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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by Strom



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Today it was quite a major feat to get out of my house and down here to our *Kitchen-Klatter* office, and it made me realize once again how extremely powerful habit truly is.

For a number of years now I've been accustomed to walking right through the back door, then through our small enclosed back porch and directly into the garage where my car is always standing. For a badly handicapped person this set-up for getting in and out of a car is well nigh perfect and I'd come to take it completely for granted.

Well! We are now in the process of having our street resurfaced, a job that's obviously going to take longer than usual because of so much bad weather, and consequently our only access to the outside world is to go down through the greenhouse and then across the walk to the back gate to the alley. My car has to stand in the back yard at the folks' house (their back yard gives on to the same alley) and this has its complications because the street in front of their house is also being resurfaced and this means that every square inch of their back yard is full of cars, and that very narrow alley, so rarely used heretofore, is now the only way in which quite a number of people can get in and out of their homes. I hadn't been through my back gate and into that alley for two years until today, so you can see what a radical change it seemed to be.

Last month Mother's letter appeared in this space and consequently I have not yet had a chance to tell you that the high light of my summer, to date, was a wonderful twelve-days' visit from Juliana. She caught a ride back with a caravan of Iowa students who attend the University of New Mexico, and I'll admit that I couldn't help but worry until that crowd of young people pulled up in front of the house and

Juliana was safely home. I know that it doesn't do any good to worry, but you know how it is!

Before she arrived I had planned all kinds of things that I thought would be nice to do, but alas! very shortly after she got here I came down with a horrible summer cold, and somehow a summer cold seems so much more vicious than a winter cold when we more or less expect them. By the time I felt about half-way back to normal, Juliana came down with an equally vicious cold, so it ended that we weren't able to do the things I'd had in mind such as having a family dinner, going on a picnic, etc.

I was genuinely impressed with Juliana's flair for cooking, and since I made the great mistake of not encouraging her in the kitchen when she was growing up, it still amazes me that she has become such a good and efficient cook. When I commented about this she said flatly: "Well, when you live in an apartment you have to cook — or starve." I noticed also that when she went shopping it was a whirlwind affair! She had her grocery list made out and tore through the store without tarrying around at all. I told her that I thought she got things done awfully fast and she explained that with classes and so much studying there simply wasn't time to fool around in stores, and that she and Chris (her roommate) had learned to go after exactly what they needed without loitering at all.

I asked her if she noticed much difference between our grocery stores here in Shenandoah and the stores where they shop in Albuquerque, and she said there was very little — that by and large they were set up pretty much the same. She did notice quite a difference in prices on fresh fruits and vegetables. They were substantially higher here than in Albuquerque.

We were invited out twice to back yard barbecues, and both times it

began to pour just as it was time to sit down so we ended eating in the house. This reminds me that we had quite an unexpected experience in our own house one afternoon while she was here. It was an extremely dark, rainy and chilly day, so Juliana decided that a fireplace fire would cheer things up. She brought in a lot of kindling and a huge log and we thought we were all set for a nice afternoon, but to our dismay great clouds of smoke began billowing out into the room and no amount of tinkering around with the damper could check it. That was the first time our fireplace had ever acted up in such a fashion and we were certainly totally unprepared for it.

There was no question of throwing water on the fire, so all we could do was to open the doors and turn on the fans and just let it smoke until the kindling was all gone.

Juliana's visit seemed to go so terribly fast and before I knew it we had to go to Omaha to put her on a plane. I used to be most fearful of planes and worried a lot when Russell and Juliana were high above the earth, but I've gotten over all that anxiety and felt that she was safer boarding a plane than starting out in a car to cover the miles between here and Albuquerque. Incidentally, on the big non-stop jet that she picked up in Kansas City she ran into a *Kitchen-Klatter* friend from Missouri. This woman was sitting directly across the aisle and she studied Juliana most intently for quite a spell and then asked her uncertainly if by any chance she could be Juliana Verness of Shenandoah? She recognized her from the cover picture that appeared a few months ago — Juliana was most startled that anyone would recognize her!

Now she is back in summer school at the University and caught up in the usual routine of rushing to classes, studying, keeping up the apartment, dashing to the laundromat and, most unexpectedly, planting and taking care of a garden. Juliana inherited her father's green thumb and she missed not having flowers around, so the landlord cooperated by having the area around their back door spaded up and prepared for planting, and now the girls have flourishing annuals of all kinds.

Naturally, I felt let down and awfully lonesome after Juliana left, but fortunately this situation was remedied when a very old and dear friend came to stay with me for a while. Last week her granddaughter arrived from San Francisco to be with us for a spell;

(Continued on page 22)

FREDERICK VISITS PARENTS

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter from Shenandoah, instead of from my study in Springfield, Massachusetts. Just a few hours ago I stepped off the airplane in Omaha where Margery met me and drove me down the old familiar roads of my childhood to the family home here in the heart of the Corn Belt.

Usually I fly directly from Springfield to Omaha, but this time I decided to leave in the afternoon when my Sunday services were through for the day, and that meant flying to New York and there changing to a plane for Omaha. Because we were late arriving in New York, I missed my plane to Omaha and had to take a much later flight that put me into Omaha at three in the morning instead of an early evening hour.

While I was waiting for the later plane, I spent some of my time having supper in the fabulous Golden Door Restaurant on the roof of Kennedy International Airport. The food was delicious and beautifully served, and while eating I watched the big jet planes taking off for all parts of the world. Someone told me that at that hour of the evening there was a big plane leaving every twenty seconds.

Our midnight flight to Chicago and then on to Omaha was a bit on the rough and bumpy side. We flew through several small thunderstorms, and there were times when it seemed the plane would bounce right out of the sky! The lady seated on my left seemed rather concerned and anxious about the safety of the plane, and I did my best to reassure her by pointing out that the plane was engineered to withstand storms much, much worse than the ones we were passing through.

When we took off from the Chicago airport we were in some rough weather almost immediately, and the lady leaned over to speak in my ear and said: "Thanks to your explanation, I am not nearly so frightened as I was a couple of hours ago, but my stomach is still tied up in knots!"

"Now," I said, "you are ready for the next step! You feel better because of your increased understanding of airplane structure. If you really want to be at ease up here in a thunderstorm, you have to have what the Bible calls: 'the peace which passes all understanding.' There is absolutely nothing that you can do to make this situation safer, so just put yourself into God's hands and go to sleep."



Frederick was especially pleased to find his father, M. H. Driftmier, feeling better. They enjoyed many hours of visiting and listening to records on the phonograph.

Isn't it the limit the way we clergymen find ourselves teaching religion in every conceivable place? Actually, what I said to the lady was good theology! All of us are helped through frightening situations by a good grasp of the facts, some sharp and clear understanding of why things are the way they are, but after all of the facts we need faith! It is the element of faith which does most to give the peace which passes understanding.

I shall be in Shenandoah only a few days, and then I fly back to Springfield to conduct two large weddings and on Sunday to preach two sermons. Many ministers preach more than once on Sunday, but there are only a few of us who preach more than one sermon. My radio broadcast in the morning must have a different sermon from the one at the eleven o'clock service. On the day after I preach those two sermons, I leave with the family for some vacation rest.

This is the summer when we do an unusually difficult rebuilding job in our church — a job that will cost the church people many thousands of dollars. Part of the old original church structure is beginning to give way, and we have to put in some additional steel beams for support. To do this, the entire ceiling of our lovely little chapel will have to be ripped out and then replaced. In addition, one of the high walls of the old church structure has moved nearly eight inches away from the line of the building, and that has to be repaired. All in all, this will require about eight weeks of hard work and about \$35,000 in money.

I hate to think of the mess our church offices will be in this summer. In addition, I hate to think of spending all of that money for just tearing down and

then building things back to the condition they were originally meant to be. Perhaps you saw the article in one of our national publications which told of a church which set out to do a \$25,000 repair job and ended up doing a \$150,000 repair job. The moment you start patching up old buildings you are apt to discover more and more that needs patching. How we do hope that in our particular instance there will be some exception to that general rule.

The other day I was talking to some of my church people about finding new ways to enlist the concern and participation of our church membership in some of our church activities that normally are not too well attended. Several of the persons consulted thought it would be a good idea to have more of our church club meetings and committee meetings in private homes instead of always at the church parish house. It was only fifteen years ago that our church dedicated an expensive new parish house with perfectly beautiful parlors and large and efficient kitchens. We have ideal accommodations for every type of meeting, but still some of our people prefer to meet in private homes. Now why is this the case? Perhaps it is curiosity. We like to see how others live. Then again it may be the subconscious desire to associate religious affairs with personal affairs. After all, that is what the early church of the Apostles did! The Disciples used to meet in private homes until the converts became too numerous. No matter how hard we may try to make our churches friendly places, the fact remains that religion to be real must have the personal touch, and there is something about the parlor of a private home that is much friendlier and certainly more personal than a large and formal church parlor.

A few weeks ago I was reading a report from one of my missionary friends down in the South Pacific that told of an island receiving thirty-two inches of rain in a single day. Think of it! Why that is nearly three feet of water! It was a disaster, for there is no place in the world that can stand that much rain in so short a time. The heaviest rainfall I ever experienced was back in August of 1955 when our city of Springfield, Massachusetts, had eighteen inches of rain in thirty-six hours. That was one-half inch of rain per hour for a day and a half, and believe me that was some flood! We hope to never have another rainstorm like that one.

Sincerely,

Frederick



Join the Fun!

August Parties

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Jet Tour of U.S.A.: A large tour in a small area — that is the jet tour party, which is a flight in imagination only!

Cut INVITATIONS in the form of small maps of the United States. Cut separate maps of Alaska and Hawaii and attach one of each to the U.S. map with lengths of sewing thread.

Phrase invitation in an air-wise manner: "See Uncle Sam Land!! Travel the famous Zany Line on the Jet Tour Tease. Flight time — Joe Smith's Hangar, 8 P.M. sharp, August 15. Weather conditions will in no way affect flight time. Fly at our risk. Remedies for airsickness provided upon special request by stewardess at flight time."

ENTERTAINMENT: Guests are met at door of party room by stewardess (hostess) in uniform (beauty operator, or waitress) with which she wears a jaunty paper stewardess cap to match. Blue uniforms are preferred. Make a paper emblem for hat and sleeve, reading "Zany Airlines".

She gives each guest his "tour ticket" for the evening, which is almost sure to become the souvenir of an evening of fun. Cut long strips of heavy paper about 4 inches wide by 18 inches long. With marking pen, divide this ticket into six sections and fold it in accordian folds on these lines. Mark off top section as identification card. "Zany Line Tour of America", with name, address, and perhaps "reason for tour" below.

2nd fold *Atlantic City* — Shop Tour.

3rd stop *Niagara Falls* — Moon, Spoon, Loon (you).

4th destination *New York* — Famous Restaurant Tour.

5th *Grand Canyon* — Sweet — not suite! Such a sight to see!

6th *Hollywood* — Meet them all! You have heard of them, now see them!

Secure each ticket with a rubber band. With the ticket, present each guest with a pair of outsized paper goggles.

The host might be dressed as a pilot, "ballyhooing" points of interest on

the tour as the guests are arriving.

At flight time, let guests hear the plane's engine warming up (set the vacuum cleaner to going in the next room). Lead guests now to another room, such as recreation room, where the party is to take place.

At entrance to this room, have a fan concealed, to be blowing a big "gale" as guests enter room by climbing up steps from one side and down them on the other (build temporary stile-like steps, or use kitchen step stools) as they climb aboard their jet.

The party room has a series of tables set up, each representing a stop. A large balloon or sign is suspended over each table, on which is printed the name of the stop, as "Atlantic City".

Stunts or games are arranged on each table, and prizes may be awarded.

Suggestions for each table follow:

Atlantic City: Time to send a postcard home to Mother! Scenic postcards have been cut up jigsaw puzzle fashion and put in large bowl. Guests must sort out pieces until they can assemble a whole postcard which they then paste to a sheet of paper of postcard size. On the back each must write something appropriate. Extra points might be given for funniest, cleverest, etc.

Niagara Falls: Each one makes a souvenir appropriate to the tour from "makings" supplied on the table — modeling clay, feathers, toothpicks, paper, scissors, paste, ribbons, and flowers.

New York: The restaurant tour consists of pictures of all kinds of foods, including foreign dishes, all numbered. Players number their paper and list what the food is and where it is most appropriately eaten.

Grand Canyon: Time to take pictures. Have a camera ready to take "while-you-wait" pictures. What fun if you have arranged a huge Wild West picture on a paper backdrop before which guests can have picture taken. If no camera is available, each might paint a picture of the Grand Canyon, or each

might tear her own silhouette from black construction paper.

Hollywood: Pictures of Hollywood celebrities are on display and each one numbered. Guests try to see who can name the most correctly.

REFRESHMENT TIME might mean more mood atmosphere, with Hawaiian Punch, Eskimo Pies, etc.

A North Pole Expedition Party: Picnics and summertime are definitely go-togethers, but if you can do your warm weather entertaining by giving the picnic a "partyish" flair, your friends will grant you're a clever hostess, indeed.

Cut INVITATIONS in the shape of the globe, with a cover of pale blue and the second sheet of white paper. Mark in longitudinal and latitudinal lines with dark ink. Cut a slit at the top of the cover globe (marking the North Pole) and insert a tiny silk flag. On the inside write the invitation, which might read something like this: "Don't grumble about the temperature's rise, just find a cooler clime. Come, help us plant a flag at the North Pole, we'll have a jolly time. The expedition leaves my garage next Tuesday at six. Wear walking sport clothes, its all for kicks! Signed _____."

Letter in special places on the globe as "Equator hot-spot", "Frigid-aire", "Perspiration Headquarters", (your home town), etc.

DECORATIONS are huge posters and signs tacked up on trees, posts, garage, and porch rail. As guests arrive, they see "Kutting Corners to Koolville", "Pick Up Reservations to North Pole Here", "Arctic Departure Time — 6:05", "Follow Arrows for Fun", "Don't Feed the Polar Bears", "Did You Bring Your Parka?", "Check Your Snow Shovel Here", "Need an Extra Bag for Souvenir Blubber?", "Ride Reindeer at Your Own Risk", and the biggest sign of all: "INFORMATION". At the information booth each guest is given a "compass" to guide her on the tour. Each compass is cut from heavy posterboard, with a needle drawn on in black paint. Write directions for finding clues, (because this is a mystery hike ending in a picnic) which will direct the travelers to their final destination. It is more fun if you divide the group into two teams, each team having a different set of directions on their compasses, with clues such that they back-track on themselves and cross trails with other team.

Make the directions read "compass-like" as "Go due N. to red maple";
(Continued on page 21)

MID-SUMMER NEWS FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

We found ourselves in a very peculiar situation this morning. Oliver, Martin and I were at the breakfast table when there was a knock at the back door. Martin, being closest, jumped up to see who was calling at such an early hour, and returned with the announcement that we had to move our cars out of the garage and off the street for the resurfacing was being started, both in front and back of our property. We will be completely hemmed in on both sides. We pulled the cars into the alley for the time being until we could decide what to do. It didn't occur to us that both streets would be worked on at the same time! But that is just what is taking place.

After the broadcast I stopped at the folks' to see if there was any room left in their back yard to park a car. I say "room left" for already there were Lucile's car and Dad's nurse's car. We found a spot further in where I could leave it for "the duration", and I'll drive Dad's car as there was room to get it in and out of his garage. If any of you have been hemmed in with street work, you know a bit about our predicament.

Martin has been working at the *Kitchen-Klatter* plant this summer. At first we thought he would be working only part time, but they're so busy that he has been working every day. Earlier we'd hoped to have him paint the garage and tackle some other jobs for us here at home, but it looks as if we'll have to make other arrangements. About all he can manage after work is mowing and weeding — jobs that can't be put off.

We were so happy to have a visit from Frederick. Although it was only for a few days, we all had an opportunity to have good visits with him. Mother and Dad enjoy sitting on the front porch, and while Frederick was here they started throwing some old stale peanuts that Mother discovered in the back of a cupboard out on the sidewalk for the squirrels. Well, the squirrels were soon discouraged by a bluejay. The peanuts were placed closer and closer to the front steps, then onto the steps, and soon the bluejay was picking up peanuts right beside Mother's wheelchair. It proved true, as Frederick pointed out, that you can train any living thing with food! It was at this point that Frederick had to leave for his home in Massachusetts, but Mother promised him that she would continue training the bird and would have further news when he



Margery Strom and son Martin,
taken the day of his graduation.

telephoned on Saturday night. In only two more evenings the bluejay hopped through the propped-open door and snatched a nut off the living room carpet. We hope that very soon he will take food from Mother's hand. It has been great fun and has provided entertainment through the early evening hours.

Martin has been eagerly watching each day's mail for the past several weeks for a very important letter. A few months ago he put in his application to go on a camping trip to Montana sponsored by the State Conference of our church. The number of participants was limited so he sent in his application very early — long before school was out. Last week the mail brought the good news that he has been accepted.

DIPLOMA DAY

As they came marching down the aisle,
Those graduates in double file,
I proudly sought out from the rest
That young man that I knew the best,
Among those gowned alike in black,
And then my memories drifted back . . .

To weeks of rod and strictest rule
It took to prod him on to school,
And then the days he tried to fake
A sore throat or a stomach ache,
When rod and reel became a ruse
Or quite a popular excuse
To ration out the long-time rule
That five weekdays are made for
school . . .

But there he stood so proud and tall.
Seemed strange I wondered then at all
How he could do much conniving
To keep this morning from arriving.
—Gladise Kelly

I think his impatience was considerably increased because his best friend had long before received notification that he had been accepted for a church-sponsored trip to Alaska to help with the earthquake clean-up. We're still awaiting details as to what the agenda will be, what to pack, etc., but assume that letter will be coming very shortly. This will be Martin's first *real* camping experience, for you can't count our sleeping several nights in our station wagon on a vacation several years ago as truly camping out. This trip is timed for the end of summer, shortly before Martin leaves for college.

Speaking of college, we're already beginning to line up things for our son's departure in the fall. The family and close friends gave him useful graduation gifts — things that he will be needing. And out of the money he is earning this summer, a few necessary purchases are being made so there won't be a mad rush at the last minute. Several of our friends have seen sons through their first year or two of college so we can profit from their experiences. The big job yet to start is sewing identification tags on clothing, and that is one piece of advice that came early. I must get to working on those right away.

In a few days Oliver, Martin and I will be leaving for a little trip to Minnesota to visit Oliver's sister Emma and her family at their lake cottage south of Minneapolis. We may be accompanied by another sister and brother who haven't had an opportunity to visit Emma and Elder for a number of years.

Some of our friends and relatives have little cottages where they can go for relaxation over weekends and holidays, but Oliver and I have never considered one. We would want to be near water, and there aren't many lakes for such in our section of the country. We just wouldn't be able to get our money's worth from such an investment. However, we've been talking lately about what fun it would be to have a trailer — one that we could pull behind our car. If any of you have bought trailers for weekend trips and short vacations, I'd like to hear what you have to say about them.

I wish that I had time to stay home this afternoon and watch the men work on the streets! The little children are lined up on the parkings watching the men spread the oil with their big equipment; it looks mighty interesting, but I must get to the office.

Sincerely,

Margery

Entertaining for Threshers

by
Helen Henson Hess



During my early childhood there was so little that was unusual, or exciting, out on a Nebraska homestead, that the annual threshing fiesta was really an "event" in the lives of the juvenile members of our family; much more important, in my opinion, than a Sunday school picnic, or a Fourth-of-July celebration, because the "big doings" took place right on our own farm.

For several days prior to the "event" we were filled with joyful anticipation, for it entailed so much that normally appealed to children who lived back of beyond, so to speak. You see, our house stood well back from the public road and was approached by a long lane, which, as it neared the house yard, curved into a semi-circle. In those days it was known as a "New-England drive". That lane was bordered on the west side by a willow hedge — really a line fence — and on the east by a staggered row of maple trees that served as a windbreak for the newly-planted apple orchard. The orchard, itself, stood between the house and the public road, so we had plenty of privacy, which, no doubt, explains why we youngsters welcomed the "madding throng" that overran our place at threshing time.

Father did not thresh from the shock immediately after the grain was cut, as did our neighbors. He stacked all of his grain, because he wanted the wheat to go through the "sweat", and then threshed in the fall. It wasn't a short job, either, for it took a whole day to thresh the wheat and oats, and the greater part of the next day to thresh the clover and timothy. Father sold the nicely cleaned clover and timothy seed.

We children were all a-twitter while we waited for the threshing outfit to come into view if it happened to be daytime. Often they didn't arrive until 9 o'clock or even 10 o'clock at night. Then, by some special dispensation of Providence, we were allowed to stay up beyond our usual bedtime, and we'd stand out in the yard, listening intently for the first muffled sound of horses'

hooves thudding on the hard dirt road, and for the "chuckling" of the wagon wheels. While we waited, tensely, we could hear the clomp, clomp of hooves coming nearer; then the creaking of the separator told our trained ears that they were turning off the main road into the lane. Just before they reached the curved drive, bordered on one side by yard trees and lilac bushes and on the other side by a plum thicket and a box-elder grove, Father, lantern in hand, would meet them, step ahead of the team pulling the separator, guide them past the house and the corn cribs, down a gentle slope, up again, and past the barn and cattle sheds and stacks of prairie hay, until they finally wound up beside the grain stacks. We didn't miss a single manouever, and it was sort of eerie, watching the "show" by lantern light. I was always worried sick until the tall, lumbering, creaking separator stopped. It was so high and squeaked so much that I feared it might topple over. To me that driver was a brave man, indeed.

While the men unhitched and stabled their three teams, and took baths in the two washtubs behind a lilac bush near the house well (because Father had another well near the barn), Mother would be putting the last touches to the bed-making. We children always gave up our beds to the three threshermen, and slept on ticks filled with clean straw in the storeroom. Let me assure you that that was no hardship, for we had a hilarious time bouncing up and down on the resilient straw, giggling "in whispers"; and if one of us rolled off onto the bare floor — well that was a huge joke.

Next morning I'd be roused out of a sound sleep to help Mother with the breakfast preparations. I could keep the firebox of the cast iron range filled with cobs, bring the butter and cream out of the cellar, and, under her watchful eye, place knives to the right of the plates, forks to the left, and put extra spoons in the tall glass spoonholder with the thistle design that

matched the big sugar bowl and pitcher. I loved doing those chores, because it was like preparing for company, and, actually, the threshermen were "company" in our home. I felt important, too, because I hoped the men would think the table, covered with the pretty blue and white (or red and white) checked cloth, looked nice. Mother always gave them meticulously washed and ironed sheets and pillowcases and hand towels, too.

Then came the big moment when the men, who had risen long before I did to "set" the machine before breakfast, came in to eat. I'd hurry back and forth, placing the bowls of oatmeal before them as fast as Mother could dish it up. Then, while they helped themselves to thick slices of fresh, home-made bread, both white and graham, and spread them with home-churned butter, and creamed and sugared their coffee, Mother cooked the eggs, as each "guest" preferred his, and sent them to the table with a big platter of home-cured ham, a bowl of gravy, and dishes of fried potatoes. Toward the end of the meal I'd bring the big plate of cinnamon rolls, the pitcher of sorghum and a glass of jelly, and carry coffee cups to Mother to be replenished.

Soon after breakfast the men from neighboring farms began to arrive on horseback, in buggies, or in lumber wagons. One neighbor woman usually came to help with the dinner preparations. We children cheerfully did such chores as bringing in baskets of cobs and sticks of stove wood, for it permitted us to see all that went on, until we had to go, very reluctantly, to school. We missed the noonday dinner. I assure you, however, that no grass grew under our feet as we made the mile-and-a-quarter trek home after school was dismissed.

If, as it sometimes happened, they were threshing on Saturday, we'd watch from a discreet distance as two men, with pitchforks, took their places on a grain stack; two others stood "at attention" on a platform, just below the cutting table at the front of the separator; others, with pitchforks, stood at a spot at the opposite end where the straw would fall, so they could toss it back and make a neat stack. Then four teams of horses were hitched to horizontal bars extending at equal distances from under a platform that concealed cogwheels and goodness knows what else. This contrivance was con-

(Continued on page 20)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Since many of our readers are farm wives like myself, and several of you have written that your husbands always read my letters because they like to know what is going on at the Johnson farm, I think I will begin my letter this month with a crop report.

We had very cool weather and too much rain the first half of June in the southern part of Iowa. The corn didn't grow nearly as fast as the weeds, and in spite of the fact that we were beginning to wonder if Frank would ever be able to get the corn cultivated at least once before it was too big, we still felt fortunate because many farmers hadn't been able to get all their crops planted. The second week in June Frank did some spraying to kill the big weeds, and by the time I left for Shenandoah to address the magazine he was just beginning to cultivate. As soon as the ground had been stirred up to let the air in, the corn began to lose its yellow color and turn green again. I told Frank when I got home that on my drive to Shenandoah and back I saw acres and acres of ground that had just been planted so our crops looked pretty good to me.

Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, lives on a farm just 30 miles straight south of us. One Saturday he and Edna came to see us and were surprised to see water standing in our fields because he had been able to cultivate all week. We had gotten at least a half-inch of rain every day — just enough to keep things nice and muddy. Raymond gave Frank a big lift when he told him that another week would wind up the biggest share of his work for a few days and he would bring his tractor up and help him. You can imagine how happy this made Frank.

I don't think there is anything more frustrating for a farmer than to know he has so much field work to do and isn't able to do anything about it. True, there are many other jobs to be done, and he is always busy, but they aren't the "bread-and-butter" jobs. One day, when the weeds were knee high, I saw Frank pick up his hoe and start to the field. I said, "Why? You will wear yourself out and can't begin to cover even a small fraction of one field." He



Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson is showing Mother (Mrs. M.H. Driftmier) new pictures of her grandson Andrew. Little Andy and his parents, Kristin and Art Brase, live in Laramie, Wyoming.

replied, "I know it. It's crazy and stupid, but at least I will have the feeling that I am *fighting back*." I think this feeling was probably good for him.

By the time you read this letter brother Wayne's daughter Alison will be visiting us, and how eagerly Frank and I are anticipating her arrival. Alison has loved horses since she was a baby, and every time I looked at our two riding horses, Bonnie and Stardust, which haven't been ridden since Kristin left, a feeling of guilt came over me. I thought about Alison, and how every penny she could earn was saved for one purpose — horseback riding. When Wayne and his family came for Thanksgiving last year, I asked him and Abigail if the other two children would feel left out if I asked Alison to spend this summer with us so she could ride to her heart's content. Wayne laughed and said that Emily was at the age where unless we made the farm co-educational, she couldn't be less interested. And that Clark was so wrapped up in his summer activities and camping that he wouldn't care to come. He *knew* that Alison would be thrilled with such an invitation! We hoped she could come as soon as school was out, but she had started on a long seige with the orthodontist and braces, and couldn't leave until she had reached the place where she didn't have to have her teeth checked so often.

Both of the horses need their hoofs trimmed, but Frank said he would wait until Alison's arrival since he thought she would probably enjoy helping him. Alison loves to clean and polish saddles, and she is going to have a good one to work on because Kristin's saddle has been hanging in the washhouse for a long, long time and is plenty dirty.

Now that we have a grandchild, Frank has been talking about getting a little pony. Since Little Champ, Kristin's small pony, died several years ago, we haven't had anything for small children to ride when they come to the farm. We thought this might be a good summer to get one since Alison would probably love to work with it and gentle it down. Frank and I are both a little too big for a job like this but Alison is just the right size. We haven't bought one yet, but expect to soon.

I told you a few months ago about the Boy Scouts buying a ten-acre piece of timber adjoining our property for a Scout camp. Frank said the other day that several boys had been out and he could see where they had blazed a few of the trees, so they are getting ready to do *something*, but we don't know what.

There is also much activity on the four acres where our old house used to stand — the house that burned to the ground about a year ago. Mr. Halferty, who bought the property from us, hadn't decided yet whether to rebuild when he had a chance to sell it to a young couple from Des Moines who wanted to build a home, doing the work themselves. They both work in Des Moines, but every weekend since the first nice days of spring, they've driven down to start cleaning up the rubble, mowing the yard, and getting everything in shape to start building. They've really worked hard and you can surely see it.

I will have to tell you a funny joke on myself. Frank taught our dog Tinker to roll over several months ago, and one night when I was writing my weekly letter to Kristin, I asked Frank if he could think of anything I should mention. He asked me if I had ever told her about Tinker's new trick. I didn't think I had, so I wrote about it in great detail. The next letter we got from Kristin she said, "We are certainly happy to learn that Tinker has learned the same new trick *twice*, or perhaps he learned to roll over to the left the first time, and to the right the second time!"

I'm still doing a little sewing in my spare time. After making several dresses for Kristin and a couple for Juliana, I decided to make two for myself. Also, I knew Kristin would be terribly busy in summer school and wouldn't have time to do a lot of ironing, so I made four pairs of seersucker shorts for Andy and bought little tee-shirts to match. She wrote that they fit perfectly and would be easy to take care of, making her summer work lighter.

(Continued on page 22)

ABIGAIL TELLS THEIR VACATION PLANS

Dear Friends:

Perhaps many of you wondered how our family and the firm by whom Wayne is employed fared in the disastrous flood which swept through Denver this summer. We were among the fortunate ones who live and work a considerable distance away from the South Platte River. In addition, we are on much higher ground that is not even close to any of the streams which feed into the South Platte.

Many people in this area were tremendously shocked at the enormity of the destruction caused by a raging river. It has been almost unbelievable to many who live here. I grew up within seven miles of the Missouri River long before the dams attempted to control its raging temper. I remember only too well how terrible a major flood can be.

Prior to the floods we had three or four weeks of frequent rains — an unheard-of rarity in this semi-arid country. This moisture, combined with the deep melting snow-pack in the mountains, saturated the countryside. It took only two or three extra heavy rains to turn what are normally dry creeks into raging torrents.

Emily was attending church camp in the nearby mountains when the flood struck Denver. Many of the campers were from affected areas. Some of the radio coverage was very emotional and helped make the campers unduly concerned until they learned that their homes and families were safe. The one lucky thing was that although property destruction was astronomical, the loss of life was blessedly low.

Our eldest hopes to be able to spend a day or so at several of the church camps being held this summer. Also, Emily is anticipating attending a leadership training school sponsored by the Colorado High School Activities Association. It is held at Colorado State University at Ft. Collins and will provide her with her first real taste of a college campus.

Alison spent the month of June alternating between her orthodontist's office, the riding stable and the nursery. Before the braces could be installed it was necessary for her to have four teeth removed. Then it took several sessions to place the bands on each of the remaining teeth. This is not a very comfortable thing to experience,



When the Denver Driftmiers visited Cheyenne Mt. Zoo recently, Emily snapped this picture of her sister Alison and brother Clark.

but one glance at the vast improvement in Emily's teeth would convince anyone of the value of such treatment.

Throughout this first summer month Alison was enrolled in a jumping class. Since every three-foot jump takes about three years off my life, I found watching the class far too nerve-wracking, so I used that time to see that Clark got in some golf practice. (Fortunately, the stables and golf course are located in the same general direction.) In addition, she worked one day each week at the stables. In exchange for her help in saddling and caring for the horses, and cleanup work in the stables, she received free riding time throughout the remainder of that day.

In between rains Alison worked at nursery. She has proven to be an excellent worker there in applying fertilizer to the canned roses, shrubs and trees. She gets paid on a piece-work basis and this is a real reason to keep working steadily. There aren't many baby-sitting or other job opportunities available to her age group so she is one of the lucky ones. Last fall Frank and Dorothy invited her to visit them on the farm this summer. Since she wanted to accept their invitation very badly, this was a real incentive to earning part of the cost of such a trip. Alison has always wanted to live out in the country where there were more animals than people. This was a golden opportunity to make her dream come true.

The high point of Clark's summer

vacation schedule was camp. He spent two weeks at a camp a few years ago, and even at that tender age he adored every minute and apparently never had one homesick thought. He chose to attend a different camp this year. It is the Y.M.C.A. Camp Chief Ouray located near Grand Lake, Colorado. Perhaps the train trip up through all the tunnels was the deciding factor! In any case, it has been known for years as a very fine camp that offers a great variety of activities.

Usually Clark signs up for summer band, but this year he decided to join the junior golfers instead. There was a time conflict so he couldn't do both. And there has been a good deal of swimming, also.

The 1965 national convention of the American Association of Nurserymen is being held in Portland, Oregon. Because of an office he holds in one of the affiliated organizations, Wayne found he had to attend these meetings. I have never been in this section of the country before and Wayne had made only one very brief trip there. Needless to say, we knew immediately that this was a golden opportunity for a combined business and vacation trip.

From watching the older-aged children of our relatives and friends, we suspect that Emily will not be spending much summer vacation time with us after this year. Also, one of the colleges that interests her is located in Portland. So things just worked out that it has seemed destined for the three of us to drive to the convention in Portland. We plan to take the long way back to Denver. Never having been that close to Canada before, and not even guessing how many years it will be before we are again, we can't pass up the opportunity to see something of our neighbor to the north.

If ever you want to feel really wanted, just hint to the Canadian Travel Bureau that you are interested in their country. You will receive handsome brochures, numerous maps and every possible bit of information and welcome that could entice a tourist to Canada. They really make you feel as if their fondest wish is for you to have a completely enjoyable visit in their country.

Some dear friends from our mutual years in Iowa are due in town at any moment. I'd better get this in the mail and myself looking a bit more presentable. So a hasty good-bye until I can settle down to write again.

Sincerely,

Abigail

CATS

by
Ralph and Muriel Childs



This is an essay on cats. I love cats. Among men — most men, I should say — this is a horrible admission. Men are not supposed to like cats. Why? I don't know. Maybe it is because Robert Louis Stevenson, in his essay *Virginibus Puerisque*, said something to the effect that no woman should marry a man who doesn't smoke a pipe, and no man should marry a woman who doesn't like cats.

Or perhaps it derives from Kipling's *Just So Stories*. Here he depicts the Cat as the Woman's — the Dog as the Man's. No one has ever described the Cat better: "I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me." That is the essence of independence. And doesn't that describe Man?

But Man, for the most part, does not like independence in his pets. He wants obedience, fawning, even subservience. That is why Man is prone to choose the Dog.

What about Woman? The last thing I dare do is analyze her vagaries. May I, as a man, say only that I have noted many similarities between the Cat and the Woman. Woman is undoubtedly and fundamentally as independent as Man. Even in the "olden days" women demonstrated their emancipation far and above what modern women think they did.

I have just finished reading a book about our presidents' wives. Many of these women proved to be as eminently capable as their husbands. Some were more intelligent. The score is about 50-50.

I started talking about cats, which I love, and let's get back to them. They are nutty as people.

We've had cats — lots of cats. I marvel at their eating habits. They are supposed to like fresh meat, fish, and sometimes milk. Don't be misled. Cats are as individual in their eating habits as people.

One red Persian male we had thrived on baby chicks. Trying to make him acceptable in the neighborhood, I doused a dead chick with quantities of red pepper. My psychology, and red pepper, might have worked with a human, but Sandy ate the chick, red pepper and all.

One of our cats loved muskmelon rind. Give him the rinds left from the table, and he'd by-pass a mound of

hamburger. He ate not only the meat of the rind; he ate the rind itself. This cat, as others have done, doted on the leavings of corn-on-the-cob. One might think that it was the butter-and-salt that he was after, but a piece of buttered toast left him cold. He was, I think, our vegetarian cat.

We've had others with odd tastes. One thrived on peelings from boiled potatoes. That was his cup of tea.

Our present one, called PK, Plain Kat, because our family of six rarely agree on a name for a pet, loves to lick the sauce off canned beans, enjoys vanilla ice cream, and thinks that vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce is special. He likes the juice of canned peas, but leaves the peas strictly alone. Learning that he liked chicken, we've fed him many bony parts of chicken. He prefers the necks.

Don't misunderstand me. We have had, loved, and lost, to mourn, many dogs. But to cat lovers, cats are a thing apart. Those of us who harbor them respect their independence and their freedom from man-made rules. They are not stupid, as non-cat-lovers say. They are animals who walk by themselves.

I had always thought of cats as being of far-Eastern origin. This idea probably stemmed from Siamese and Persian cats. Even Persia seemed far-East to me. Actually, they are supposed to have originated in the near-East. The Sphinx itself bears out this theory.

Not only the Sphinx attests to the respect with which cats were held in Egypt. Thousands of cat mummies have been found in Egyptian tombs. These Kaffir cats were considered sacred during early eras of Egyptian history.

Some sacred Egyptian cats are supposed to have crossed to Europe at Gibraltar, and to have mated with native cats that came across southern Europe. From this cross-breeding we have our so-called "alley cats". Alley cats are often beautiful and usually intelligent.

Cats arrived on the American scene, usually, as pets. The ancestors of our Persian (or Angora) cats were probably brought from Turkey by sailors as gifts to their wives and sweethearts. Sailors liked cats on their ships, so long as they were not black. Cats were supposed to bring good luck.

They had one practical benefit: they kept down the rat population, which was a boon to the food supply on long voyages.

As a matter of fact, cats were of inestimable benefit to early settlers in America. Without cats, their scanty grain supplies would quickly have been depleted by the depredation of rodents. Our early armies might have failed without cats, because it was impossible to transport more than a minimum of their food needs, every bit of which was precious. Cats kill only to eat, but a cat that is not over-fed can do much killing for eating on its own.

True cat-lovers are probably those who had kittens and cats when they were children. True cat-lovers expect nothing from their pets beyond beauty, grace, an occasional amusing antic, and a still more occasional token of condescending affection.

NOTE TO CAT-LOVERS:

From cans and boxes planned for pets,
Kitty dines when in the mood.
But, often, showing no regrets,
Demands her favorite "People Food".

—Inez Baker

EVERY CLOUD

The air was hot, and the wind was still
And the dust lay thick 'round the old windmill.
The corn was parched, and the creek was dry,
And a smoky haze filled the western sky.
But the farmer stood at the end of day
And spoke to the Lord in his simple way:

"Thank you, God, for the still of night
With its purple sky and its mellow light.

For a man can somehow understand
When the shadows fall across the land
That life can't all be cake and cream,
Or who would have the will to dream,
Or have enough get up and go
To plant the seed and help it grow?
So, I thank you, God, for the strength
to fight

That comes to me in the still of night!"

—Carlita McKean Pedersen

AUGUST SALUTE

Mid golden grain and ripening fruit
August gives a last salute
To rambler rose and bluebell's rings,
For summer flies on swallow wings.

—Mildred Grenier

Beauty Is Her Business

by
Deleta Landphair



Thirty-seven years ago, a little girl stood on a kitchen chair to give a neighbor a fingerwave. Today, this girl, now Mrs. Audrey Couchman, is still caring for the hair of the same neighbor lady. The kitchen chair is gone and Audrey has a compact beauty shop built on her farm near Allerton, Iowa.

The decision to begin her own beauty shop was a big one. Audrey had worked as a beautician for about 2½ years before quitting to raise her family of two sons, Roger and Alan. While her boys were growing up, Audrey kept her hair-dressing ability up to date by giving haircuts and home permanents to relatives and neighbors.

A desire for extra income and a reluctance to leave her family while she went into town to work, made Audrey decide to build a room for a shop on her farm home. She planned the addition so that if her new business venture failed, she could still use the extra space as a utility or sewing room.

Her husband, Dale Couchman, constructed an 8 x 8 room and paneled it in knotty pine. He also built the wall cabinets and a vanity in matching wood. Although the room is small, several windows give it a feeling of light and spaciousness. Audrey bought mostly second-hand equipment in excellent condition and managed to keep down her initial expense of beginning the shop. The cost of buying a hair dryer, sink and chair, beauty shop chair, mirror and miscellaneous equipment was less than \$400. In the fall of 1964, Dale moved a partition increasing the size of the shop to 8 x 12 and Audrey installed another hair dryer.

A good supply of water, while frequently difficult to find on a southern Iowa farm, is absolutely essential to a beautician. Knowing this, the Couchmans installed a water system which pumps water from an excellent well to a huge storage cistern. The cistern is piped to the house and shop and provides the more than one hundred gallons of water that Audrey uses daily.

A small sign beside the winding farm driveway is Audrey's only advertising. When neighbors first heard the sounds of building activity, they began telephoning for appointments. "In fact," Audrey remarked with a laugh, "I gave my first customer a wash and set be-

fore the shop was finished and open for business. She wouldn't wait for opening day."

Lack of advertising has never been a deterrent to Audrey's business. Satisfied customers spread the news to friends and relatives. Now, there are regular customers who drive more than 40 miles because they especially like her work.

Some of Audrey's customers are quite young. Little boys not brave enough to sit in a barber's chair like to come to Audrey for a haircut. She has cut hair many times for babies under six months. Patience and perseverance are needed when working with youngsters like a little two-year-old girl who fought and cried while her hair was trimmed. It isn't long, however, before Audrey charms these children into forgetting their fears and they happily climb into the chair.

Accurate financial records are necessary to a successful business and a beauty shop, however small, is not an exception. Each evening, Audrey totals the day's receipts and expenses. With these accurate records, income tax forms present few problems.

Audrey has encouragement to offer to anyone who wishes to embark on a similar venture. It has several advantages to offer a mother who does not like to leave her home to work.

For instance, Audrey likes to be home to cook every meal. She accomplishes this easily by stepping into her kitchen while a customer sits under the dryer. She does not hire outside help for house cleaning or laundry. These tasks are done while she waits on a late customer or in the evening after closing hours. "It is important, though," admits Audrey, "to have a husband and family who pitch in and help on days when I am rushed."

Being able to set her own business hours is also an advantage. Audrey plans her appointments so she can keep up with local school and neighborhood activities. She takes her vacation in early August when it is most convenient for her farmer-husband to leave his crops and livestock.

One of Audrey's biggest satisfactions is having her own income to help further the education of her two sons. Roger is now serving an apprenticeship in a barbershop after graduating from

A FARMER'S HEART IS MINE

I guess I'm just a farmer at heart, although I haven't lived on a farm since I was six months old, for nothing gives me more pleasure than a drive through the hills on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, regardless of the season.

If I chance to see a frisky colt suddenly kick up his heels, I'm delighted. A gaggle of giggling geese amuses me. White-faced Herefords, grazing on a hillside, is a picture that I never tire of seeing. A farm dog, curled up in the sun, sleeping peacefully, gives me a sense of security.

Bales of hay, geometrically arranged in a field, is one of the neatest sights I know, especially when in contrast with the rugged stubble of last season's cornfield. A fresh-furrowed field has an aroma equaled only by that of new-mown hay.

When the sun lies down behind a hill to rest, and a country church is silhouetted against the sky, I feel peaceful and contented. As I take my farmerish heart back home to the city, I give silent thanks to God that I live in this beautiful land, America.

—Carlita McKean Pedersen

IN DEFENSE OF WEATHER

No matter the weather,

In fact, let's say whether
It's sunshine or windy or rain,

Some folks will be cheerful,
Some give you an earful,

As they open their mouths to complain!

Each man, woman, child,

Whether "mouthy" or mild,
Likes to talk on the "state" of the day.

Once an author of note
Made a now-famous quote

Hinting weather is here to stay!

So, for ages and eons,
Both wealthy and peons
Will no doubt continue the game.

As for climate and weather,
They dovetail together,

In the end they may average the same!
—Inez Baker

barbering school. Alan, a sophomore in high school, is planning a career similar to his older brother and Audrey is anticipating helping with his tuition and expenses, also.

A successful business such as Audrey's Beauty Shop is not managed without both hard work and talent. It also requires much patience and congeniality to deal with the general public. "But," says Audrey firmly, "I'm glad that I took this big step to start my own shop. I enjoy it all."

WE WENT TO THE FAIR

by
Evelyn Birkby

Clear across our country summer fairs are being held: large fairs, small fairs, country fairs, 4-H fairs, state fairs, and their relatives, the community picnics and old-settlers' reunions. Many similarities can be observed in these gatherings, but each has a distinctive quality and personality.

The Iowa State Fair has been noted for years as one of the largest and finest exhibitions in the nation. Phil Stong's book, "State Fair" used it as its locale and gave it wide publicity.

When I was a very little girl, my parents, my sister and I packed up our "house-car" (an early version of the present day camper), drove to Des Moines and camped on the fairgrounds for several days. Last summer Robert and I tested our gear, folded the tents and other equipment into the station wagon, loaded up our three boys and retraced that early journey for a modern version of "camping at the fair".

Camping is growing so in popularity with all the new improvements in equipment and extended camping areas (space at the fair held over 4,000 units the weekend we were there!) that we get the feeling this is a brand-new recreation. But in the history of the first Iowa State Fair held in Fairfield in 1854 over 8,000 people attended and for many the favorite means of transportation was the covered wagon in which a family might camp along the road and at the fair. Added historical note: hardy frontiersmen arrived with long pistols in their belts for both protection and ornament!

At the three-day affair the greatest attention was attracted by the reaper which impressed many as one of the greatest improvements on the ground.

The three days were gradually expanded to over one week and this brought about great church services with outstanding ministers from around the country. Sunday school and church services are still held with local ministers presiding. We attended the inter-denominational service in the auditorium and found it jam-packed with an exciting cross-section of people who found worshipping together an inspiring experience.

The Iowa State Fair was held in various communities until 1884 when



Evelyn Birkby and her sons, Bob, Craig and Jeff, were pretty bone-weary at the end of a day's sight-seeing at the Iowa State Fair.

the legislature apportioned money for the purchase of a permanent location. In size the fair has grown from 6 acres to 378 acres. Attendance now runs over 500,000 per year. The 11 pigs shown in 1854 have become over 4,000 and from 69 cattle the total now runs well over 3,000.

All of this was rushing through my mind as we pulled into the camping area east of the fairgrounds proper. It took some doing to locate a site, even though it was still morning. Finally we spotted space enough on the top of a hill for our small tent — if we squeezed! It was conveniently near the entrance gate. For those who were camped in the far reaches, shuttle buses were provided. As soon as we had the tent set up and the car locked we walked to the gate, excitement mounting. The boys were jumping with those inner springs which propel youngsters forward and up and down and back and forth when something unusual is at hand.

Everywhere crowds were surging. Without a doubt, I concluded, people will watch *anything*, especially if it is moving. Men were standing observing tractors, old and new, recently developed implements and the best way to build a grain bin. Women were watching sewing machine demonstrations, accepting free seeds and brochures from nursery companies, sighing over model homes and exclaiming when live fashion models pirouetted across a stage. The children stood entranced at water running from a huge faucet high in the air, seemingly *unsupported by anything*!

People were watching the judging of horses and cattle with the excitement of a contest heavy in the air. 4-H boys and girls, looking handsome and healthy, showed their livestock and made us aware of the time and effort and money which went into the

fine animals. The 4-H building fascinated everyone with its exhibits of crafts and collections and experiments done by the young people. My boys came away with their eyes sparkling and minds filled with ideas for projects they could do at home.

Jeff would have been perfectly happy spending every minute in the Fish and Game Building watching the live animals native to Iowa. In fact, he made several trips back just to be sure he hadn't missed something of great importance.

We had to stop and eat, of course, so went to one of the church tents which served home-cooked meals. After waiting in line outside, getting up to the counter, and spending time deciding what to eat, Craig informed us stubbornly he didn't want any of it *at all* but wanted a hot dog instead. They didn't *have* a hot dog! My first reaction was a firm one, he could *very well* eat what was before him. But Robert looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes.

"We are at the fair to have a *good time*, remember? Why *can't* he have a hot dog if he wants it? *You* will be choosing what *you* want to eat."

I simmered down and told my youngest son I would fill my tray and he could share my salad and dessert then when we left the church tent he could find his hot dog.

You can guess what happened. With the pressure off, he ate a full salad, all my dessert and drank a glass of milk. By the time he had eaten his "foot-long" hot dog he had polished off a *reasonably* balanced meal.

While I roamed the Agricultural Building enjoying the flower arrangements, the handcraft items and the food booths, the boys and their father checked up on the horsehoe-pitching and horse-pulling contests. We got together near the concourse to see the bands march, including the tremendous United States Marine band. Bob commented on its precision and musical quality, factors his high school band instructor keeps trying to drill into the students.

Other talent from around the state played, sang, danced and gave recitations from the bandstand in the plaza and in the auditorium of the Women's and Children's Building.

While I took my time in the sewing, culinary and furniture re-finishing displays, Robert looked at farm crops and the boys went to the carnival.

(Continued on page 22)

**LEANNA'S BUTTERHORNS**

- 1 cup scalded milk
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cake fresh or dry yeast
- 3 beaten eggs
- 4 1/2 cups flour

Combine milk, shortening, flavoring, sugar and salt; cool to lukewarm. Add yeast and stir well. Add eggs, then flour; mix to smooth, soft dough. Knead lightly on floured surface. Place dough in greased bowl; cover and let rise until at least double in bulk. Divide dough into thirds; roll each third on lightly floured surface to 9-inch circle. Brush with melted fat. Cut each circle in 12 to 16 wedge-shaped pieces; roll each wedge, starting with wide end and rolling to point. Arrange in greased baking pan with the point of dough under so that it won't unroll. Brush with melted fat. Cover and let rise until very light. Bake at 400 to 425 degrees for 15 minutes. Makes at least 3 dozen.

HONEY DRESSING*(Different)*

- 1 cup salad oil
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 1/3 cup honey
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. grated onion

Combine all ingredients in the small bowl of your electric mixer, or in a mixing bowl if you are going to use a rotary beater. Beat thoroughly until all ingredients are well blended and then store in a covered jar in the refrigerator, being sure to shake up dressing vigorously before serving. Makes about 2 1/2 cups of exceptionally good dressing for a mixed fruit salad, but is also good for a tossed salad. We urge you to have this on hand for summer salads.

—Lucile

**SWEET-AND-SOUR
BRUSSELS SPROUTS**

- 1 lb. fresh Brussels sprouts or
- 3 pkgs. (10 oz. each) frozen sprouts
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup white vinegar
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- Dash of dry mustard

Clean fresh Brussels sprouts and boil until just barely tender, or cook frozen sprouts according to directions on package. (Fresh sprouts taste so much better that we hope you can lay your hands on some.)

Melt butter or margarine, blend in brown sugar, vinegar, cornstarch, grated onion and dash of mustard. Stir constantly until it thickens and then pour over cooked sprouts that have been very thoroughly drained. Serve at once. Brussels sprouts take very well to this combination of flavors.

—Lucile

OUR FAVORITE BAKED BEANS

- 1 can pork and beans (#2 size)
- 1 tsp. dark molasses
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 cup dates, cut
- 4 slices bacon, diced
- 1 whole medium onion

Combine all ingredients in a casserole or bean pot. (The bacon can be partially fried out if you prefer.) Bake at 350 degrees. Cover for first 30 minutes and uncover for last 30 minutes of baking time. The onion may be removed before serving.

This is a marvelous bean dish — one we've enjoyed for many years. The beans and dates combine so as to make guests wonder just what ingredient was used to make it so delicious.

Mark this as a combination to use for picnics and camping trips. It can be prepared in a skillet over low heat. Stir often to prevent sticking and add a little more water if needed.

—Evelyn

CHOCOLATE-BLACK WALNUT LOAF

- 1 cup margarine
- 2 cups sugar
- 5 eggs, well beaten
- 2 squares melted unsweetened chocolate
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 3/4 cup chopped black walnuts

Cream the margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the eggs and melted chocolate, blending well. Stir in all of the flavorings. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the buttermilk, beginning and ending with the dry ingredients. Fold in the chopped nuts. Bake in two greased loaf pans at 325 degrees for one hour. These can be frosted or sprinkled with powdered sugar.

—Dorothy

ROUND STEAK ROLL-UPS

- 2 lbs. round steak
- 2 cups moist bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup melted margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup water
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup

Mix crumbs, celery, egg, margarine, butter flavoring, and salt to make a dressing. Cut steak into individual servings and place large spoon of dressing on each. Wrap meat around dressing and fasten with a toothpick. Roll in flour and brown in hot fat. Transfer to baking dish. Stir water into soup and pour over meat. Cover and bake for 1 1/4 hours at 350 degrees. Serves 6.

—Margery

BAKED FISH FILLETS

- 1 lb. frozen fish fillets
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 3 slices bacon

Place the fish in a greased, shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour the tomato sauce over the fish and sprinkle with minced onion. Arrange the bacon slices on top. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 30 minutes, or until the fish is done.

PINEAPPLE-BANANA DELUXE SALAD

- 2 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 cups 7-Up
- 2 cups pineapple, crushed or tidbits, drained
- 1 cup marshmallows, tiny or large ones snipped
- 2 large bananas

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add 7-Up. When partly congealed, add drained pineapple, marshmallows, and sliced bananas. When completely set, spread on topping.

Topping

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup whipping cream
- Grated cheese

Blend sugar and flour. Add juice, flavoring and beaten egg. Cook until thickened. Remove from heat and cool. When cool, add 1 cup cream, whipped. Spread over gelatin and top with grated cheese.

—Margery

ZESTY ZUCCHINI

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 2 tsp. beef bouillon pellets (or two bouillon cubes)
- 1 lb. zucchini squash, cut lengthwise in narrow strips

Freshly ground black pepper

Melt butter and add onion, water, garlic salt and bouillon, mixing well. Add squash strips, bring to boil, and simmer, covered, about 6 to 8 minutes, or until done. Turn squash several times during cooking. Sprinkle with freshly ground black pepper and serve.

—Abigail

BROILED TOMATOES

- 3 large ripe tomatoes
- 3/4 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Wash and cut the tomatoes in halves. Combine rest of the ingredients. Place a portion on top of each tomato. Put tomatoes on a baking sheet and place under the broiler, 6 inches below heat. Broil 5 to 7 minutes, or until crumbs are brown and tomatoes heated through.

CHINESE ALMOND COOKIES

- 1 cup margarine
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1 egg
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 - 3 cups sifted flour
 - 1 tsp. soda
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - Almond halves
- Cream margarine with sugar until light; then add egg and mix well. Add almond flavoring. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix well. Shape in 1-inch balls and put on ungreased cookie sheet. Flatten slightly by pressing center of cookies with thumb. Put half an almond on top of each cookie. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 minutes.

These cookies are rich — but not too sweet. They are ideal for arranging on a tray when you are having someone in for coffee.

DELICIOUS SAUCE FOR MEAT

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 medium-sized onion, chopped
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/8 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. powdered cloves
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen Bouquet

Melt butter or margarine and, cook onion in it until soft. Dissolve cornstarch in water, add onion and all remaining ingredients and cook, stirring constantly, until it comes to a boil.

We poured this over a boiled tongue and let it bake in a 350-degree oven for about 45 minutes. It would also be very good to use with ham.

—Lucile

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

- 4 egg yolks
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 4 Tbls. tarragon vinegar
- 16 marshmallows, diced
- 8 slices pineapple, diced
- 1 small bottle maraschino cherries, diced
- 1 pint cream, whipped

Beat eggs slightly and add sugar and vinegar. Cook in top of double boiler and cool.

Whip cream and fold in the cooked mixture. Fold in the marshmallows, pineapple and cherries. Turn into a refrigerator tray to freeze. This is easy and simply delicious.

—Mary Beth

DOROTHY'S VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 1/2 cups shredded cabbage
- 1 1/2 cups chopped celery
- 1 cup grated carrots
- 1/2 cup diced green pepper
- 1/4 cup diced pimientos
- 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups cold water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup ice water
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup salad dressing

Prepare your vegetables first and place in the refrigerator to keep them fresh until needed. Put the gelatin and the 1 1/2 cups of cold water in a saucepan. Place on the stove over very low heat, stirring until the gelatin is dissolved. Remove from heat and stir in the sugar and the salt; then stir in the 1/2 cup of ice water. In a large bowl, blend together the vinegar, lemon flavoring and salad dressing. When smooth, add the gelatin mixture and stir until well blended. Put this into the refrigerator and chill until the mixture just mounds when dropped from a spoon. Stir in the vegetables and turn into a large mold, or individual molds, to chill until firm.

PEANUT BUTTER FINGERS

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup ground raisins
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream margarine, peanut butter and butter and orange flavorings. Add sugars and egg and beat thoroughly. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Chill. Shape into rolls about 2 inches long and score lengthwise with tines of fork. Bake at 350 degrees for about 12 minutes.

APPLESAUCE PANCAKES

- 2 cups biscuit mix
- 1 egg
- 1 cup applesauce
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Milk to desired consistency of batter. Add ingredients in order given and fry as usual. Serve with hot syrup.

CHOCOLATE OATMEAL SQUARES

3/4 cup flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. baking soda
 1/2 cup margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 6 Tbls. granulated sugar
 6 Tbls. brown sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring
 1/2 tsp. water
 1 egg
 1 cup quick-cooking oats
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut
 flavoring
 1 cup chocolate chips

Sift together the flour, soda and salt. Cream butter, sugars, flavorings, egg and water. Add dry ingredients and blend well. Add oats and nuts. Spread in a large rectangular pan and sprinkle chocolate chips over the top. Bake at 375 degrees for 2 1/2 to 3 minutes, then open oven, slide out the rack and with a knife spread the melted chocolate bits into the batter in a marble effect. Continue baking for 12 or 14 more minutes. Cut in squares while warm. Be careful not to overbake these cookies.

—Margery

CARAMEL-MALLOW SAUCE

15 cellophane-wrapped caramels
 1/2 cup milk
 14 large marshmallows
 A dash of salt
 1 Tbls. butter
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
 flavoring

Combine all ingredients in a heavy saucepan over low heat. Cook, stirring constantly, until melted into a smooth sauce. Serve over white or spice cake, or as an ice cream topping. Store in refrigerator.

—Evelyn

NEW ENGLAND NUTMEG SAUCE

1 cup sugar
 1 Tbls. flour
 1 cup boiling water
 1 Tbls. butter
 1 tsp. nutmeg
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring

Mix the sugar and flour together. Stir in the boiling water and cook, stirring constantly until sauce bubbles and is slightly thickened. Add the butter and simmer gently for five minutes. Remove from heat and stir in the nutmeg and flavoring. Serve hot over cake or custard.



Ice Cream — The Dish with a Past

by

Joseph Arkin and Judith Jacovitz

Among the palate pleasers of former years, there is one that has remained a long-time outstanding favorite. The dish with special appeal for both young and old — the dish with *flavor, variety* and *nourishment* — the dessert that almost no one passes by — *ice cream!*

Picture a mountain 400 feet square and as tall as the Empire State Building. Freeze it, flavor it with chocolate, vanilla, strawberry — anything that appeals to your taste and you will have evoked a mouth-watering image of the 700 million gallons of ice cream that Americans will eat this year.

The origin of ice cream can be traced back to the days of ancient Rome. Nero, the first century A. D. Emperor zealously guarded his supply of the first known sherbet which was a concoction of honey and fruit juices mixed with snow brought from the mountains outside of Rome.

It wasn't until the 13th century, however, that milk was substituted for the snow. Ice cream lovers everywhere can thank Marco Polo for bringing the recipe back from China to his native Venice. The first true ice creams started with Marco's recipe.

The 17th century English ruler, Charles I, was as secretive and selfish about his ice cream recipe as Nero was about the sherbet. Legend has it that his cook, who was sworn to secrecy about the ingredients, was a big blabber mouth and his punishment for this monstrous crime was the removal of the head that talked too much.

Our first president, George Washington, became an immediate ice cream lover when it was introduced into the American colonies in the 17th century. He had two ice cream freezers installed in his home at Mount Vernon, which, incidentally, can still be seen by tourists.

President Madison's wife, Dolly, served ice cream in 1809 and from then on, using home freezers, to dish up ice

cream became an integral part of American life.

Freezing ice cream is much easier today with the new ice cream freezers. The unit uses a triple-wall tub, and has the advantage of faster freezing, slower melting of ice, longer retention of cold, and, best of all, no outer frosting with all the moisture and mess such a hazard brings.

New freezers can be purchased either electrically powered or hand operated. The electric type can be converted for use in the kitchen as the manual can be in the yard or for picnics.

Here's an item about home freezers that many people are not aware of. Since quality of ice cream depends on weight rather than volume, the home ice cream freezers will give homespun desserts that have at the most one third air and will be of a finer quality than commercial products which are generally about one half air.

According to statistics, the average American will eat 16 quarts of ice cream this year. He prefers vanilla, chocolate and strawberry — in that order.

He will partake of this delicious dessert in many forms: in sherbet with only a little milk; ice with no milk at all; the parfait which is comprised of a good deal of milk fat; ice cream with a cake confection; and then, of course, ice cream in carbonated sodas, in yummy sundaes, in pops and cones. Shapes and tastes to delight everyone!

And best of all, it's good for you. Richard A. Havens, dairy expert, has said, "The foods which we like best are seldom the foods which are best for us. But ice cream, a treasured treat of young and old alike, is one of the most nourishing foods in our diet."

So enjoy your ice cream — the dish with a long history of distinguished eaters — the dish with an interesting and most tasty future.

❖ ❖ ❖

MAKING ICE CREAM

Our grandma says, if we've been good
And helped our mothers as we should,
She'll make ice cream, a special treat,
And each can have *all* he can eat.

She beats the eggs and adds some
cream,

Sugar, milk and flavoring.

We take the freezer to the yard

And turn the crank, no job too hard.

Aunt Margery comes when it is done
And brings some spoons, now for the
fun!

Ice cream really *IS* a treat

When we can have *ALL* we can eat.

—Leanna Driftmier

(This little poem was written in 1955.)

FREEZER ICE CREAM

(1 gallon)

2 cups sugar

1/2 tsp. salt

4 eggs

4 Tbls. flour

1 pint cream

2 1/2 quarts milk

1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring

Mix 1 1/2 cups of sugar, flour, egg
yolks and 1 quart of milk. Bring to
boiling point and then cool. Beat egg
whites until stiff but not dry and add
remaining 1/2 cup of sugar and the
salt. When mixture is cool, add remain-
ing milk, the cream and freeze in the
usual way.

MAPLE NUT ICE CREAM

Scald 1 quart of milk. Add 2 cups
brown sugar and 1 Tbls. cornstarch.
Then add 6 well-beaten eggs. Cook
until mixture begins to thicken and
then remove from fire and pour over 1
quart of cream. Add 1 cup finely chop-
ped black walnuts, a pinch of salt, 1
Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring,
and 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black wal-
nut flavoring. Add enough more milk to
make a gallon of ice cream. Freeze.

MARASCHINO CHERRY ICE CREAM

2 cups whole milk, scalded

3/4 cup sugar

2 tsp. cornstarch

1/4 tsp. salt

1 cup cold milk

2 eggs

1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice

18 maraschino cherries, chopped

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond
flavoring

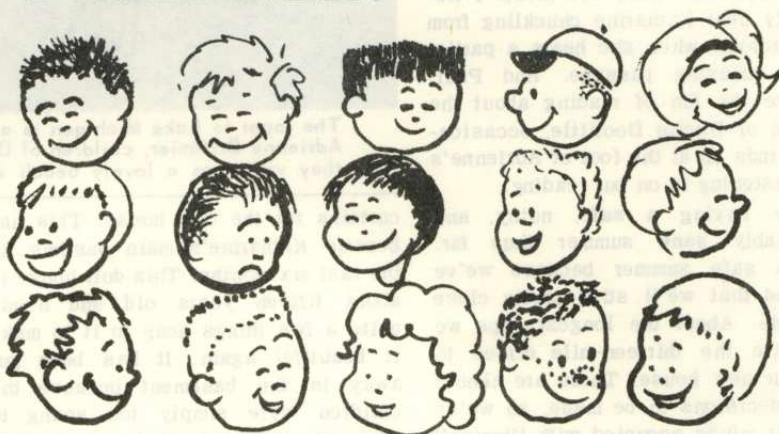
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry
flavoring

1 cup cream, whipped

Scald the milk. In a bowl mix the
sugar with the cornstarch, salt and
cold milk. In another bowl beat the
eggs and combine with sugar mixture.
Add the scalded milk. Cook until it
coats a spoon. Cool. Drain the cher-
ries. Measure the juice and add, then
the cherries. Add the almond and cher-
ry flavorings and fold in the whipped
cream. Fill the freezer 3/4 full and
freeze. Makes 2 quarts.

OBSERVATION: SUMMER

The average American is a man
who works hard all winter to fill
his home with comforts and con-
veniences, and then spends his sum-
mer in a trailer, or tourist cabin, or
fishing boat, or mountain shack
with few comforts and conveniences.

PUZZLE!**FIND WILBUR FINSCH**

Wilbur Finsch is the boy in the lower right-hand corner above.
He's happy because, whenever he comes home, he can have a re-
freshing "Summer Cooler" in his favorite flavor. It's made of
Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring, Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener
and milk . . . and it replaces the sugary soft drinks that so often
ruin appetities these summer days. Here's how it's made:

Mix 1 teaspoon **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** with 4
teaspoons **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring** (your choice of 16 flavors).
Keep in a capped bottle, and add 1/2 teaspoon of this mixture to
1 cup milk . . . anytime.

Oh, yes . . . the sad little boy in the second row? His mother
hasn't heard about "Summer Cooler!"

Cherry
Lemon
Banana
Raspberry

Butter
Coconut
Burnt Sugar
Almond

Orange
Pineapple
Strawberry
Mint

Black Walnut
Vanilla
Maple
Blueberry

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

Ask your grocer first. However if you can't yet buy these fla-
vorings at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles.
(Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00.)

3-oz. sweetener 50¢. We pay postage.

Kitchen-Klatter Products Co.
SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601

MARY BETH SCHEDULES SUMMER ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

We've just wrapped up another chapter of *Winnie-the-Poo*, and it is sheer pleasure to watch Adrienne's eyes crinkle at the corners when she anticipates a joke coming along in a line or two. This dependable old favorite is a new book in our household, arriving on that day of days — Adrienne's birthday. Since its arrival at our house we've been sharing Christopher Robin's adventures with Adrienne every evening at bedtime. I don't know which one of us enjoys this book the most. I frequently hear Katharine chuckling from her bedroom when she hears a particularly amusing passage. And Paul, despite the fun of reading about the travels of Doctor Doolittle, occasionally winds up at the foot of Adrienne's bed, listening in on our reading.

We're having a safe, noisy, and reasonably sane summer thus far. It's a safe summer because we've decided that we'll stick pretty close to home. About the longest trips we take are the thirteen-mile drives to see our new house. There are almost daily decisions to be made, so we've had our minds occupied with "house" thoughts as opposed to "vacation" thoughts.

The noisiness of our summer is the same as any average neighborhood. It seems to me that children who have been cooped up in schools for nine months have an accumulated store of ear-shattering noises that they must release from about ten in the morning until eight at night. We have ten years of accumulated toys in our yard which draw an amazing number of children. I still prefer to have the youngsters in our yard where I can keep an eye on my small fry's activities even though it means bracing myself for several hours of public-playground-like din. I have decided this year that after having supervised the play yard for eight hours I am entitled to the privacy of our own yard (and some peace and quiet, too) during the evening. So we have spread the word among the younger set that comes suppertime the Driftmier park closes for the day.

Because we are not going vacationing this year, we have allowed Katharine to go on a visit by herself to her Grandmother Schneider's. The children's grandmother was here for the two summer birthdays, and when she went back she took Katharine with her. While she was here she helped me with my never-completed mending. In addition, we set to work making



The jaunt to Lake Michigan is a special treat for Katharine, Paul and Adrienne Driftmier, children of Donald and Mary Beth. The public park they visit has a lovely beach which is a delight to the youngsters.

curtains for the doll house. This has become Katharine's main pastime for the last six months. This doll house is about fifteen years old and needs quite a few things done to it to make it beautiful again. It has been put away in the basement because the children were simply too young to enjoy it. However, Katharine is now planning to carpet the floors with scraps of velvet left over from a re-upholstery job on a chair; she has decorated each room with a mirror; and the main thing she wanted for her birthday was doll-house furniture. We found some tiny accessory pieces to give her. Can you imagine 16 pieces of silverware, the longest of which is less than an inch in length? If the majority of these little spoons and forks don't end up in the dog's mouth I will be greatly surprised!

One of the things I have wanted to do with Katharine this summer, and have had no luck securing, is a cross-stitched sampler such as little girls five generations ago used to make. A friend of mine has one which reads: "Wrought this day by Carolyn Eaton, June 7, 1820, age 10 years." She also worked the ABC's in both upper- and lower-case letters plus the numerals up to seven. It measures about 24" by 10". I am confident that 145 years ago they made their own designs and didn't depend on a manufactured product. However, if any of you know if these are available now, I would surely appreciate learning where I could secure the patterns, if nothing else. I think they are wonderful heirlooms to pass down through a family.

Paul has a dear sampler which his Granny Driftmier made to commemorate

his birthday. At the bottom, below a beautiful verse, is his full Christian name and the date of his birth. It may be I'll have to get the proper fabric and use graph paper to work out my own designs.

Our lives are really pretty "ho-hum" this summer, but after the frantic schedule we keep during the school year with its homework, it is a welcome relief. We take the children swimming as often as possible. We also instigated a reading program on a pleasure basis here at home and that has proved successful. It helps to keep the children from getting bored and into mischief. I taped a paper to the kitchen closet door and on it the children write down the names of the books they have read. We set a goal of a book a week for Katharine and Paul. Thus far we've managed to keep on schedule, and I'm sure Paul doesn't realize it but he is maintaining his reading skills. He has been reading orally to me so I know he isn't skimming through a book with unrealistic speed.

My only other scheme for keeping the children productively occupied so they won't play their entire day away is a job sheet. This eliminates all arguments about one person's being overworked, and settles once and for all who is responsible for what each day. I made the chart on a very large sheet of poster board, and every evening I change the next day's occupations by putting a child's initial in a box opposite the task. In the morning after breakfast they know there are certain chores which must be done before they dash out to play, and

(Continued on page 22)



How to Be a Good Neighbor

by
Agnes W. Thomas

Having been brought up on a farm where the arrival of a new family was quite an event, I was not prepared for the kind of neighbors I found when I moved to the city.

I shall not soon forget an experience I had shortly after I married and moved to a large city. I had spoken to my next-door neighbor and thought she seemed friendly enough. One day I found that I was out of sugar and went next door to borrow some. I was politely told, "We neither lend nor borrow." I was shocked but realized later, of course, that this was an exceptional person and that friendly people abound wherever we live.

A question we should ask ourselves is, "Am I a good neighbor?" And then try to measure up to our own standard. The whole thing may be summed up in the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." There are exceptions, of course. Your next-door neighbor may be a writer. In which case she may do her writing in the morning while the children are at school. Another neighbor may have to rise extra early to get her husband off to work so she relishes a nap after lunch. These persons should let their wishes be known so that well-meaning neighbors will not call during the hours they are working or sleeping.

Some newcomers are slow in making friends because they wait for others to make the first move. They feel that they should not speak to their neighbors unless they have been properly introduced, nor visit them unless they have been invited. A genuine desire for friendship depends more upon your congeniality than upon your knowledge of etiquette.

If you would be a good neighbor, may I suggest the following:

1. Pay an early visit to the newcomer. If their electricity has not been

turned on, perhaps you could bake a casserole and make a pot of coffee for them. Tell them about the nearest store, school and church. Offer to take the children to Sunday school and invite the parents to your church if they do not have a church home. Explain about doctors and hospitals in case of emergency, and offer the use of your telephone.

2. When you call on a neighbor, be considerate. If you see that she is busy or getting ready to go out, suggest that you come at another time. If she insists that you come in, make your visit a short one.

3. When there is illness or death in a family, don't just go over and say, "Let me know if there's anything I can do." Do something! Offer to take care of the children, or if you see a basket of clothes that need ironing, take them home and iron them.

4. Be honest and sincere. Should friends call and you have an appointment, tell them so and ask them to come another time. If you are baking a cake, invite them into the kitchen with you.

5. Be gracious about accepting favors. If a friend brings you half a cake, don't feel that you must send something in return. It is no disgrace to return an empty plate, nor is it necessary to return a favor immediately.

6. Act natural and don't try to be too formal. If a neighbor drops in unexpectedly, offer her a cup of coffee but don't get out your linen napkins. She may feel that she should reciprocate with equal elaborateness.

7. Be especially careful how you treat your neighbors' children. More neighborhood quarrels have started over children's squabbles than over any adult misunderstanding. If a visiting child misbehaves while in your care, try to deal directly with the child

and do not report his actions to his parents unless you are at your wit's end.

8. Be slow to judge. Many people have been falsely accused because we do not understand why they act as they do. Never spread rumors or repeat any unkind remarks. If possible, remain impartial and be a friend to everyone.

9. Take an interest in civic betterment and co-operate in community affairs, if time permits. Accept the responsibility of leadership.

10. Be the kind of gracious, dependable, considerate neighbor that friends will always welcome. If you are conscientious and follow these rules, when your neighbor sees you coming down her walk, she will say, "Oh, here comes Mrs. Jones!" instead of, "Oh, my goodness, here is that Mrs. Jones again!"

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Unless the hybrid clematis are planted with care and given some thought to location, watering, mulching, they may be short-lived. If you still like clematis but want something more dependable, grow the dwarf, shrubby types. They are splendid plants for the hardy border, and will grow in full sun or partial shade. Once you have them established, shrubby clematis become very handsome and carefree additions to the garden.

There are several varieties, but the ones I grow and prize are *C. Integrifolia*, *C. Recta variety Mandshurica*, and *C. Davidiana*. The first one, *C. Integrifolia*, grows about 20 inches high in my garden. It starts blooming in late June and continues through August. The bell-shaped flowers are a rich blue in color, nodding in habit, and are long-lasting when cut for arranging purposes. Visitors like *C. Recta variety Mandshurica* the best because the clusters of 1-inch white flowers are so sweetly scented. From late June until late August the plant is a mass of frothy white blooms which perfume a large area. The plant grows about three feet tall and is best grown against a fence or staked if planted out in the open.

C. Davidiana has coarser foliage and is a more rampant grower than the two above. Bright gentian blue flowers are born in clustered heads, 6 to 10 together at the leaf axils, and unless the

(Continued on page 20)

PUT THE "DO" IN "DONE"

by

Cora Ellen Sobieski

The word sounds so nice and complete, d-o-n-e, done! But before we can complete anything and have the supreme satisfaction of proudly saying, "It's done," we first have to put the "do" in it. And at times this takes a bit of doing. Take an average housewife, for example. With the countless interruptions a day brings it's sometimes a problem to do the little extra chores besides the regular cleaning, cooking, ironing, and the rest, plus taking the kids to the dentist, taking the kids to school, and just taking the kids.

One day I found it was usually all "plus" with no "minus" in sight. A jam-packed day leaves no room for the making of jam or any of the little projects we want to do, have to do, and must do — things that nobody notices until they are left undone.

These little extra, neglected chores kept nagging me for the attention they deserved. Tomorrow has the bad habit of turning into today, and while today was here I was going to do something with it.

I meant business, and business-like I picked up a pencil. I intended to get these chores down in black and white. I decided to jot 'em — then blot 'em. Out of my day they'd go until the day came when they would demand redoing.

It was a Monday morning and my first week's list looked like this:

DO to get DONE

Wash kitchen cupboards
Shorten those two dresses
Write to Aunt Mable
Read that library book
Clean at least one closet

My object was not to do all these extra things in a day, but to see if I could accomplish all or part in a week. The busiest person has a sprinkling of minutes here and there, and I was determined not to let them get away.

My chores took on a new importance once they were written down on paper, and I felt very important and efficient as I blotted the completed ones out with my pen. Results rewarding!

At the end of the first week I had completed four of the five chores listed and I felt downright smug. The kitchen cupboards were washed down, one at a time each day as the dishes soaked in their own suds, making it easier to wash *them!* The dresses were shortened in the evening as I watched T.V. Previously, I would sit idle as I watched, but because I never keep my eyes fastened on the T.V. screen at all times, I found I could complete this chore and enjoy a program also. The letter to Aunt Mable was written in off moments while I waited for a pot to boil or for a person who was late. The book was read in the same way. We waste many moments in life just waiting, so I always use this waiting time to read or write, both of which can be stopped in a minute.

I deliberately made my first list small so it couldn't defeat me if it wanted to. And I was sure to list something I wanted to do, too, like the letter to Aunt Mable. I enjoy a written chat with her now and then. And the book I also enjoyed. These were my "bonuses".

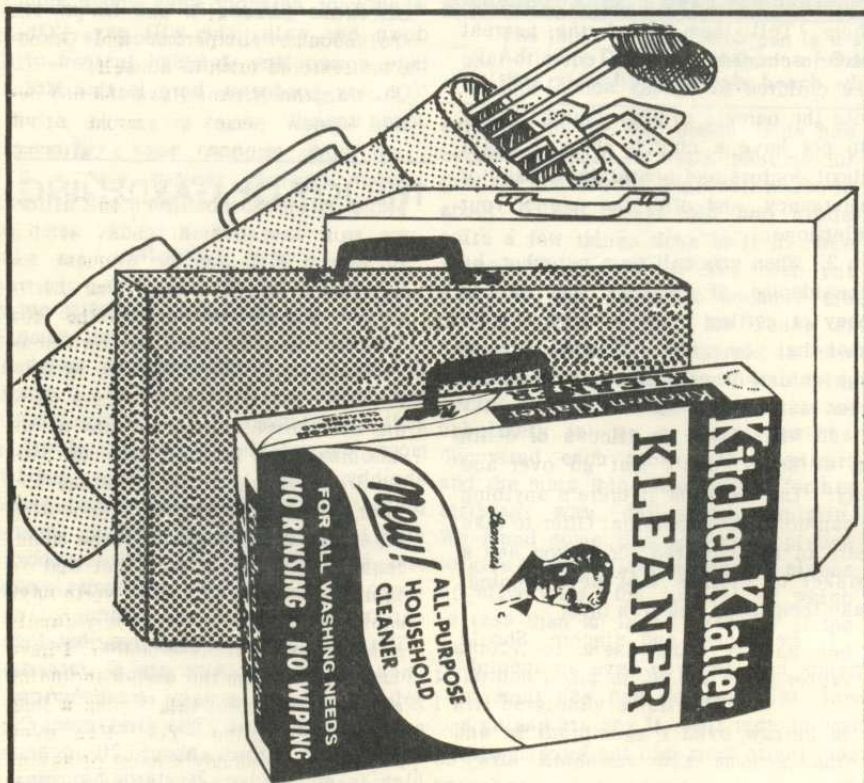
The one chore that remained went on the top of the list for the next week, and I was daring and added one extra to my usual list. I dared to do it, too! Came the week when every chore on my list was blotted out. I had finally put the "do" in "done".



THANKS

For friends who cheer us on our way,
For eyes to see each dawning day;
For heart to love our fellow-man,
Dear Father, thank you, that we can
Be kind, forgiving, helpful, too,
To show the love we have for You.

—Pearl Garrison



Be Sure to Pack EVERYTHING!

Be sure your vacation packing includes plenty of wash-and-wears, blue jeans, and **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. Because vacation trips always mean dirt (remember last summer's grass-stained knees, fire-blackened pans and fish-stained cuffs?). Wise mothers make sure **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** goes along on every trip. It works wonders on everything that needs washing — and it works as well in the Rockies (or at the World's Fair) as it does at home!

You go through the motions...

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

Does the work!



COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Ralph Moody, author of *Little Britches* and *Man of the Family*, began writing on the night of his fiftieth birthday. From his pen has come a fine collection of books, including the series beginning with *Little Britches*.

Mr. Moody was born December 16, 1898, in Rochester, New Hampshire. The family moved to Colorado when he was eight because of his father's illness. Their first year's experiences in Colorado are richly told in *Little Britches* (W. W. Norton, Publishers, \$3.95). Cousin Phil painted a glowing picture of a fine ranch and home on the Ft. Logan-Morrison road. The home turned out to be a dilapidated three-room cottage hauled out from Denver. Here irrepressible Ralph, a bit of a mischief at times, learned valuable lessons of life from his quiet father, including the fact that all men fall into two classes — honest and dishonest.

Exciting experiences include trouble at school, a terrifying wind storm, an opportunity to become a horseman, a friendship with an Indian, and a fight over irrigation rights. When the farm failed, the family moved to Littleton. Because his father died of pneumonia when Ralph was eleven, he became man of the family.

Little Britches is a sincere and touching portrait of a fine father-son relationship.

In *Man of the Family* (W. W. Norton, \$3.95) Ralph tells how he believed he should make a living for his mother, brothers and sisters. His dear mother was equally determined that Ralph have a good education. Mother's idea for money-making was a cookery and milk route, featuring brown bread, apple pie, baked beans and doughnuts, as well as good rich milk from Duck-legs, the cow. Equally imaginative, Ralph made stilts to use in picking cherries on Gallup's ranch and wound up with a fifty-dollar check to put in the bank.

Mrs. Moody's washing and stretching forty to fifty lace curtains every week for the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver provided some much-needed income and proved the truth of "Anything worth doing is worth doing well." Circumstances later forced the family to



Lisa goes with her grandfather, Howard Driftmier, to check his roses. He had an especially beautiful display this summer.

move to Boston and the start of new adventures.

Man of the Family leaves a feeling of family "togetherness" of this beloved mother and her son who felt great responsibility on his shoulders.

The Home Ranch (W. W. Norton, \$3.95) again takes place in Colorado and covers Mr. Moody's recollections at the age of twelve. Full of exciting incidents, *The Home Ranch* tells of Ralph being trail cowhand on Mr. Batchlett's ranch. Not really in favor of the idea, Mrs. Moody realized her son needed a man's steadying hand on his shoulder.

Mary Emma & Company (W. W. Norton, \$3.95) covers the period after their move to Massachusetts in which they struggled to keep the family together. Thirteen-year-old Ralph found a part-time job in a grocery store, involving sweeping up, bagging coal, and delivering groceries. Mother Moody (Mary Emma) bought a huge old home and with help from the whole family cleaned, painted and repaired it. A tired

furnace and a battle with wallpaper prove a hindrance, but Mother managed to build a business for herself doing fine laundry. Despite tremendous obstacles, the family stayed together and lived happily.

As I read *Mary Emma & Company* my wish was that I might step in and help this courageous family, and, yes, even enjoy their happy humor.

The Fields of Home (W. W. Norton, \$3.95) tells of Ralph's life with his grandfather, Tom Gould, and their reclaiming a run-down farm in Maine. Ralph's inability to "get along" living in town led his mother to send him to Grandfather's farm. It includes a series of farm adventures in which Grandfather Gould proved to be cantankerous, but with the help of Uncle Levi, Millie, the hired girl, and Ralph, the farm became prosperous and Grandfather restored faith in himself.

Shaking the Nickel Bush (\$3.95) begins a new series of books about Ralph's experiences as a growing man.

Mr. Moody, who now lives in California, took time from his busy writing schedule to answer my request for information. Did you know that *Little Britches* wasn't written with the idea of publication, but for their own sons who were then in the service in Germany? Mr. Moody wished to pass on to the boys the philosophy of life of his father, who was born of deaf-mute parents in the back woods of Maine and who had only six weeks of schooling in his life. A friend insisted the manuscript be seen by a publisher and so began a series that Sterling North says should be read aloud in every family circle in America. As a mother, I have learned much from the series including the fact that "quiet talk" goes a long way in discipline. Yes, I've even picked up Mrs. Moody's habit of saying "Mmmmm, hmmm" when thinking aloud!



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KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
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KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 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.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.

All times listed are Central Standard Time.

Always put off until tomorrow what you shouldn't do at all.

JOY OF GARDENING - Concluded

4-foot tall plants are staked or grown by a fence, they will wander over neighboring plants. The flowers come in August and last through September. They, too, are sweetly scented.

Another hardy clematis is *C. Tangutica*, or "golden clematis". It produces very handsome, showy yellow flowers which are followed by large feathery seed heads. Flower arrangers like to gather them for dried creations.

Question: I have a perennial in my garden that somewhat resembles a clover plant except it grows about 4 feet tall and has long racemes of blue flowers in late June and July. Can you tell me the name of this plant?

Answer: Your plant is most likely a baptisia or false indigo. Belonging to the pea family, it is a cousin of the clover which it somewhat resembles. The seed turn gun-metal gray and rattle when dry if shaken. It is sometimes called "rattle bush" for this reason.



Margery snapped this picture of Mother and Frederick just as they were leaving to drive Frederick to Omaha to catch his plane.

THRESHERS - Concluded

nected by tumbling rods to the separator. Then a man climbed up on the platform, made a clucking sound, said "get up", as he raised his whip high above the horses' heads, and made it crack like a firecracker. The four teams, like one unit, leaned forward, strained a moment, then began to trudge around in an endless circle. Incidentally, that man never touched the whip to a horse. That whip intrigued me - just a leather lash, approximately 5 feet long, fastened to an equally long, slender willow bough.

As soon as the horses started, the cogwheels began to turn and grind; the tumbling rods rolled over and over and clanked; the separator quivered, hummed, squeaked, and rattled, until the conglomeration of noises was so terrific one could not hear himself think. That was what we youngsters had been waiting to hear and see for a whole year!

When there was a slight lull in the mad rush, Father would chaperon us and give us a closer view. Then we'd see the threshed grain pour out of a chute to fill a bushel measure, which Father snatched away at the exact moment another measure was slipped under the chute, so no grain was lost. The grain was dumped into the wagon another man had backed up conveniently near. A man shoveled the grain toward the front of the wagon box until it was full and was hurried away to be shoveled into the granary by two men, working so rhythmically that the scoops never clashed. Men seemed to be feverishly working against a deadline. That intrigued me. Had I been a boy instead of the little girl I was, I'm sure I'd have climbed over that noisy, dirty separator with the man who carried an oversized oil can, squirting oil into every place he could reach. But, most of all, I envied the man sitting up on that dirty platform, keeping the horses

going around. Watching the machine eat up the bundles the men fed to it from the cutting table, then spew out straw at the other end, and pour a steady stream of clean threshed grain through the chute, and trying to keep an eye, also, on the men judging time and motion so accurately that they tossed bundles from the stack to the men who cut bands at precisely the right moment, was bewildering. In my childish mind the whole process smacked of black magic. Too soon we, unwillingly, had to scoot back to the house. That wasn't too bad, however, for I could help a bit with dinner preparations.

Our sturdily and neatly constructed homemade dining table had been extended to its full length by a 20-inch wide board at each end, each board being equipped with two long slats that slipped through slots at one side and fitted into corresponding slots at the opposite side.

The woman who helped Mother said that plain boiled potatoes were good enough for "threshers", but Mother mashed them. There would be two kinds of pie, both cottage and cream cheese, two kinds of meat, cucumbers, beet and tomato sweet pickles, creamed dried corn, baked beans, cabbage slaw and cooked cabbage, mashed turnips, and other food - oodles of it. There was always plenty of food in our home, but only on threshing days was there such a quantity and variety. Mother didn't consider it proper to serve pie for supper, so she made two big dripping pans full of gingerbread or molasses cake, and served it with dried pear or dried peach or nectarine sauce. It was hard for us children to wait until the men had finished before we ate, but there always was plenty left for us - even some for the woman who helped to take home.

I've always said that Mother "entertained" the threshers, for, aside from giving them good food, clean linens on beds and table, and plenty of clean towels, she lit the lamp right after supper in the best room, really a combination bedroom-sitting room, placed the weekly *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, our local *Dorchester Star*, and Father's farm publications on the stand beside the lamp, and invited the men to go in and sit in the rocking chairs a while before they went to bed.

How we hated to see the threshers leave! After two or three days of constant and unusual activity all over the place ("company" to us children), the return to normal living gave us a tremendous "let down" feeling.

PRAYER

Oh, God, one thing I'd like to learn
Is the stability
To work and act and speak in turn
With true humility.

—Gladise Kelly

HAVE YOU?

Did you ever play in the new-mown hay
Or run through the oats on a summer
day?

Did you ever wade in a silvery creek
Or ride a plow horse, old and sleek?
Did you ever gather the thistle's down,
Or have you always lived in town?

—Carlita McKean Pedersen

PICNICS

Picnics in the morning or at close of
day,

Picnics by a river or a shady spot for
play,

Warm days of summer are meant for
out-of-doors,

With carefree pleasure away from any
chores;

So let me be with cheery friends
Who will enjoy relaxing trends.

—Alice G. Harvey

AUGUST PARTIES — Concluded

"Turn S.E. at 1st cross street"; "W.
past water tower".

For extra pleasure at about the half-
way spot on each route, directions
might read "S.W. to arrows leading to
gold mine," and let them find snacks
for the crowd — cookies and soft
drinks or candy bars.

ENTERTAINMENT: The first team to
reach the pole has the honor of plant-
ing the flag. Have a flag on a stick
ready for this ceremony.

If this is to be a grilled supper pic-
nic or a wiener roast, the gang can all
pitch in to help with last minute de-
tails, the hostess detailing the jobs
out with appropriate "North Pole" at-
mosphere. 1. Group one, mix "Polar
Bear Punch". 2. "Bake the Blubber".
(Roast wieners or grill meat.) 3. "Igloo
Specialties". (Relishes, potato chips,
mustard, catsup, etc.) 4. "Ice Chip-
pers". (Turn the crank for the ice
cream freezer.)

Probably after the hike and picnic
supper, guests will be ready to sit
around a campfire and just visit or
sing until time to go home. If some
games are needed, use some easy
ones, giving "polar" twist to old
favorites. Instead of "Pass the Thim-
ble", use an ice cube. Bob for large
ice cubes instead of bobbing for ap-
ples. The old game of "Throw the
Chunk" could be "Hunt That Polar
Bear".



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WE WENT TO THE FAIR - Concluded

They reported a fantastic time on the roller coaster, the tumbler and a ride through the "Spook House". Their courage and money ran out before they got on the double ferris wheel, so they watched people throw balls to try and knock a clown into the water until time to meet at the grandstand for the car races.

Craig proved his own racing excitement later when he was driving a tiny model car free-style around a circular road. A wheel came off the car in front of him and to avoid slamming into the little girl driver, he flipped his wheel and his car banged right smack into a blue-paneled truck parked beside the track. Since no one was hurt, the humor of the scene soon hit us all. Craig became the hero of the day!

Space is too short to cover all the exciting exhibits and events of the fair, but I will say it was a source of education, inspiration and recreation for our entire family. The final evening of fireworks was a fitting climax to our two-day stay. As the sky rockets burst in the air and the great American flag glowed in sparkling, moving light, the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner". My heart went skidding right up with a sky rocket and burst in spangles on the warm Iowa night. Hooray for fairs which show a cross-section of the greatness of our country!

Always use **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings.**

COVER PICTURE

What is sweeter than a little girl in a rose garden? Margery stopped by her brother Howard's home to see his roses, and when she saw little granddaughter Lisa out in the garden she dashed home to get her camera. If she had taken this picture a moment later she could have caught an even cuter pose when Lisa smelled the rose.

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

believe me it is a distinct relief to have a little help with the multitude of small jobs that have to be repeated every day in order to maintain a reasonable degree of orderliness around the house. I highly recommend this method to eliminate squabbles about who should have done what.

It's way past my bedtime so I shall fold up the typewriter and say goodbye until next month.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

We have a large yard to take care of, and with all the rain we've had it's been necessary to mow the grass once a week. It takes me at least two days to get it mowed, so it seems I just cover the area and it's time to start all over. And that time has arrived again, so I must put my typewriter away and start in before the day is too far along.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

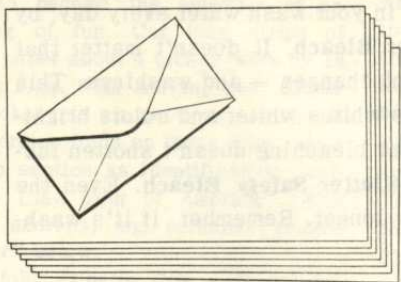
LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

she is seventeen and has just graduated from high school in San Francisco. She and Martin have discovered that they share many interests in common, so there are young people in my house again and it seems awfully good to have them coming and going, to hear their laughter and to listen to their discussions of everything under the sun. Young people of today certainly have a much wider knowledge of what's going on than my generation ever had. No place on the globe seems far away to them and they take for granted the fact that people will be traveling in Outer Space before many more years have passed. I'm still flabbergasted by the very idea of living men in Outer Space, but they're not.

I know that these summer days are very busy days for most of you friends, but if you can get off a letter to us we'd be deeply appreciative. Each and every letter means a lot to us. We'd simply be lost without them.

Warmest wishes to all of you always..

Lucile



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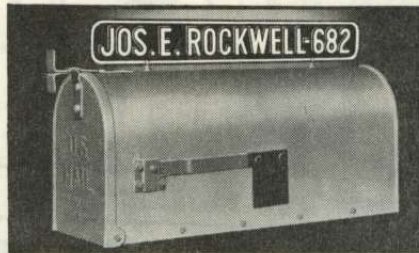
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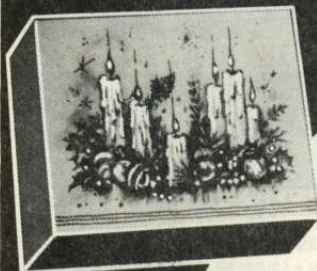
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YES, RUSH MY CHRISTMAS CARD SAMPLE KIT

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

Fill in your name and address below — No stamp necessary

Name _____ Apt. _____
Address _____ No. _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____
If writing for an organization, give its name here _____

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

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY
Dept. M-77, White Plains, New York 10606

Cut Along Dotted Line—Seal (Paste, Staple or Tape) and Mail