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Magazine

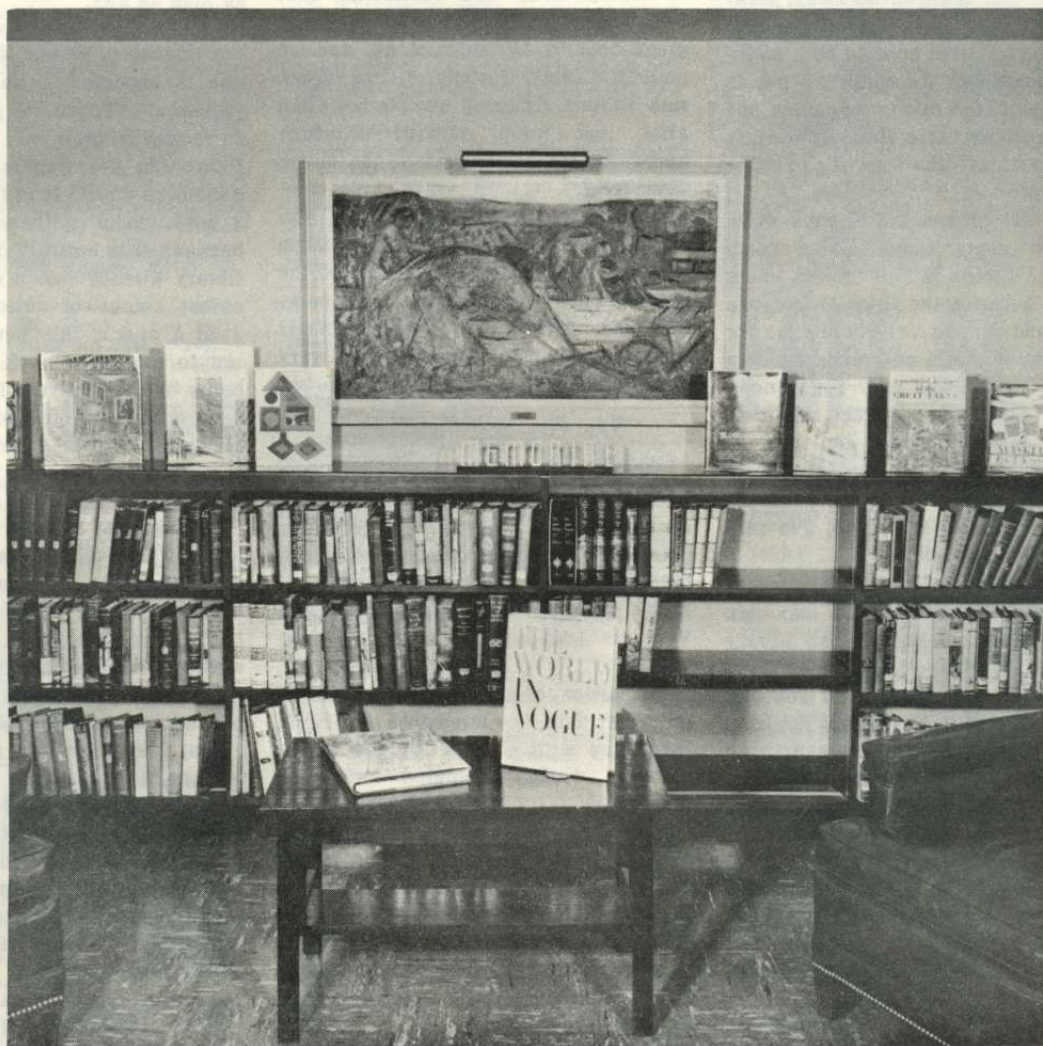
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—Photo by Blaine Barton

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

My very good friends:

Let me say here right at the outset how fully aware I am of the fact that my letter is in no way a substitution for Mother's letter that appeared on this particular page for so many, many years.

No one could ever hope to be a satisfactory substitute for Mother — not in the pages of this family magazine and not on our daily radio visits. Certainly I would not have the temerity to make the attempt!

But as all of you old friends know (and how many times we've come across the phrase in your letters about "reading between the lines") this has been — and is — a very hard time for our family. Mother's one prime concern is Dad's health, and only rarely does she leave his side. Letters are most difficult for her to write, and thus we have told her that she need not worry about "her page" — that we would do the best we could to fill in. I'm sure that all of you understand.

Several months ago I told you about the Verness Memorial Fund that was established at our Shenandoah library in memory of Russell, and I am glad that on the cover this month you can get a glimpse of it. I have not yet been able to get around well enough to go in and see it with my own eyes, but before I write again I expect to be able to do so.

After my report of this Memorial Fund I received a good many letters from people who were perplexed about the way such a project was handled, and this seems a good opportunity to tell you some of the basic facts.

To begin with, Russell and I always, in the twenty-seven years of our marriage, sent flowers to the living. If things didn't turn out as we had hoped and Death intervened, we sent a check to the library to be used for a book in memory of our friend. This was our

personal preference and conviction, and we acted upon it.

With this background you can see why Juliana and I reached a mutual decision to remember our Shenandoah library when Death struck in our home so unexpectedly and shockingly last December. Our library had meant a great deal to all three of us, and we could not think of a more fitting memorial to our husband and father than gifts that would provide beautiful books for the enrichment of the entire community.

Perhaps the best way to tell you about this is simply to reprint an item from our local paper that described the memorial books. It states so clearly how much difference such memorial funds can mean to a small town library that has constant financial problems.

The Verness Collection

A treasury of fine art books ranging a wide field of interests promises pure enchantment this summer for discerning patrons of the Shenandoah Public Library. They are being slowly and carefully collected through the Russell Verness Memorial, established last December.

Completion of the memorial waits at a distant date, for the books are being purchased with a selective eye and a view to works scheduled for future printing.

Beautiful and unusual in both content and visual appeal, each volume in the memorial reflects the unerring artistic taste of the late Mr. Verness.

"All are for general circulation to patrons who are interested and appreciative of fine books," explained Mrs. J. O. Weaver, head librarian.

Among the latest acquisitions are the magnificently illustrated books *Exotic Art*, *Porcelain*, *Art in Far Lands*, and *Treasury of Scandinavian Design*.

Others previously purchased include *Great Gardens of the Western World*,

Butterfly Book, *King Tut*, *Islands of the Caribbean*, *The White House and Its 33 Families*, *The New Nations of Africa*, *A Pictorial History of the Great Lakes*, *Creative America*, *Vision of Paris*, *Great Private Collections*, *Biography of Frank Lloyd Wright*, *The Great Pianists*, *Steichen Photography*, *Selected Correspondence of Chopin*, *Japanese Art*, *Chinese Art*, and *The Family Letters of Samuel Butler*.

"These luxurious volumes are far too expensive to be purchased from funds derived from taxes, and it is only through the memorials such as this that the Shenandoah Library is able to build such a collection of printed art," Mrs. Weaver explained. "All of the books in the Verness Memorial are in a high price category and certainly could not be purchased within the ordinary library budget."

It was noted that some of the volumes within the collection bore a price tag as high as \$25.

A number of people have asked me if one is expected to send a book — or just what? (These are people who wish to remember their own libraries in the future but are troubled as to how it should be done.) It is not wise to send a book, under ordinary circumstances, because it is entirely possible that the library already has a copy of it. The safest course of action is simply to send a check; this permits the librarian to choose a book that is not already on the shelves. It most certainly need not be a large check. Many of the expensive books in memory of Russell were made possible by combining many, many gifts of \$1.00 or less.

Juliana and I made only one stipulation when we designated our Shenandoah library as the memorial we wished established: we asked simply that all books circulate. I've heard of cases where memorial books were kept under lock and key, and this seems to me a poor way to handle books. They should go far and wide into as many homes as possible.

On the opposite page you will see a picture of the Fine Arts Room in our Shenandoah library. This is a beautiful room filled with beautiful books and was a memorial gift from the husband of a woman who served for many years on our library board. If any of you who come to Shenandoah can spare time to drop in at our library I'd love to have you stop in and see what an amazing room this is for a small-town Carnegie library. (Russell and I were always great ones for stopping in and looking over libraries when we traveled. You'd

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A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

While cleaning the upstairs this morning, I sorted through the closets to count clean shirts and slacks. It looks as if I'll have to do one more load of laundry before we leave on our vacation trip. This week we've been trying to wear only what we won't be taking with us, but that's almost impossible to do. Yes, one more load of clothes to wash and we can start packing our suitcases.

Since this is probably the last summer Martin will be free of work or school to accompany us on a lengthy vacation, we let him suggest where he would most like to go, and he chose the southwestern part of the United States, particularly the vicinity of the Grand Canyon. We've been studying maps for weeks, and think we have a good schedule worked out to see the most in the time we have. Martin calls this type vacation a "good old Strom trip"! Next month I'll tell you all about it.

Frederick surprised us a few weeks ago with a phone call that he was flying to Iowa for a few days' visit. Mother, Lucile and I met him at the Omaha airport. His flight was delayed about an hour, so we piled out of the car and had lunch in the coffee shop while waiting. This was the greatest distance Lucile had walked but she got along fine. We were sorry that Frederick's visit was cut short when he was called home for a funeral, but each of us had an opportunity to visit with him, and we were able to get together for a family dinner at Lucile's home.

After the broadcast this morning, I stopped to have a chat with our new neighbors across the street. Martin was sitting on their front porch, answering questions about the town and schools. He's enjoyed the company of the two children, a girl, 15, and a boy, 11. There aren't many young people in our neighborhood, and Martin is particularly happy that they have a number of interests in common — tennis, swimming, records and books. They were having such a good chat that I hated to ask Martin to come home and start mowing the yard, but the grass needs to be cut once more before we leave on our trip.

School will be commencing soon after our return. It just doesn't seem possible that Martin will be starting his final year of high school. My! how these years have flown by! He planned his course of study last spring and signed up for English IV, Chemistry, Government and Mechanical Drawing. He hopes to be able to work in a course in Personal Typing the second semes-



—Photo by Blaine Barton

Mrs. J. O. Weaver (right), head librarian, and Mrs. Harold Watkins, her capable assistant, are pictured in the Fine Arts Room of our Shenandoah Public Library. Lucile refers to this room in her letter on page 2.

ter. Besides continuing with Music and Hi-Y, he hopes to have time for an additional extra-curricular activity, but will have to wait and see how his schedule works out.

With the beginning of school, clubs will resume meeting. Perhaps you will be holding an office for the first time. Or maybe, when the yearbooks are delivered, you'll find yourself down for a club program. Some people are absolutely terrified of standing before an audience, even if it is just reading the minutes of the last meeting or giving a treasurer's report. There is no need for such anxiety. I always try to remember that people are interested in the message, not me! And once you focus attention on what you have to say, you automatically forget yourself.

Most people are a bit frightened when speaking before a group. I think it is a comfort just to know that — that this nervousness isn't peculiar *only to you*. It helps, before you begin, to take a good deep breath, and quietly look around at your audience for a few seconds. And smile! Give your audience a warm, friendly look, and remember, too, that it's far easier to know whether you're making your point if you look at your listeners, *not* at the floor or ceiling.

Material things used as illustrations help the speaker, too. When I'm giving a talk that necessarily has statistics and lists of names and places (such as a report I gave to our church women last year on our foreign missions), I

like to use charts. If the group is small, you could pass pictures around the room. Things of this type liven up a talk and relieve it of monotony.

As soon as you have been assigned your topic for a program, start accumulating materials and preparing yourself. Look in newspapers and magazines for information that might be useful, as well as at the public library. When the time arrives, it won't take long to organize the materials you have accumulated into an informative talk. Perhaps these little tips will be helpful to those of you who are uneasy about speaking before a group.

I'm a little late getting to the office to pick up the folks' mail, and since this is the high spot of the day for them, I must do that first thing before I run that load of shirts through the washer.

Sincerely,
Margery

P.S. We've changed the time of our broadcasts on a couple of the stations. Please check the radio listings in this issue.

COVER STORY

The south end of our Shenandoah Public Library contains the special shelves for memorial books. Through memorial gifts many beautiful, expensive books have been purchased for the community's enjoyment which could not have been bought on the library's limited budget. Lucile tells more about this in her letter to you.



Four-Part Harmony

A Service to Open a New Club or Church Year

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Cut large musical notes from heavy poster paper. Fasten each note securely to a needle-point holder, or a block of styrafoam, so that it stands upright. Place the notes in a semi-circle upon a small table, with some colorful fall leaves arranged to hide the holders.

The words PURPOSE, PLANNING, PUSHING, and PULLING, printed on strips of paper, are fastened to the proper notes by the speakers as indicated in the service.

Leader:

"Open your soul to music,
The sunshine and the cloud,
The twinkling stars of evening,
The grain field newly plowed.

Open your heart to laughter
Where gay mirth wends its way,
And sleeps in joyful wonder
To greet a new-born day.

Open your life to others;
Let them enjoy your song,
And know that in the singing
Life IS and you belong!"

—Sunshine

Scripture: Psalms 92: 1-4 or Psalms 98.

Prayer: Our Father, grant that our hearts be attuned to the true purposes and goals of life in this new year before us. Teach us, too, to carry a song in our hearts and to be constantly striving for harmony with one another. May we look to Thee for guidance and strength in all that we do. In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

Leader: Life gives to every man a scale of notes. The song he sings is of his own fashioning. The world will stop to hear it if it be sweet. If it be brave, they will follow him; if it be a mournful dirge, they will run away. Thus spoke one wise man.

How pleasant to our ear when we hear those old barbershop quartets sing "Dear Old Girl" or "Down by the Old Millstream"! Harmony, good old four-part harmony, makes one feel mellow down inside, doesn't it?

How about working out a special sort of harmony for our society in this new year that lies ahead? Oh, yes, it takes work and practice, but think of the

satisfying glow when all blend in splendid harmony!

I wonder if there are those who have some special ideas about our club harmony for this year?

First Speaker: (Purpose) Let us start with the melody — our purpose for being, our goals, and our aspirations. Are these goals for the good of all, not just for personal glory and gain? Are they goals that broaden our horizons, strengthen our faith, and bind us in closer fellowship with each other and with God?

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the new year, "Give me light that I may tread safely into the unknown." He replied, "Go out into the darkness, and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light, and safer than a known way."

An important part of our four-part harmony must surely be carried by our PURPOSE to set worthwhile goals that we, with God's help, may go forth with determination to achieve that purpose. (Fastens the word "Purpose" to the second note from the left).

Second Speaker: Next I think we'll add the bass part — the PLANNING which is so essential for our club harmony. How big are our plans? Daniel Burnham once said, "Make no little plans. There is nothing in little plans to stir men's blood. Make big plans. Once a big idea is recorded, it can never die."

Let us evaluate our plans. What are we striving toward? Do we fill us with excitement, make us want to get busy, and bend our energy toward accomplishment? Does our planning have vision — to broaden, to strengthen, and to enlighten — to lead us to higher things and to greater accomplishments? If not, then we have planned too small! Let ours be planning that challenges! (Places the word "Planning" on first note to left.)

Third Speaker: Now the first tenor comes in, and for that part of the harmony we add PUSHING — yes, pushing with enthusiasm on the part of every

member that those things we plan may be accomplished. Are you inclined to think that enthusiasm belongs only to youth? Nonsense! It is a state of mind, not of age. It is having plenty of imagination, a vigor of emotion, an appetite for the new and the different, and an eagerness to attempt the impossible. Someone has said, "Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul."

Let us ever be pushing, then, to greater achievements and to higher ideals, and doing it with vigor, with enthusiasm, and with joy that we are working together. (Places the word "Pushing" on note at far right.)

Fourth Speaker: The harmony of the quartet is complete when the second tenor is added. Our harmony will be complete when we add the word PULLING — pulling together to reach whatever we set out to achieve. It is all of us sharing the load together. Success for the whole means everybody's digging, and everybody's pulling in one direction. Are you?

Let's consider some statistics on the hen. "Hard work means nothing to the hen. If the ground is hard, she scratches harder. If it's dry, she digs deeper. If it's wet, she digs where it's dry. If she strikes a rock, she digs around it. If she gets a few more hours of daylight, she gives a few more eggs. Did you ever see a pessimistic hen? Did you ever hear of one's starving to death, waiting for worms to dig themselves to the surface? Did you ever hear a hen cackle because work was too hard? Not on your life! The hen saves her breath for digging, and her cackles for eggs."

Success means pulling together. Will we? (Places word "Pulling" on note second from the right.)

Leader: Thus we see that for good four-part harmony this year we need PURPOSE, PLANNING, PUSHING, and PULLING. Put them all together and we can truly "make such beautiful music together"! Only in this way can we achieve real old-fashioned four-part harmony.

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Dear Friends:

All of the long-range weather predictions this year said that the months of July and August would be hotter and drier than normal. Until the middle of July we thought they had missed their predictions entirely, for we had rain and more rain. Farmers in our area who were able to cultivate their corn twice before it was laid by were lucky. It was hard to find three or four rainless days in a row for putting up the second cutting of hay. But the hot dry weather is with us now.

Anyone driving through the country in southern Iowa between Lucas and Shenandoah can tell at a glance the areas where they have had too much moisture. For several miles the corn will be tall and uniform in height and color; then there will be areas where the corn has been stunted in patches. Several different shades of green color can be seen in the same field. In some places corn and beans have been replanted. These heavy rains seem to have been spotty rather than general. One evening not too long ago we had a brief rain that dropped about an inch and a half at our house, while three miles away it didn't even sprinkle.

When I wrote to you last month Martin was visiting us and helping Frank. He went home for a few days to celebrate his birthday, and returned for a short time. While he was here he and Frank built a wonderful new fence between our back yard and the barn lot. Built of treated posts and one- by six-inch boards, it is sturdy enough to last for years, we hope. The fence is five boards high, and when friends ask Frank why he made it so high, he explains that it had to be high enough so that our horse Bonnie won't be trying to get her head over it to get at the "greener" grass on the other side. She could have the top board broken in no time at all. The entire fence has had it's first coat of aluminum paint; the second coat will be white. This winter Frank will take out some old cedar trees in the yard which have needed removing for a long time, and next spring we are going to plant red roses in front of the fence. It should be most attractive.



Our latest picture of the Johnson's little grandson, Andrew.

Another project Martin worked on while he was here was the removal of a large old tree stump in the yard. When Frank had to cut down this tree a few years ago, it was a sad day at our house. It was a huge elm that shaded the entire back yard, but after a severe wind storm in 1960 Frank discovered that it had been split, and since a large portion of the tree was right over the house, it was too dangerous to leave standing. This tree had so many memories for Kristin and Juliana that to them it was like losing an old friend. How many happy hours they spent in the swing that hung from one of the taller branches! Tree houses were built and torn down so many times that Frank was afraid that the many nails in the tree would ruin his chain saw when he started to work on it.

Kristin says that one of her most vivid memories of her Grandmother Johnson, who died when Kristin was six, is the many tea parties they had out under that old tree. Kristin always wanted someone to swing her when she was too little to "pump up" by herself, and when everyone else was too busy she could count on Grandma to sit in her wheelchair and, with a rope tied to the swing, swing her to her heart's content.

Getting this tree down without any part of its falling on the house was a real job. The trunk was over three feet in diameter, so you can imagine how tall it was and how far the branches reached. One day when Edna and Raymond, Frank's sister and her husband from Allerton, had come for dinner, we started talking about the tree and the best method of handling the job, and before dark the tree was down. For months the yard looked so bare that it didn't seem like home.

While Frank and Martin were busy painting the fence I got the urge to do a little painting myself, so I tackled the kitchen and pantry. I could have just washed the walls again with *Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner*, but we were getting a little tired of the color and thought a change would be nice. Our ceilings are so high that I would probably never have undertaken this job if it hadn't been for my beautiful new stepladder. I want to stop right here and tell you about it.

For Christmas last year we gave Frank's sister and her husband an aluminum stepladder like none I had ever seen before, and I was so crazy about it that I told Frank that I wanted one just like it for my birthday. He remembered! It is six feet tall with a square top step large enough that when I stand on it I don't feel about to fall at any minute. There is a round aluminum tube that comes up over from one side to the other, just the right height to hang on to. For the first time in my life I have been able to paint and clean high places with ease.

Since blue is my favorite color, I painted the walls in "summer blue", which is a light blue that looks as if it had a few drops of grey mixed in. It is attractive with the grey tile around the stove and sink, and the grey, black, and white floor tiles. The woodwork is white. My kitchen curtains still go nicely with the new paint, but I would like a change, so am keeping my eyes open for something different.

Now for some baby talk. Kristin writes that little Andrew is growing like a weed, and when he isn't sleeping he's laughing and "talking" all the time. He is very active — can roll over from front to back and back to front — and tries his best to pull himself across the bed or floor. We thought Kristin was unusual when she cut her first tooth at three months, but Andrew has gone her one better — two teeth at two and a half months. Kristin and Art think he really is quite a remarkable child, and so do we.

We are still hoping the three of them will be able to visit us some time soon, but if they come at all it will be a rush trip — short but sweet. Kristin now has a job working a few hours a day in the college library. Art's hours are such that he is home to care for Andrew when she is gone. If their hours overlap, Art's mother is happy to take care of him until Kristin is free. Kristin says they are also each getting in a few credit hours, I haven't yet figured out how they are getting all of this done — it makes me tired just

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Think BIG and Save

by
Claire Rudin

Mama's happiest smile always appeared when her guests sat back, contented, stuffed, unable to move from the dinner table from sheer brimming fullness. How she managed to feed not only her family but also the constant stream of unexpected guests that flowed in and out of the house might have perplexed the casual observer, especially since Mama also had to help support the family by working several hours a day.

Mama's method was to think big and cook huge — once or twice a week; leftovers were always a challenge to be overcome with her own ingenuity. With modern refrigeration and cooking appliances at her disposal Mama could have fed an army!

Housewives today may not want to feed an army, nor even have to feed the 10 or 12 hungry mouths that always clustered around our dinner table, thanks to Mama's insatiable hospitality. But they can certainly put to good use the time and money to be saved by adopting Mama's formula.

Time was precious, because so much of it was occupied by her job that little was left over for shopping and cooking. Money had to be stretched so that relatives and friends who dropped in could be fed. So Mama had to plan carefully.

Cooking several meals at once was part of the plan. Today's housewife with a modern range and plenty of freezer space can easily do the same — and save.

The simplest approach to food preparation is often the best. Some of the most delicious dishes are the easiest ones, and the directions don't overwhelm new cooks and busy homemakers.

Turkey, for instance, is just as delicious roasted unstuffed, with the stuffing baked separately. The cooking time is shorter, too. When it does come to cooking a turkey, be sure to take the bird out of the freezer in advance. Two or three days should be allowed for thawing a large turkey in the refrigerator section.

For a gourmet touch, add a cup of chopped green or ripe olives to the following basic savory stuffing:

- 1 loaf day-old bread, or
12 to 14 cups crumbs
- 2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/4 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1 cup finely chopped celery
- 1 slightly-beaten egg
- 1/2 lb. melted butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup finely minced onion

Break dry bread into pieces, add seasonings and celery and the slightly-beaten egg. Melt butter or margarine in skillet, add onion and cook until tender. Stir into crumb mixture and blend thoroughly. Bake in greased casserole till a brown crust forms on top, about 1 hour.

It is good food-saving practice to strip the meat off the turkey after the first dinner and freezer-wrap meal-size portions of both dark and light meat, preferably in gravy. This can be stored in a zero-zone freezer for a month or more. The carcass can be broken up to make broth, which should be chilled quickly and refrigerated or frozen for later use.

While the turkey is roasting, if you were Mama, you'd be baking a potato pudding and braising a good-sized cut of beef, on top of the stove. Or better, even, than mere braising is to prepare a pot roast with its own fruit garnish. The cooked dried fruit is a luscious and different accompaniment to the turkey as well as the meat.

- 5 lbs. brisket (or any cut of beef
suitable for braising)
- 2 lbs. dried mixed fruit
- 1/2 cup honey
- 3 cups orange juice
- 2 lemons
- 4 or 5 carrots
- 6 cups water
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper

Wash the dried fruits and soak for about an hour. Sear the meat in a Dutch oven until it is nicely browned all over. Sprinkle the salt and pepper over the meat. Mix orange juice, honey and water and pour over the meat, then add the drained fruit and lemons thinly sliced. Add the carrots, quartered. Cover and simmer for about 3 hours,

then bake in oven for another hour. If there's not enough room in the oven for this dish you can continue to simmer it on the range, but remove the cover.

Now there's still some time and range space left for poached fish which will supply one full meal and the appetizer for another. You'll need about a three-pound whitefish, sliced. To 2 cups boiling water add an onion stuck with 4 cloves. Add 3 sliced potatoes and 3 sliced carrots. When the water boils again add the fish, bring just to a boil and simmer for about a half hour, or until the fish flakes and the vegetables are tender. During the cooking add salt to taste and about 1/4 tsp. of sugar. You may also add 1/4 tsp. pepper and a sprig or two of fresh dill. Correct seasoning to your taste when cooking is finished.

Now how does this mass cooking break down into meals? Much, of course, depends on the size of your family, and the strength of your desire to feed anyone who happens to drop in. But at the very least, you have the main dish for the following meals:

First Day: Roast turkey, stuffing, potato pudding, salad, or green vegetable. Some of the cooked dried fruit that braised delectably with the potted meat can be served today. For dessert you're on your own.

Second Day: Cold poached fish, garnished with the carrots and potatoes, excellent with horse-radish. Add a side dish of coleslaw, and again choose your own dessert. If any potato pudding was left over you can serve it today.

Third Day: Cold poached fish, as appetizer, reheated stuffing with the pot roast, and your own choice for the rest of the meal.

Fourth Day: Turkey soup (remember, you used the carcass for the broth), sliced cold turkey, lettuce and tomatoes with Russian dressing, potato salad.

Fifth Day: Pot roast again, with parsley potatoes and salad.

Sixth Day: Turkey again today, this time creamed, and served over rice. Use the turkey broth in the cream sauce, add some mushrooms for a change of pace, and diced carrots and peas.

The rest of the turkey has already gone into the freezer to be used when you will; what's left of the braised meat can also be frozen or sliced and used cold in sandwiches for lunch. Now you're ready to start a new round.

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FREDERICK HAS HAD AN EVENTFUL SUMMER

Dear Friends:

What an eventful summer this has been! When the summer began I had a feeling it would be something a bit more than ordinary, and that is exactly what it has been.

One Sunday evening I was sitting with Betty and the children in front of a bright fireplace fire in our cottage in the Rhode Island woods, when Betty suggested I make a trip to Shenandoah, Iowa, to see my mother and father. She said: "You know you will not be free to make the trip after we return from Nova Scotia, and while it is so wet and damp here in the woods, you might just as well be out in Iowa." One hour later I had made my plane reservations, and one day later I was in Shenandoah.

I left Springfield in a driving rain — the kind of rain we had been having for nearly a week — and in a few minutes was high above the storm clouds in the bright sunshine. It was the usual smooth flight I always have had on my trips to the West, and Margery, Lucile, and Mother were at the Omaha airport to greet me. I had planned to stay for three days before flying back to Springfield in time to entertain a big church party at our cottage in Rhode Island, but the sudden death of Dr. James Gordon Gilkey, the Minister Emeritus of my church, took me back one day earlier.

We were off to Nova Scotia on schedule with a party of eleven guests. After a one-day drive to Bar Harbor, Maine, we went to the top of famous Mt. Cadillac to watch the sunset, had supper at a seafood restaurant, and then turned in for the night at the same motel where we and our guests stop each summer. The next morning we were all aboard the ocean-going ferry Bluenose, owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and by the middle of the afternoon were driving along the magnificently scenic Nova Scotia south shore highway.

For one whole week we and our guests had a delightful time doing everything that people do in the great north woods. There were hikes along pine-scented trails, boat rides out among the off-shore islands, and canoeing on our own lakes. In the evening we sat around the fireplace and had worship together. On cloudy days, we took long drives to some of the interesting villages that dot the shores of Nova Scotia.

Our first party of guests was a group of ladies who each Thursday morning come to our church to sew for mission-



Canoeing, as Frederick mentions in his letter, is a favorite sport in the Nova Scotia area. His daughter Mary Leanna, pictured here, takes her turn with the paddle.

ary causes. One day when they were busily sewing away, I dropped in to chat with them, and while chatting I said: "If I were to ask you ladies to all come to Nova Scotia to visit us this summer, would you come?" That was all it took! And what a good time we did have together!

Our second week in Nova Scotia was a much more quiet one for us, for we only had three guests — two ladies from the church, and a school chum of our Mary Leanna. Then our third week brought ten more guests, five couples active in the leadership of our church. All in all, our Nova Scotia holiday was as fine as any we ever have had there. Just the other day I noted the fact that 100 members of our church have spent at least one week with us in Nova Scotia. If we were to count the number of church people who have visited us at the cottage in Rhode Island, it would be an almost incredible statistic.

Some of you heard me on the radio when I visited Iowa last July, and you will recall that I spoke about the fears many people have of visiting New York City. They are afraid of being attacked as they walk down the streets or ride on the subways. Actually, there is nothing to fear as long as one stays in the heart of the city and makes it a point never to ride the subways very late at night or to walk in the parks or on lonely streets after dark. When I make business trips to the city, I usually take a taxi rather than to risk trouble on the subways.

Isn't it an amazing thing to realize that our children are far safer walking the streets of cities in Europe than they are right here in our own United States? It is a fact. The cities of

Europe do not begin to have the rowdyism and delinquency that our American cities have. There is a reason for it, and that reason has to do with the enforcement of the laws. I am terribly distressed about the leniency of our courts. In America a young man may steal an automobile at least three times before he actually is punished for doing so. At first he is reprimanded, and then he is put on probation, and finally he is sentenced to the reformatory. It is not that way in Europe. Over there a young man knows he will be sentenced on his first offense. The laws are severe, the enforcement of the laws is strict, and, as a result, there is less crime.

Here in New England we are looking forward to the opening of our schools with a certain amount of trepidation. There is talk of racial unrest in the cities, and, of course, that upsets the morale of the student body. In our city of Springfield, Massachusetts, we have had very fine race relations up until now, but we have some fears about the coming months. Of one thing we can be absolutely certain, and that is the determination of all our school officials to be as understanding and fair as possible. For many years our city has been noted for its excellently integrated schools with some of the predominately white schools having Negro teachers and principals, but this does not seem sufficient to satisfy the more radical elements in the community.

As I watch the new school buildings going up all over New England, I simply marvel! How different they are from the school buildings you and I knew in our youth! And the honest truth is that these fabulous new school buildings are not turning out any better students. Where did we get the idea that a good school has to cost a fantastic sum of money? A good school means good teachers! No amount of money spent on athletic facilities, or fancy auditoriums, or swimming pools, can produce better Americans than were produced by the one-room schoolhouses of the Midwestern prairies. Of course, we like nice things, and there is an advantage in having a fine auditorium for community affairs, but these things are not essentials. There are just two essentials for a good education — a good teacher, and a sincere and willing student.

Now that school is about to begin again, I shall be returning to my classrooms at American International College where I teach six hours a week. My teaching is my recreation, and I

(Continued on page 19)

THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO ANOTHER SCHOOL YEAR

Dear Friends:

Just about the time you receive this letter school will be in full swing — at least for us. August 31st will find Emily returning to Jefferson High as a junior, Alison returning to Wheat Ridge Junior High for eighth grade and Clark returning to Reed Street Elementary as a fifth-grader. I'll be returning to the sewing machine! I don't seem quite able to get in the mood to outfit the children for school until classes have been in session for a week or so.

Emily did make a new outfit during the summer for school. She and two of her friends enrolled in a once-a-week sewing class for girls offered by one of the big downtown department stores. Not only did she enjoy the class, but getting there was half the fun. We mothers drove the girls down to the end of the city busline where they could catch the bus for downtown. This was their first opportunity to explore the business center of the city and they really enjoyed the pleasure of window-shopping the big stores.

The girls had two requirements governing their choice of pattern and material: select a pattern with a definite waistline and set-in sleeves, and material appropriate for fall. Emily decided upon a matched skirt and blouse. The A-line skirt is a dark avocado green tarpoon cloth. The blouse is a Pennsylvania-Dutch cotton print in white-on-green in the same tone. It has a wide collar and long full sleeves. It wasn't the easiest choice possible but Emily did get a considerable amount of valuable sewing experience from her choice.

One of the best sewing times I had before summer arrived in force was making Emily a rather elegant party dress. A nice young high school boy who attends our church answered Emily's hopes of a year and invited her to attend the annual Bishop's Youth Party. Probably the reason it was so much fun to make that dress is because it was of a type I haven't worn in years.

The pattern was extremely simple in styling — a scoop-necked bodice over a full gathered skirt. It was the material which made the dress elegant. We found a most luscious shade of mint green satin for the underneath layer. The upper layer was white lace.

When I was sewing the bodice, the two layers were placed on top of each other and sewn as one piece of mate-



When Frederick flew out to Iowa in late July, we had a family dinner at Lucile's, where this picture of him with Mother (Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) was taken.

rial. But I gathered the two skirts separately before joining them to the bodice. This was so that the lace overskirt could be made fuller than the underneath satin skirt. If I were to make this same dress again, I would treat the skirt in the same manner as I did the bodice — make the lace and satin identical in width and gather the two layers as one material. This is just a suggestion for those of you who might be engaged in a similar sewing project.

Our church's youth program is absorbing an increasing amount of Emily's time and interest. This coming year she will be serving as an officer of the Denver Area Episcopal Youth Council. She spent the week in June between regular school and summer school attending church camp. Then the week immediately following the end of summer school she spent as a junior counselor for another church camp over on the Western Slope. I'm sure she hopes that next summer she will be selected as a camp counselor if she is unable to find a "paying" job.

Emily's classes this year are scheduled to be English III, American History, Psychology-Sociology, Spanish IV and Biology II. She will be in the Pep Club again although she has given up band. There just isn't time for everything and after playing the flute for a number of years, she decided she wanted to be free to try some new activities later in the year.

Alison did not have many scheduled activities this summer but time didn't hang heavily for her. She managed to spend a considerable amount of time with horses and nothing makes her any happier. Besides her once-a-week

riding lesson, she has two friends who own horses. One owns an Icelandic pony, which is a short, stocky horse. The other owns a very tall combination Morgan-thoroughbred horse. It seemed to require many hours to help care for these horses.

Alison's current special animal interest is turtles, of which she owns six. Fortunately, the hamsters are all departed, so that leaves only the fish and snails besides the turtles and Lucky, the dog.

She was selected as one of the flutists in the symphonic band, the highest ranking of the 3 bands in her junior high. Naturally, as an eighth-grader she doesn't have much choice in her classes. But she did decide to continue Spanish as her foreign language, and will have one semester of Art and one of Home Economics in addition to the required courses in English, Mathematics, Social and Natural Science.

Football will loom large in Clark's life with the advent of school. He'll continue playing the tuba in the band, of course, but the private lessons will stop until the end of the football season. I'm sure his coach will be determined to win the county championship this year since they came so close last year. That means about 22 fifth-grade boys will be working mighty hard four times a week until the end of the season.

I have a few misgivings about a coach who is so intent on fielding the best team in the county. Perhaps mine is merely the attitude of a tender-hearted mother. But I certainly do approve of two tenets of Clark's coach. He is a very firm disciplinarian and he is very concerned that the boys be protected through proper physical conditioning. He has them spending a lot of time doing calisthenics when he could be drilling them in football maneuvers. And perhaps determination is the difference between a champion and an *almost* champion. In any case, Clark has been anticipating for months playing football again.

With the advent of school we mothers are anticipating our fall expeditions into the mountains. This year one of the "gadders" purchased a 4-wheel drive vehicle. This opens up a whole new group of ghost towns to us for we can now visit some of those which are inaccessible by regular automobiles. Of course, just the scenery alone is gorgeous. In the summer Colorado is beautiful; in the fall it is spectacular when the aspen covers the mountains with brilliant gold.

Sincerely,
Abigail

"Getting to Know You"

A Welcome Party for Teachers

by

Mabel Nair Brown

The time is at hand once more for the school bell to ring and Old Glory to ripple in the breeze atop the flag pole while the familiar yellow buses travel the countryside, picking up their precious cargo. For the next nine months your child will probably be spending more of his waking hours with his teacher than with you. Yet how well do you know this person who is to have such an influence in molding the thoughts of your child?

Sad to say, too many of us do not make an effort to become acquainted with our teachers, let alone to make them feel welcome members of our communities. Yet we trust them with our most precious possessions. In many instances teachers are left to be a group apart, as one young woman put it, "foreigners in our midst".

The formal reception — with welcome speeches, a stilted response, and a long dry program — is not the answer to a warmer parent-teacher relationship. Many communities have found that a real fun-time get-acquainted party, held a few weeks after school opens, creates much better relationships all around.

By waiting until after the teacher has had a chance to get past the first days of new schedules and adjustments, and to get somewhat acquainted with her pupils, she is better able to give her attention to the parents, and can more easily associate her pupils with the parents she meets.

The entertainment should be informal, with several "ice-breaker" type games, so that there is plenty of mixing among the guests.

We have found that when we have our parent-teacher party, it works well at refreshment time to announce that no parent may go into the refreshment room to eat unless accompanied by a teacher of one of his children. The lunchroom tables are always set up and attractively decorated with an appropriate centerpiece. Here the teachers and their "followers" gather around a table to eat lunch. Thus, if they haven't met before, the teacher has an additional opportunity to meet her particular parents.

Entertainment

A-B-C Autograph Hunt: Give pencil and paper to each guest. At the top of

each sheet place three to five letters of the alphabet. At a signal see who can find the most first names beginning with one of the letters on his paper. Have different sets of letters on the papers. However, both the person's first and last name must be written down. Allow ten minutes or so for this, and award a prize to the one with the longest list.

Spaghetti Spelldown: Each guest gets a sheet of colored construction paper and a handful of alphabet spaghetti. At a signal the teachers must see how many parents' names they can spell out with their letters, and parents must spell out names of teachers. Each may go about the crowd and ask names which they do not know. This helps everyone to get acquainted.

Collecting the Roll: Allow five or ten minutes (according to size of your crowd) for each teacher to collect five or ten parents of her pupils around her. After the "collecting" is done, have each teacher introduce her "catch". The teacher may ask questions of parents in trying to locate parents of her pupils, but parents may not volunteer. They must wait to be questioned.

Autograph Verses: Number off the guests to divide them into small groups. Allow a few minutes for each group to make up an original verse for an autograph album. Have each verse read aloud, and award a prize to the one winning the most laughs.

Current Events: Locate several issues of the local paper. Divide into groups, with a paper and scissors given to each group. Have identical lists of items that can be found in the paper — news items, markets, weather, certain kinds of ads, etc. Have about ten items on each list. At a signal see which group can first find and cut out all ten items and line them up in the proper order according to the list. Each person in the group takes a turn hunting and clipping an article. He must fold the paper neatly before handing it to the next player, who hunts the next item, clips it, refolds paper, etc.

Report Card: On the report cards (sheets of paper) have a list of questions with room left for names. Teachers must find parents who correctly

answer their questions and parents must find their answers from teachers. Allow ten minutes' time.

1. Who likes to eat in bed while reading?
2. Who has been to the top of the Washington monument?
3. Who has been to visit a foreign land?
4. Who has on a pair of blue shoes?
5. Who was valedictorian of his high school class?
6. Who has been to the New York World's Fair this year?
7. Who has six children?
8. Who has been in a high school play?
9. Who watches westerns regularly on TV?
10. Who has met a president of the United States?
11. Who has red hair or a parent with red hair?
12. Who eats a snack each evening at bedtime?

Decorations

Crazy school "daze" verses from old autograph books (some can be modernized to fit the occasion) can be printed on sheets of paper or written on toy blackboards, and placed everywhere about the walls of the room, pinned to curtains, etc. Round up autograph books from the attic or ask among the children, and you are sure to find some real "treasures" to put on your posters. These will prove conversation starters, you may be sure, throughout the evening. Samples: "Don't worry if your jobs are small and your rewards are few. Remember that the mighty oak was once a nut like you," or, "Slam! Bang! My heart goes zoom! When I think of you in the science room," or, "2 nice 2 B 4 gotten."

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by
Harvema Woodling

Once more we are steeped in the essence of September. It is an enchanting month and we love it.

Change is very evident now. The whole landscape has a different tint. The burning daytime sun may succumb to delicious coolness when night settles. An enormous moon silvers the world, casting mysterious shadows and reviving half-forgotten dreams and images.

The yard drowns. The garden lies somnolent. Our heavy-headed sunflowers stand, a living Van Gogh still life. The red, red tomatoes burst with juice. The late roasting ears are sweet and delicious, and the watermelon's cool green masks a meltingly sweet interior.

Most hay has been baled though there will be a few very late fields of lespe-deza. Large stacks of round bales are in evidence as we drive down the road. There is a dry, crunchy aroma in the air and the Spanish Needles are sheets of gold flung in the pastures.

Of course, September brings her greatest change to family life. Once more the buses roll — school buses, that is — and no longer do the children lie dreaming in the morning.

An air of excitement prevails on the first day of school, a certain impatience which will subside somewhat as the new school year becomes more routine. The wild cry echoes, "Bus down the hill". There is a pellmell race for the gate, followed by a great silence that is almost too shattering for Mom's nerves. Fortified by another cup of coffee, she faces an uninterrupted morning — uninterrupted, that is, until Dad wanders in with his first-day-of-school question, purely rhetorical. "Did they get started O.K.?" Yes, they got started. The blue lawn swing hangs deserted. The croquet set is idle.

The whole family feels the difference. How strange it is that no girls are available to serve a short stint as a tractor-driver, to run an errand, to watch a gate for Dad. How queer it will seem for Mom to look at the mail first.

Two disconsolate bay horses can hardly credit all their hours of 'unwonted freedom, not only from riding but from petting and loving. Tippy

mopes and droops, and a droopy collie is a dismal sight indeed.

At last the dog's ears stand erect, her tail wags ecstatically, and she watches the road intently. Four P.M. has come, and soon the school bus rolls to a halt.

So much news to tell! We like our new rooms. We have some new kids. Mary and Joe have moved. Social Studies will be fun. I bet we have to work hard this year. Do you know what we're going to do in Band? The teacher says - - - - -.

Dad and Mom listen and smile and ask questions. When the "top of the news" has been recounted, Dad goes back to tinkering with his hay baler. Hay balers always need tinkering. The Helpful Two change to their comfortable play clothes, seize the bridles from behind the back door, and are off to their beloved horses, but Mom sits lost in nostalgia.

She remembers how eagerly each year a little girl looked forward to school days in the best rural school in the whole world. It was a clean and comfortable one-room building with real slate blackboards in the front of the room. They were not green chalkboards then. She recalls fondly the large bookcase that stood in one corner, filled with cherished books. Each year these books were added to, perhaps with an allotted amount of tax money, perhaps with "State aid" funds or maybe with some of the "pie supper" money. White curtains blew at the windows lining opposite walls and a fine view of fields and trees was free for the looking.

Much real work and study went on in that rural school. Much fun accompanied it. Mom smiles wryly as she remembers the child who longed to be the "star" when the stories were dramatized. And she remembers, too, how frightened she was when the dignified county superintendent came to call.

Much arithmetic and spelling was absorbed and a great deal of tolerance and good sportsmanship were taught at the same time. Never were teachers more dearly beloved!

Mom smiles and shakes her head. Time to prepare supper and remind her daughters of homework! Another school-year is underway!

WHAT IS A TEACHER?

A teacher is a human being, usually female, who must be careful never quite to act like one. She believes that human nature is what she was put on earth to rise above. She turns rheumy-nosed, grubby-fingered little kids into professionals at doctoring, storekeeping, and orbiting. A teacher is a delegation-of-one from 60-odd parents to about 36 children, teaching the things the parents can't handle themselves. She has broad shoulders so she can accept the parents' fail-ures.

The four pillars of a teacher's philosophy are the institutions of society: marriage and the family, religion, government, and education. Yet, even with divorce, crime, political scandals, and school drop-outs, she keeps the faith. If she lets go, who else is there?

A teacher is a skilled tight-rope walker. As a teacher, she is abreast of current events and their significance, but she dares not impart her politics to her pupils. A teacher believes that children need example more than criticism. She dresses neatly, and, to remain aloof, refrains from asking bus drivers to cash her pay check.

A teacher never gets old, because each kid sees her for only one year, but she turns old in five seconds when one of her pupils walks in with kids of his own to visit her. A teacher starts out to be an educator, but winds up being a referee, a policeman, or a judge, in the school-kid society.

A teacher is the most honest person on earth. We trust her with our dearest possessions — our kids — when we wouldn't leave \$10.00 in the Chase-Manhattan Bank without a deposit slip.

What is a teacher? You tell us . . .

—by Jack McDonough

RIDING HIGH TODAY

A buckle has "bucked" on our cow-hand's boot,
And the front of his shirt's turned 'round back;
He's roaming the range for the sock that has strayed,
And his sure 'nuf spurs have a sure 'nuf slack.

But that ten-dollar smile 'neath the ten-gallon hat,
As he takes his six-shooter from the shelf,
Brands him the king of all hands on the range,
For this is the morning that he *dressed himself!*

— Mildred B. Grenier

A LETTER FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

As I sit and write you this morning I'm shocked to realize how fast summer is slipping away! In fact, I have just packed away three heavy winter coats for the children which I bought last week. The children and I have come to Anderson, Indiana, for a week's visit with my mother, and while here I went shopping to replace the outgrown coats from last winter. I have come to accept the speed with which the little feet sprout out of their shoe sizes, but how a coat can fit in late March and be too short in sleeves and length by late summer is beyond me.

By now the trip to Shenandoah to visit Donald's family is a pleasant memory. The children were as excited as could be at the prospect of seeing their Granny and Grandpa Driftmier. We broke the length of the trip by staying overnight in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on the way out and in Davenport, Iowa, on the return trip. Donald had arranged for us to stay in motels with swimming pools, and this was sheer frosting on the cake for the little ones.

Katharine and Paul have both studied enough United States geography to be impressed when we crossed the mighty Mississippi. We had packed a picnic lunch and arranged our schedule so we could eat at the beautifully kept park overlooking Lock and Dam 11 at Dubuque.

When we arrived in Shenandoah on a Sunday afternoon, we were delighted to find Mother and Dad Driftmier sitting on the front porch waiting for us. We had such lovely visits with the folks. Katharine and Paul and Adrienne entertained themselves between Granny Driftmier's house and their Aunt Margery's up the street. The novelty of sidewalks, brick ones at that, enticed them into making "umpteenth" trips between the two houses. They had wonderful times with their big, tall cousin Martin. (If Mother Driftmier hadn't told us how tall Martin has grown in the two years since we last saw him, I would never have recognized him.) Despite the difference in the children's ages, they were soon playing together delightfully. Two or three other children from the neighborhood joined the happy foursome, and it wasn't long before Aunt Margery's house was ringing with noise. Paul and Martin spent many afternoons playing with the beautifully constructed railroad that Martin has built in their upstairs hall. It is an elaborate outfit that shows many hours of patient work, and Paul was properly



Over the years many of you have come to feel well acquainted with Mabel Nair Brown through her inspirational programs in our magazine. We've shared pictures of her family with you from time to time, and this month we have for you a family group portrait of the Brown's daughter Regina, her husband, the Reverend Kenneth Fineran, and their two daughters, baby Rebecca and Kristin. The Finerans have moved to Kentucky where they will work in the Henderson Settlement.

impressed. (I noticed that they did most of their railroading when busy little Adrienne was napping.)

We had good visits with Aunt Lucile and Aunt Dorothy, too. Lucile invited the whole clan to her house for a large family dinner. Needless to say, it was up to her usual mouth-watering standards. Katharine was pretty clear as to which aunt and uncle was which, but the two littlest ones were in a state of confusion. One evening before we left we spent the evening with Howard and Mae, and in spite of their both being busy during the day, they served a delicious dinner. I never cease to be impressed with the beautiful furniture Howard makes. Since we were in Iowa last, he has completed a lovely round dining-room table of pecan wood, I believe. The craftsmanship is something to behold!

The time visiting with the senior Driftmiers slipped away all too soon, and before we knew it, it was time to pack our suitcases and head for home. On the way, however, we drove through Lucas so that I could see Frank's and Dorothy's farm which I had never seen in all the years I've been in the Driftmier clan, and the many trips we've made out there. After reading about it in her monthly letters, I was determined not to miss it this time. Donald had no trouble finding the farm, and if we had not wanted to be home for Katharine's birthday, we would simply have stayed. Such a beautiful spot!

There wasn't the faintest sound of truck or automobile from any busy highway — no noise except bird sounds and gently sighing trees and an occasional muttering from the little calf in the nearby pasture.

The children were as entranced with the farm as their mother. Their Uncle Frank filled them with milk and good homemade cookies on their breezy screened porch while we adults had cake and coffee. They had a good half hour's riding time on Stardust. Both of the horses acted genuinely glad to see some little folks. It made me wonder if they don't miss their now-grown-up little missy, Kristin.

It was with considerable reluctance that we folded ourselves back into the car to leave. I have promised the youngsters that we'll go back next year when they can stay longer and get thoroughly infected with the fever to live on a farm. (I'm hoping Aunt Dorothy can put up with a city girl for a visit, too, because I'm planning to stow away and stay there with the children.)

We got back to New Berlin safe and sound, happy but tired. Those of you who have traveled with children know how weary they get of the enforced inactivity in a car. In addition, the inside of the car on the entire second day of the drive home must have approached 100 degrees. This caused frequent stops for cool drinks. No

(Continued on page 21)

Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

SALMON-CHEESE PIE

- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 2/3 cups milk
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 lb. can salmon, drained and broken into large pieces
- 1 tsp. salt
- Biscuit Topping

Saute onion in the butter and remove from heat. Blend in the flour and then stir in the milk. Bring to a boil over low heat, stirring constantly, and boil for 1 minute. Stir in cheese, salmon and salt. Place mixture in a greased baking dish and heat in a 450 degree oven until mixture bubbles. While this is heating in the oven, make up the biscuit topping.

Biscuit Topping

- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/3 cup milk

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder, cream of tartar and sugar. Cut in the shortening. Add milk and stir just until dough follows fork around bowl. Pat or roll out 1/2-inch thick. Cut 3 or 4 slits in the top and place on hot mixture in baking dish. Return to oven and bake for about 15 minutes, or until topping is brown.

DELICIOUS BAKED CABBAGE

- 1 large head cabbage, shredded
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup milk or cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Salt and pepper to taste

Chop the cabbage. Combine the soup, milk, flavoring and seasonings. Pour over the cabbage. Bake in a greased casserole for 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Add a little grated cheese to the top and brown for the last 5 minutes, if desired.

LEANNA'S FAVORITE CUCUMBER SALAD

- 2 pkgs. lime gelatin
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 3 medium cucumbers, peeled and diced fine
- 1 can almonds, cut
- 1/2 pint whipping cream
- 1/4 cup salad dressing

Dissolve the gelatin in the usual way using as much of the pineapple juice that you can drain off as part of the liquid. Add the pineapple flavoring. When gelatin starts to congeal fold in the pineapple, cucumbers, almonds, salad dressing and cream, which has been whipped. Chill until firm.

CINNAMON-ORANGE MUFFINS

- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk

Cream together the butter or margarine, butter flavoring and sugar. Add the egg and the orange flavoring and beat well. Fold in the dry ingredients which have been sifted together, alternating with the milk. Fill greased muffin tins, or use the little crinkle paper cups, until half full of batter. Sprinkle the top with a little sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Bake in a 375 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes.

This recipe is perfect to make early, refrigerate and then bake just in time to serve. It can be made up in the evening, refrigerated all night and then baked for a delicious hot breakfast bread. This will make 18 nice muffins.

SCALLOPED SWEET POTATOES

- 6 medium-sized sweet potatoes, cooked
- 6 slices pineapple, cut in halves
- 3/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1/2 cup dark brown sugar
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Slice potatoes in halves, lengthwise, and arrange alternating layers of sweet potatoes and pineapple in baking dish. Heat pineapple juice, brown sugar, margarine and butter flavoring together and boil for 3 minutes. Pour over potatoes and pineapple and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

AMERICAN CHICKEN PIE

- 1 stewing hen
- 1 carrot, sliced
- 4 medium potatoes, diced
- 2 medium onions, sliced
- 2 Tbls. parsley, chopped (optional)
- 3 Tbls. chicken fat
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 pkg. of canned biscuits (or your own biscuit recipe)

Stew the hen until the meat is tender. Remove from the bone. Cook the carrots, potatoes and onions for 10 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain. Arrange the chicken and vegetables (including parsley, if you are using it) in layers in a 2-quart casserole. Combine the chicken fat and flour in a skillet, melting and stirring until smooth. Skim the fat from the top of the broth and measure 2 cups of the broth into the skillet. Cook, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Add seasonings and Worcestershire sauce. Pour over ingredients in casserole. Top with canned biscuits or biscuits you make from your own recipe. Bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees, for about 40 minutes, or until biscuits are nicely browned.

APRICOT-ALMOND BARS

- 2/3 cup dried apricots
- 1/2 cup soft shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/3 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Rinse the apricots. Put them into a small saucepan; cover with water. Simmer for ten minutes after the water comes to a boil. Drain, cool, and cut into small pieces.

Combine the shortening, 1/4 cup of sugar and 1 cup of flour. Mix thoroughly then pack it into a greased 9-inch square pan. Bake in a 375 degree oven for 20 minutes.

Gradually beat the brown sugar into the well-beaten eggs. Sift together the remaining flour, baking powder and salt and add to the egg-brown sugar mixture and mix well. Add the flavorings and apricots. Spread onto the baked layer. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 30 minutes.

MUSTARD RING*Extra Special!*

- 4 eggs
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 envelope (1 Tbls.) unflavored gelatin
- 1 1/2 Tbls. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup cider vinegar
- 1/2 pt. (1 cup) whipping cream

Beat eggs in top of double boiler. Mix together thoroughly the sugar and unflavored gelatin; stir in mustard, turmeric, and salt. Add the water and vinegar to the eggs, stir in the sugar mixture, and cook over boiling water until slightly thickened, stirring continuously. Cool until it is thick. Whip cream and stir in. Turn into a 1 1/2-quart ring mold. When firm, unmold on salad greens.

This is perfectly delicious and has made a great hit when served at dinner parties recently.

SOUR GREEN BEANS

- 1 qt. cooked green beans
- 5 strips bacon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1 onion (size to suit your taste)

Drain beans, dice onion and put with beans. Fry bacon until crisp; remove bacon and dice over beans. Into the bacon grease, pour the combined sugar, vinegar, and salt. Bring to a boil and cook until it is a thick syrup. Pour over beans and mix well. Heat just enough for beans to be heated through.

MY BEST MEAT LOAF

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 lb. ground pork
- 1/2 lb. ground veal
- 1/3 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 4 slices soft bread, cubed
- 1 cup warm rich milk

Mix meats thoroughly, add seasonings, celery, onion, mustard, eggs and Worcestershire sauce. Mix. Soak bread cubes in milk and mix into meat mixture. Pack into a loaf pan and bake for 20 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Then turn out on a greased, shallow baking pan and pour 1/2 cup boiling water around loaf. Bake uncovered in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour. Baste every 15 minutes.

— Margery

ABIGAIL'S CHILI CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
 - 3/4 cup chopped onion
 - 2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. pepper
 - 1 clove garlic, minced
 - 1 Tbls. chili powder
 - 1 tsp. paprika
 - 1/4 tsp. oregano
 - 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
 - 1 1-lb. can pinto or kidney beans
 - 1/2 cup crushed corn chips
 - 3/4 cup grated cheese
- Brown together the ground beef, 1/2 cup chopped onion, 1 tsp. salt and 1/2 tsp. pepper. Place in medium-sized casserole.

In small amount shortening saute 1/4 cup chopped onion and garlic until golden. Add 1 tsp. salt, chili powder, paprika, oregano, 1/4 tsp. pepper, tomato sauce and drained beans. Mix thoroughly and spoon over hamburger meat. Combine crushed corn chips and grated cheese and sprinkle on top. Bake in 350 degree oven for 30 minutes.

MOTHER'S APPLE PUDDING

Cream together:

- 1 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift and add:

- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Lastly, add:

- 3 cups of chopped apples

Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, in a greased 9-inch pan. Serve warm or cold with cream.

TOPS FOR TOAST

- 1/4 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- 1/3 cup honey
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon

Beat all of the ingredients together until light and fluffy. Spread on hot toast as desired. Store unused portion in a covered jar in the refrigerator.

COLESLAW DRESSING

- 4 Tbls. sugar
 - 3 Tbls. vinegar
 - 2 Tbls. salad oil
 - 1 tsp. celery seed
 - 1 tsp. salt
- Mix together and stir into crisp, finely shredded cabbage.

SPICY APPLE BREAD

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup coarsely grated raw apple
- 1/4 cup buttermilk
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Sift together dry ingredients. In mixing bowl combine shortening, sugar, eggs and flavorings and beat well. Stir in apple, then about half of dry ingredients. Add buttermilk, blend, and then add remaining dry ingredients into which nuts have been mixed. Stir until just well mixed — no more. Pour into a greased bread loaf pan and bake at 350 degrees for about one hour. Cool on rack. Let stand overnight before slicing. A very moist and spicy bread that is wonderful with butter, or cut thin with cream cheese spread between to make tempting sandwiches.

—Lucile

QUICK AND EASY FIG COOKIES

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. commercial sour cream
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup chopped dried figs
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Cream margarine, butter flavoring and sugar. Add eggs and vanilla flavoring and beat well. Add sour cream in which soda has been dissolved. Beat in well and then add figs. Lastly add dry ingredients that have been sifted together. Chill thoroughly. Spoon out on greased cooky sheet and bake at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes.

These cookies are not overly sweet and, as the friend from Joplin who sent the recipe said: "You can make many changes with this by adding nuts and Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring, or by adding orange flavoring. Sometimes I ice them, but they are always very moist and good."

Recipe of the Month

SUPERIOR PINEAPPLE BREAD

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 egg yolk, lightly beaten
- 1 (1-lb. 14-oz.) can pineapple chunks, undrained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 2/3 cup milk, scalded
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1 1/4 cups lukewarm water
- 4 egg yolks, lightly beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 cups flour
- 1 cup margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

In a saucepan combine the sugar, cornstarch, salt, egg yolk and the can of pineapple chunks, *juice and all*. Cook over low heat, stirring, until thick. (About 4 or 5 minutes.) Remove from the heat and stir in the pineapple flavoring. Let cool while preparing the dough.

Scald the milk and remove from fire. Stir in the 1 tsp. sugar. Cool to luke-

warm. Add yeast to lukewarm water. When milk is lukewarm stir into the yeast mixture. Stir in beaten egg yolks. Measure the flour and salt into a large bowl. Cut the margarine into the flour just as you would for pie crust. Add the butter flavoring and then the yeast mixture. Beat well.

Turn out the soft dough onto a floured breadboard. Knead until the right consistency to roll out or pat flat. Divide into two parts. Roll one part out flat and the shape to fit a jelly roll pan. Lay this dough on the greased pan. Roll out the other half of the dough to the same shape and size. Spoon the cooled pineapple filling onto the bottom layer of dough. Top with the second layer. Seal the edges. Cut a few slits in the top for steam to escape. Cover and let rise for one hour. Bake at 375 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes.

Remove from the oven and immediately glaze with a powdered sugar icing made with 2 1/2 cups powdered sugar, about 3 Tbls. water and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring.

This is an *absolutely superior* sweet bread. As you can see, the sweetness

is in the filling and the powdered sugar glaze. It freezes nicely and warms up satisfactorily for a breakfast bread.

I have also made this into four individual loaves using exactly the same method of rolling out, but patting each layer into a greased loaf pan, spooning in the filling and then topping with the other layer of dough. These make fine meal-sized portions for the freezer.

—Evelyn

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taining, package tie-
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PICK A FLAVOR

After school pick-me-ups are a cinch when the pantry is loaded with **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Bright and colorful, aromatic and flavorful, these 16 flavors make milk drinks a surprise, any dessert an adventure.

They don't freeze out, cook out or bake out. They make big hits swirled into frosting. And, since there's such a variety, guests love choosing and mixing their own milk drinks. Look at this list:

Vanilla
Lemon
Almond
Maple

Burnt Sugar
Orange
Mint
Raspberry

Cherry
Coconut
Strawberry
Black Walnut

Butter
Pineapple
Banana
Blueberry

Live a little! Stock up on all 16, then cook up a storm. You'll build a reputation as a cook, hostess and perfect mother.

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Shenandoah, Iowa

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

Rummage Sales

by
Deda Rae Gamble

Because a recent newspaper column of mine said my church circle was about to run a rummage sale, a subscriber wanted some information:

"WHAT'S THE BEST TIME of the year?" In the fall, after the first cold snap. Mothers, particularly mothers with wall-to-wall children, do not let the "South" in "South Dakota" fool them but are eager to buy children's warm clothing.

"WHAT SELLS BEST?" See above. Also baby clothes, needlework, rugs, kitchen things, dishes, good jewelry.

"WHAT DOESN'T SELL WELL?" Open-toed shoes, cheap hats, men's suits, ties, textbooks.

"WHAT WILL WE NEED?"

The week before: 1. Promise of a sales place with lots of tables. If you don't have big tables, lots of clothes racks and hangers, your frustration may reach the ulcer point. Daphne lent us her collapsible clothes rack which Marge (with holds a jiu-jitsu expert might have envied) set up, while I watched. (My prime function when anything mechanical is to be done is to keep strictly out of the way.)

2. Telephoners to ask relatives, friends and neighbors for outgrowns, outliks and white elephants.

3. Posters in store windows. Not from any missionary zeal, but for the pure selfish pleasure I get out of making posters, I volunteered to do that part of the advertising. Buy a black felt-tipped marker at your stationers. It makes poster-making sinfully easy. Here's an easy poster: Almost cover a large sheet of white poster paper with the one word "Rummage" repeated until you're almost out of space, then add in larger letters "AND MORE RUMMAGE" plus details of time and place.

The day before:

1. Lots of wire hangers.
2. Pickup service.
3. Workers armed with pins and labels and the ability to price the stuff low without an internal slugging match on the price of each article. People will come expecting bargains. Plan to give bargains. Don't assign the price-marking job to the precise woman or to the woman who won't tell you what time it is until she first X-rays the clock. Price the stuff for what it's worth, and your goose is already in the oven.

Price your stock low so that it moves. Leftover stock is the worm lurking in this golden apple. You'll want to go into self-imposed exile north of Siberia if you sell almost nothing and have all that junk to store or return.

Accept everything offered, even mustache cups, high button shoes and bustle frames, remembering that what is one woman's tripe is another woman's treasure. We accepted and sold such "unsaleables" as Lena's old copper wash boiler, Grace's pile of old Good Housekeepings, Flo's black cotton umbrella, Marcella's old radio and a furpiece from someone's moth heaven (attic to you). We acquired so much miscellaneous miscellaneous, an electronic calculator would have disemboweled itself in frustration had it tried to tabulate it all.

The day of:

A muffin tin containing \$10 in change, pencils, paper, paper bags, cartons, cello tape, tape measure, a sign for your place of business, comfortable shoes.

Lagniappe: It pays to reduce your prices after the first surge of buying is over. . . . Surprising, the inter-se business that goes on at a group rummage sale. (Dorothy sales-pressured me into buying three dresses for garden-



JUST ANOTHER STAGE

I'm not the secretary of
The local P T A,
And I'm no longer den scout mom,
Who teaches scouts the way
To make a birdhouse or a feeder,
Or analyze some dirt,
So Junior gets another rank
To sew on his scouting shirt.
I don't dispense the cookies now
For Brownies, and at school
I'm not the homeroom mother and
I'm free of the taxi pool.
Our kids are off to college now,
And cookies go by mail.
The phone just rang, "Will you take
charge
Of next week's rummage sale?"
— Gladise Kelly

ing. Dorothy could sell a color TV set to a color-blind man.)

You'll be so tired at night that if you go through a revolving door, you'll have to go through on the other fellow's push. But you'll feel smug, for you have turned junk into cash.

Reprinted from
Sioux Falls Argus-Leader

Back to school

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



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

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

"Please note time changes."

Making the Most of Space

by

Jeanne Kaplan and Joseph Arkin

Statistics tell us that the typical family includes a mom, a dad, and three children. But these same statistics indicate that the typical house often lacks the rooms to go around. At the most there are three bedrooms. No matter how you look at it, two of the youngsters will have to double up. It's a problem facing many families today.

Why a "problem"? A noted child psychologist explains it. "Part of growing up," he says, "is learning to live with other people. And part is learning to be creatively alone." Authorities agree that it's during the early, formative years that a child

begins to develop independence, learns to improvise, and dreams of the future. The very nature of the process requires a sense of privacy. And the child without a room to call his own may find the going more difficult.

Still, the problem persists — a lack of rooms. Short of moving to a larger house, what's the solution? Simple. *Divide* the space you have. For example, a 9 ft. by 15 ft. room can be divided into two bedrooms for a small brother and sister, with *each* room 7 ft. by 9 ft. in size.

The "wall" is as simple a unit as four chests, topped with louvered panels that reach up to the ceiling. For both

rooms, built-in units will make the best, uncluttered use of space.

In the boy's room, a low-slung twin bed can have a chest as a base, providing extra storage space. And wrap-around shelves can hold books and a collection of toys.

The "toy soldier" military look makes a sensible decorating theme for him, and a drum seat at the desk can set the note, inexpensively. Following this lean and military line, the desk can be an abbreviated shelf attached to the chest "wall" unit. Even the lamp can hang from a piece of tasseled gold braid.

The military look won't suit little sister, of course. She needs ruffles and frills and a vanity table of her own. A little work with hammer, saw, and strips of molding can create a built-in "canopy" bed in one corner of her room. Covering the walls inside the bed area in a printed laminated plastic will add still another feminine touch here.

Colors are important to children, just as they are to adults — the brighter and more sunlit the rooms, the better. This is especially true, if in the dividing, one of the rooms will not get window space. Bright red and yellow — the colors of the famous Royal Mounted Police — will fit right into the military decor of the boy's room.

Little girls, on the other hand, tend to prefer soft, flower-colors. Experiment with green and yellow, or try melding shades of ivory and white.

You'll find that wall-to-wall carpeting will make the rooms appear larger, as well as more individual. A rich red carpet with a subtle tracery pattern can sparkle in the boy's room — while soft green will make a pretty picture in the girl's boudoir.

Another thing to consider in this divide-the-space bedroom project is the general wearability and cleanability of the furniture units. For shelves, desk, vanity and chest tops use a laminated plastic which can be cleaned with a damp cloth.

It doesn't take a lot of expense to make these two rooms attractive — even spacious looking. And it needn't take tremendous energy to keep them looking spic and span. All that's necessary is planning and a few carefully considered purchases.

When you get down to it, the size isn't the important thing about these two-rooms-out-of-one. More important is the fact that each room is personal — that each reflects the child's interests and tastes, and thus becomes that private place where he can be alone when he *needs* to be.



**DOUBLE
my
wardrobe?
!**

Well, almost. You see, people have discovered that it isn't just *wearing* clothes that makes them old and worn out. Abusing them ruins them, too. Like bleaching in harsh, liquid bleaches. Rough, chlorine-type bleaches that destroy threads and eat up delicate fabrics. Or going the other direction and babying them with lazy bleaches that leave them yellow and old-looking.

You can add years of life to any garment by switching to **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** — the wonder bleach that brightens colors and whitens whites, yet is so safe that even dainty synthetic fabrics survive repeated bleachings, wash after wash.

Your grocer has **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. You should have, too. Remember, if it's washable, it's bleachable in

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

SUMMER'S OVER

by
Evelyn Birkby

It doesn't seem possible that summer has skittered along at such a rapid pace. Last winter, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, it appeared as though summer would *never* come. It did, of course, but suddenly the winter catalogues are here again, heavy clothing is being featured in the stores, we must get the last of the children's school garments ready, and where, oh where, did the summer go anyway?

Early summer here in southwest Iowa was terribly rainy. We complained about all the mud and the spoiled Sunday picnics and the weeds which grew so prolifically. A good farmer friend kept reminding us that it was the far lesser of two evils. If he had a choice, he opined, he would much rather have too much rain than too little. "At least the pastures and grasses grow lush during a wet season. When heat and drouth predominate, nothing grows!" he concluded.

The gardens grew rapidly, although not as fast as the weeds. Up came beans, tomatoes, onions, cabbages, peas, corn, pumpkins, cucumbers and all the rest. We pulled weeds and hoed weeds and sprayed weeds. Grandpa came over and helped or we would surely have lost the battle. Finally, the plants grew large enough and the weeds were few enough for us to relax and enjoy the results of our labor.

It gives a real sense of satisfaction to see the rows of canned vegetables, fruits, jams, jellies and pickles now lining the basement shelves. While I can't stand and admire them, I am equally pleased about all the frozen food tucked carefully into the freezer. Somehow, food grown and prepared in your own garden and kitchen has an extra special flavor unmatched anywhere.

Yes, this all helped to make it a busy summer. Add the activities of our three boys and it has been filled to the brim — and running over! They have taken swimming lessons and piano lessons. The summer Scouting program has continued for all three. Church groups have met. Jeff has been an enthusiastic player on the "Dodgers" baseball team. Son Bob and husband Robert went off to the National Boy Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, after a long period of preparation, and Jeff spent two weeks at a YMCA camp in northern Iowa. It is no wonder, really, that time went so fast



The Birkbys have much enjoyed their new ice cream freezer. Jeff and Craig are watching with eager anticipation as their father, Robert, dishes up the first bowl.

with all these projects to supervise.

One day Jeff looked up from his piano practice and with a sigh exclaimed, "Could I do just as I please for one day?" It made me realize anew how over-organized our children's time is. What we did was set aside a "Do-as-you-please Day". I planned simple food, put it in the refrigerator, and told the family they could eat when and what they pleased. I didn't call anyone to get up in the morning. I did not make anyone practice the piano or do any chores. I even got out a book I had been wanting to read and spent part of the day doing just as I pleased!

It was a fun day. Yes, dust collected here and there. In spite of the paper plates used, a quantity of glasses and silverware accumulated in the sink. This proved a good lesson, however, for the boys discovered that they had to work a little harder to make up for their lazy day. It was worth the effort; with all the pressures of life, even for the small fry, it was good to just stop and relax and have everyone do exactly as he pleased for one day.

It is my considered opinion that we spend too much time hurrying. Life is an exciting, busy, active, learning experience. But we can get so rushed with all the varied activities that we don't take time to really enjoy any of them. To phrase it simply; life is so busy we don't take time to *live*.

Now that I've explained how I feel about being so busy, I'll go ahead and say that I have not found the solution to this rushed existence. Just when a ray of hope glimmers in the distance to indicate a little free time, someone comes along with a request, or a need, or a requirement, or a project which needs attention.

In spite of the needful rushing which

has been done recently, we have had fun. Many a picnic has been put together in our back yard. (We are always guaranteed an uncrowded space and an unclaimed picnic table here!) Our own family, relatives and friends have come at various times to share our outdoor eating. The new six-quart ice cream freezer has been in use frequently. I make the ice cream mixture. Robert crushes the ice. The boys argue about who gets the first turn (it is easiest!) The most fun, however, is in the eating. Made with fresh country cream, rich milk, lots of eggs, and with vanilla and a bit of lemon flavoring it makes a food fit for royalty.

Now it is time to put aside summer activities and get into gear for fall. Craig goes into third grade — the most exciting grade of all to my way of thinking. I am frankly prejudiced since I taught that grade for a number of years and loved every minute of it. In our local school the third grade teacher presents excellent motivation, concentrated work on elementary details and helps guide her students toward the depth of imagination and curiosity which are the real basis of a love of learning.

Jeff has reached the heights of fifth grade and is looking forward to it with anticipation. He loves to read and the fifth grade has an extensive library awaiting his eager mind. This is the year when the children make a definite decision as to the musical instrument they want to play. So far Jeff has insisted he wants to play the drums. It will be interesting to see if this choice continues to dominate his thinking.

Bob launches into high school, which in the Sidney school system begins with the freshman year. He is as excited as any boy can be about the prospects of being a high school student, but a bit timorous, too, at the thought of the added responsibilities and the tremendous pressures which these advanced years bring with them.

I am caught in the strange paradox where I am looking forward to the resumption of routine, of calmer days and studious evenings, and yet dreading the quietness which goes with a house after school begins. Someone stated it very well when she said that after school started her children took all their noise and left her with too much quiet!

The summer has gone by much too rapidly, but it has been a happy one. Now we launch into fall and know that it, too, will be exciting, busy and, we trust, beneficial.

GUESS-WHAT SHOWER GIFTS

by

Bess James

"Another bridal shower invitation!" I moaned as I opened the mail. "And my budget is already limping from the expense this past summer of graduation presents, two new babies in the family, and a birthday celebration."

Still, I wouldn't have missed the party for anything. The young girl who was being honored was the daughter of one of my best friends. There was nothing to do but make up in origi-

nality and thoughtfulness what I lacked in finances. It was to be a miscellaneous shower, a blessing in this case.

At the dime store, I selected half a dozen useful items and some gay paper and ribbons. Then I bought a plastic bread basket large enough to hold the gadgets.

My next move was to write some verses describing the items, typing the verses on small cards, and pasting one to the outside of each tiny box. On a tag tied to the basket I wrote "GUESS-WHAT GIFTS".

At the party I suggested that the

honoree let the guests help guess what the verses meant as she opened the surprises.

The cards read:

Though I am small and smooth and soft,
Hard chores I never shirk —
But I must always have a drink
Before I go to work.

We're like an extra pair of hands
Though none would call us
beauties —
We're here to shield you every day
When you have cooking duties.

I'll save you time as well as waste
In making meals each day —
Take outsides off and insides out —
I help to make foods gay.

I cannot measure, cannot stir —
There's nothing I can hold —
Still, I'm a useful gadget
And serve you HOT or COLD.

Though we sit still and wait our turn
Our service is for taking —
You'll see, the busier you get,
The more you keep us shaking.

Now, I am quick and I am neat,
You can't keep house without me —
I have "grip" and lots of "pull",
No fancy airs about me.

Guests later remarked about the novel way the things were presented and the extra entertainment they provided. I hope and believe that my dime-store array will be well used and long remembered.

In case you haven't guessed, the items I chose were given in this order; a sponge, oven mitts, a peel-and-core knife, a tea strainer, salt and pepper shakers, and a bottle opener.

THINK BIG AND SAVE — Concluded

This time you can begin by roasting two chickens and a loin of pork, or fresh ham roast, and let your own ingenuity carry on from here. Just be sure to cook a big batch of tart applesauce.

You can adapt the "cook big" plan to more economical cuts of meat, too, if you wish. Make double quantities of stew, for example, and use the second half for meat pie. Or convert several pounds of chopped beef to meat loaf, meat balls and spaghetti, stuffed cabbage, stuffed peppers, sweet and sour meat balls, etc. All of these dishes can be frozen, to be reheated in a trice when company drops in.

The possibilities are really endless, bounded only by your imagination and your ability to *think big* in the kitchen.

CLEAN AND SWEET



Diapers, blankets and little clothes are very important in our house these days. They mean a lot to the comfort and protection of this young fellow. And a lot to my peace of mind, too. How these soft things are washed is important, too: Whether they're clean, really clean. And fluffy. And germ-free.

I learned a long time ago to depend on **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It makes even hardest water soft. It gets the dirt out, working hard without damaging fabrics or ruining my hands. And it's economical, too!

In the laundry, in the kitchen . . . all around the house . . . **KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER** is my all-around, all-time cleaning champion.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

You go through the motions . . .

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Succulents should be more widely planted by gardeners as they lend themselves so obligingly to many different uses. As house plants, they almost take care of themselves and provide much interest and pleasure in the home. They can be grown out-of-doors as specimen plants, as ground covers, and as conversation pieces in the rockery. Few other plants adapt so readily to trying environment or to so much neglect.

When planting succulents out-of-doors, be sure to choose a site that has good drainage. They prefer a light, somewhat sandy soil so clay soil should always be conditioned by adding coarse gravel or sponge rock. When succulents are making active growth in the spring and summer, they should be watered thoroughly at regular intervals if rainfall is skimpy. In the winter, succulents should be watered very lightly, if at all. They like a considerable amount of coarse matter (porous organic material) to be incorporated in the soil. Never use a fertilizer that is high in nitrogen on either cacti or succulents as this induces overdevelopment of soft tissues which is often disastrous to the plants. Cottonseed meal or hoof-and-horn meal is the best plant food for these plants.

Succulents of doubtful winter hardiness are best grown in pots so that they can be moved indoors easily when frost threatens in the fall. Prickly Pear, Sedums and most Sempervivums can withstand quite severe winter temperatures if they are planted in a sloping area where they are assured of good drainage. Many Echeveria, Epiphyllum and Kalanchoe are too tender to be left outside over winter.

The fun part of growing succulents, to me, at least, is the way these plants regenerate themselves with no assistance whatever. Bryophyllum, for instance, produces plantlets on the leaf margins which drop off, take root and grow if they come in contact with moist soil. Others produce offsets that are easily divided to form more plants. Succulents can also be propagated by cuttings and from seed.

If you have a tendency to underwater your house plants then succulents are the answer to your plant decorations. They make fine plants for hanging baskets since they need so little water. Sedum, Trailing Crassulas, Ceropegia, and some Epiphyllum are good choices for this purpose.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

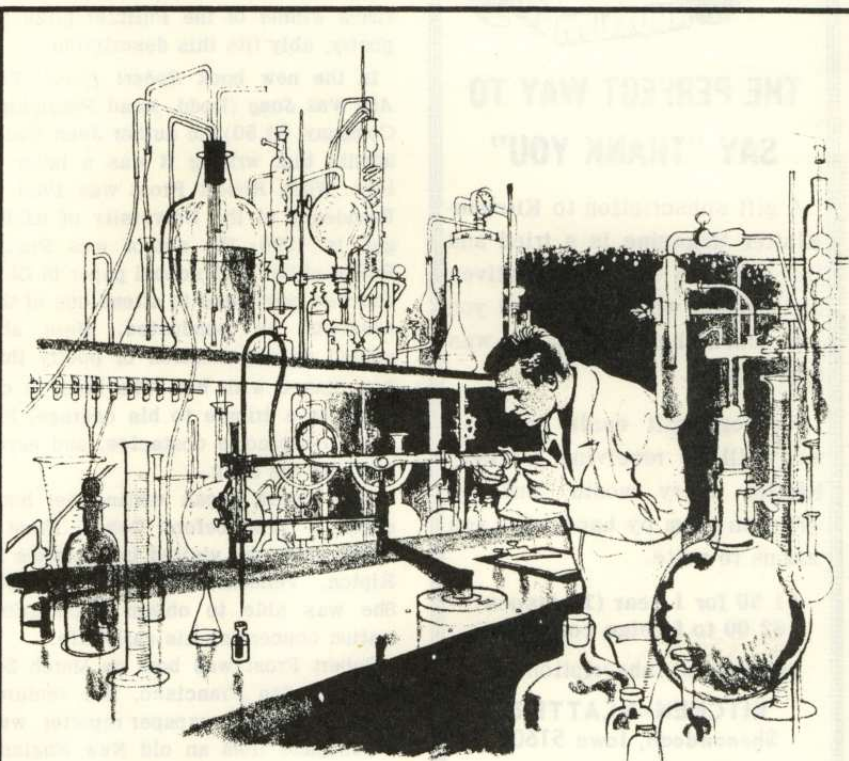
would far rather spend "my day off" in a classroom, than on the golf course. I am not always sure how much my students learn from their textbooks, but of one thing I am certain: they learn that every job done well is a hard job. I judge a student more on his effort than on his ability and if I can

teach my students always to give of their best no matter what the job at hand, I shall feel I am accomplishing something.

Sincerely,

Frederick

It's harder to conceal ignorance than it would be to acquire knowledge.



WHAT'S CHEMISTRY DONE FOR ME LATELY?

Look around you! Plastics, synthetic fibers, improvements in floors, paints, foods. And sugar substitutes. Time was, those of us who had diet problems hated sugar substitutes. They didn't taste right. Left a bitter aftertaste. Tablets didn't dissolve, were hard to use on cereals. That was before **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**.

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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

A poet is defined as one who is endowed with great imaginative, emotional, or intuitive powers and capable of expressing these in appropriate language. Certainly Robert Frost, four times winner of the Pulitzer prize for poetry, ably fits this description.

In the new book *Robert Frost: The Aim Was Song* (Dodd, Mead Publishing Company, \$4.50) the author Jean Gould admits that writing it was a labor of love. When Robert Frost was Poet in Residence at the University of Michigan in 1926, the author was Poetry Editor of her high school paper in Ohio and was privileged to attend one of the sessions he conducted. Here she gained an appreciation of poetry that has stayed with her. The book is offered as a tribute to his courage, his will to overcome obstacles, and especially to his song.

Jean Gould began writing her book about a year before Robert Frost's death when she visited in his home in Ripton, Vermont, during July, 1962. She was able to obtain much information concerning his early life.

Robert Frost was born on March 24, 1874, in San Francisco. His venturesome father, a newspaper reporter, was a renegade from an old New England family. To say that Rob had an unusual childhood is an understatement. When he was only eleven, his father died. His mother Belle, his sister Jeanie, and Robert Lee made the journey back to New England.

His mother began teaching school to support her family, and Rob, who had never attended school, began learning at a rapid pace under his mother's method of much individual instruction.

As head of his class in high school, he proved that intellectually he was above average. The routine of college life, at Dartmouth, became irksome. When his poem "My Butterfly" was published on the front page of the *Independent*, a periodical, and he received a check for fifteen dollars in payment, he became a bit more at peace with himself.

Marriage to Elinor White in 1895 proved to be one of deep love and faith; an ally in his poetry writing. Blessed with a fine family through the years, they seemed to be plagued with illnesses as well as the death of their first-born and also Elinor Bettina, their sixth child. Tragedies seem to beset the Frost children. As Robert Frost gained distinction as a poet and his works were published readily, he and his Elinor suffered many sorrows. Perhaps he was better able to express himself because of his grief.

Continuing success brought him into national prominence. He was the subject of an unprecedented Senate Resolution, No. 224, during his seventy-fifth year. His last volume of poetry *In the Clearing* was published on his eighty-eighth birthday.

If you are a lover of the poems of this elder statesman-poet, you'll enjoy reading *Robert Frost: The Aim Was Song*. Although he died January 29, 1963, his poetry lives on. As the late President Kennedy expressed it: "He has promises to keep, and miles to go and now he sleeps."

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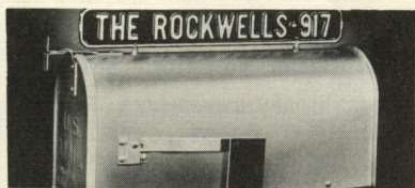
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MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

wonder they were irritable. Even our patience wore thin. When we finally pulled into our driveway the children poured out of the car, and despite the heat were off and running, and run they did until bedtime. The trip was wonderful, but it was good to get home.

While we've been at my mother's home visiting I've been taking the children to the nearby swimming pool. Now they are after me to take them for their daily dip, so I'll close and wish you a nice few more weeks of summer.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

FOUR-PART HARMONY - Concluded

Closing Song: The following words are sung to the tune of "Down by the Old Millstream". (A quartet might be chosen to sing this in true barbershop harmony, or the words can be printed on song sheets so everyone can sing.)

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-M.N.B.

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DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

to think about it. But she says she has gained a little weight, so I guess all the activity and work aren't getting her down. Young people today never cease to amaze me. Is my memory so short? Did I have this much pep at the age of 21? Probably so.

This hot weather calls for many cold drinks, and I must get up now to check the lemonade pitcher in the icebox and be sure there is plenty on hand for Frank when he comes in. Until next month

Sincerely,

Dorothy

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LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

be amazed how much you can figure out about a strange town by making just this one stop!)

In winding up this subject I'd like to make an observation and it is simple and to the point: I think the most neglected public "servants" we have today are our librarians. We've heard that teachers occupy this unhappy position, but I've come to the con-

clusion that our librarians are the least recognized and thanked. They spend endless hours in correspondence, searching down material for a club program, and a hundred and one other things besides standing at the desk and checking out books. But all of the librarians whom I have known are dedicated in the true sense of the word, and nothing is too much trouble for them if they can be of help. Certainly

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Frederick Driftmier, on an outing with a church group, enjoyed lobster along the rocky coastline at Rockport, Massachusetts.

Juliana and I are deeply grateful to Mrs. Weaver for the untold hours she has spent in working on the Verness Memorial Fund.

Frederick made a very brief visit here, but aside from this we haven't had company since I wrote last month. I'm sure that it's the most quiet summer any of us can ever recall.

Before I write to you the next time I expect to make a two-week trip with Howard and Mae. We are going first to Greeley, Colorado, where Donna, Tom and little Lisa are spending the summer, and then we're going on to Denver for a short stop with Abigail, Wayne and the children. From there we expect to go to my place north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. I haven't been there since early March and my feelings about it are very mingled. We had expected that to be our retirement home and now I am left alone to try and figure out just what to do about it.

Naturally I'll see Juliana while I'm in New Mexico. And perhaps old friends can drop by. At any rate, when I write again I can tell you what *did* happen, the summer will be behind us, and we'll be ready to take up the routine of autumn. (I agree - it isn't humanly possible that school can be starting again so soon!)

Faithfully yours,

Paul

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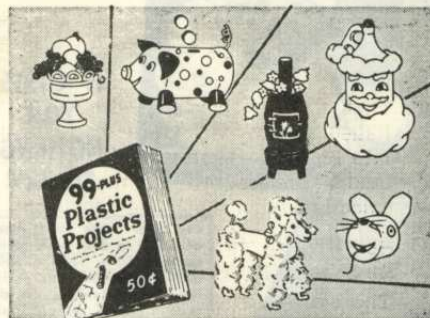
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