness as they have gone off to school and met other children.

Adrienne had her number one visit to the dentist, who chided her not a little for sucking her thumb. I, too, joined the bandwagon in reminding her when she went to bed about not sucking her



By the time you receive this issue, Donald, shown here, Mary Beth and the children will be vacationing in Shenandoah.

thumb. I pointed out that she certainly wanted to be a pretty girl when she grew up, and that if she continued this habit she might spoil her pretty smile. At this point she told me she really didn't care, because when she grew up she was going to be a white French Poodle! Now what in the world can a person reply to a statement like that?

One of the final, and very satisfying events of the school year, was the concluding session of the Scholarship Committee for the city of New Berlin. You may remember my telling you that we were setting up this fund in the city to be awarded to deserving seniors in the new high school's first graduating class. It is hoped that this will be a continuing program, but the first year was naturally a hard one.

Various clubs and organizations in the city made substantial donations, and enough checks were added by interested individuals to push the final total to \$2,848. There were about 35 applications from the students for these grants, and of these we made three classifications of awards. Two students tied for first place in their class academically, and each received a cash award in recognition of his achievement. They had not applied for grants because they were, fortunately, in positions that enabled them to attend college without assistance.

In the second category the board awarded four sizable scholarships. These awards were based upon ability *and* need. Because the funds were designated to be split into *three* categories, we had to reserve some funds for the third area. (It was a temptation to award the balance of the funds to those whose need was not quite so great, yet whose need was an ever-present fact of life. It was a heart-breaking task, believe me. If only every child that needs help could get it! Perhaps next year we'll be able to do more.)

FUN WITH BUTTONS

by
Enid Ehler

Buttons can be a source of enjoyment and recreation for young people and adults as well as children. Using imagination, intriguing pictures can be made using buttons unusual in size, design and texture. Stationery or note paper may be decorated with hand-drawn flowers using miniature buttons for the flower centers. Button faces work into clever designs for note paper. Features are painted on the button, it is glued to the paper and hair is sketched and either painted or colored with colored pencils. Note paper with an *old-fashioned* couple design can be worked up very easily. The man could have a mustache, bow tie, checkered vest and top hat. The lady would be charming in a gingham dress with large puffed sleeves which match the man's vest and a feathery hat.

Wallpaper provides a sturdy background for murals that include buttons. Buttons make colorful flowers. The stems and leaves are drawn and colored and a pretty button or a cluster of tiny buttons creates the flower. Boys enjoy painting murals, too. Buttons can easily be found that will represent wheels on tractors, cars and trucks. Fences originate from small columns of buttons. String, pasted between posts, makes the scene more realistic. If many buttons are available, whole buildings may be drawn and filled entirely with buttons, mosaic style. For instance, a little barn can be drawn

(Continued on page 22)

The third category, unique to our city as far as we know, was to grant awards to three youngsters who were not aspiring to four-year college or university courses, but rather to an accredited trade, commercial, technical, or vocational school. These, too, had to be good students, and three girls qualified. Two of these girls plan to attend a Spencerian College in downtown Milwaukee, and the third a comptometer school.

Commencement at the high school was the climax to a year of work on the part of the board of directors, and it was rewarding to see how appreciative these young people were for these awards.

I must hurry and bring this to a close. I didn't get done before the mailman came, so I'll have to drop this off at the post office.

Until next month,

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

FROZEN CHOCOLATE BARS

- 4 Tbls. instant cocoa
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 egg, beaten
- A pinch of salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Put all of the ingredients together in a bowl. Beat well. Pour into freezer forms or into an ice cube tray with the divider. When partially frozen, a stick may be put in each cube to be used as a "handle".

Vary these nutritious bars with different Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. Mint-chocolate bars, for example, may be made by adding 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring.

APRICOT REFRIGERATOR DESSERT

- 1 lb. pkg. vanilla wafers
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups whipping cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 2 cans apricots, halved
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Crush the vanilla wafers into fine crumbs. Melt margarine in top of double boiler, and add the butter flavoring, powdered sugar and beaten eggs. Cook, stirring, over boiling water until mixture becomes thick. (This will take between 4 and 6 minutes.) Cool slightly.

Gently pack 3/4 of the crumbs in a large cake pan, about 9- x 13-inches. Spread cooked filling over crumbs. Whip the cream, adding the vanilla, and spread half of it over the filling. Arrange apricot halves over whipped cream and sprinkle with nuts. Spread remaining cream over fruit and sprinkle with crumbs. Chill for 24 hours.

Other fruit, such as pineapple, strawberries or fruit cocktail could be used in place of apricots to make an equally delicious dessert.

HOME-FREEZER ICE CREAM

- 4 eggs, well beaten
- 2 1/2 to 3 cups sugar
- 1 pint cream, whipped
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- A dash of salt
- 1/2 gallon milk

Beat the eggs well. Add the sugar and continue beating until thick and fluffy. Whip the cream and fold in with the flavorings. Add the salt and the milk. Pour into a 1-gallon freezer container. If needed, add just a bit more milk until the container is filled within three inches of the top. Put on the lid, sift cracked ice around the container, tamp in ice cream salt and turn the crank until the mixture is frozen.

This makes a wonderfully flavored, hand-freezer ice cream. It is best eaten immediately. If you have any left, spoon into a plastic freezer container, cover tightly, and freeze until ready to use.

This amount is just right for a 1-gallon freezer.

RASPBERRY ICE CREAM TOPPING

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

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Immediately stir in the frozen raspberries and the flavoring. The frozen fruit thickens the gelatin slightly. With the amount of juice on the fruit, this makes a combination just thick enough for a topping but not firm enough for a gelatin salad. Serve as a topping on ice cream. Refrigerate until needed.

OATMEAL-SPICE MUFFINS

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, packed
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup quick oats
- 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk

Sift together flour, salt, baking powder, soda, ground cloves, ground cinnamon. Cream together the sugar, shortening and egg. Stir in oats, milk and flavoring. Add flour and stir only enough to moisten. Bake in a 400 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes.

VERY EASY ICEBOX CAKE

- 1 pkg. German sweet chocolate, melted
- 1 1/2 Tbls. water
- 1 egg yolk, unbeaten
- 1 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup whipping cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 egg white, stiffly beaten
- 12 vanilla wafers

Blend the melted chocolate with water. Add egg yolk and beat until smooth. Mix in the sugar and vanilla flavoring. Whip cream and fold into chocolate. Fold in beaten egg white. Line an 8x4x3-inch loaf pan with waxed paper. Layer wafers with chocolate mixture and chill overnight. Slice to serve five or six.

(This is just about the easiest ice-box dessert I've ever made and it has a most smooth and delicious flavor.)

—Lucile

LUSCIOUS BLUEBERRY CUPCAKES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

- 1/2 cup blueberries, well drained

Cream the butter (or margarine), the butter flavoring, and sugar together until light and fluffy. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Sift the flour and baking powder together and add alternately with the milk and flavoring; beat well. Fold in the blueberries which have been well drained. Fill baking cups about 2/3 full and bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes. Frost with this exceptional maple frosting:

Exceptional Maple Frosting

- 1/2 cup maple syrup
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- A dash of salt
- Powdered sugar (about 2 1/2 cups)

Use your regular maple syrup made from Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring. Measure the syrup into a large saucepan and simmer for 3 minutes. Cool slightly. Stir in the flavorings, salt, and enough powdered sugar to make a creamy frosting. A bit of cream may be added if needed. Spread on top of Luscious Blueberry Cupcakes for a real taste treat.

Summertime Salads

VERY DELICIOUS GREEN BEAN SALAD

- 2 slices of bacon
- 2 cups sliced, canned green beans
- 1/2 cup finely diced celery
- 6 stuffed olives, chopped
- 1 Tbls. capers
- 1 Tbls. parsley
- 1 tsp. chives
- Salt and pepper
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/4 tsp. curry powder
- 1/4 tsp. horseradish

Chop bacon into small pieces, fry until crisp and drain off all grease. Put beans into colander and press out all liquid. (The less liquid in the beans, the better this salad will be.) Combine all of the remaining ingredients aside from the last four things. Mix up the mayonnaise with the mustard, curry powder and horseradish and then add it to the other ingredients.

This improves upon standing and really should be made at least one day before serving. Frozen green beans would probably make up into an even better salad, but I was working with canned beans cut French style. This amount of salad served only three people — and there was a substantial meal on the table! Please make it using exactly what is called for here and I believe you will consider it a wonderful addition to your recipe collection.

— Lucile

MINTED FRUIT SALAD

- 3/4 cup diced pineapple (fresh, frozen or canned)
- 3/4 cup sliced bananas
- 3/4 cup diced oranges
- 3/4 cup diced cantaloupe
- 3/4 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1 1/2 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1 1/2 cups ginger ale
- 1/2 cup lemon or lime juice
- 1/4 cup mint leaves, minced or crushed
- Lettuce
- Cantaloupe balls
- Mint sprigs

Lightly combine pineapple, bananas, oranges, cantaloupe, marshmallows and sugar. Mix ginger ale and lemon or lime juice and pour over fruits. Chill at least 2 hours in refrigerator. Drain off ginger ale and lightly mix minced mint into fruits. Serve on lettuce and garnish with cantaloupe balls and mint sprigs.

— Mary Beth

SPICY CABBAGE AND BEET SALAD

- 1 10½-oz. can consomme
- Water
- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 1/2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2/3 cup well-drained chopped beets
- 1/3 cup finely chopped celery
- 1 cup finely shredded cabbage
- 1 Tbls. grated onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. prepared mustard

Add enough water to consomme to make 2 cups and then bring to the boiling point. Add gelatin, mustard and vinegar, and stir until dissolved. Put aside to cool until syrupy and then stir in remaining ingredients. Turn into individual molds or an 8-inch square pan. When ready to serve, turn out on shredded lettuce, top with sour cream mixed with mayonnaise, or mayonnaise alone. A very easy-to-fix, colorful and good salad.

—Lucile

SEA FOAM SALADS

Dissolve contents of 1 pkg. (3 ounces) lime-flavored gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add 2 cloves garlic, sliced, and 1 onion, chopped; let stand until cool. Remove garlic and onion and discard. Add 1 cup grated cucumber and juice, 1/2 tsp. salt, and 1 tsp. vinegar; chill until partly thickened. Fold in 1/2 cup mayonnaise and 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped.

Turn into 6 individual molds; chill until firm. Turn out onto plates and garnish with radish roses.

TUNA STUFFED TOMATO SALAD

(A fine luncheon dish)

- 6 large tomatoes
- Salt
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/2 cup minced celery
- 1/2 cup sliced ripe olives
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise
- 1 can of chunk tuna, flaked
- Dash of pepper
- Lettuce cup for each tomato

Scald tomatoes. When cold, peel and cut a thin slice from the top and scoop out pulp. Sprinkle with salt and turn upside down to drain. Combine all other ingredients with the exception of lettuce. When ready to serve, place each well-chilled tomato in a lettuce cup. Top with a cross made by snipping a thin strip of pimiento in two. Delicious and colorful for a main dish when you are entertaining at a luncheon.

DELICIOUS BLUEBERRY MOLD

- 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 can blueberries, drained (1 cup)
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/3 cup pineapple juice
- 2/3 cup blueberry juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 pkg. powdered whipped topping
- 1/2 cup English walnuts

Stir the raspberry gelatin and boiling water together until dissolved. Cool slightly. Drain the fruit well and add the 1/3 cup of pineapple juice, the 2/3 cup of blueberry juice and the flavoring to the gelatin mixture. Cool until syrupy. Fold in the fruits. Prepare the powdered whipped topping according to directions and fold into the gelatin mixture, along with the English walnuts. Spoon into an 8-inch square pan. Refrigerate until firm. Cut into squares and serve with mayonnaise on a lettuce leaf for a salad or on a pretty doily for a dessert.

This is a perfect recipe to use for club or church refreshments. It has a delicate lavender color and a very delicious flavor.

LEMON-TUNA SOUFFLE SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 can tuna, chunk style
- 3/4 cup chopped cucumber or celery
- 1/3 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 1 tsp. grated onion

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water; add cold water, lemon flavoring, and mayonnaise, and blend well with rotary beater. Chill until almost set, and then whip with beater until fluffy. Add remaining ingredients and pour into a mold and chill.

SASSY SLAW

- 1 No. 2 1/2 can sauerkraut
- 2 cups celery, diced
- 1 cup onion, chopped
- 1 large green pepper, diced
- 3/4 cup sugar

Drain the sauerkraut *very, very* well. (Put in a colander and press down *hard* with a spoon.) Combine all of the ingredients and refrigerate overnight. This makes a mild and tasty salad. The sugar tones down the kraut taste to a pleasant tartness. If you like, a little French dressing may be added to give it more zest.

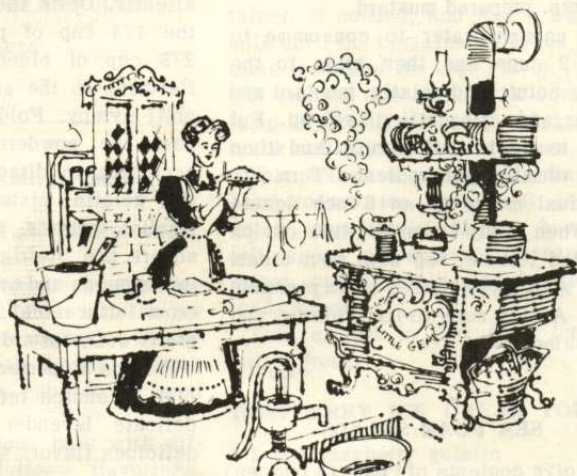
COMPANY FARE PORK CHOPS

Don't shy away from this recipe when you read the ingredients. It is absolutely delicious. And it can be prepared in advance just as well as not.

6 thick pork chops
12 small white onions
5 tart apples, peeled and quartered
1/2 cup raisins, parboiled until plump
1 Tbls. brown sugar
1 cup beef consomme
Nutmeg, clove, bay leaf, parsley

Brown pork chops on both sides and then place in small roaster or rather deep casserole. Arrange onions and apples over them, and then add raisins and sprinkle with brown sugar. Add consomme (not diluted), salt, pepper, and then sprinkle the other spices over the entire thing. Cover tightly and cook at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours.

I wouldn't plan on serving 6 people with this recipe — it's so good that people will want a second helping.



OLD FASHIONED

Our kitchens are spotless, with snowy white and stainless steel. Our laboratories are modern, and our manufacturing and delivery machinery is all up to date. So how can we be old-fashioned?

We're old-fashioned because we still believe in honest value. We still think we have an old-fashioned obligation to our friends and customers — an obligation to produce the best flavorings we can, at a fair price.

Try **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. See if you don't agree that we've managed to keep old-time flavors and quality, at a modern low price. There are sixteen flavors now:

Vanilla	Burnt Sugar	Cherry	Butter
Lemon	Orange	Coconut	Pineapple
Almond	Mint	Strawberry	Banana
Maple	Raspberry	Black Walnut	Blueberry

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and Jumbo 8-oz.)

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo Vanilla is \$1.00. We pay the postage.

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Shenandoah, Iowa

SWEET SOUR SPARERIBS

3 lbs. spareribs (cut in serving-sized pieces)
2/3 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
2 Tbls. cornstarch
2 tsp. dry mustard
2/3 cup vinegar
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1 cup crushed pineapple (undrained)
1/2 cup catsup
1/2 cup water
1/4 cup finely chopped onion
2 Tbls. soy sauce
Salt and pepper

Spread ribs, meaty side up, in a single layer in a large shallow pan. (The broiler pan that came with your oven is good for this.) Brown in a 425 degree oven for 20 to 30 minutes; drain off fat. Combine all remaining ingredients (except salt and pepper) and cook in a heavy saucepan, stirring constantly until thick and glossy. Season meat with salt and pepper and then pour half of sauce over ribs. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 45 minutes. Turn ribs over; cover with remaining sauce and bake for about 30 or 40 minutes more.

(NOTE: These ribs are so delicious that I'd advise doubling the entire recipe unless you are going to have only two or three at the table. If you make up the sauce with exactly the ingredients given here you'll have an absolutely elegant dish from plain old spareribs!)

—Lucile

FLUFFY GELATIN CAKE

(This easy-to-make dessert looks spectacular and is light enough to serve after a substantial meal. You can have a fling if you want to decorate it to make it look like a real cake, or you can leave it "as is" and simply slice and serve as you would serve a cake. We had this after a heavy meal and let the "cake" play its role without whipped cream decorations.)

2 pkgs. raspberry gelatin
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
1 1/3 cups crushed pineapple, drained
16 finely cut marshmallows
1 cup fruit cocktail, drained

Combine juices from crushed pineapple and fruit cocktail. Add enough water to make a total of 4 cups of liquid, bring to boil and dissolve gelatin. When gelatin is beginning to get thick, beat until it is very light and fluffy. Fold in remaining ingredients and turn into a standard 10-inch cake pan. When completely firm, unmold and serve in slices.

Recipe of the Month

Here is a dessert that is truly different and astonishingly good! We made it with grave reservations for we were afraid it would be heavy and soggy, and probably you'll think the same thing when you study the recipe. But it turned out to be anything BUT heavy and soggy, and it had a perfectly wonderful flavor. Furthermore, it improves upon standing. All in all, be just a little adventurous and give this a try. A small piece of this would be grand to wind up a company meal.

Orange Ring Cake

- 1 cup butter or margarine (we used margarine)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1 1/2 tsps. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 egg whites

Orange syrup (recipe below)

Cream butter and sugar, add egg yolks, flavorings and sour cream. Beat until light and fluffy. Sift together dry ingredients and stir into first mixture. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten until stiff but not dry. Turn into an oiled and floured 9-inch or 10-inch tube pan and bake for 1 hour at 325 degrees. Remove from oven and let stand for about 10 minutes. Then loosen carefully around the edge and turn out on a plate with a rim. When cold, pour the following hot syrup slowly over the top of the cake.

Orange Syrup

- 1 cup water
- 3/4 cup of sugar
- 1 1/2 tsps. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Put in a small pan to boil and let boil for about 6 or 7 minutes. Pour into a pitcher so you can distribute the syrup evenly over the cake. The cake (and it's as smooth as velvet) doesn't get soggy from this syrup as you might expect. And as I said, it improves upon standing — in case you have any left to stand!

—Lucile

BONELESS, STUFFED ROLLED RIB ROAST

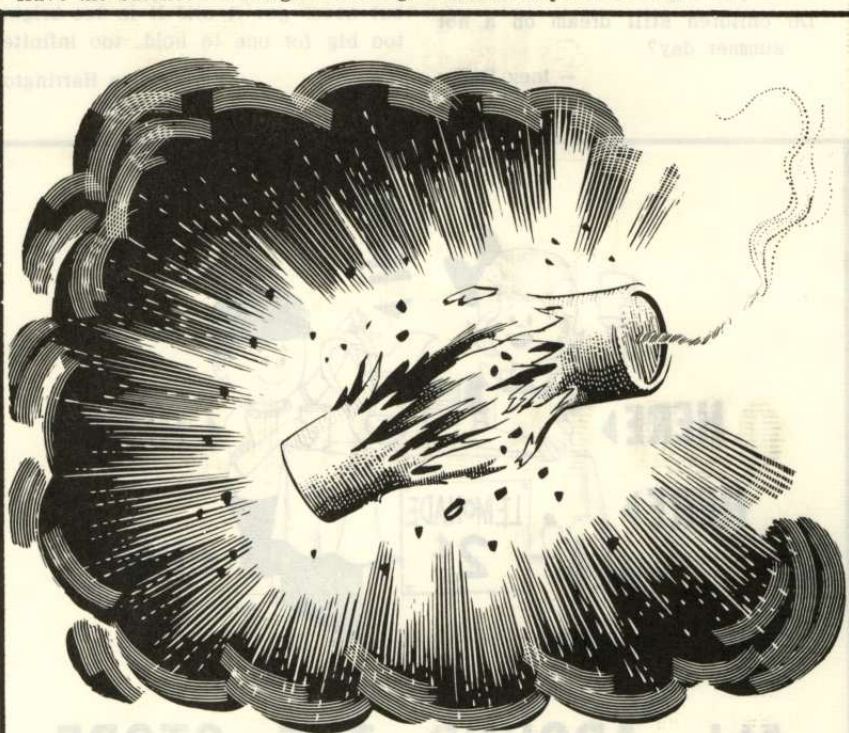
Most of the time I feel lucky just to have a good rib roast and I fix it the usual way, but when our butcher gave me this recipe I was interested — and perplexed! After much pondering I decided to give it a try, and I can report that it was a sensation with the 16 people who had a helping of it.

- 1 13-lb. rib roast
- 12 tsps. creamed horseradish
- 10 tsps. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsps. salt
- 2 tsps. minced onion
- 4 small cans of mushrooms, drained and ground

Have the butcher rub a light covering

of black pepper inside the roast, and a light covering of barbecue seasoning also. Then have him spread the remaining ingredients, thoroughly combined, in the center of the roast. When roast has been firmly tied, sprinkle with a light covering of black pepper and barbecue seasoning. Let stand at least 12 hours in the refrigerator before cooking. (Our butcher put it in his refrigerator and it stood three days before I prepared it.)

We roasted this in the oven just as usual, but it could be handled wonderfully well for an outside barbecue. These ingredients rolled into the roast may sound far-fetched to you, but believe me, they make for a perfectly delicious piece of meat.



MAY WE HAVE YOUR ATTENTION?

Several Fourths of July have come and gone since we introduced a new safety bleach, but there are still women who can't believe they can trust a bleach on fine washables. They're the ones who've never tried **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

They've been "burned" by harsh liquid bleaches, perhaps. Or disappointed by lazy bleaches that leave clothes dingy and lifeless.

If you haven't tried **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, you owe it to yourself and your clothes to do so. You'll discover new sparkle in everything you bleach — and you'll bleach everything you wash. Sound wonderful? It is!

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

The happiest people are those who are too busy to notice whether they are or not.

DO CHILDREN DREAM?

Do children still dream on a summer day
 As they lie in the meadow, relax on the hay?
 Do they nibble a grass stem hot from the sun,
 Pick a wild daisy, think this is fun?
 Do they gaze at the clouds floating by overhead,
 Finding witches and dragons and victims that fled
 Toward shining white castles turreted tall,
 Moated, surrounded by glistening walls?
 Please answer my questions . . . what do you say?
 Do children still dream on a hot summer day?

— Inez Baker

WHOSE SUMMER IS THIS?

Whose summer is this? You would think the bees
 claim it by their furor in the clover!
 While caroling in and flitting through the trees,
 the birds, all day, act to take it over!
 Once it belonged, I thought, to one small rose
 that with a heady fragrance filled the air —
 Sometimes sun commanded it with glows
 of brilliant light pushing everywhere!
 Once it was almost mine. All through a night
 I held it close, took all I could of it,
 but never got it all! It is too bright,
 too big for one to hold, too infinite!

— Helen Harrington

A-HIKING WE WILL GO

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Perhaps you are a den mother for the scouts, a leader in church camp, or other youth group counselor, who will be going on outings with your group this summer and fall. Have you been wondering how to make a hike more interesting, more educational, more fun? Perhaps the following ideas will be just what you are looking for to guide your group on a memorable hike.

Scavenger Hike: Hikers are instructed to see who can find certain objects first, such as white pine needles, a columbine blossom, a four-leaf clover, a heart-shaped leaf, etc.

Bird Hunt Trail Breakfast: Let the group take a sack breakfast for an early morning hike, and see how many birds, bird nests, and bird songs they can locate and identify.

Historical Hike: This may be just a walk about your home town, identifying and talking about the oldest buildings, oldest homes, and other old landmarks and interesting sites. This is a good time to have some of the youngsters work as a committee to interview "old-timers" to find out interesting places to be visited. As a follow-up project make a historical scrapbook of your town.

Progressive Supper Hike: Plan about a three-stop hike with refreshments and recreation at each stop. Have a different committee in charge of each stop. Perhaps the last stop could be around a campfire for an evening vesper service.

Observation Walk: Give each child a list of objects to be sighted on the trip. Make it a varied list, such as chipmunk, blackbird, snake, bumblebee, squirrel, jack-in-the-pulpit, oak tree, a type of rock, weed, etc.

Tree Treasure Hunt: This is the same familiar treasure hunt idea, except that the clues are hidden in, or near, certain trees, and all refer to identification of the different trees. If the group were studying flowers, all clues could pertain to kinds of wildflowers.

Gypsy Trail: Since gypsies are known to follow trails marked by other gypsies, have a committee mark out a trail for the group ahead of time, leaving all sorts of interesting clues — a mound of pebbles, a broken twig, crossed sticks, a cluster of leaves, etc. The end of the trail can be a campfire and picnic.



ALL AROUND THE STORE

This young business couple can make more mess than money before they're through. The blouse, the apron, the pitcher and glasses, the shirt and jeans, the "borrowed" tablecloth — they're all going to need a real washing after the profits have been drunk up.

That's where **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** comes in! No other cleaner does so many jobs so well: in the washer, in the sink, around the house around the clock. Hard-working, yet gentle, it tames the hardest water, makes play of any deep-cleaning job.

YOUR GROCER HAS IT. YOU NEED IT.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .
 KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!"

A DOOR OPENED TO A NEW EXPERIENCE

by
Evelyn Birkby

No matter where we are or in what circumstances we find ourselves, opportunities are present. Doors, literally, are everywhere: doors to new experiences, new insights, new ideas, new friends, new ways to help others, new ways to grow mentally, new challenges and new adventures in faith.

An old and dear friend recently opened a new door for me, one which made me aware of the multitude of opportunities such as those mentioned above. For years she had been urging me to attend a session held by the "Camp Farthest Out". But each time the date was set something would develop which prevented my going. A year ago, when the six-day summer session was held, the main speaker was Dr. Frank Laubach, a missionary-teacher who has done so much in spreading literacy in the Far East. I grieved over my inability to hear him. I have read a number of his books (*Prayer, the Mightiest Force in the World; Letters of a Modern Mystic; Channels of Spiritual Power; Thirty Years with the Silent Billions; and The Greatest Life*) and knew that his personal magnetism and first-hand sharing of his faith and experiences would be worth the entire trip and time spent. But I could not get away!

When a weekend retreat was planned for later in the year, we had a family conference; yes, Mother could be spared for the weekend. Besides, as Robert pointed out, the conversation always improves when a member of the family has a change of scene and comes home all enthused over new experiences!

As we cogitated over our decision, we looked up the history and content of the movement — such a queer name for a meeting! The idea of a place where people could meet together for a day, two days, a weekend or a full week at a time, away from telephone, radio, television and newspapers, for the purpose of drawing closer to God, began as a dream of Glenn Clark. He was a professor of literature and athletic coach at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota. Later he was made head of the Department of Creative Living.

Mr. Clark's thoughts crystallized into a definite plan of action on the island which is literally *farthest out* in the Atlantic Ocean. The first retreat based on his suggestion was named "The



Being alone on occasion is necessary for each of us. The sunset on a quiet lake made a perfect setting for Evelyn's meditation.

Camp Farthest Out". It was held in the summer of 1930, at Lake Koronis, Paynesville, Minnesota.

Soon a similar camp was held in California, followed by one in Maine. By 1963, forty were held in the United States, two each in Canada, Japan, South Africa, England, Australia and the Philippines.

The camps are interdenominational and interracial. They recognize no class, educational variations, cultural "standing" or pretense of any kind. They accept every person who attends as a worthy, creative individual with rights, talents and personality all his own. It is a rewarding experience in today's world just to be yourself and to be accepted honestly, openly and with respect.

Meditation and prayer groups are a vital part of each session. Creative activities give each individual a chance to develop forms of self-expression that he may not have known he possessed. It becomes an adventure of the spirit, this outward physical and mental activity; recreation, writing, speaking, painting, creative rhythms, music and periods of just plain fun and relaxation are all available. Releasing tensions is surely a need in this tense world. The Camp Farthest Out meetings include learning the art of relaxing the physical being and happily finding that it reflects in the mental and spiritual realms as well.

So it was, after so many discouraging attempts that failed, I finally found myself actually attending a weekend retreat of the Camp Farthest Out held in a church in Ames, Iowa.

Our first meal was a get-acquainted session, followed by a marvelously uplifting songfest. True religions *should* sing, and we all sang from our

hearts, enthusiastically, joyfully and sincerely. It didn't matter at all if we sang melodiously, just so we sang for joy. "Oh! my," I thought. "Why doesn't our church congregation sing like this at home? It would lift all our spirits heavenward."

The inspirational messages of the meeting were presented by the Reverend Reginald Goff of Tucson, Arizona. In my notebook I made outlines of each of his talks, underlining statements I "wanted to think about". Here are a few excerpts from the thought-provoking statements he made:

God works silently, slowly and patiently. We are so accustomed to the spectacular, the noisy and the swift, we feel anything quiet signifies that *nothing* is happening. But the sun shines noiselessly, giving energy and warmth to the earth. A sunset, which bathes the sky with beauty, makes no sound. Grain to nourish the multitudes germinates, grows, matures and develops life-saving food quietly. Some of the greatest progress in the world is done patiently, slowly, silently and spiritually.

We equate being extremely busy with accomplishing something. We are *active* enough in today's world but we are not *being* enough. And we *know* what we ought to *be* but we do not carry through. Our most important task as Christians, Rev. Goff pointed out, is to take prayer as *work*. Just as we have other tasks which are necessary to get done each day, so should prayer be part of our work-life.

We need to develop the opportunities we already have at hand to get more faith. Sometimes it is the simple act of tuning in to God. Just as a room seems silent but is filled with music when the knob of a radio is turned, just so is God always around us but we cannot sense His love and guidance until we *tune in*.

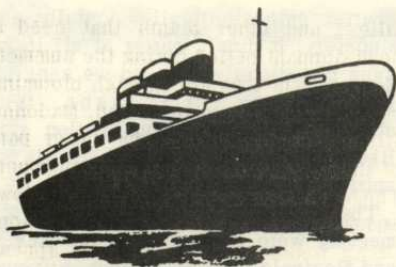
Don't blame anyone for where you are, but blame yourself if you stay there!

Rediscover paths of faith using whatever is around you as a starting place.

This summer's "Camp Farthest Out" for Iowa will be held at Cedar Falls, July 12th through the 18th. For information as to cost and reservations, write to: Mrs. Ralph Woodworth, 221 17th Street, Ames, Iowa.

For information about a camp near you, write to: National Association of Camps Farthest Out, 1569 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.

It may be just what you are searching for in trying to find time in your life for God.



Those who live in the land-locked confines of the Midwest have little chance of knowing the traditions of the seas.

After boarding the *S. S. Mariposa* at Los Angeles Harbor, I soon learned I was a Pollywog. Horrors! Such an affliction! But I did not worry too much, for there were many other Pollywogs cruising on the ship to Bora Bora, Tahiti, Rarotonga, Auckland, New Zealand, and Sydney, Australia.

What does one do to overcome such a lowly station in life? After inquiry, we

found that we must cross the equator. Well, that seemed easy enough, but sailors through countless ages can vouch for the fact that it often takes a strong dose of courage to withstand the initiation of Neptune, King of the Raging Seas, and his ruthless court. No sailor or voyager ever escapes when crossing the equator for the first time by ship. So we all looked forward expectantly to this mysterious event.

It all happened on a warm and windy afternoon. At about three o'clock the noisy tumult began when the Pollywogs

were herded into a roped-off pen where they were repeatedly doused with pails of water; of course, they all wore bathing suits. First the little Pollywogs were taken before King Neptune to be chastised for their many sins — running on deck, squealing, tormenting others, etc.

Then followed the big Pollywogs who had committed the most misdeemeanors. They had their faces covered with ice cream and suffered many other indignities, including being dunked in the ship's pool. This continued until they were duly initiated. Then all Pollywogs were declared to be full-fledged Shellbacks.

How and when did this fun-filled custom begin? No one knows, but it was somewhere back in the dark beginnings of early navigation, when the earth was charted and divided off into parallels of latitude and longitude, and the equator was placed upon the maps. This is one affair every voyager expects when crossing any sea that takes him across this imaginary line.

According to our Chief Purser, H. L. Wagner, who is an authority on traditions of the sea, the equator ceremonies arose early in the 15th Century on the coast of Africa during trips around Cape Good Hope.

Long before that, however, there were ceremonies for young sailors going across any noted or dangerous sea passage. Fear or superstition of the unknown prompted these ceremonies. In the North Seas, between Copenhagen and Malmo, was a special crossing which received attention.

These customs and ceremonies were at their height during the 18th and early 19th Centuries, and were decidedly rough and dangerous. Among the sailors, and even passengers, there were accidents and deaths caused by the violence of the ceremonies. Now, as a consequence, many passenger lines have discontinued the practice because of law suits and damages.

Certificates, however, are given on all ships and airlines to passengers when they cross the equator, the Arctic Circle, and the International Date Line. The most coveted of these is the one for crossing the International Date Line and the equator at the same time.

However it all started, it is a satisfaction to me to have emerged from my Pollywog stage.

Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener is the perfect way to sweeten all hot-weather drinks. Try it in iced tea, powdered-fruit drinks, milkshakes and fruit juices.

No Longer A Pollywog

by
Alice G. Harvey

**WHY
NOT?**

Why not use the next few weeks to cut off some unwanted weight?

You needn't go on a starvation diet. You needn't even do without the foods you like. Simply cut down on starchy, fat-rich foods — and sweeten with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. This crystal-clear liquid takes the place of sugar in almost everything: cereals, drinks, even baked and cooked things. And, although it never adds a single calorie, it tastes so sweet, so natural, you'll never miss the sugar!

So why not switch to **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**? You've nothing to lose . . . except pounds!

**KITCHEN - KLATTER
NO-CALORIE SWEETENER**

COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Readers of Hal Borland's books will be pleased with his latest, *Sundial of the Seasons* (Lippincott, \$5.95). He has assembled 365 editorials, which first appeared in 1941 in the *New York Times*, to form a kind of almanac of the outdoor year, beginning with the vernal equinox in Spring.

As nature lovers know, Mr. Borland is a master at writing of the outdoors and the land that he loves. In these outdoor essays, one for each day of the year, the author reminds us that no matter what happens, the seasons keep to their eternal sequence. Despite the problems of man, we still see the grass turning green, the roses blooming, the red clover waving in the breeze, and strawberries ripening. We hear the song of the thrasher with his trademark of the repeated phrase, and the rich tones of the robin. And we learn that no two robins sing exactly the same way; they vary their songs.

Of the month of July, we read it is hot afternoons and mornings when it's a joy to be alive. July reminds the author of cherry pie, the first fresh sweet corn, and ice tinkling in a tall glass. It is also time for snap beans fresh from the garden. Mr. Borland reminds us that later these snap beans become a challenge because they are so prolific.

Sundial of the Seasons is the kind of book to pick up when the newspaper headlines tire us. Garden club members would be interested in this as a book review. Any of the short essays on nature could be read aloud with ease. It would also make an appropriate memorial gift to your library.

That often-used word "heartwarming" best describes the book *Rascal: A Memoir of a Better Era* (Dutton, \$3.95) by Sterling North. Perhaps you or your children have already read this book. If so, you can easily understand why it was awarded the Dutton Animal Book Award for 1963 and was runner-up for the 1964 Newbery Award for most distinguished contribution to American literature for children.

The story concerns the author as a young boy in a small Wisconsin town and his love for pets, especially a raccoon named *Rascal*. The time is the close of World War I. Although he has an understanding father, circumstances leave Sterling alone much of the time. This time is spent caring for his pets, building a canoe, and enjoying a wonderful two weeks on the shores

of the Brule River in Wisconsin while his father testified in a case being tried in Superior, Wisconsin. Fresh sweet corn, a cage, a housekeeper named Mrs. Quinn, and *Rascal's* growth to young adulthood were the deciding factors when Sterling paddled with *Rascal* in the new canoe to the Koshkonong Creek and ended nine months' of endearing companionship.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

To counteract the hot, dry weather that usually comes this month, use mulch generously around perennials, roses and all spring-planted shrubs, especially evergreens. Old marsh hay, ground corn cobs, sawdust, or any cheap material that is available will serve as a mulch. Place it in and around the plants to a depth of several inches after a heavy rain or soon after the soil is thoroughly watered with a hose. The mulch will keep the roots cool and conserve moisture.

Now is the time to rest such plants as Martha Washington geraniums, Calla

lilies, and other plants that need a semi-dormant period during the summer. Bearded iris that are through blooming may be divided and replanted. Madonna lilies can be planted the latter part of this month and up to mid-September. The bulbs must be planted very shallow, and they prefer a semi-shaded location. Green rosettes of leaves will appear before cold weather arrives and these should be mulched in late fall, before cold weather arrives, with a non-matting material. I place a large inverted clay pot over choice bulbs and they winter perfectly.

If you wish to increase your plantings of Oriental poppies, anachars, and bleeding hearts, take root cuttings this month. Two-inch pieces of the thickened roots of these plants when planted in well-drained, sandy soil will produce sturdy new plants.

You can still sow seeds of biennials and perennials if you didn't get this done last month. Leaf cuttings of many house plants can be started, too, and chrysanthemums should be given their final "pinch" toward the end of the month.

Remember to spray your roses regularly this month to guard against leaf spot and insect pests. Roses seem to relax a bit during July in order to get their second wind for a grand fall display of bloom. It will pay to keep them comfortable during their brief siesta.



"Do you know what?"

"When I grow up I'm going to listen to
KITCHEN-KLATTER
every day, too."

Yes, we have third generations listening to the KITCHEN-KLATTER radio visits for this program was started in 1926 and has been broadcast every day since.

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

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

KEEP A FUN-NY DIARY

by

Muriel Preble Childs

The fun — and funny — diary that we have kept started at the beginning of our married life. After 25 years we still do not see the end of it. This is the accumulating of cartoons and comic strips that apply *strictly* to us.

It began 25 years ago, quite by chance, with Ralph's and my first spat. And that spat occurred quite early in our married life. It was given a big boost during World War II, and has been with us ever since. Let me tell you about it.

The spat first! Ralph and I were not kids when we were married. He had taught for a few years, and then went into radio. I had taught for several years. Living in "rooms", as we each had done, we had both left "treasures" at home with our parents. When we married, we moved into an unfurnished, two-room apartment. Our living room was also a combination dining room (with a drop-leaf table) and bedroom (the bed a studio couch by day).

We were just getting organized on furnishings — mostly supplied by our parents. Our two main projects were curtains, which I decided to make by hand while I listened to radio from 5 p.m. until midnight, while my new

spouse was working there; and book-cases, which Ralph decided to build after we priced them in stores in that late depression era. He waited only until I told him exactly what I wanted. I couldn't decide.

One afternoon I came home after spending some time with a friend at whose wedding Ralph and I had met, and found Ralph sitting in the middle of the living room floor with stacks and stacks and STACKS of books all around him. The floor was literally covered. And all his! These were books that had been in his parents' attic for years. All I saw, at the moment, was a mess. We couldn't move in the room. So I blew up! He blew up! We both blew up! It was funny, and didn't last long. (I think I was envious. I wanted to unpack *my* books, but there wasn't a nook or cranny for *them*.)

The next night, when he came home from work, he handed me a "Blondie and Dagwood" strip that had appeared in the paper that day. It had nothing to do with books. Dagwood was just trying to plaster a hole in the ceiling; Blondie was advising, and advising; and finally Dagwood flipped one tiny smidgeon of plaster right into her eye. Ralph said, "I knew exactly how he felt." I, too, knew how Dagwood felt — certainly how Blondie felt. We were convulsed with laughter at how stupid

we had been. It was us to a "T". Naturally, I kept the strip.

For the boost our hobby had: Our first son was born in 1940. Neither of us is adept with a camera. We just take pictures, and we took many of Steve. As a consequence, we have some of the most delightful, out-of-focus pictures of him that any parent could cherish. They tell *us* a story.

Poor David, our No. 2 son, was not so fortunate, picture-wise. He was born in 1943. During the war years Ralph worked such long hours that he had no time to stand in line for film. Early as I got up, by the time I had the two boys and myself ready for a shopping trip, I was always too late. Our camera was too, too conventional. The film was always gone.

So we went back to the comic strips and cartoons with renewed vigor. We saw so many that applied to us, and we clipped them and we saved them. Any wife, and I think *particularly* any wife who has worked before marriage, hates to cadge her husband's Christmas gift from grocery and household money. I certainly did. So, several years after we were married, I bought an inexpensive scrapbook, and assembled all these cartoons and comic strips we had saved.

I put them in categories: *Papa Loves Mama* included the stupid things I did that he tolerated; *Mama Loves Papa* included the things he did that I loved-him-in-spite-of. *We Love Our Kids* included the things that — when they happened — we'd cheerfully have put them out for adoption. *Our Kids Love Us* included those episodes when the youngsters felt so rejected that they wanted to run away. *We Love Each Other* is the catch-all category.

This is not the sort of book to keep on the parlor table and inflict on friends. We don't even inflict it on ourselves. We keep the comics, year after year. I bring the book up-to-date every four or five years, and put it under the tree. Every time I go through it, there are a few I tear out. They were not really us! And because it is all fun — nothing sharp or bitter or critical is ever included. Just fun!

Now that our youngsters are growing up, they're getting into the act, and loving it. Since we have one daughter after three sons, I hope you will pardon me if I give her latest contribution. Daughter hovers over Dad, at his books: "Dad, I *know* I buy a lot of non-essentials, but they're all absolutely necessary."

It's fun! It's easy! It's cheap! Keep a diary like ours. It's strictly fun-ny!

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JULY DEVOTIONS - Concluded

LORD: CALL UPON HIS NAME, MAKE KNOWN HIS DEEDS AMONG PEOPLE.

SING UNTO HIM, SING PSALMS UNTO HIM: TALK YE OF ALL HIS WONDEROUS WORKS.

GLORY YE IN HIS HOLY NAME: LET THE HEART OF THEM REJOICE THAT SEEK THE LORD.

Leader: Can we serve Him less gloriously when even nature around us speaks to His glory?

Reader: *LET THE HEAVENS REJOICE, AND LET THE EARTH BE GLAD; LET THE SEA ROAR, AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF.*

LET THE FIELD BE JOYFUL, AND ALL THAT IS THEREIN: THEN SHALL THE TREE OF THE WOOD REJOICE...

THE LORD REINETH; LET THE EARTH REJOICE!

Leader: Have our hearts been opened to the message of this quiet hour? Can we consecrate ourselves anew to His service? **WHAT IS CONSECRATION?**

What is consecration? Calm and certain trust, knowledge that the will of God is great and wise and just. Long devotion to His work, hope and exaltation, faith that sees joy ahead — **THIS** is consecration.

What is consecration? Courage, firm and fine; fortitude in storm and stress through strength that is divine. Valiant heart that conquers doubt, trial, and temptation; fearless eyes that see the light — **THIS** is consecration.

What is consecration? Love for God and man, true devotion to the work that carries out His plan. Praise that

raises from the heart, **JOYOUS ADORATION** — **THIS** is service for our King — **THIS** is consecration.

Shall we clasp our hands in a friendship circle for prayer and remain with clasped hands for the singing of "Taps"? Let us pray.

Prayer: Heavenly Father, we feel Thy loving presence here in our midst and we have heard Your voice speak to our hearts. Let Your Spirit go with us now into our daily lives, helping us to walk always to Thee and to be ever serving Thee with gladness. Amen.

Taps: (If possible, have a trumpeter sound taps from some spot a little distance away, and have a soloist sing these words to close the service. The words may be sung without the instrument.) "Fading light, dim the sight, and a star gems the sky, gleaming bright. From afar drawing nigh falls the night. Day is done, gone the sun, from the lake, from the hills, from the sky; all is well, safely rest; God is nigh."

TAKE LOTS OF PICTURES THIS SUMMER

Here are some tips to help you really click with summertime picture-taking. Always take care to snap uncluttered pictures. Water and sky make handy and simple backgrounds. Backgrounds of sand dunes or beach umbrellas are also intriguing. And, of course, summertime is the ideal time for casual, informal photos. Seated shots are most relaxing for the model; but if your subject is still a bit nervous, have her use a prop.

Extra-bright sun will cause harsh shadows, but you can do away with them (and that oft-seen squint) by snapping with the sun off to the side. Or use the flash to provide fill-in light for the shadowy areas. That summer sun is even brighter when it's reflected on sand or water, so take special care that you don't overexpose your snapshots.

When you're snapping a large group, make certain there's plenty of action — suggested or authentic — and you'll avoid that unnatural-looking "line-up". Have the crowd sing or, better yet, get a snap unnoticed, while they're actually unpacking food or building the fire.

Try to tell the day's story with your pictures. A compact, easy-to-use camera won't get in the way of your fun, but it will encourage you to get snaps throughout the day. From the time the car is loaded to the last sparks from the campfire, it's a great summer to picture!



DOG DAZE

"Every child should have a dog, Psychologists all say, To learn to love, to pet, to train," I read somewhere one day.

The parents then should teach the child To sprinkle for the fleas, To comb, to brush, to feed his pet, Protect it from disease,

To drill commands like "sit" and "stay",

To worm it properly, To watch for ticks and burs, and keep The neighbors neighborly.

We rushed right out and got a pup; A mixed-of-breed is he.

Yes, every child should have a dog To keep his parents busy!

— Gladise Kelly



MY GARDEN

My garden is a holy place

Where surely angel feet have trod.
Each tiny plant within its space
Bespeaks the sanctity of God.

Each floweret holds a secret there

Within her folds of beauty bound.
A mystery of essence rare
About her presence has been wound...

As though the Maker's holiness

Had lingered there to lend His grace
And left therein no lowliness —

A sanctified and hallowed place.

— Margaret Aamodt

Reprinted from "Through Country Lanes"



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FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

such wonderful food, such perfect service, and such comfortable rooms everywhere else, we could laugh about our one bad experience in Conway. Perhaps our nicest hotel in Wales was in the little village of Bondtddu. There we stayed in the former country estate of the Chamberlain family. You will remember that Neville Chamberlain was once Prime Minister of England. Our bedroom windows overlooked the sea on one side, and the most beautiful formal flower gardens on the other.

I could write a book about the flowers we have seen on this trip. Never in my life have I seen lovelier gardens. The people of the British Isles plant more flowers in their gardens than we do in America. Every house, however small, has some flowers, and these people can grow more flowers in a small space than anyone else in the world.

I shall write more later.

Sincerely,

Frederick

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BUTTONS - Concluded

and filled with small red buttons, except for clusters of white buttons that designate windows.

Experimenting with buttons will give an idea of all the amazing things which can be done. If murals or smaller pictures are to be hung on the wall or tacked on the bulletin board, it is best to use a cardboard background rather than paper if more than several buttons are used. A handful of buttons can be a weighty problem on ordinary paper.

Flat buttons with an engraved design will intrigue the children. Show them how to hold a piece of paper over the button and rub with the lead of a pencil. The design will then transfer to the paper, much to the children's delight.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

No. 1. The traffic was terrific - bumper to bumper on a two lane road. It *had* stopped raining, the one blessing of the day, but it was now late in the afternoon and we were still a good many miles from our destination.

All of a sudden the traffic stopped and for a full hour we just sat and everyone else sat, too. Had there been an accident up ahead? What was wrong? No clues were forthcoming, of course, so bumper to bumper we all just sat as effectively paralyzed as if we'd been chained to the road. Eventually traffic began to move and imagine our sensations when we saw what had held us motionless for an hour: a little drawbridge had been lifted so private boats could cross over into another channel. Railroads can't get away with blocking main highways for an hour, but believe me, those boats got it done.

It was after 6:00 o'clock and we were within 15 miles of our destination when the final incident happened. Our car was brand new, pale blue with a white top, and we had had visions of arriving at Frederick's place looking just half-way presentable. This was not to be. Suddenly, without warning, we were plunged from the highway onto a dirt detour scarcely wide enough for two cars. Just as we approached this a big open garbage truck pulled right ahead of us and we were forced to follow him, practically touching him, because of the heavy traffic behind us.

That dirt road was full of big chuck holes and every time the truck hit one, showers of garbage cascaded out because the tailgate was flapping. All of this garbage hit us and the front of our car was plastered with a fearful collection of it. Furthermore, cans flew out like bullets and a lot of them hit us. Our car was a total wreck, ap-

pearance-wise, with the entire front plastered solidly with garbage!

By the time we got to our motel we had just strength enough left to call Frederick and tell him that it had taken us the full day to cover that comparatively short distance, and that we were too tired to budge - only wanted to get to bed and recuperate. He understood! It had been, as I said at the outset, the single most desperate day we ever spent on the road.

As all of you know if you've traveled at all in recent years, such a vast amount of highway construction is going on that maps cannot begin to keep up with it. I still say that if you're going to visit anyone in the vicinity of a large city and if you've never been there before, for goodness' sake, ask them to meet you at some point and guide you in. It will save you hours of frustration and delay.

These last five weeks I've been very much house-bound and thus I cannot report on anything that pertains to the normal world of outside activity. It's been a great struggle to learn to walk again and to date I have never felt confident enough to go anywhere. It will be a year on June 21st since I've been in a grocery store, and you'd be astonished at how much I anticipate just getting into a store once again! I don't think that anyone looking forward to a trip to Europe could be more impatient for the great day to arrive than I am simply to get into a grocery store once more!

Juliana will be going to summer school in Albuquerque but I'm hopeful that her brief vacation between the end of the regular school year and the opening of summer school will coincide with an expected visit from Kristin, Art and little Andrew. It's hard for me to believe that I'm now a *great aunt*. After all, it doesn't seem so terribly long ago that Kristin was a baby, and now to think that she has a baby of her own! Dorothy says that it's downright wonderful to be a grandmother and I'll take her word for it.

Your letters continue to be a source of enormous consolation and comfort to me. I'm sure that when I can get around again and participate in just a half-way normal life that it won't be so hard to get from day to day. Until then, all I can do is tie another knot at the end of the rope and just hang on in some fashion!

A happy, happy summer to all of you

Faithfully,

Lucile

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DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

would have to walk home; these days he sticks to Frank like glue and never lets him out of his sight. I don't know how Frank happened to get out of the house a few minutes ago without him, but now Tinker is begging me to open the backdoor.

Until next month

Sincerely, Dorothy



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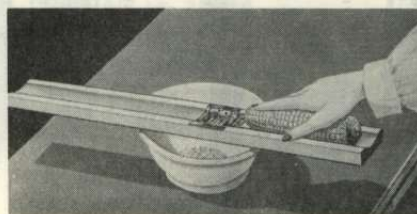
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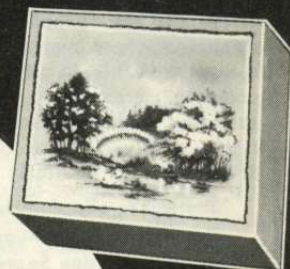
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