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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 28

AUGUST, 1964

NUMBER 8



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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

Subscription Price \$1.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Dear Good Friends:

For the last couple of hours I've been sitting here trying to make head and tail out of a big collection of business figures, and it's a relief to put them aside and settle down for a visit with you. I have nothing exciting to report, you understand, but it's a relief to visit after a session with figures.

I guess there are quite a few women who have what is called a "man's grasp" of business, but I'm not among them. My mind has always seemed to go in other directions and while Russell was with me he looked after all of the multitudinous things that needed looking after. I was more than contented with this arrangement for it gave me freedom to concentrate on our radio visits, to test recipes, to read your letters, and to think about this family magazine. Without an instant's warning all of this was changed, and those of you who have been through such an experience know only too well what it means to pick up the responsibilities and problems that your partner had always handled. It takes a long, long time to adjust yourself to the idea that henceforth all of it will be on your own shoulders.

After looking at these figures I feel that I must thank most earnestly those of you who get your renewals in to *Kitchen-Klatter* before we must send a card to notify you that your subscription is expiring. Your promptness makes more difference to us than you can possibly know. Our postage bills are terrific, as you can well imagine, and it's a big, big help to us when you folks take action on your renewals before we have to take action at this end. Thanks to each and everyone of you who have given us a helping hand on this problem.

Thus far it has been a quiet summer for our family — in fact, when I contrast it with summers gone by it

has been very, very quiet indeed. Circumstances scarcely permit anything else. But we *did* have a most welcome visit from Donald, Mary Beth and the children back in June, and since I had never seen little Adrienne it was a joy to meet this small niece who is the youngest grandchild in our Driftmier family. They made their headquarters at Margery's and Oliver's house and then fanned out from there to see the rest of us.

June is now only a memory, of course, but I can report that it was a month of unparalleled storms in our vicinity. We had a series of tornadoes all around us and after the last narrow escape our local paper reported that the citizens of Shenandoah had become sky-watchers and cave-dwellers. The big windows in our living room gave me a ringside seat to the entire horizon in the south and west, and many a time I sat there fascinated as I watched the vicious looking clouds boil up. Mother worried that I'd sit right there and watch while a funnel cloud approached, but I assured her that if I actually saw one heading my way I'd take to the cellar. I've never liked the idea of going to the cellar because of things crashing down from above, and yet after driving out to see the tremendous damage to homes near Shenandoah I could see clearly enough that your chances were better down below than up above.

To this day I never see a storm approaching that I don't think of our Fischer cousins, Gretchen, Mary and Louise. Their parents, Uncle Fred and Aunt Helen Fischer, never paid the slightest attention whatsoever to any storm, and consequently the girls missed out on all the excitement that we always had at our house when a mean-looking sky developed. It was the ambition of their lives to be at "The Drifties" when a fine storm came up and we made a beeline for the cellar.

Have you noticed in your community how few young people are around this summer? Here in Shenandoah we have an astounding number of our young people in summer school, and it probably is this way everywhere. I realized that I hadn't seen many of Juliana's old friends but until the paper carried a listing of where they were I just hadn't dreamed that so few of them were actually here.

Juliana is going to school all summer at the University of New Mexico and is in class five hours daily, five days a week. One of her classes is in ceramics and I'm going to be eager to see what she has turned out when I have a chance to see her again. She didn't get to come home between the end of the semester and the beginning of summer school because she was sick, and of course this was a real disappointment to me since I had much looked forward to her arrival. Well, it couldn't be helped so I just made the best of it.

Incidentally, she is living in an apartment with two other girls during these summer months and is finding it very pleasant to be out of the big dormitory where she has lived since she first entered the university. (She'll be back in that dormitory when September rolls around.) I guess they had to work like the proverbial horses to get the apartment in livable condition, but now it's fixed up in what Juliana calls "very good shape" and they've lined up stores for their groceries (including a bakery outlet where they can get day-old things at half-price) and are all settled and functioning.

Since so many of you have been kind enough to express an interest in my welfare, I'll report that for the first time I am beginning to feel somewhat encouraged in this long, long drawn-out process of learning to walk again. It was a year ago in June that I fell and broke my hip and only now am I beginning to regain a sense of balance. I haven't yet reached the point where I can get around well enough to go into a store so I still have this exciting prospect to anticipate, but at least I can stand for short periods of time at the kitchen sink and do a few things. It's a comfort just to be able to wash some pots and pans!

This reference to the exciting prospect of going into a store reminds me of something that happened two or three weeks ago when one of my oldest and dearest friends came from Chicago to spend a few days with me. She saw me heading towards my bedroom with folders of letters in my hand and asked

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A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Never do we remember this house as being so quiet as it's been this summer. Martin has been away most of the time since school let out. *That*, obviously, is the reason!

Early in June he attended a retreat at our state church camp, was home over a weekend and then off for the State Youth Forum of our church denomination. Both were very rewarding experiences — ones he'll always look back on as highlights of his youth.

The day after his return Donald, Mary Beth and the children arrived. They headquartered with us, visiting around with the family members during the day. Martin's chief responsibility was helping to entertain his little cousins. We had bought a new croquet set before their visit and one of the first things they did was set it up. The children were vaguely familiar with the game for they have a set at home, but Donald warned us that they had their own "very peculiar" rules!

We were convulsed with amusement when four-year-old Adrienne daintily knocked the ball through the first arch, picked it up and placed it directly in front of the second arch, tapped it through, and so on over the course of play. Oh yes! and never waiting for her turn. She was overjoyed to win the game!

Paul's version was to wham the ball as far as possible, pick it up for a better placement, and wham the day-lights out of it again with all the strength of his six years.

Katharine proved to be a good little player. At nine, she readily caught on to the rules, and Martin, like a good big cousin, made a gallant attempt to keep it an even match.

The children also enjoyed our fine community swimming pool. We have a large pool for the size of our town, and one very fine feature is the great expanse of shallow water for the little youngsters.

A few days after Donald and his family left for their home in Milwaukee, Martin went to Lucas, Iowa, to visit his Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank. An extra hand is always welcome on the farm and Martin was sure that even as a "green city boy" he could handle a lot of jobs for Frank. In the letter from him today, he said that he was still discovering muscles he didn't know existed, was having a wonderful visit, had been *very hard* on his clothes and needed money for a new pair of jeans, *and* hoped he wouldn't have to come home for a while! From



Margery always keeps her camera loaded and ready for action, and when Eltora Alexander, our neighbor next door (standing behind Mother's wheelchair), came over for a chat with Mother and Gertrude, she took this picture.

the brief outline of some of the things he was planning to help with, Oliver and I could readily see why life on the farm was more exciting to him than being at home this week, so we're letting him stretch out his visit a little longer.

Oliver has missed his fishing partner, so I've taken up the sport. A few Saturdays we've driven to nearby Pioneer Park, halfway between Shenandoah and Clarinda, where there is a small well-stocked lake. (For those of you who might be passing through this area, there are lovely campgrounds with hot and cold running water.) I haven't made any catches worth bragging about, but I've found it very relaxing. One thing about fishing: one needn't go far, as a rule, to find a nice place to fish. State-stocked farm

ROSES IN THE DUST

The thirstiness of gardens is extreme;
The sun, unchallenged, withers struggling plants.

Gay roses, meant for raising blooms aloft.

Now dangle, with their faces in the dust;

A soaking rain must nourish hungry roots

To quicken life in parching throat of flower.

Despairing friends, have faith in Nature's yield

Of moisture to revive all drooping shrubs;

Each vagrant cloud will rally to her call

For drenching field and soaking garden plot.

All vegetation will stretch forth again,
And roses lift their blossoms toward the sky.

—Blanche Robertson Harvey

ponds are prevalent if you don't live near a public recreation area with fishing facilities.

We had a pleasant surprise recently when Gertrude Hayzlett, our dear friend of many years, stopped by to see the folks. Gertrude helped Mother with her radio work for a number of years until she and her husband moved to California. She lives alone now, for Jay has passed away. Time flies by so swiftly we couldn't believe that it had been about six years since she had visited in Iowa. Gertrude has many friends and relatives in this area so her visit with us was brief, but it was so nice to see her, and to see her looking so well.

Gertrude was so tanned from the California sunshine that we felt pale in comparison. Mother and I decided then and there that we should be taking advantage of these nice summer days to soak up a bit of sunshine. Oliver bought an outdoor lounge chair for me and often while Dad is taking his afternoon rest, I take a breather from the office and wheel Mother up to our back yard where we sit in the sun for a while.

Dad enjoys sitting on the front porch these days, and often in the cool of the evenings we take him for rides in the car. His nurse, Ruby Treese, is taking her vacation now, but before she left arrangements were made so that he would receive the same fine care. His nurse during this period is Phyllis Barrett, one of the able girls who helped Lucile when she was bed-fast with her broken hip. Perhaps you'll remember the picture in *Kitchen-Klatter* last October of Phyllis's two darling little boys. During the hours she can't be there, members of the family come in, so we're getting along very nicely until Ruby returns.

Oliver has had very good luck with his tomatoes. He planted several varieties and I'll confess that I don't know one from another, but they've all been good eating. I happened to think of them right now for I promised the folks I would bring some down for their supper tonight. Mother will be getting things on the table in a little bit, so I must get them picked for her.

Sincerely,

Margery

COVER STORY

Lucile's Chihuahua, Jake, loves attention. Mother (Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) is holding him so her granddaughters, Adrienne and Katharine, can get a closer look at this little bundle of energy!



Laughs Are the Passwords

by
Mabel Nair Brown

THE HYSTERICAL TOUR: This one is a take-off on the popular historical tours that so many people include on a vacation trip. This vacation may be of only an evening's duration, but it is sure to be an unforgettable trip to Laughland!

The invitations can be printed on formal white note cards, reading "You are invited to be our guest on a Hysterical Tour of unlikely places around (name of town). The tour will begin promptly at 8 P.M. on (date), starting from the teeter-totters on the school grounds. Informed guides will be waiting to conduct you on the tour. (signed), Secretary of the Hysterical Society."

When the guests arrive at the teeter-totters, they should find their hostess and an assistant or two dressed as guides, wearing, perhaps, shorts with burlap sack shirts, "crazy" beanie hats, and arm bands lettered "Goofy Guide". Each guide has a whistle with which the "tourists" are kept in line if they get too noisy on tour.

Upon arrival the guests are invited to inspect and try out the teeter-totters. This will serve as an icebreaker until all are on hand to start the tour.

The idea of the tour is to choose some of the most unlikely spots for a party, with a different game or two at each stop. A few suggestions are given, but you will line up your tour according to what is available. On our tour we included an old dilapidated barn on an acreage at the edge of town, someone's garage, the band shell in the park, a vacant lot behind an old blacksmith's shop, and a car dealer's lot of junked cars. (Be sure to get permission for something like this.)

At the barn you might plan a hay-making relay. Borrow a bale of hay from a farmer friend. Divide it into two equal piles. With the guests divided into two teams, form into two lines, with a pile of hay in front of the leader of each team. When the whistle blows, the leaders must each grab a handful of hay (using one hand only), run around behind the barn, place it on a spot that has been designated, and

return to their places in line. The next two players do the same until all the hay is carried away. Then they immediately reverse the process, running behind the barn and bringing all the hay back to the original spot. The first team to finish wins. You might explain that this is what is known as "making hay while the sun shines"!

At the garage have as many cardboard cartons as there are guests. Inside each box have various articles of clothing — the crazier the better — such as overshoes, an old girdle, an umbrella, a bouffant slip, a derby hat, men's coveralls, a beach towel, a bathing suit, etc. The guides announce that, since the next stop requires special garb, each one is to choose a box and don the clothes in it to wear for the rest of the tour. Give a prize to the first one in costume.

Let the band shell be the next stop. Have ready slips of paper with some humorous topic listed on each one, such as "How to make enemies fast and scare away people", "Why I think I will never need Ann Lander's advice", or "The ten things my wife must never do". A man in a girdle and overshoes, speaking on the last topic, is sure to bring down the house! Announce that each person is to speak for two minutes on the topic drawn, with prizes given to the three drawing the most applause.

Any good outdoor game, such as "drop the handkerchief", or "three deep" can be played at the vacant lot.

At the junked car lot give each guest paper and pencil and see who can bring back the longest list of car numbers copied from the cars in three minutes' time. (It could also be a list of the makes of cars seen.)

The tour can end around an outdoor grill, with hot dogs or hamburgers, or around a farmer's hayrack for a watermelon feed.

SIP AND SIT PARTY: This is the kind of party to delight those who just want to relax and "sit easy" on hot August days.

Take a tip from the song title, "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening", and plan your party around the old-fashioned ice cream parlor, with the guests seated comfortably at small tables. Colorful soda straws and gay napkins will decorate the tables. Try to locate a few old iron drugstore chairs for atmosphere. Use tall-footed sherbet dishes, or parfait glasses, in which to serve some form of ice cream dessert, or various flavored sodas, as the guests desire. Punch glasses should be kept refilled throughout the party to carry out the "sip and sit" idea.

Entertainment

Let the entertainment be visiting to softrecorded music, or pencil and paper games which the guests do at their tables. Guests might change tables for each game, and thus meet new partners for each game.

ADD UP THE SCORE: Guests are given pencils and paper, are asked to write down the points for which they qualify, and add up the points to see who has the highest score.

The leader reads the following list:

1. If you have a clean handkerchief — 10 points.
2. If you are wearing earrings — 5 points.
3. If wearing matching necklace and earrings — 25 points.
4. If you are wearing blue shoes — 10 points.
5. Subtract 10 points if you left dirty dishes in the sink.
6. If you brought a guest to this party — 15 points.
7. If you are wearing hose without a runner — 10 points.
8. If you have a runner in your hose — 25 points.
9. If you have on a dark slip — 8 points.
10. If you are wearing a hair net — 25 points.
11. If you found grey in your hair this morning — 20 points.
12. If your husband kissed you goodbye this morning — 10 points.
13. If you have no husband to kiss — 20 points.
14. If you aren't wearing lipstick — 5 points.
15. If you're wearing shoes with shoelaces — 20 points.
16. 5 points for every cup of coffee you've had so far today.

(Note — you can add to this list any scoring items that would be particularly amusing to your group. Omit any that might prove embarrassing.)

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I hope by the time you read this letter we have had a nice long dry spell, and then just a gentle one-inch rain once in a while when we need it. I can never remember such a stormy and turbulent spring and early summer as we have had this year. It seemed to me that for weeks everyone you saw was looking toward the sky watching the clouds, with their ears glued to the radio for storm warnings. Our crops were looking wonderful, and then we had our first flood in several years. But we counted our blessings, which were many, because our home and buildings were still standing, we still had all our livestock, and our house hadn't been under water.

The tornadoes in the Shenandoah area completely demolished many farmsteads, and the floods in Nebraska had not only taken property, but lives. I know there have been many such storm disasters all over the country this year, but I mention these because they happened so close to home.

Kristin writes that it has stayed cool longer than usual in Laramie. She and Art have gotten a stroller for little Andrew and she is anxious to take him walking, but it has been so windy and cool she hasn't taken him out much. The roads to the mountains and Snowy Range weren't opened to traffic until after the first of June, and when they made their first trip up, the snow on each side of the road was still many times higher than the car.

Right after school was out we had two guests for a week, Frank's cousins, John and Jim Johnson of Sioux City. John will be a junior at Iowa State University next year, and Jim will be a junior in high school. When John's school year was finished, he had Jim take the bus to Des Moines where he met him, and they drove on down to our house. John has visited us several times this past year, but this was the first time Jim had stayed with us any length of time. Both boys love the farm, and were so anxious to help Frank with anything there was to do.

Frank had some new fence to put in and they spent one day getting this done. Close to where they were work-



Before we sat down to a family dinner at Lucile's home, Martin Strom took his little cousins, Adrienne, Paul and Katharine Driftmier for a walk in the garden.

ing, there was a lot of brush plus old logs and tree limbs to be burned, so they started a fire and cleaned up this area at the same time. By supertime the fire had burned down to a nice bed of coals, so I packed up food for a wiener roast.

We had some calves ready to go to market, and Frank was glad the boys were there to help him get them in and sorted. We also had to have the cattle tested and the heifers vaccinated, so it was nice to have extra help at this time. It was a long week while we waited for the report on the cattle to come back from the State office, and a big relief when it finally arrived and it was a good report.

We were lucky to get our first hay crop in without a rain. This was one job the boys had been especially anxious to do — help put up hay. They had planned to stay four days when they came, but when it looked as if we were going to have three sunny days in a row and Frank decided to mow the hay, the boys called home to ask permission to stay until the hay was in.

Since our only child is a girl, our summer visitors have always been girls, so it has been quite a novelty for us to have just boys around this summer. Martin is spending some time with us now, and later in the summer Jim hopes to come back for another visit.

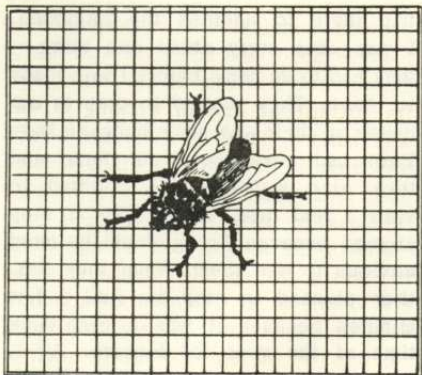
When brother Donald, Mary Beth and the children recently spent a few days in Shenandoah vacationing with the family, I was so glad that their visit happened to coincide with my monthly

trip there to address the magazine. I was only sorry about one thing — they had to go home before I was ready to leave. They wanted to stop at our house on their way home because Mary Beth had never seen our farm, and they also wanted their children to visit a real farm. I told them to stop anyway because Frank would be most anxious to see them. When they left, they planned to stop for just a few minutes because it was a very busy time of the year for farmers. As it worked out, it was too muddy for Frank to be in the fields, and they found him at home working in the yard. He served coffee, milk and cookies, took each of the children for a ride on one of the horses — our old gentle Bonnie — and visited for almost three hours.

We anticipated that Kristin and Art would get home for a week when school was out and before the summer session started, but the day after exams Art started working full time. Now we are looking for them the last of August. Frank has never seen the baby — in fact, I'm the only member of the family who has — and he is growing and changing so fast we are simply *wild* to see him! Kristin says she has started giving him baby foods now, but is taking it slow and easy, waiting a week or ten days before she gives him a new one so she will be able to tell if he is allergic to any of them. There were many foods Kristin couldn't eat until she was past two, and Art has some allergies, so with this background she is going to be careful. Kristin and Art both had blond hair and blue eyes when they were small, and so does Andrew, but from the last pictures we received, I can see that he definitely favors Art in looks, more than he does Kristin. He was so tiny when I saw him that it was hard to tell, but now I can see it.

The rainy days have given Frank a good chance to clean out the washhouse. It hasn't been used for that purpose for years and years, but seems to be the place where we put everything we don't know what to do with. Does this happen at your farm, too? Frank would like to keep it as a place to put all of his tools, nails, bolts, etc., but it seems to collect many other things as well. I'm terrible about this, and know it, but it is so handy — especially during the winter months. When I bring my groceries home in a box and think "this might come in handy if I want to send something to Kristin", into the washhouse goes the box. The last few times it's been cleaned, it was done while I was in Shenandoah, and

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BEEKEEPING OF OLD

by
Lillian Bartlow

Recently, I drove by an extensive apple orchard and the sight took me back fifty years to the days when my father had such an orchard on the banks of a small river. In the orchard he kept a swarm of bees.

I can still see Father with a large mosquito netting over his broad-brimmed field hat. This netting was tied under his arms to make it bee-tight! Gloves were fastened over the sleeves and trouser legs secured over high shoes, completing the outfit for taking off honey or hiving a new swarm. He carried a smoker with a small bellows. I always wanted to play with it but, of course, that wasn't allowed.

The hives were set on two small timbers and were made out of scrap lumber and painted to preserve the wood. I never heard of a super, but we did build additional parts which were added to the top of the hive. We all helped when it was time to fix the boxes and frames in which the bees made the honey. Most of the honey was used at home so we saved the frames and small boxes from one year to the next. It was pleasant sitting on the back porch in the sun scraping the well-washed boxes. A paring knife or a jackknife did a good job. The bee "glue" was harder to get off than bits of honeycomb; the frames had to be *clean*, for a bee would not use one that wasn't. The small, pound frames were frequently broken. In that case, we dovetailed and put them together at the corners and then tied a string firmly around them. It worked!

Working with the frames was a leisurely task and we always seemed to have plenty of time. It impressed thrift upon us, for we used each frame just as long as possible.

Of course, there were always a few brand-new frames to fix and that was fun, folding carefully and dovetailing the corner. It was such nice new wood—so smooth to handle.

When each frame was finished, there

was a small piece of wax foundation comb to be put in the center of one side. On this the bees built their comb. It was a very exacting operation and Mother did it very carefully. She cut a piece of the wax about two inches long and one inch wide and placed it on the box. Next, she dipped a table knife into a cup of hot water and ran it along the edge of the wax and bent it over. This provided more surface for the bees to use in beginning the new comb.

From broken combs and a few added whole ones, we made strained honey. The combs were put into large, old-style milk pans and these were placed in the oven of the wood-burning cookstove. Frequently, the oven would be warm enough even after the fire burned out to heat the honey through. If not, we would build a very, very low fire, just enough to warm the oven. Honey must not be overheated, so we always removed the pans before we stoked up the fire for a meal. If the mass had not melted and the wax was not floating on the surface, the process had to be repeated. When done, the honey was golden, liquid sweetness with a nice big cake of wax on top. This wax had some sale value.

Sometime, along in early summer, Father would tell Mother to watch the bees a little extra—they might swarm. That meant we children were on the alert, too. (When a hive becomes overcrowded, the old queen bee usually takes her followers and leaves. Unless she goes quickly one of the younger queens is apt to sting her to death. Buzzing along together, the workers surround the queen and off they go to find a new home.) We would watch carefully to see if a great, humming, black, moving cloud began to grow and carried word of this development to my father in the field.

Back to the orchard we would run to watch for further activity. (After the bees fly around for some time, they settle and cling together in a huge cluster.) We would watch the big black cloud as it moved erratically about until it finally came to rest—usually in a tree around the yard. At this stage we again carried word to Father and he quickly came to hive them.

Several things I can see very clearly, even now: Father, as he moved the huge swarm of bees into an empty hive; the ladder; the large dishpan into which he carefully brushed the swarm; the sheet spread out in front where the bees rested while they surveyed their surroundings until they crawled into the new hive. When this was done, Father went back to the field and we children watched to see if the bees would settle and make themselves at home.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Did you know that some Campanulas are prized as house plants for indoor gardening? During the summer and fall they trail over their pots and are showered with pretty blossoms of either white or lavender-blue. With proper care these lovely plants can be grown the year around in the home.

Grandmother used to have a beautiful white Campanula Isophylla Alba, the white Star-of-Bethlehem, growing on a pedestal in her "parlor". The plant trailed over the side of the pot almost to the floor, and from early June until October it was completely covered with white star-like flowers. After it was through blooming she would cut off all the trailing growth, almost to the crown of the plant. Then she set the pot in a north bedroom window upstairs where it was quite cool for the winter months. In late January the plant seemed to awaken and stretch its vines. In no time at all the plant was ready to take its position on the pedestal in the parlor where it charmed everyone who saw it, and induced visitors to ask for "slips" which Grandmother gave willingly.

Now I have found a double white Star-of-Bethlehem that blooms freely over a long period of time, and a double lavender-blue that blooms from July through fall.

The culture of Star-of-Bethlehem is easy. They will do best in a cool situation where the temperature is between 40 and 50 degrees F. I have grown the plants in rather warm positions with success as long as they were well supplied with moisture. Use a rich potting soil to which 1 part sand and 1 part humus have been added. After the plants are through blooming in the fall, prune them back severely—almost to the crown. Set the plant in a shaded or semi-shaded place and water it only lightly during its rest period. These plants do not go completely dormant and must be given water often enough to keep them green and healthy. They start fresh new growth after Christmas, and this is the proper time to take cuttings if you wish to have more plants to give to admiring friends.

These are old ways. I read recently that man has tried to tame or domesticate the bee as he has the dog and the horse, but the bee is still essentially what it was when, four centuries before Christ, Menes of Egypt was called, "The Beekeeper".

FREDERICK TELLS ABOUT HIS VISIT TO LONDON

Dear Friends:

This has been an exciting summer for the Driftmiers. I thought we would never make it to our little cottage in the Rhode Island woods! One thing after another developed to make any vacation at all an uncertainty. Mary Leanna, who had had some surgery on her jawbones earlier in the spring, had to have some more repair work done. David Lloyd was scheduled to have his wisdom teeth removed in the hospital, but then he came down with a severe virus infection and could not go to the hospital. Then it was Betty's turn, and she went into the hospital for some minor surgery. In the meantime, Mary Leanna signed up for an Automobile Driver-Training Course that was extended over a longer period of time than any of us had anticipated, and we had to make arrangements for her to remain in Springfield after the rest of us had gone to the cottage. To make a long story somewhat shorter, it was just one thing after another! Life is never dull at the Driftmiers'.

One saving factor during these past difficult weeks was the wonderful trip we had to Wales and England. As you will remember, my last letter was written to you from London. What a wonderful city London is! I just love everything about it. This was my third visit to England, and I hope it was not my last. Even though we found great delight in visiting the rural towns and villages, if I had to choose between seeing London or seeing the rest of England, I would choose London. It is not all of England, but all of England is in some part seen in London. Even if one never saw the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, or any of the other most popular tourist spots, one could have a wonderful time just walking the streets or riding the buses. Every little shop, every restaurant or food stall, every lovely park is interesting and uniquely different from the usual sort of thing we see in America.

I had only one disappointment in my anticipated pleasures of sight-seeing, and that was the London Zoo. Betty was not disappointed in it, because she was not expecting to enjoy it. Actually, it was a better-than-average zoo, but it was not nearly as fine as I had supposed it would be. You may think it strange that with all the wonderful sights to see in London, I would take a half-day to see the zoo, but it was not a strange thing for me to do.



When things become dull for David Driftmier (center back), he rounds up all the children in the neighborhood and shows movies to them.

I love animals! Ever since those days back in the 1930's when my Uncle Henry Field had a small zoo in back of Radio Station KFNF, I have had an intense interest in all kinds of animal life, and a zoo is one of the first things I visit in any city. I have seen wonderful zoos all over the world, but I had never seen the London Zoo until this last trip. Because I expected so much, I was a bit let down, for the zoo, while good, is no better than the zoos in many other cities of the world. In my opinion it definitely is not as good as our Bronx Zoo, or the Berlin Zoo, or the San Diego Zoo.

There was an unexpected dividend from our trip to the Zoo, and that was our visit to the famous "Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum". Normally, that is not the kind of a thing that I would have walked across the street to see, but when we just happened to find it along our way, and when we saw the large number of people standing in line to get tickets, we decided to go in. It was worth the visit, although I don't think I would give up half a day to it. I am sure that most of you have heard about this Wax Museum where many of the famous historical figures of the past and present are exhibited in wax. Perhaps you do not know the rather fascinating bit of history behind it.

Madame Tussaud was a maker of wax figures at the time of the French Revolution back in the 18th century. During the awful reign of terror which cost the heads of so many of the French nobility, she was forced to make wax figures of the heads of many of the prominent leaders and victims of the Revolution. There were a few months when it was thought that Madame Tussaud herself would be put to death, but she finally managed to win friendship with the right people by presenting them with flattering wax figures of

themselves. After the Revolution she secured permission from Napoleon to leave France, and she took with her to London the nucleus of her collection. Her artistic ability for working in wax was handed down from mother to son and then on down to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren who operate the museum today.

One of the nicest days of our whole trip was a day spent in Canterbury, the site of the great Canterbury Cathedral, and the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Head of the Church of England. It was a two-hour trip by train through the rolling green fields of South England, where we saw, as we had seen in the North, hundreds and hundreds of sheep and many lovely rivers and streams. We walked from the station down the narrow winding street that is the main shopping and hotel street of the city, and on the way I noticed that the Canterbury Rotary Club would be meeting for lunch that very day. While Betty did a bit of shopping and had lunch by herself, I attended the luncheon meeting. Because of the proximity of the Cathedral, the Canterbury Rotary Club has several clergymen in its membership, but none of them happened to be present at that particular meeting, and so I was asked to say Grace at the beginning of the meal. One of the Englishmen present said to me later: "What an amazing thing! We have clergymen in our club in wholesale lots, and then we have to ask a visiting American to perform their duties!"

It was a thrill to spend several hours leisurely walking through the many chapels and corridors of the Cathedral. Only the day before we had seen the current motion picture "Becket", and so we had a particular interest in visiting that part of the Cathedral where the famous Thomas à Becket was martyred in the 12th century. At one time, his relic shrine in Canterbury was the richest and most famous in all England, made of pure gold and adorned with precious stones. During the reign of Henry VIII the shrine was torn down; the gold and precious stones became the property of the royal treasury. In 1538 his body was burned and the ashes scattered to the winds. Today one can still see where the golden shrine used to be. Right next to the Cathedral, and occupying Cathedral buildings, there is a very fine Cathedral School for boys. Betty and I walked through some of the school grounds and thought to ourselves how real history must be for boys who live and go to school right in the heart of it.

(Continued on page 22)

Marketing Your Pictures

by
Joseph Arkin

If you are one of the countless Americans who is a "shutter bug" or just someone who likes to take pictures, you're missing a good opportunity for extra spending money (and maybe fame) if you don't make an attempt to sell your photos.

Each year millions of us take pictures for the sheer fun of it . . . happily snapping away at home and on vacation to record sights and scenes, people and places, the unusual and the unexpected, the important and the incidental happenings that together make up our daily lives.

The yearly estimate of pictures taken is close to 30 billion — proof in black and white (and full color, too) that pictures have a tremendous personal value in terms of satisfaction and pleasure.

What about market value? Can pictures pay off in something other than your own personal enjoyment? Yes, they can . . . and actually do for an ever-growing number of smart snapshooters each year. If you are interested in turning picture-taking fun into additional fun for the family budget, you'll find that there are many markets just waiting to buy your photos.

For one, there are amateur snapshot contests of various kinds: hobby, sports, and home magazines seeking "how-to" picture stories; house organs anxious for photo features on interesting local personalities or community projects; and house organs and trade magazines looking for pictures of products in use, new store openings, and unusual uses of industrial equipment.

There are many newspapers and wire services always ready to buy "on-the-spot" pictures from amateurs who happen to have camera in hand at the right place at the right time. Sometimes you can be lucky to get unusual shots before the professional press photographers arrive.

Entering snapshot contests can be fun — you can win as many as three prizes for a single snapshot. Many newspapers award weekly prizes in four different subject classifications — activities, children, animals, and scenics. The weekly winners then compete for prizes in regional contests, and then there is a nation-wide exhibit and grand-prize judging.

Some magazines also conduct contests and award valuable prizes. For ex-



This little miss is Karen Harms, granddaughter of Dad's nurse, Ruby Treese. Mother made the little smocked dress for Karen, and this was taken the day her mother, Mrs. Lester Harms, brought her over to try it on.

ample, there's the annual World Travel Photo Contest in which the *Saturday Review* awards trips to Europe and to the Orient, plus \$1300 in cash prizes; a more modest \$25 monthly award is given by *Mechanix Illustrated*; and the monthly competition run by *American Girl* is fun for its teen-age readers. The Eastman Kodak Co. annually sponsors a contest for high school students and awards almost twelve hundred dollars to over 300 lucky winners.

How do you take a snapshot which comes under the title "money class"? Here are some of the points that the judges look for: 1 — Does the picture really convey a message — does it tell the story you want to get across — and does its subject have universal appeal? 2 — Does it capture the particular mood or atmosphere surrounding the subject? Have you made full use of lighting and selected the best viewpoint to give your picture proper impact? 3 — Does the picture have a single theme — a central point of interest — a dramatic simplicity in its content and composition?

Aside from contests there are regular channels to which you can sell photos. Listed in the *Writer's Yearbook* (and the companion publication the *Writer's Market*) are lists of magazines, newspapers, wire and press syndicates which are actively seeking free lance contributions of photographs.

"How-to" picture stories on fishing, boating, camping and craft techniques are sought by *Outdoor Life* and *Sports Afield*; pictures on the remodeling of a house are wanted by *American Home* and *Living for Young Homemakers*; stories and/or photo stories are always being purchased by *Workbench*, *Home Worker*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Mechanix Illustrated* and dozens of others in the craft field.

Then there is always the chance of

that lucky break — the scoop. If you are lucky enough to catch on film a dramatic moment of local or national significance you put yourself in the position of being able to offer the photos to a wire service or syndicate. Two winners of the annual Pulitzer Prize for News Photography have been won by amateurs — one, a housewife who was a camera-eye witness to a breath-taking rescue; the other, a Georgia Tech student who interrupted a 3 A.M. "cramming" session long enough to catch a spectacular shot of a hotel fire. This was really a "hot" photo. Sold to the Associated Press, it netted him a total of \$1290 in fees and royalties.

There is profit as well as pleasure in picture-taking. All that is needed is an alert eye, a fast trigger finger, and the knowledge of where to sell the particular picture you have taken. Good shooting!



MAPLE TREE LANE

Maple Tree Lane is broad and straight;
Precise as a surveyor's estimate.
On the map it is called an Avenue
But to me it speaks as a tree-lined view.

The ample branches of the trees
Reveal or conceal by the growth of the leaves;

Sometimes the neighboring buildings
show;

Sometimes not a thing but the lane is
below.

From my upstairs window I note the
flow

Of cars of all makes that come and go
With careful drivers who are always
alert

For the wee young folk who smile and
flirt.

And, too, I have noticed the school-
children's belief

And respect for their appointed chief
Who guards the crossings and uses his
flag

To signal drivers or adjust a lag.

Not far away stands the old-fashioned
church

For which both saints and sinners
search;

While waiting cars close-parked near by
Attest to man's need of help from on
high.

As I've observed my Maple Tree Lane
I have learned a great deal. It is very
plain

That America is still the land of Right
And preferred beyond measure to a land
of Might.

—Eugenie G. O'Brien

THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS ARE HAVING AN INTERESTING SUMMER

Dear Friends:

This is the summer when our family decided to stay close to home so that Emily could attend summer school. At one time we toyed with a hope of attending the New York Fair. But when we began estimating the cost of such a trip, we thought again and decided to stick close to Denver. With no long trips on the summer schedule we have been free to pursue our interests in "odds and ends", and do a few things we might otherwise forego.

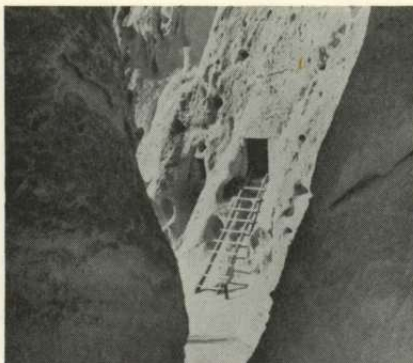
For instance, one of our more unusual experiences was watching the largest underground mining blast in United States history. The most extensive mining operation in the state of Colorado is at Climax. Here Bartlett Mountain is yielding a major portion of this country's supply of molybdenum, a rare mineral used to harden other metals. In this explosion one and a quarter million tons of molybdenum ore was broken loose. The explosives used would fill 12 large semi-trailer trucks. The resulting jolt was sufficient to be recorded as a minor earthquake on the Regis College seismograph.

Our family hadn't been to the circus in years. All three of our children are almost at the stage where they are too old to enjoy the circus as children and not old enough to enjoy it as adults. We decided this would be our last purchase of circus tickets for several years to come. I'm not a person who ordinarily yearns for "the good old days" but, believe me, I do when it comes to the modern-day circus. What a disappointment! It's a far cry from the circus shows of my childhood.

Bringing us far more enjoyment was a brief trip down to Santa Fe. While Emily was attending church camp, Wayne, Alison, Clark, Lucky, our dog, and I snatched four days to spend seeing and doing some of the things most tourists enjoy. It takes about seven hours to drive from Denver to Santa Fe. If you get an early start there is time to stop along the way.

Our first side trip was at Nathrop, just beyond Buena Vista, Colorado. We turned up Chalk Creek to scout a campground for possible use later in the summer. The campground is 10 miles off U.S. 285, beside a cascading stream. We took no time in deciding that this appeared to be an ideal location for a camping expedition.

Our next side trip occurred some miles farther along in Colorado. We again turned off the main highway to



A ladder leads to one of the ancient Pueblo Indian dwellings in Bandelier National Monument.

drive the 22 miles over to the Great Sand Dunes National Monument. The closest town of any size is Alamosa. In past years we have by-passed the Monument, expecting that "next time" we would drive in. This time we did. These are the highest-piled inland sand dunes in the United States. They extend for almost 10 miles along the base of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

I knew there was no store or lunchroom at the Dunes, so I packed a lunch to eat there. The weather conditions we encountered were unusual indeed — fog, a chilly damp wind, and wet ground. The wind was blowing with considerable force, as it must most of the time to make such enormous dunes. We decided it would be much more comfortable to eat in the car than at one of the campground tables. We didn't stay long, deciding we would linger some other time when the weather was more co-operative.

Lucile had given us precise directions for finding her place near Santa Fe, which was indeed fortunate. We never would have located it otherwise. We arrived just in time to relax on the porch and enjoy the lingering beauty of a New Mexico sunset.

The next morning we all piled into the car for the drive up to Los Alamos. None of us had ever seen this famous mystery city of World War II. Alison and Clark were entranced when we told them its unique history. Los Alamos sprawls over a sizeable portion of a high, beautiful mesa. Wayne immediately tagged the golf course as one he'd like very much to play if he ever returns.

From Los Alamos we drove on to Bandelier National Monument. Our travels through the Southwest have aroused in all of us a genuine interest in the ruins of the ancient Pueblo Indians. At Bandelier the ruins are among the most recent, having been abandoned only a few years before the arrival of the early Spanish explorers.

There is a lodge at the Monument headquarters where we bought our lunch. I was sorry not to have brought lunch, as the picnic grounds along the Frijoles River near the headquarters were most attractive.

In addition to touring the ruins we went on a three-mile hike to the falls of the river — actually just a small stream. Lucky proved to be an entertaining hiker. The sandy trail was pretty hot for his grass-accustomed feet, so he would dash from one shady spot to the next, waiting patiently each time for the rest of us to catch up.

We planned to spend the next day in Santa Fe, so Lucky remained behind on the screened porch. Pulling just half the stickers out of his fur would keep him occupied for the day. There are so many places of interest in Santa Fe that it would take a great deal of time to see them all. Besides all the places of historical interest, there are many fascinating small shops and galleries. Being rather lame from the previous day's hike, we confined our sight-seeing to a small part of the plaza section of the city. We found the Historical Museum in the Palace of the Governors most interesting. The Museum of Fine Arts was something less than we had anticipated.

Last winter one of the Sunday newspapers carried a feature story on the "miraculous staircase" of the Our Lady of Light Chapel of Loretto Academy. The children were especially anxious to see this. A charming and personable young nun was on hand to answer our questions about this highly unusual piece of construction.

Our route back to Denver the following day was not the quickest, but certainly very scenic. Going north from Santa Fe to Espanola, we took Highway 64 to Taos, then wound along through the mountains until we passed through Cimarron and thence on to Raton. Here we entered U.S. 85-87, which speeds along the front of the mountains all the way to Denver and beyond.

Emily returned from camp one day and Alison left the next for her week at camp. Then it was right back to school for Emily, as she was accepted in both the typing and driver-training class. So the summer has been a busy one. But I'll have to save the rest for later. Right now I must hurry along to do my share for a neighborhood picnic for about 50 people that we're co-hosting tonight. My, but I do wish those dark clouds would move along!

Sincerely,

Abigail

A LETTER FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

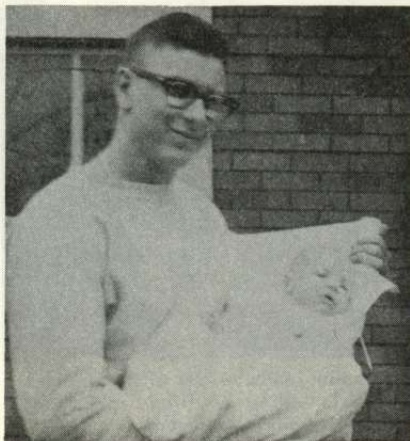
Since I wrote my last letter to you, Art and I have moved to a new apartment. Perhaps apartment is the wrong word to use, because actually we are now renting a small house. It has a living room, bedroom, kitchen, pantry, bath, and another room off the kitchen that used to be a porch, but has been closed in, which is a wonderful place for Art to use as a painting studio, and for me to use as a classroom for the retarded child I'm tutoring.

I have received some interesting mail in response to my comments in the March issue concerning mentally handicapped children and special classes. One mother wrote a long letter in which she described her son's class and the work she is doing with a Cub Scout group for retarded boys. She commented that one of the biggest problems in work of this sort is trying to get across to the families and to the community that everyone is (or should be) involved, not just the teacher of a special class. She stressed this point again in a second letter, and I would like to share a portion of her thoughts with you. Speaking as the parent of a brain-damaged child, she touches on a subject close to the hearts of other parents, and does this much better than I think I would be able to do. Here is what she has to say:

"I believe, and this is my own personal conclusion, that a lot of difficulty and heartbreak could be avoided if young married couples knew what symptoms to look for in their first baby. When my son was so over-active, slow to learn, and had other indications of brain damage, we had no idea of the real trouble. If any of our friends suspected it, they never said. So we went through those first years without any idea of the turmoil that must have been going on inside him.

"I know from talking with other mothers that some, like myself, say, 'If I'd only known sooner.' If schools could teach to a certain extent, or if classes for young married couples could bring out this subject, it could help someone. I know that the percentage is low for abnormal babies, but if such a discussion would help just one person, it would be worthwhile. As I see it, this is a community problem and doesn't rest just on the shoulders of the retarded child's parents."

As you can see, this mother is very concerned with the whole problem of retardation and how it affects the home and community, as well as the indi-



The day Andrew was six weeks old, Kristin took this picture to send to his grandparents, Frank and Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson. We think he strongly resembles his daddy, who is holding him.

vidual. I would enjoy receiving other opinions on this subject.

Not too many years ago, mental handicaps and illnesses were thought of as being shameful. Thanks to the giant steps which have been taken by medical science, and increased knowledge of people as a whole, mental illness can now be seen as it really is — a malfunction of the mind, just as cancer is a malfunction of the cells. Parents used to think that the birth of a handicapped child was somehow their own fault, and perhaps there are a few who still feel a sense of guilt as if they were to blame for such an unfortunate occurrence. I hope not. Retardation and mental illness can strike any family, just as measles and chicken pox, or polio, can strike any family. We feel sorry for a child crippled by polio, but we are not ashamed of him. Neither do we need to be ashamed of the child crippled by retardation, only sorry, and ready to love and help.

I feel that probably one of the most difficult tasks facing the parent of a handicapped child is that of knowing exactly how much sympathy to show. In what ways should a handicapped child be treated differently than one who has no handicap? Or should there be any difference? Pity can be a causative factor determining whether or not a child will be spoiled. It is not very hard to over-indulge a child when we are trying to compensate for his disability. Sometimes this leads to a point where the child "uses" his handicap to get anything he wants. Fortunately, today there is so much literature written by psychologists on this subject, that most parents realize the necessity of teaching the child to live with his handicap. This can be done most ef-

REMINDERS

by
Evelyn Pickering

Have you ever written yourself a message? I often have and spared myself many worries caused by forgetting something important.

Some notes are written on scraps of paper and placed in conspicuous spots, but frequently my reminders are everyday objects changed from their ordinary locations. For instance, the next morning I am to call for an appointment with the doctor, dentist, or beauty operator. The telephone directory is placed on the living room couch the night before. As my living room is put in order first each morning, I'm reminded to call for an appointment when the directory is found in an unusual place.

During the night I often remember something important that must be attended to the following day. Not wishing to disturb my husband with a light, I reach for some familiar bedside object (perhaps the alarm clock) and turn it to a strange position. The next morning when I awake, my memory is refreshed and I set about to do the job that might otherwise have been forgotten.

Instead of tying a string on your finger as a reminder, write yourself a note or arrange a gentle reminder. It's fun to remember important business in this way.

fectively by neither ignoring it nor showing pity, but rather by accepting the handicap for what it is, and the child for what he is.

Our little Andrew is growing like a weed. He is such a good baby and requires so little attention, other than loving and cuddling, that I have been able to resume tutoring the little retarded child I had been working with before Andrew's birth. Her classes fall when I'm reasonably certain that he will be sleeping.

This afternoon when I drove to the campus to get Art, it was so sunny and pleasant that we took a little drive before going home. Andrew snuggled down on the car seat between us and promptly fell fast asleep.

I just took a little peek into the bedroom and the baby is beginning to stir, so I must close.

Sincerely,

Kristin

Fill the Till ---- with Homemade Ice Cream

by
Mabel Nair Brown



In this day and age, what with mechanical refrigerators, many farmers with nary a sign of a dairy cow, and a drive-in ice cream stand around nearly every corner, homemade ice cream has become a nostalgic memory for most people. But that memory is so vivid, and so descriptive and tantalizing are the tales told about those old lick-the-dasher days, that homemade ice cream is about the most sure-fire "puller" that you can have for a food stand at any town celebration or fair. Just ask those who try it!

It's loads of work, more expensive than some items when cream must be bought, but it draws the crowd like a magnet, and while they are there they will buy sandwiches, pie, cake, and soft drinks as well! Customers will walk right by other food stands to visit "that place with the homemade ice cream".

I know that this is true, for I've seen it happen year after year since the youth group of our church took up this project for our local town "Fun Days", held each summer. One of the adult classes (which includes many of the parents of the youth group) always pitches in to lend a helping hand in making the ice cream and in donating other food, as well as helping out in the stand. They find that sales increase every year.

Last year they made almost seventy gallons of ice cream. That's a lot of handle turning! Perhaps a few ideas for the "making" might be helpful to those who decide to try such a major project for the first time.

Well in advance, the youngsters line up every available ice cream freezer. Each freezer, its container, dasher, and crank top, is marked with a number, or some means of identification, so that all can be returned intact to the rightful owner. This is most important, so that various parts do not get mixed up in the confusion.

A freezer box, such as is used commercially, is rented (often this is donated by some business man to the church group) in which to store the ice cream. Our local locker lets us have enough five gallon ice cream containers to put the ice cream into for storage. From them we get the waxed can liners, too, which are important in

preserving the fresh flavor of the cream.

To get enough ice to freeze that much ice cream, arrangements are made ahead of time with some dealer; often it comes cheaper in large quantities. And don't forget — it takes quantities of salt, too.

The ice cream is made in one place a day or two ahead of the day on which it is to be sold. We do not think the flavor and texture so good if stored for a long period. A day or two give it time to "ripen" and set firmly, which makes for easier serving.

Usually someone's large garage becomes the base for "Operation Ice Cream". Several women are asked to bring their electric mixers for preparing the ingredients. Ingredients are assembled and the grand operation begins! Since some of our freezers are 4-quart size and some 6-quart size, each woman mixing, mixes just the amount for the size freezer she is to fill. When one cream is frozen, certain assigned persons empty it into the

freezer. A runner go-between rushes the freezer back to the kitchen for a refill. So it goes, the freezers kept busy all the time. There must be many to turn the cranks, so they can change off frequently.

The same recipe is used by all the "mixers", so that it is as uniform as possible. The recipe we used is based upon four eggs and a pint of heavy cream for each gallon. This isn't as rich as many make homemade ice cream, perhaps, but it has a smooth texture and is rich enough for such a quantity project, we have found.

The more of the ingredients you can have donated, the greater the profit. Flavoring, eggs, sugar, and milk can be solicited easily, but nowadays, it would seem, cream must be purchased. It's much better to try to locate a farmer who will sell it to you in quantity.

For a group that is not afraid of work, this project may be just the money-maker you're looking for.



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ASPARAGUS ASPIC

When you get tired of asparagus fixed the same old way, try this for a welcome change. Home-grown asparagus is the best, of course, but any kind of asparagus will work.

- 1 1/2 cups cooked asparagus spears
- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 can (8-oz.) combination vegetable juice
- 1/4 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add vinegar, juice (I used V-8 juice) and allow to cool. When slightly congealed, mix in the well-drained asparagus, celery and olives. Refrigerate until firm. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise at the side.

PINEAPPLE-RAISIN DROPS

- 1/2 cup raisins
- 3/4 cup crushed pineapple
- 1 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening or margarine
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Mix raisins with undrained pineapple and put aside. Combine sugar, shortening, egg and all flavorings; beat until fluffy. Stir in pineapple and raisins. Sift dry ingredients and add to first mixture, combining thoroughly. Lastly, add nuts. Drop soft dough by teaspoonfuls 2 inches apart on greased cookie sheets and bake at 375 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes a delicately flavored soft cookie that everyone seems to like.

DOROTHY'S PEACH PIE

- 1 unbaked pie crust
- Fresh peaches
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. (rounding) flour
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- Dash of salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Fill the pie shell three-fourths full of fresh sliced peaches. Combine the sugar, flour, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt and pour over the peaches. Beat the eggs and add the cream and butter flavoring. Pour over the peaches. Sprinkle with nutmeg and bake in a 400 degree oven for 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake 50 minutes.

CUCUMBER-PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 - 1 3/4 cup liquid (water and pineapple juice)
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 - 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
 - 2 large cucumbers, peeled and diced fine, or shredded
 - 1/4 cup salad dressing
 - 1/2 pt. dairy sour cream
- Dissolve gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add remaining liquid and flavoring. Chill until gelatin starts to congeal. Then fold in cucumber, pineapple, salad dressing and sour cream. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce.

DIFFERENT PATIO BREAD

- 3 long loaves of French or Italian bread
- 2 sticks of margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup finely chopped parsley
- 3/4 cup finely chopped fresh green onion

Split the loaves lengthwise but do not cut through both sides of the bread so that one side can act as a "hinge".

Melt the margarine, add the butter flavoring and then stir in the finely snipped parsley and onion. Spoon this mixture into the center of the split loaves. Wrap each loaf in very heavy aluminum foil and place over hot coals (if cooking outside) for a long enough time so that it can heat through. If cooking indoors, place in a 450 degree oven until bread is completely heated. We made up this recipe, exactly as it is given here, to serve 16 people. It is a welcome change from the very familiar garlic-buttered bread.

ASPARAGUS HAM ROLLS

I found this a good way to use some pre-sliced, cooked, boned and rolled ham that I purchased when it was left-over at a church supper.

- 6 1/4-inch thick slices of baked ham, serving size
- 18 spears of cooked asparagus

CHEESE SAUCE

- 2 Tbls. butter
 - 2 Tbls. flour
 - 1 cup milk
 - Salt and pepper to taste
 - 1/2 cup sharp cheese, grated
- Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Place 3 spears of cooked asparagus on each ham slice. Roll up and fasten with toothpick. Put rolls in shallow pan and bake 10 to 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, melt butter, stir in flour, add milk and seasonings. Stir and cook until thickened. Add cheese and stir until melted.

Ham rolls may be served on toast triangles, if desired, and then topped with the cheese sauce.

— Abigail

CUCUMBERS WITH SOUR CREAM

- 2 large cucumbers, washed and dried
- 1 1/2 cups dairy sour cream
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 cup chopped chives or green onion

Run the tines of a fork down the sides of the cucumbers and then slice them thin. Combine the remaining ingredients in a mixing bowl and toss gently with the cucumbers. Chill before serving.

These cucumbers actually "hold" very well for two days in the refrigerator and improve upon standing since all flavors are absorbed.

GREEN GAGE PLUM SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 1/2 cup syrup from plums
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 #2½ can green gage plums
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- 1/4 tsp. dry ginger
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add syrup, salt and vinegar and cool. Cut fruit from pits and place in molds. Scatter nuts over plums and cover with half the gelatin. Chill until firm. Chill remaining half of gelatin until partially set. Beat with rotary beater, then add ginger and softened cream cheese. Pour over first part. Chill. Serve on lettuce with fruit dressing.

BROWN-EYED SUSAN COOKIES

3/4 cup soft butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 1 egg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
 flavoring
 A dash of salt
 2/3 cup sugar
 1 3/4 cups flour
 Chocolate candy patties

Combine the butter, flavorings, egg, salt and sugar in a bowl. Cream together until fluffy. Gradually add the flour. Chill dough for at least 1 hour. (Please note: *no soda or baking powder is used in this recipe!*)

After the dough is thoroughly chilled, shape into 1-inch balls and place on an ungreased cookie sheet. Press a chocolate wafer candy (like the Rockwood chocolates), or a chocolate star, in the center of each ball. (The flat patties make them look like Brown-Eyed Susans!) Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

You may make these into a delicious mint cookie by using 1/2 tsp. of the Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring instead of the vanilla.

MOLDED RAW VEGETABLE SALAD

2 cups cabbage
 2 cups celery
 2 cups carrots
 1 cup cucumbers
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup vinegar
 Dash of salt
 2 envelopes plain gelatin
 1/4 cup cold water
 1 Tbls. sugar
 1 Tbls. vinegar
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
 flavoring
 1/4 cup onion
 2 1/2 cups boiling tomato juice

Chop or grate all vegetables very fine, add very finely diced cucumbers, and then put in a mixing bowl to marinate for at least 2 hours in the sugar and vinegar. Soak gelatin in cold water. Pour over it the boiling tomato juice and stir until completely dissolved. Add the sugar, vinegar and lemon flavoring. When tomato mixture is completely chilled, mix it with the vegetables that have been very well drained. Turn into one large mold to get firm, or into individual molds. Serve with mayonnaise.

This is a "different" tasting fresh vegetable salad and will turn out beautifully if you drain the vegetables thoroughly after they have marinated.

DELICIOUS BAKED FISH

1 lb. cod fillets (see below)
 Salt and pepper
 1/2 cup fine bread crumbs
 2 tsp. chopped parsley
 1 Tbls. oregano
 1/4 cup salad oil
 3 Tbls. water
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
 flavoring

(The original recipe called for trout but in our family we never have access to fresh trout and frozen trout is extremely expensive. Thus we substituted the inexpensive frozen cod fillets, although frozen sole or perch would be equally good.)

Place thawed fish in well-oiled baking pan and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix together the salad oil, water and lemon flavoring. Pour over fish. Lastly add the bread crumbs, parsley and oregano. Bake in a 400 degree oven for about 30 minutes.

This is a simple recipe and amazingly delicious. It certainly took a cheap package of frozen fish out of the ordinary run-of-the-mill, and we can recommend it enthusiastically to all of you.

— Lucile

CAULIFLOWER WITH MUSHROOMS

It's hard to come by new and unusual recipes for vegetables, particularly those that can be prepared in advance. This casserole is really off-the-beaten path in flavor, exceptionally tasty and, as an added bonus, it can be prepared early and gotten out of the way when you're busy entertaining.

1 large cauliflower
 2 cans mushrooms (stems and pieces or sliced)
 1 medium-sized onion
 1/2 cup margarine
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 3 Tbls. flour
 1 1/2 cups of milk
 Salt, pepper and paprika
 Bread crumbs

Break the cauliflower into florets, cook, drain and arrange in a casserole. Melt margarine in skillet, add butter flavoring and then the well-drained mushrooms, plus onions chopped into small pieces. Cook until onions are limp. Scatter mushrooms and onions over the cauliflower. Make a white sauce with flour, butter left from cooking vegetables, milk and seasonings. Pour over the cauliflower, sprinkle generously with bread crumbs, dot with butter and bake for about 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven. This blend of flavors is unusual and good.

BEST EVER COFFEE CAKE

1/2 cup shortening
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 3/4 cup sugar
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring
 3 eggs
 2 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. baking soda
 1/2 pint commercial sour cream
 6 Tbls. softened margarine
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 2 tsp. cinnamon
 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream shortening, 1/2 tsp. butter flavoring, sugar and vanilla flavoring thoroughly. Add eggs, beating very thoroughly. Sift dry ingredients together and add to creamed mixture alternately with sour cream. Spread half of batter in a 10-inch tube pan that has been greased and lined on the bottom with waxed paper.

Cream margarine, 1/2 tsp. butter flavoring, brown sugar and cinnamon together. Add nuts and mix well. Dot batter in pan evenly with half of nut mixture. Cover with remaining batter and dot with remaining mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for about 50 minutes. Let cake cool for 10 minutes before removing from pan.

We've tried dozens of recipes for coffee cakes but this is our great favorite — to date!

PORK CHOPS SUPREME

5 or 6 pork chops, 1-inch thick
 1 medium-sized onion
 1 small green pepper
 1 can of tomato soup
 1 can of water
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1 bay leaf
 Salt and pepper to taste

Brown the chops on both sides and then place in a casserole. Cut the onion and green pepper into small pieces and brown them lightly in the fat left from the chops. Add this to the casserole, along with any fat left in the pan. Pour over all the tomato soup that has been diluted with water, plus bay leaf and Worcestershire sauce. Cover and bake in a 325 degree oven for about two hours.

(I've found that almost everyone will really eat two pork chops if they are offered, so I wouldn't suggest serving this for company if you're having more than five or six at the table — unless you double the recipe. It's a delicious way to fix pork.)

— Lucile

BANANA SHERBET

- 1 ripe banana, mashed
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 cup evaporated milk

Combine banana, orange juice, sugar, salt, flavoring and lemon juice. Chill in ice cube tray of your refrigerator. Chill evaporated milk overnight in can, or freeze in tray until crystals form around edges. Pour milk into chilled bowl, whip with cold beater until it stands in soft peaks. Fold in fruit mixture. Freeze without stirring.

SALMON PIE

- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 1-lb. can salmon
- 2 cups cooked peas
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 recipe baking powder biscuits

Make a white sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Add the remaining ingredients and place in a greased 2-quart casserole. Place baking powder biscuits over top of the hot mixture and bake for 12 to 15 minutes, or until biscuits are done, in a 450 degree oven.

CHERRY-OATMEAL COOKIES

- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 Tbls. maraschino cherry juice
- 1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries
- 1/2 cup shredded coconut
- 2 cups rolled oats

Sift the flour, soda and salt. Cream shortening and sugar; add eggs, flavorings, and cherry juice. Beat well. Add sifted flour mixture and beat well. Add cherries, coconut and oats. The batter will be very stiff. Roll small balls in hand and flatten slightly with palm of hand. Place on lightly greased cooky sheet and bake for 10 to 12 minutes at 350 degrees.

APPLESAUCE SURPRISE CUPCAKES

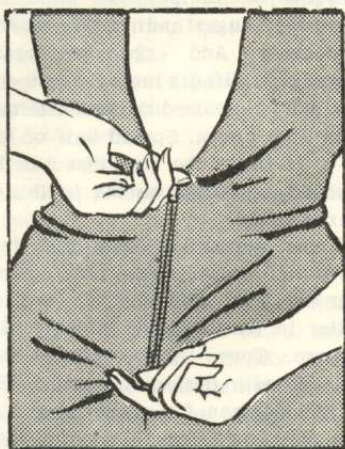
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate, grated
- 1 1/4 cups applesauce

Cream the shortening, sugar, and flavorings well, until light and fluffy. Add the egg and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients and stir in the grated chocolate. Add the applesauce and dry ingredients alternately to the creamed mixture, beating well after each addition. Fill greased cupcake pans (or paper crinkle cups) 2/3 full and bake in a 350 degree oven about 25 minutes.

UNUSUAL BEAN CASSEROLE

- 1 can cut green beans (2 cups)
- 1 can cut yellow beans (2 cups)
- 1 can tomato sauce (8-oz.)
- 1 package onion soup mix
- Dash of pepper

Put the drained beans in a casserole. Toss the beans with a fork until the yellow and green are well distributed. Mix together the tomato sauce, soup mix and pepper, and pour over the beans. Cover and bake in a 375 degree oven 20 or 30 minutes.



ANYBODY HAVING THIS TROUBLE AT YOUR HOUSE?

If zippers are getting harder to zip, or toes tougher to touch, maybe it's time to do something about weight. Your doctor will tell you that (if there's nothing organically wrong) the best way to lose pounds is to cut down on calorie intake.

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KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

Recipe of the Month

ONE MORE CHOCOLATE CAKE

As all of you long time friends probably remember, we went through a great siege of testing chocolate cakes a number of years ago; there were hundreds of recipes sent in to choose from and by the time we had rounded up the cream of the crop we felt that we never, never again could look a chocolate cake in the eye. As a matter of fact, we never fixed one for any member of the family for several years. They'd had it!

But Time passes and when this recipe came in we decided to give it a fling. It is a delicious cake, absolutely delicious. And since it came in simply titled "Chocolate Cake" we decided to make it stick in our memories a little more firmly by calling it "One More Chocolate Cake". I think you can see why this was the one most suitable name!

2 cups sugar
5 Tbls. cocoa
1 cup butter or margarine
2 well-beaten eggs
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring
3 cups cake flour
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. soda
1 cup commercial buttermilk
1 cup boiling water

Combine sugar, cocoa and margarine or butter and cream until mixture is like whipped cream. (If using margarine, add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.) Then add the well-beaten eggs and vanilla. Sift together the cake flour, salt and soda and add alternately to creamed mixture with the 1 cup of buttermilk. Lastly add the boiling water. (This will be a thin batter but don't go adding anymore flour.)

Turn into a well-greased and floured 9- by 13-inch baking pan and bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour.

The Minnesota friend who sent this recipe said: "It has a beautiful color, the texture is fine and smooth and the flavor is exceptional." We certainly agree with her. And the many girls at the Kitchen-Klatter office who had a piece of this were also in hearty agreement. It would be an awfully good cake to take to a family reunion picnic this summer.

(Of course it could be made into a layer cake, but it is easier to handle a loaf-type cake for a picnic.)

Always use Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings.

MEAL IN A SKILLET

1 lb. ground beef
2 Tbls. shortening
2 Tbls. chopped onion
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1 can stewing tomatoes
1 can pork and beans

Brown beef in shortening. Add onion, salt, pepper, mustard, tomatoes and beans and simmer, covered, for about 25 minutes. Stir occasionally.

GRAHAM CRACKER SNACKS

In a skillet put 3/4 cup brown sugar and 1/2 cup butter. Heat to melt, and be sure that the fire is kept low so the mixture will not separate. Spoon this melted mixture on graham cracker squares. Sprinkle with nutmeats. Place on cooky sheet and bake for 10 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Watch closely so they don't burn.

You can add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring in place of the nutmeats, if desired.



We've been asked to reprint the recipe for the "Milk Cooler" that made such a hit with children (and parents) the last two summers. Kids love it because it tastes so good, and comes in such a variety of flavors. Mothers approve because it makes drinking milk so much fun. And it replaces the sugary soft drinks that so often ruin appetites these hot summer days.

HOW TO MAKE IT:

Combine 1 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener and 4 teaspoons Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring. Use one-half teaspoon to one cup of milk, or keep in capped bottle in the refrigerator.

AND LOOK AT THE FLAVORS:

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

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Shenandoah, Iowa

If you can't yet buy Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-ounce bottles. Jumbo 8-ounce Vanilla is \$1.00. We pay the postage.

COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The name of author Bess Streeter Aldrich brings thoughts to many readers of a lasting devotion to her stories of pioneer life in Iowa and Nebraska.

Although Mrs. Aldrich died in 1954, a collection of her favorite Christmas stories has been published recently in a handsome gift edition under the title *Journey into Christmas* (Appleton-Century, \$4.95). Readers may enjoy a review now so it can be ordered as a holiday gift.

Christmas to Bess Streeter Aldrich meant home and family and all the joys of celebrating the holiday season together. The author has caught the true spirit of Christmas in these dramatic, tender stories. A special treat is "Christmas on the Prairie", from *A Lantern in Her Hand*. "Suzanne's Own Night" from *Song of Years* tells of the magic Suzanne felt on Christmas Eve back in 1855.

Mrs. Aldrich reminisces of her early life in the last chapter of the book, titled "I Remember". The description of the comfortable family home at Cedar Falls, the city in Iowa where she was born in 1881, will interest you.

"It had tall glowing coal stoves and many glass lamps, china washbowls and pitchers, center tables and high bureaus, and an organ, until that most wonderful of birthdays when draymen backed up and unloaded a piano, leaving me stunned with surprise.

"The walnut furniture was sturdy and unmatched. But through the cushioned depths of its big worn chairs I have sunk into the apple orchard of the March sisters in *Little Women* and



Bess Streeter Aldrich
— Blackstone Studios (N.Y., N.Y.)

into Caddam Wood with Babbie and the Little Minister, so far away that it seemed nothing could call me back."

Here we read that some of the characters in her books are based on the lives of her own beloved relatives. Her Grandfather Zimri Streeter, a member of the first Iowa legislature, appeared in *Song of Years*. And there's a bit of her Scotch Grandmother Anderson, who spelled wisdom, romance and adventure to young Bess Streeter, in Abbie Deal, from *A Lantern in Her Hand*.

Written in 1928, *A Lantern in Her Hand* (Appleton-Century, \$3.50) has captured the hearts of thousands of readers through the years. Abbie, brought up in a log cabin in Iowa, went by covered wagon to Nebraska as the young bride of Will Deal. Her struggles and determination to establish a home for their children are richly told. Although her own hopes for voice training, organ lessons, and painting the Midwest landscape did not come to pass, she was able to raise a fine family and see some of her wishes occur in the lives of her children. A pioneer who experienced sad times (there's always a new cemetery near the development of a new town) Abbie was able to maintain a sense of humor.

Truly with a lantern in her hand, she went forth to light the way for future generations.

The story of Abbie Deal's children and grandchildren is told in *A White Bird Flying* (Appleton-Century, \$3.50), written in 1931. Particularly it is the story of Laura, Abbie's granddaughter, who had a flair for writing and who struggled between an ambition for a

career and a yearning for a simple life and happiness in the home.

Spring Came On Forever (Appleton-Century, \$3.95) presents one hundred years of American life with the families of Amalia Stoltz and Matthias Meier, showing their hopes and disappointments and pioneer ideals.

A part of the history of the state of Nebraska is woven into the stories of the three books just mentioned. Nebraskans have a right to be proud of this author who did much of her writing at her stately home "The Elms" at Elmwood, Nebraska.

A Bess Streeter Aldrich Treasury (Appleton-Century, \$4.95) was published in 1959 and contains two novels and five stories by this beloved chronicler of the Middle West.

A set of the books by Mrs. Aldrich was my graduation gift from high school from my family years ago. My favorite, *Song of Years* (Grosset and Dunlap, \$1.95) is the love story of a girl named Suzanne and also the story of Iowa. Centered around Cedar Falls, it is rich with practical philosophy and the independence of the pioneers. A pilgrimage to Hillside Cemetery north of Cedar Falls, Iowa, is my dream. There we'll bow our heads in prayer before the tombstones of Zimri Streeter and his family, and say a special thanks to the pioneers who helped settle the state of Iowa.

Recently while reading of the hardships endured by Linnie Stafford in *The Lieutenant's Lady*, I suddenly heard Jon and Ann whispering. "Mom's crying," said Ann.

"I know," replied her brother. "She's reading those books by Bess Streeter again."

It is my fervent hope that their generation will experience the same emotions of which Mrs. Aldrich so ably wrote in *The Cutters*, the appealing story of Nancy Moore in *Rim of the Prairie*, the undying courage and spirit of Miss Bishop, and the good nature of Mother Mason.

(Note: *A Lantern in Her Hand*, *A White Bird Flying*, *Spring Came On Forever*, *Journey into Christmas*, and *A Bess Streeter Aldrich Treasury*, published by Appleton-Century, an affiliate of Meredith Press, can be obtained directly from Meredith Press, 1716 Locust Street, Des Moines, Iowa, 50303, for the prices listed in the article. These books may also be purchased in most bookstores, or can be ordered through them. *Song of Years* can be ordered through your favorite bookstore. My special thanks to Mrs. Aldrich's daughter for the use of the photograph.)

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A TRIP TO THE HOSPITAL

by
Evelyn Birkby

One recent activity which was unexpected, uninvited and undesirable, was a trip to the hospital for surgery.

Frankly, it had been coming on for some fourteen years, for it had been that length of time since I first noticed the development of varicose veins. This condition, I learned, is an inherited characteristic which develops with weight, pregnancy, or extra stress, such as standing for hours at a time, etc.

Finally, I admitted something needed to be done. The doctor recommended wearing elastic stockings, which I did. Eventually, he suggested the offending veins be removed. After consulting with two other doctors who gave exactly the same diagnosis, I was referred to a surgeon in Omaha who has done a great deal of vein work.

When consulted, the surgeon said, yes indeed, the sooner surgery was performed the better. He gave me about three years to have the complications which can come as this condition progresses.

The conversation frightened me enough that I would have gone into the hospital immediately if I had only had my toothbrush along! As it was, I had to go home and get everything organized to leave the family for a week. This delay tried my patience no end, for it gave people a chance to get to me with stories of *their* friends and relatives who had gone through this same type of operation.

Well, the day finally arrived and Robert drove me up to the huge hospital in Omaha. It appeared large and forbidding from the outside, but a friendly welcome awaited me from the moment we stepped into the office. A fine orderly took me to my room where lovely nurses were kind, encouraging and helpful.

My roommate was adorable. She was about seventy-five years old and recovering from serious surgery. Her cheerful attitude helped me tremendously. She had been a worker in an orphanage in the city for over twenty-five years. If the hours dragged she would tell experiences of children brought to the home and the work of rehabilitation and placing them in adoptive or foster homes. She brought great courage and faith to our hospital room.

The first evening found me getting acquainted with a variety of hospital personnel. First, an intern took my life



Evelyn was just leaving the hospital when this picture was snapped. We think she looks real perky for having had surgery just a few days before.

history, wrote down notes, peered into my throat and listened to my heart. Next, a laboratory technician claimed some of the drops of blood from my finger for various tests. A doctor from the anesthesiology department came in to discuss allergies and explain procedure. Nurses with trays, nurses with thermometers, and nurses with pills, drifted in and out at intervals. Lastly, the Chaplain of the hospital came with a strengthening and encouraging visit. With all these "visitors" the evening went very rapidly.

The night went rapidly, also — almost too fast! Morning arrived quickly and the surgeon arrived with a marking pen to draw lines on the offending veins. I wondered if *all* of them were to be removed by the time he finished drawing lines, and remarked loudly that I had changed my mind about the entire affair. Somehow, no one paid the slightest attention and the nurse gave me a hypo and the room became light and airy and I drifted onto a hard, uncomfortable cart. (Why doesn't someone put inner-spring mattresses on those things?)

Down the hall we went — and down the hall — and down the hall, past patients' rooms, past swinging doors which said "SURGERY — NO ADMITTANCE" (obviously the sign did not refer to me), past cubicles with brilliant arc lights and green-robed nurses and doctors. Finally, the cart was turned into a room all ready for me. Five efficient nurses were bustling around counting things and preparing goodness knows what.

By the time my anesthetist arrived, my throat had begun to tighten up. When I mentioned this state of affairs, thinking it might alter all the plans, he simply said that he would soon take

care of it, gently put a needle into my arm and all conversation ceased.

My next conscious moment came in the recovery room where a sweet nurse gave me her undivided attention and answered my thick-tongued questions, primarily: "Is it all over?" and "What time is it?" This last question was a stupid one, for a huge clock hung on the wall nearby. When I began to see that it was a clock and tell the hour for myself, the lovely nurse decided I was ready to return to my own room. Obviously, I had *recovered* sufficiently.

It took another two hours to begin feeling like *me*. Surprisingly, by supertime I was ready to eat. A telephone call to my mother in Des Moines, then a chat with my husband and I felt a great sense of satisfaction that the worst was over.

Nurses kept bustling in all night long to take my blood pressure. "This is just routine," they would murmur as they wound the pad on my arm. It is my unprofessional opinion that this check tied in with surgery on the circulatory system. Perhaps it is routine in any kind of surgery. At any rate, it was certainly nice to know they *cared!*

The next morning the elastic bandages were removed and, to my surprise, no wrapping was used from then on. While my legs still had a heavy, unreal sensation, each time I stood up and took a few steps they became more like my own. Surprisingly, none of the incisions were painful, a fact which I place directly on the excellent surgeon and the fine nursing care received.

As I went up and down the hall I discovered the world of the hospital — a fascinating place. In my case it was peopled with a tiny woman with a broken jaw, a young mother of six who was recovering from serious surgery, a delicate elderly lady cheerful that her broken hip was mending, a young boy putting together model cars as he battled rheumatic fever, and several car accident victims.

Now I am back home, trotting around in good style. My boys still remark about the *railroad* tracks formed by the incisions and stitches, but the marks are fading rapidly. A periodic checkup will give me confidence that all is well. I trust these old legs will be better able, now, to do all the tasks I will be demanding of them in the care of my family for years, and years, and years!





STOP!

Pour yourself a cup of coffee, and catch up on the news, recipes and household helps from the KITCHEN-KLATTER FAMILY.

You can hear us each week-day morning over one of the following stations.

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

All times listed are
Central Standard Time.

LOVE

"Love is a tender thing, treat it with gentle hands;
Love is a holy thing, never violate its sanctity;
Love is a growing thing, feed its roots with kindness and respect."

Heirlooms

by
Edith Harwood

"Too much freeder breeds despise," my father said, as he put the square pharmacist's bottle back on the shelf. The white powder it contained looked like cornstarch but was a deadly poison, and he was telling me, a novice drug clerk, not to allow too much familiarity to cause me to lose respect for the fact.

The words he used were those of my grandfather, long since dead, who had picked them up from the deep South as a soldier in the Civil War, and had brought them home to his family, to be used over and over again in certain situations. The family saying, esoteric if you like, understood only by us, has been kept in use from generation to generation. As a child I had had it explained to me, and I in turn have made its meaning known to the next tier of branches on the family tree.

Thinking of this, I began consciously to recall other small "quotes" attributed to one or another of the family circle, that, when used by one of us is immediately understood by another.

My father's "Can't never did anything"! That's one I didn't like much when I was young. It meant that I should change my attitude about something I didn't want to do from negative to positive!

"If a whirlwind travels either toward or away from the sun, it's a sign of either wet or dry weather — I forget which." We are laughing at ourselves when we say this. It is an admission that we are lost in a maze of uncertainty — that we really don't know the slightest thing about the subject under discussion. Using Great-grandfather McGaughey's words precludes need for further explanation; everybody in the family knows exactly what our condition is.

This great-grandfather was a traveler all over the United States back in the eighteen hundreds, when traveling was not so common as now, and had been a Mississippi River steamboat trader before buying an Iowa farm, marrying, and settling down.

Did I say settling down? Farm work always irked him, so when his boys were old enough to plow the corn and mow the oats, his procedure, I am told, was to get them well started, and then say, "Well, boys, I have a little banking business to attend to", and was off on his horse for the remainder of

the day. So we, when we know that we are about to shirk an obvious duty or leave a task undone, repeat his valediction, "Well, boys, I have a little banking business to attend to", and away we go. We don't have to tell a soul that we know our guilt is showing.

When troubles and perplexities mount up, or mountainous responsibilities loom, an expression credited to a neighbor who lived across the field from my grandfather's farm can ease the tension, and bring a smile. "We'll live till we die — kill us who dare", we say, and somehow, for a moment at least, feel fit to go back into the battle.

On a blistering hot day with work to do, "I'se a shrettin' an' a-tiguin", said the beloved old colored nurse who lived in the home of my great-great-Auntie Beamer, and so say we.

When a child in our family willfully misbehaves at the table, he automatically becomes a "Fink", and must eat the remainder of the meal in absolute silence before the opprobrious title can be removed. That goes back only as far as my own childhood days, when younger brother, having been reproved by older brother one evening at dinner, our parents being away, announced, in a face-saving effort, "This is the way the Finks eat". He was promptly penalized by his elder. To this day there is at times a "Fink" in the family who must remain wordless through some part of a meal.

Though possibly not original with him, we give that same grandfather credit for the saying, "If you hear a man bragging of his honesty — watch him". At least it is a phrase we think of as "his".

And Grandmother! Never in all her life, I think, did she voice a plan or project without the additional provision, "God-willing". So now, sometimes, when I catch myself getting enthusiastic about something I think is coming up in the future, I hear in retrospect her gentle "God-willing".

Every family must have them — these little cherished bits of sayings that help to bind them into an entity of shared bequests. Nothings really, just wisps of words remembered and repeated, remembered and repeated over and over again, nearly always with indulgence or tenderness or love. But for each moment of remembrance some little essence of personality lives again, or comes close from far away.

Speak well of your enemies! You made them.

The darkest hour is still only sixty minutes.

Hurry Is A State of Mind

by
Lynnie Mix

Hurrying is a state of mind quite undisciplined. The feverish inner drive that impels the mind is like a sickness. This mad impetuous malady that has invaded the twentieth century over-shadows our once sane way of life. It causes hundreds of accidents every day in the home, on the street and in travel. In fact, some motorists are in such a hurry to get to their next destination they go right on into the next world.

We are always in a hurry. We hurry from the time we get up in the morning until we go to bed at night. The reason for this great frustrated haste in most instances is unfounded and usually ends up leaving the victim in a state of confusion and agitation. We hurry so to get things done, we do them without thinking. Forgetting what we have done, we wind up wondering what we were going to do. There is a saying "The hurrier I go the behinder I get".

If we take a trip, we hurry to get there breaking all speed limits only to turn around and hurry back home. Someone once said we hurry so much we meet ourselves coming back!

In the horse 'n' buggy days when travel was at a snail's pace, we had the time to visit all our relatives — and the neighbors. Today when we casually travel hundreds of miles per hour we hardly have the time to say good morning to our next-door neighbor. At this breakneck pace, some seek unbounded wealth or fame while others are merely pleasure bent.

In haste we speak an angry word which, had we stopped to think, we would never have spoken.

We are continually wishing for something. We wish our life away when we should be holding onto every precious moment. We hurry mentally as well as physically. Hurrying and cramming our thoughts can lead to irritability, tension and worry. Worry can drive us to desperation or ulcers.

And, have you ever thought of what you did with the time you saved after you hurried? Hurry is a state of mind or mood not designed for leisure moments. Moments of leisure are almost unheard-of today. So great does the hurry habit possess us, we are bored if we have a few quiet moments to ourselves.

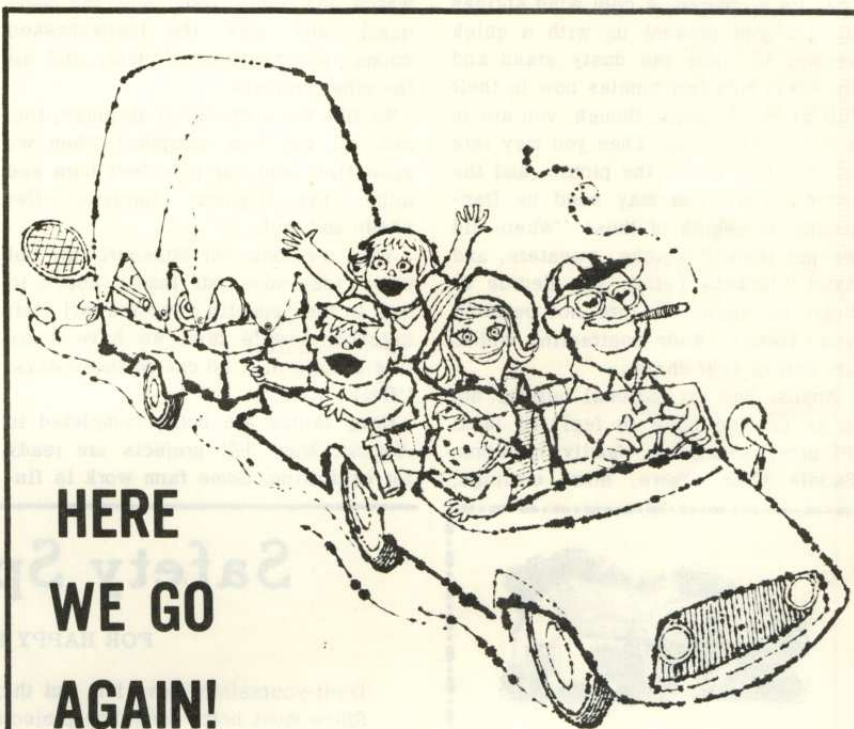
We never take the time to do the things we really want to do, such as read a book we have long since wanted

to read, watch a sunset, stop and listen to the sweet chiming of church bells at dawn or to the vibrant singing of the birds, or visit old Mrs. Brown who fractured her hip. Somehow we fail to see what a large amount of pleasure may be grasped within our little span of life if we will but take what Time and Chances are perpetually holding out to us as we journey on our way.

In our headlong pell-mell way of living, we no longer take the time for a life that has so much to give. "Let us take time for all things."



Margery Strom and nephew Paul, Don and Mary Beth Driftmier's son.



HERE
WE GO
AGAIN!

Too often, family vacations don't mean vacation for mother. Dishes still get dirty. Pans get black over campfires. And jeans and shirts and blouses and skirts get dirtier than at any other time (remember the grass stains?).

That's why so many wise homemakers make sure they pack **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** when the vacation starts. Whether it's used for rinsing out things in motel lavatories or scrubbing frying pans after a cookout, it's good to remember that

You go through the motions...

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

Does the work!

AUGUST

by Haverna Woodling



Here comes August
Hot and dry!
Wait! There's a raindrop
Falling from the sky.
Patter! Patter! Patter!
Drop after drop.
What is the matter?
Won't you ever stop?

Yes, dear August, you are very apt to be a month of extremes. The dust lies deep or floats hazily through the languid air. Suddenly you decide it is time for a change. A cool wind springs up and you present us with a quick shower to rinse the dusty grass and the vivid Mexican zinnias now in their full glory. Perhaps, though, you are in a very teary mood. Then you may rain out the ball game, the picnic, and the horse show. You may send us frantically in search of those "Where did we put them?" slacks, sweaters, and extra blankets before you decide to toast us again. We are not berating you, though. Your contrasting whims are part of your charm.

August has no national holiday but it is far too busy to feel the lack. Picnics, swimming, family reunions, Saddle Club shows, home comings,

fairs — all belong to August. When could August find time for a national holiday?

We love the Missouri State Fair at Sedalia, every inch of it. The sleek cattle and high-stepping horses are our choice of the livestock. The Conservation Building with its little stream splashing over the rocks, and King Catfish slipping arrogantly through the pool fills us with wild envy as we think how COOL that water looks. Then we must always watch the other fish, see the baby quail, and view the black-masked coons, the gentle-eyed deer, and all the other animals.

We like the commercial displays, too, and all the free samples! When we grow tired and our poor feet burn and ache, the Highway Gardens offer shade and rest.

Yes, we love our Missouri fair but some year soon our family hopes to trek in the opposite direction and visit neighbor Iowa's fair. We have heard fine reports of it so one of these days, "Hello, Iowa".

Many things are being completed in August. Most 4-H projects are ready for exhibition. Some farm work is fin-

ished but there is late hay to bale, weeds to mow, and plentiful other tasks. The garden baskets but a few more tomatoes will yet be made into juice. Some golden corn and luscious, juicy peaches will await freezing. No, the work is not quite done.

August signals both a beginning and an ending. We are sorry to admit that the finale of Summer is peeking around the corner but it is an undeniable albeit unwelcome fact. The sky is smokier, the roadside banks change tint. The drier rustle of the tall corn, the browner tinge of the grass, the occasional yellow leaf that drifts down, all remind us that golden summer is hastening. And all over the country playtime is ending. Soon the school doors will open wide and life will change for the younger generation, for Dad and Mom, and for the teachers!

MONEY CAN'T BUY

Friendship —

Friendship must be earned.

A clear conscience —

Square dealing is the price tag.

Glow of good health —

Right living is the secret.

Sunsets, singing birds, music of the wind —

They are as free as the air we breathe.

Inward peace —

Peace results from a constructive philosophy of life.

Character —

Character is what we are when we are alone in the dark.



Does *Kitchen-Klatter* come to your home, or are you reading someone else's copy?

Or perhaps it's a reverse situation! Maybe you are the one who is constantly being asked to loan your magazines!

Take action today. Send for a subscription, either for yourself, or for the friend who enjoys it so much.

\$1.50 per year, 12 issues,
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Address your letter to:

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Shenandoah, Iowa, 51601

Safety Spells Sense

FOR HAPPY HOBBY SAFETY

Do-it-yourselfers have fun, but they should beware!

Since most home workshop projects involve the use of flammable materials, extreme care should be taken when using and storing them. Gasoline for your power mower, saws, garden tools, outboard motors, and other devices should be kept in small quantities only and always stored in safety cans.

Paints, wax finishes, thinners, stains, glues, shellacs, varnishes, and plastic woods used by the furniture builder should be properly stored.

Store rags saturated with flammable materials in covered metal cans, and keep all flammables away from sources of heat, such as water heaters and furnaces. Dispose of wood shavings and sawdust promptly.

Home repairs and remodeling frequently involve the use of flammable glues and tile mastics. These should not be exposed to open flame or to sources of excessive heat. Also remember to provide for adequate ventilation.

Metalwork and jewelry-making are potentially hazardous, since they involve the use of open flames supplied by liquid petroleum gas or acetylene torch.

The open flame, the importance of correctly storing pressure tanks, and the danger of permitting uninformed persons and children to handle them are all factors to take into consideration.

Whatever your project, read the instructions on your materials thoroughly and do not proceed until all steps are clear to you.

Exercise extreme caution in the handling, use, and storage of flammables, and keep children away from your work area.

Do it yourself, but do it carefully!

LAUGHS - Concluded

SEE AMERICA FIRST: Song contest with blanks to be filled in with name of a state.

1. My Old _____ Home. Kentucky
2. On, _____ . Wisconsin
3. _____ My _____ . Maryland
4. Carry Me Back to Old _____ . Virginia
5. _____ Post March. Washington
6. _____ Here I Come. California
7. The _____ Bounce. Jersey
8. Beautiful _____ . Ohio
9. The _____ Traveler. Arkansas
10. Yellow Rose of _____ . Texas
11. _____ Polka. Pennsylvania
12. _____ Bound. Alabama
13. Blue _____ . Hawaii
14. Where the Silvery _____ Wends Its Way. Colorado
15. _____ Hayride. Louisiana

HANDFUL OF FUN: Give each guest in turn a whole sheet of a daily newspaper. The player must grab the paper by one corner with one hand (the other hand must be held behind her back) and must work to crumple the whole sheet into her fist. Let several play at once and give a prize to the one who finishes first.

HOW'S YOUR EYE: Provide paper and pencils and ask guests to draw the following things as read by a leader. Award a prize to the best illustrator.

1. Draw a straight line one inch long.
2. Draw circle the size of a penny.
3. Draw a line the length of a straight pin.
4. Draw a rectangle the size of an average playing card.
5. Draw a circle the size of the average electrical outlet.
6. Draw a line the length of your foot.
7. Draw a line the length of a new pencil.
8. Draw a circle the size of a 25¢ piece.
9. Draw a rectangle the size of a one dollar bill.
10. Draw a circle the size of a thumb-tack head.

GOING FISHING: Each player cuts out 10 paper fish. Place a large bowl in the center of a table. Each player is given a soda straw. Each player takes a turn sucking through her straw, trying to lift a fish to put it into the bowl. If the fish is dropped, she loses her turn. The first to get all ten fish in the bowl wins.

Some folks never say much . . . but you have to listen to them for a long time to find it out.



Lisa Nenneman gave Margery a sly look as she tossed the toys out of the tray of her jump chair!

I'M HAPPY WHEN

I'm happy when I'm walking in a warm and gentle rain; Or riding with my loved ones down winding country lane I'm happy when my children come running from afar; Chasing fireflies after dark, or wishing on first star

I'm happy when soft kittens are nestled in my lap; Puppies frisky at my feet, refreshed from their quick nap I'm happy in my garden when all about is still; And hear in distant timber, shrill call of whippwill

I'm happiest at end of day, when I lay my head to rest; I dream of another tomorrow, and know I'm richly blessed.

— Fay Blodgett Shores



FUN TIME IS BLEACH TIME

This time of year, shirts and blouses get changed oftener, get dirty quicker. That means they get bleached oftener . . . and can grow old faster.

Thank goodness for **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**! It's the handy powdered bleach that always gets whites whiter and colors brighter. Yet, because it contains no harsh chlorines, more-frequent bleaching with **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** doesn't shorten fabric life. Even the new synthetics stay new looking longer.

IF IT'S WASHABLE, IT'S BLEACHABLE IN

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

WE KNOW IT'S SAFE . . . WE MAKE IT!

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

Our trip home from England was a bit more interesting than most of my air trips across the Atlantic. The return trip was actually my seventh crossing of the Atlantic by air, but it was the first time I ever had flown that exact route. Just as we were taking off from the London airfield, the pilot came onto the public address system and said: "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. This is your Captain, Captain Lee speaking. Because of a severe storm over the central part of the ocean, we are going to give you a bit more of a ride than you bargained for! It will be necessary for us to fly over Iceland, Greenland, Labrador, and then turn south of the Hudson Bay and go directly south into New York. We shall show you many interesting sights along the way." It was a perfectly delightful trip. We saw many icebergs floating between Iceland and Greenland, and we were amazed at the large number of glaciers and ice fields we saw in Labrador and northeastern Canada. I couldn't believe that we could be having such warm weather in New England — it was eighty degrees that afternoon in Springfield — and that there still could

be so much snow and ice only a few hundred miles to the north of us.

I doubt if many of you know anything about the town of Millinocket, Maine. It is just a little town far up in the North of Maine. About its only claim to fame is a large paper mill located there. Therefore, you can imagine our surprise when the Captain of the plane announced: "We are now approaching the St. Lawrence River and the United States. We shall fly directly over the cities of Quebec, Millinocket, Boston, Providence, and into New York!" It so happened that we were about the only Americans on the plane, and we could just see the look of bewilderment on the faces of the Europeans as they asked each other: "Millinocket? What is that? We have heard of Quebec, of Boston, of Providence, but what about Millinocket?" I leaned over and whispered to Betty: "At last Millinocket has arrived! One is judged by the company he keeps!"

Only minutes later we arrived in New York, and just thirty minutes after that we were home in Springfield. What a wonderful trip it was, and how convinced I am all over again that we live in a marvelous world.

Sincerely,
Frederick

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

me if, out of the thousands and thousands of letters I'd read through the years, any of them particularly stuck in my mind. Without a second's hesitation I said yes, that there were some letters I'd never, never been able to forget, and that they rose up before me at the most unexpected times.

Like going into a grocery store, for instance; I've never gone into a grocery store without remembering the woman who said that the dream of her life was to be able to go and buy a few groceries — just a few. It seems that she'd lived with her husband's parents since she was married, and in the twelve years since she'd been under their roof she had never once, not once, bought one single thing at the grocery store. Her mother-in-law did all of the shopping and said flatly right at the outset that she expected to continue to do the shopping — and that was that. This letter has always haunted me.

Another letter I've never been able to forget always flashes across my mind whenever I open a can of peas, beans or corn, and I'll tell you why. The woman who wrote the letter said that when they were first married they lived with relatives and it was such a surprise to her when she found that they bought peas, beans and corn by the case and methodically worked their way through one case at a time before opening the next case. She never could figure out why they didn't have a little variety by opening peas one day, beans the next, etc., and I'll admit that I can't figure it out any better than she could. It *does* seem strange, doesn't it!

I just now heard the air-conditioning unit click on so I must get up and close the back door. It's been pleasant this morning — not too hot and not too humid — but now the July sun is getting into gear and it's time to shut up the house.

Faithfully always

Lucile

6 Dutch Iris 10¢

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Gorgeous blooms as stunning as orchids, only much hardier...last and last as cut flowers. In favorite assortment of blue, white and golden yellow. Six bulbs only 10¢, post-paid. Guaranteed to bloom or replaced free. Limit, one offer per customer. Order today!



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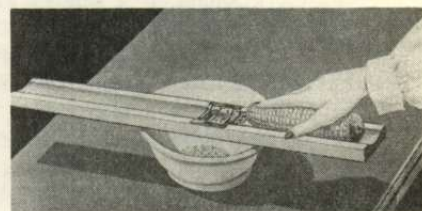
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RAINBOW COLLECTION of BETTER IRIS — Full color range. 10 varieties labeled or 12 unlabeled \$2.00. Postpaid. Free Catalog. **FREUDENBURG IRIS GARDEN**, Battle Creek, Nebraska.

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WANTED! Homeworkers, addressers, assemblers, representatives, collectors. **"AD SERVICES"** Box 1300 (K), Victoria (BC) Canada.

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Send your order to:

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Route 1,
Lucas, Iowa 50151

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

for a very good reason. Frank says that when I'm gone he can get rid of a lot more stuff because I'm not there to make him carry half of it back in! And the funny thing is, I never miss any of the things he tosses out! Like Father — like daughter. In our family it was Mother who believed in getting rid of things you hadn't used for years and probably never would, and it was Dad who carried them back in.

Martin and Frank have been trying to fix a crossing that washed out during the high water, and will soon be in for a midafternoon lunch, so I had better get my typewriter and papers off the table so they will have a place to eat.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

It costs you nothing to try

\$100.00 IS YOURS



FABULOUS FOILS SILVER CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
21 really deluxe cards
Excitingly different



RAINBOW LUXURY ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
21 distinctive cards
of rare beauty.
Tremendous appeal



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

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY

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



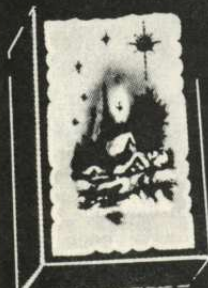
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21 exquisite cards with an original artistic use of color Stunning

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PERSONALIZED CHRISTMAS CARDS and STATIONERY

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YES, RUSH MY CHRISTMAS CARD SAMPLE KIT

I want to make extra money. Please rush me free samples of personalized Christmas cards and stationery. Also send leading boxes on approval for 30 day free trial, and everything I need to start making money the day my sales kit arrives.

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