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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

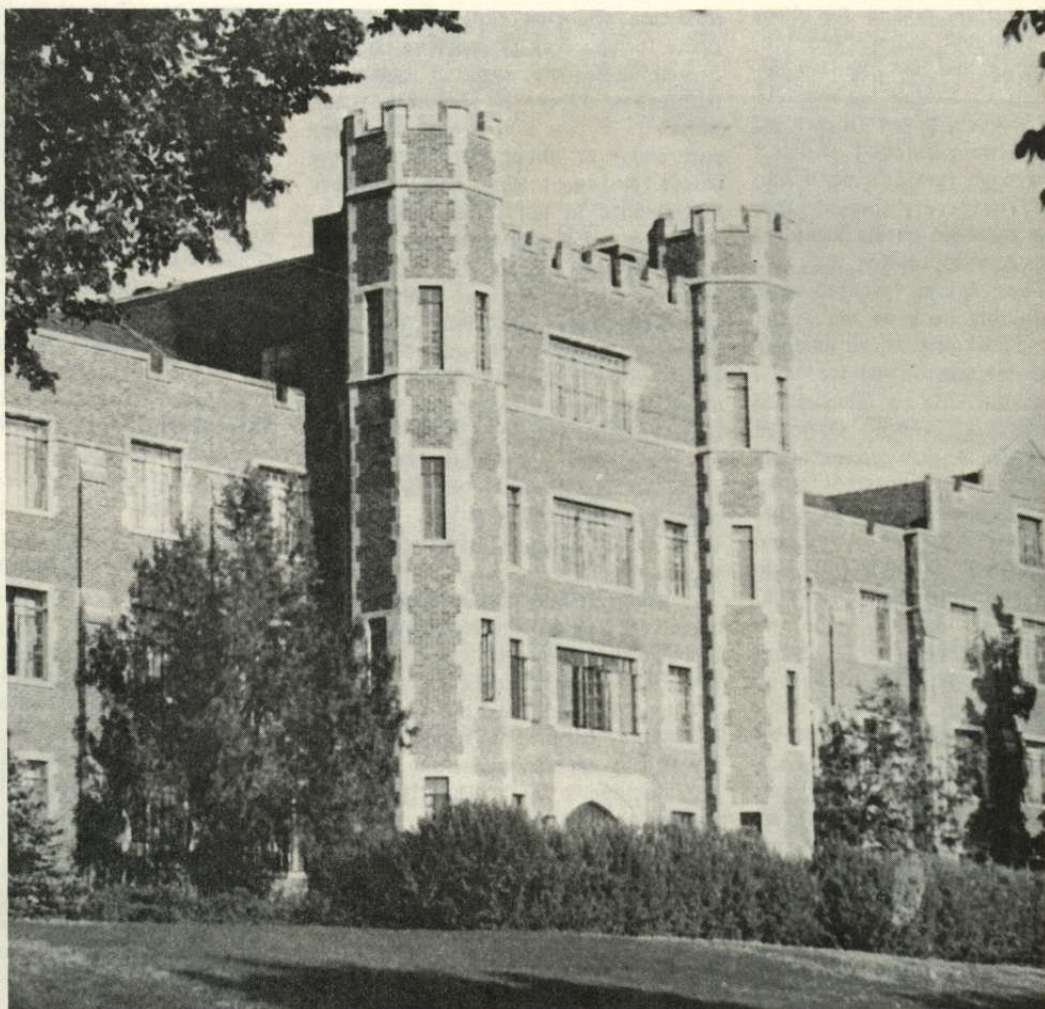
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Men's Hall at Doane College, Crete, Nebraska



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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My dear Friends:

My! how these summer months are flying by. Perhaps time has passed so swiftly because we've had more than the usual amount of activity.

Soon after Frederick left last month, the paper hangers came to start the re-decorating in the front part of the house. Their arrival was a few days earlier than expected, but we were prepared and before we had time to become adjusted to having workmen in the house and keeping our fingers off wet paint, they were finished. It didn't take long to move furniture back into place and we had everything in order so soon that we were hardly aware of the interruption in our routine.

One of the first things I wanted to do was hang pictures back on the walls. We brought out all that we've accumulated through the years, and just as I was trying to make up my mind *which* to put *where*, our niece, Gretchen (Fischer) Harshbarger, arrived from Iowa City. She took an interest in my problem and helped with my decisions. It was so timely that one of the most artistic members of the family should arrive at the proper moment, wasn't it?

We removed the Venetian blinds and heavy drapes that hung in the library for so many years and are putting up sheer curtains in a very pale pink. This will make the room much lighter and we will be able to more fully appreciate the views from the windows.

I had just finished embroidering my new tablecloth, which is pale pink linen cross-stitched in various shades of rose to match the pink flowers in the dining room drapes, and Ruby (Mart's nurse) washed and ironed it so we could see how it looked on the table. You would have laughed if you had seen her hunting around after dark, cutting roses for the table, but we were anxious to see the total effect before we went to bed!

We've just had a nice surprise when we had an unexpected visit from Don-

ald, our youngest son. He could spend only a few hours with us, so the first thing we did was call Howard, Mae, Lucile, Margery and Oliver so they could run in for a cup of coffee and piece of cake and have a visit with Don. We heard the latest developments on the new house they have under construction and Don sketched the floor plans for us. Work is progressing nicely, and, unless they come up against an unforeseen delay, it should be completed in a few more weeks and they can move in about the time school starts. No doubt Mary Beth will give you details in her letter next month.

Dorothy and Frank certainly have enjoyed having Alison with them this summer while Wayne and Abigail have been attending conventions. The elder daughter, Emily, accompanied her parents on their trip west, and their son Clark has been attending a Y.M.C.A. camp. Alison says that when they are all back home again they'll probably argue for weeks as to which had the best time this summer! Yes, I expect there will be some lively conversations!

My sister Jessie comes over from her home in Clarinda frequently so we can have good "sister visits", as we call them. She is anticipating a visit from her daughter Ruth and her family from California. In the past they've made the trip by car and train, but this time they decided to fly. They'll have to get back before school starts.

This is "fair time" for many of you — a wonderful climax to the summer activities when you can display your produce, livestock and handwork. I'd love to hear that a *Kitchen-Klatter* recipe helped you win a ribbon. We always look forward to those letters about this time of year.

This year's Page County Fair held a special attraction for us because the schoolhouse where my sister Jessie played her role in the creation of 4-H was moved to the county fairgrounds

and was dedicated as a historical site. Many prominent people who have helped in this work with young people were present to share in the day's activities. It was a memorable occasion.

It had been several months since I'd visited Frank and Dorothy on the farm so it was a special treat for me to spend a weekend with them recently. When Dorothy went home after addressing the magazine, Alison stayed in Shenandoah for a few days and I took her place on the Johnson farm. The first morning I woke up I missed the chatter of guinea hens. That was the farm sound that awakened me on past visits. At the breakfast table I commented on it and Frank said that one day the guinea hens were there and the next day they were gone. He didn't know what had happened to cause their sudden departure from the farm scene.

Speaking of disappearances, Lucile really had a scare one day when she thought her Chihuahua was gone for good. He is such a tiny little thing and so friendly that she feared he had been stolen as so many dogs in our town have been — at least none of these dogs have ever shown up and the general opinion around town is that there is a dog-snatcher at work. Everyone was out looking for him, and those who couldn't help with the searching were on the telephone hoping for some clue of little Jake's whereabouts. Finally, about 10:15 that evening, Lucile received a phone call that Jake had wandered into a neighbor's basement and when the door was shut he had had to spend the balance of the day. He was discovered when the people put their dogs into the basement for the night.

It gave Lucile such a fright that she is going to try to find some way to keep him confined to the back yard. It is already fenced, but that doesn't guarantee that he'll stay put, for Chihuahuas are little diggers and can dig under a fence and out into the world in no time at all.

We've been fortunate in our weather in Shenandoah, although conditions haven't been ideal even a few miles away. The hems, phlox and hardy amaryllis were lovely, and Mart's favorite flowers, zinnias, were extra nice. It is hard to have a flower garden when you aren't able to take care of it yourself, but so far, with a little help in weeding, things don't look *too* bad. Margery just brought in an armful of flowers, so I'll stop now and arrange them.

Sincerely,

Leanna

THE STROMS VACATIONED IN MINNESOTA

Dear Friends:

There is scarcely room on the dining room table for the typewriter. It's piled with stacks of Martin's clothes, towels, sheets, pillowcases and blankets. Today I've been busy sewing on name labels, and I couldn't estimate how many stitches I've taken. There are still a few weeks left before Martin leaves for college, but he takes off for the church camping trip to Montana in a few days and I wanted to label some of the items he is packing for that. While he is away I'll try to finish all the labeling.

Martin has been working at our plant this summer and has earned money to cover the expenses for the trip as well as for many items he needs for college. His last purchase, a canteen, has been made for the trek out west and what he faces now is trying to get all the camping gear into one large suitcase, one small overnight bag, and one duffle bag according to instructions. We'll drive him to Fort Dodge to board the chartered bus.

As you'll recall in my letter last month, we were getting ready to drive to Minneapolis to visit Oliver's sister Emma and her family. They have a summer cottage on a lake about 40 miles south of the city and wrote us to meet them there. Oliver's sister Florence and his brother Elmer accompanied us on the trip.

It was only a few miles from the cottage to the little town of New Prague; and one day we drove over to see the quaint old hotel and antique shop operated by Mr. and Mrs. William Shepard. The old red brick hotel was built in 1889, and it is believed that the architect was Cass Gilbert who designed the Minnesota Capitol and the Woolworth Building in New York City.

The lobby takes you back to 1889 for it is completely decorated in keeping with the period — dark red tapestry paper, the original pressed tin ceiling, old antique hanging light fixtures. All the furnishings are antique with the exception of the television set.

Some of the stately porches have been removed to make space for dining rooms. And, incidentally, it would be great fun to eat a meal there for the tables are laid with antiques. I don't know when I've seen such lovely cut glass.

Several large rooms house displays of antiques for sale, and we spent more than an hour browsing through them.



The folks had a surprise visit from their youngest son, Donald, when business brought him to Iowa. He is showing Mother a picture of the new house they're building.

Another high light of our vacation was attending an old English play, "The Way of the World", at the new Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis. This theater is really fabulous, and is rated as one of the finest in the country, as is the Minnesota Theatre Company. The stage is arranged in the old English manner in an apron effect, with the audience seated on three sides. Characters came down the aisles to join the action on stage. It was a wonderful treat for us, and I hope that you will be fortunate to have this experience some day.

On previous trips to visit these relatives we've seen many places of interest, but a few we had missed in the past which we made a point of visiting this time were old Fort Snelling and two historical homes, Sibley House and Faribault House. Since they were in the same area, we saw them on the same afternoon.

Fort Snelling State Park was established in 1961, so it is Minnesota's newest state park. On the site are the remains of the original old fort, a military outpost established in 1819, which was the actual birthplace of Minnesota and the Gateway to the Northwest. Naturally, a great deal of history took place there and we found it most interesting.

The two old homes I mentioned were restored and are being maintained by the Minnesota D.A.R.'s. A tremendous amount of effort went into these two restorations and if you are interested in historical homes, you would enjoy going through them. Mr. Sibley and Mr. Faribault were early fur traders who became prominent in the early development of the state.

We divided most of our time between sight-seeing in Minneapolis and relaxing at the cottage on the lake. On our relaxing days we enjoyed several nice

picnics. One was a beach party when we set the rack of the outdoor grill into the sand, propped by rocks, and cooked hamburgers over charcoal. A brief rain shower dampened our clothes a bit, but not our spirits. We enjoyed rides in the motorboat and watching Oliver's niece water ski.

On another picnic we rented a pontoon boat and had a long leisurely ride on another lake. I must tell you about a pontoon boat we saw tied to the dock of one summer home. It was very large and the owner, as a hobby, had added construction to make it look like an old Mississippi River paddle-wheeler! You never saw such fancy railing and "gingerbread". It was darling!

Cedar Lake, where Emma's and Elmer's cottage is located, does not have a reputation for good fishing, and since Oliver and Martin were most anxious to fish, we took a little jaunt over to Spicer on Green Lake. We stayed overnight at the Park Lane Resort and the men tried their luck there. They won't appreciate my divulging this information, but they didn't catch a thing! I guess the fish just weren't biting that day. We did enjoy a lovely dinner at the Fireside Inn at Willmar, however, and finished off the evening with a round of miniature golf back in Spicer.

The Sunday we were in Minneapolis we attended services at Mount Olivet Church. This is a very large Lutheran church which a number of you have mentioned in your letters.

Back home again, happy and rested, it was good to get into the swing of routine. The tomatoes needed spraying, the roses needed dusting, and the weeds were about to take over the garden.

We feel most fortunate that the Joslyn Art Museum in nearby Omaha was selected for the Midwest showing of the Dead Sea Scrolls. Alison had come with Dorothy on her monthly trip to address the magazine and stayed over a few days so she could see the scrolls with Oliver, Martin and me. We also went to see "The Greatest Story Ever Told". We seldom recommend a motion picture, but this, we believe, is worth seeing. It is the very moving story of the life of Christ, you know, and we were very impressed with it.

This just about brings us up to date. We have other family news, but I believe that Mother plans to tell you about those things, so I'll close for this month.

Sincerely,

Margery



Wisdom - Get with It!

Program to Open the New Church
or Club Year

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Make several miniature signposts of heavy posterboard cut in various sizes and shapes — squares, triangles, octagons, and circles. Fasten to different lengths of dowel or "Tinker Toy" sticks. With a black marking pen write on each sign a word or two suggesting home, national, and world problems confronting us today; for example, Poverty, Crime, Cheating, High Divorce Rate, Cold War. Arrange the signposts (sticking them into a styrofoam base) in a hit and miss fashion on a small table.

Place four tall tapers ready to light on the four corners of the table, as indicated in the service.

Leader:

"O world, thou chooseth not the better part!

It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art....
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine."

—Santayana

Scripture: Job 28:12-18, 20, 23, 24, 28.

Hymn: "God of Grace and God of Glory", sometimes listed as "Grant Us Wisdom".

Prayer: Almighty God, as we go through this new year grant us wisdom and courage, and help us to grow spiritually and mentally. Grant that our lives may show others that we are earnestly trying to live as true Christians. Just as this season of the year means a beginning on paths of education for our children, dear God, let it

mark the beginning of our own determination for greater knowledge and deeper understanding of our world, its peoples, and its problems. Grant us the will to do that which needs to be done, knowing Thou canst work through us, with us, for us, if we submit ourselves to Thy will. For wisdom, for faith, for strength, we pray, and in Christ's name we ask it. Amen

Leader: But where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding? Why is it so important to have wisdom — "to get with it" in today's vernacular? How will wisdom help us to solve today's problems where many other learned ones have failed? Can we really start the new year with a new attitude in our thinking and in our doing?

1st Speaker: Today we live in a world of pressure. Every impulse, every deed, seems to come up against the blank wall of "no time". Yet we are supposed to be so smart — so educated! Where is our wisdom to figure out the solution? Why are we so busy spending our time and our money for that which is not bread, our labor for that which does not satisfy?

Over and over God has told us that *learning without wisdom is not enough.*

Our children in their classrooms, and we in our everyday lives, must strive constantly to become educated with wisdom — *learning in the mind, wisdom in the heart.* Someone has said that in all of life, unless wisdom motivates, we end up in total ignorance.

In Proverbs 4:7 we read: "The beginning of wisdom is this: Get wisdom, and whatever you get, get insight." Another verse in the same chapter says to us: "Keep your heart with all vigilance; for from it flows the spring of life!" Still another proverb says: "Hear instruction and be wise." Note it doesn't say hear instruction and you *will be wise.* We must educate ourselves and then be wise in the way we

use that knowledge. It isn't enough to know the problem; we must be wise enough to use the illumination of God's word, and seek the wisdom we need to do what we can to help, be it ourselves or our brothers in need.

Let us, then, open wide our hearts and minds to the experiences each day brings, seeking the wisdom which can bring to us the full and happy lives of those who go adventuring and working hand in hand with God.

2nd Speaker: What difference does it make when we implant education with wisdom? Does it cause us to face a problem with a different approach? I think it does. God has not promised that we will find all the answers. We are told: "Let your heart hold fast my words; keep my commandments, and *live.*" In other words get the knowledge — read, study, listen, pray — then *act, do, live* — right here and now.

As an example, let us consider this concern over cheating in our schools? Educate ourselves and we find that an example has been set. Is it smart to evade an income tax law? Are we clever when we slip through a traffic signal? Is it a sign of good business to chisel on weights and measures? Is false advertising palatable and acceptable when sugar coated with a catchy singing commercial? There it is! Now have we the courage and the wisdom to do something about it — to get at the roots where it may hurt to probe?

Marriages failing? Why? What have we left out of our education? What example was not set in the home during the growing years? Why wasn't God's Word taken regularly as the stabilizer? Do our churches, our schools, and our homes need to join hands in education for marriage? If so, what are we going to do about it? Knowing and talking are not enough. Wisdom says to *act.*

Poverty? Integration? Hunger? Social pressure on our time? Corruptness? Loneliness of the aged? Gossip? They are with us! Let us pledge ourselves that in this new year we will educate ourselves thoroughly so that we will know whereof we speak, and then through the enlightenment of God's Word, we will seek to find the answers in the wisdom He sends, the strength He gives to our weaknesses, and the faith that comes when we rest secure in our Father's eternal love.

Educated we must become and wisdom we must seek and use if we would become the person God intends for us to be — one who truly lives each day.

Leader:

We pledge ourselves

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM RHODE ISLAND

Dear Friends:

Knowing that I won't have time to write this letter to you while I am in Nova Scotia, I am writing it just before leaving. In a matter of hours four cars will pull away from our church parking lot loaded with happy young people all set for their first big adventure in the Canadian north woods. On this trip I shall be driving my wife's car and she will be driving mine for the simple reason that her car is the one pulling the boat trailer. All of the first day we shall be speeding along the beautiful turnpikes of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine, and we shall spend our first night at Bar Harbor, one of the most picturesque resort towns on the Maine coast. The following day we shall be aboard the famous *Bluenose*, one of the largest of the ocean-going ferries. I think the all-day boat trip across the cold Bay of Fundy is the most exciting part of the journey for the young people. Frankly, I am glad when that part is over, for I live in fear of the day when I shall be aboard with many young people and the ship has to go through a storm.

I have been taking church parties to Nova Scotia for six years, and only once have our guests had a rough crossing of the Bay of Fundy. But when I've gone over with just the family and no guests, we have had the roughest crossings you could imagine. I shall never forget the day we went over on the tail end of a hurricane with waves running twenty feet high. Every one of the six hundred passengers was sick except our two children.

As I sit here writing this letter to you, I'm looking out of the cottage window at a thousand and more water lilies, both the yellow and the white. I do love lilies, and every other day I row out onto the lake with David or Betty to pick a few for the table. Actually, they do not grow on the main body of the lake, but on a small cove that runs along the side of the cottage. When the children were young, I had to take them water lily picking at least once a day. I remember very well the day when I loaded the children into the boat and was just climbing in myself when I happened to see a large, black water snake curled up underneath one of the boat seats. I didn't want to frighten the children, but at the same time, I didn't want the snake to strike out and frighten them. Believe it or not, I was able to get the children out of the boat before they discovered the



Even when Frederick is on vacation in Rhode Island, it is necessary to make occasional trips back to the church office. Pictured with him are his secretaries, Winifred Welch and Evelyn King.

snake, and before the snake decided what to do about them.

Frequently we find snakes *under* the boats, but only that once did I ever find a snake *in* the boat. We have snakes the way some people have mice, but this year there have been far fewer than in other years. Would you believe it if I told you that a friend of mine is simply swamped with raccoons? Actually, he has trained the raccoons to walk through his house and into the kitchen where they find bread and water awaiting them. Every night at nine o'clock some of his neighbors come over to watch the parade of raccoons, and they never are disappointed.

Have you ever had dreams come true? I think we all have, and most of us have been disturbed by them. No matter how hard we try not to be suspicious we occasionally suspect that our dreams were meant to warn us of some future event. Just the other day a friend of mine in Portland, Oregon, wrote and told me of a terrible dream he had had. He said that he dreamt about walking down the street and looking up at a high building to see a man jump off a ledge and be killed. In his letter he said: "The dream was so real, that it gives me the shivers to think of it!" And here is the incredible thing: after mailing his letter to me telling of the dream, he looked up and saw a man out on a window ledge where he had gone with the intent of committing suicide. My friend stood there in speechless horror until the firemen were able to rescue the man. What a coincidence that was!

Most of our dreams ordinarily reflect past experience, and without exception, my disturbed nightmares do. I am

one of those persons who has nightmares and even becomes delirious if my temperature goes much over the hundred degree mark. About once a year a case of the flu will give me a bit of a temperature and usually a nightmare. The bad dreams always have the same content. They always reflect an experience that happened to me during the war, or during my childhood. The childhood experience was that of being frightened by a Missouri River flood. In the nightmare I relive the experience of crossing the river on a bridge that to my childish mind at the time was certain to be carried away by the flood before we were safely across. The nightmare I have about the war relives the experience of being under attack by dive-bombers. In the dream I see myself just as it all actually happened — I am running across the desert; I look up and see the enemy plane diving toward me; I see the bomb leave the plane. At that point the dream always ends. In real life, the bomb did fall within a few feet of me but for some reason or other did not explode. I would like to think it was a miracle, but I am more inclined to believe that it was just a dud bomb. The enemy had many such back in the early days of the war.

Some of you good *Kitchen-Klatter* friends have been writing to tell me of your concern about the present war in Viet Nam. If you have a loved one over there, you certainly have a right to be concerned. I am afraid that it is going to get much worse before it gets any better, and that is going to mean the death of many of our sons. I know so little about the situation over there, that I am reserving any public statement for some later date, but there is one thing I would like to see done. I would like very much to have some law passed that would require our decision-makers in Washington to spend one full week in a front line jungle hide-out over there in Viet Nam. One way or the other, they would be moved to make a decision based on their own personal experience of the horror of war.

Believe it or not, I have done no fishing this summer! If you have been reading my letters for the past few years, you know how strange that sounds coming from me. I love to fish, but there is something else I enjoy even more, and that is sailing. We now have two little sailboats here at the cottage, and I am in one or the other of them most of my free time. Just as soon as I have done the morning dishes for Betty and finished studying

(Continued on page 22)

Insure For Your Billfold's Sake

by

Muriel Preble Childs



It's going-away-to-school-time again, with 101 details to think of. One that could be forgotten in the shuffle is providing insurance for the valuables that students take with them.

Costs of education being what they are, almost everything they take is valuable, particularly when one thinks of having to replace these items.

When I first went to college, I took an electric curling iron and a watch, as I remember. But what about today's students? What they take will vary, but let's consider some of the most likely: a typewriter, a table or clock radio, a transistor radio, a camera, a record player, an electric blanket, a watch, a hair drier, an electric shaver, a tape-recorder, and doubtless others that elude me.

This type of equipment I mention specifically, because if it is "borrowed" or outright stolen, it is almost impossible to identify. Special scratches or blemishes, belatedly remembered and pointed out, are of no help. (The culprit can have a glib explanation for these.)

But there is one positive means of identification. It is fool-proof. That is the serial number.

We learned the value of serial numbers the hard way. Several years ago a transistor radio was taken from our shop. It happened on a "slow" day instead of a busy one, and I could recall vividly the only customer who had gone behind our counter, where the radio was. When we reported the theft, the local police asked if we had the serial number. "No." Since we didn't, even if they had found it at the residence of the person I suspected, we couldn't prove that it was the one we had lost.

The moral of this is to make copies of the serial numbers of all such articles that your son or daughter takes away from home.

Often these serial numbers are hard to find. (Don't confuse them with *model* numbers. Hundreds of articles of the same *model* can be manufactured, but each one has its own individual *serial number*.)

In the case of a typewriter, we had to consult the people from whom we bought it to find where to look for the number. It is usually typed on a strip

of paper, and either pasted or clipped to the appliance, too often on the inside. But it is there somewhere.

(That most people are as little number-minded as we are is evidenced when customers come into our shop to buy needles for record players. When they don't know which needle they want, we ask for the "make" and *model* number of the player. As often as not, they come in with the "make" and *serial* number. In our case that is no help at all.)

When you have listed all the serial numbers — with the brand name and identity of the article — keep one list at home, and send one with the student, hoping that he can find it if the need arises. At least you have a duplicate.

So far as insuring these articles is concerned, it is well to consult the agent who insured your household goods. In the process of taking out insurance for our boys' belongings, my husband Ralph went to the agent who had insured *our* household goods, and learned that this same insurance covered what our boys took away to school. The same may, or may not, be true in your case. It is worth investigating.

One hates to think of theft as a part of college life. But it does happen, even in the most select schools. When it does happen, it should be reported immediately. A first thought is: "What good will it do? Out of these hundreds or thousands of students, how will the police ever find this?"

Sometimes they can't, but often they can. More often than we laymen know, the police have their eyes on suspected pilferers — the student who offers too many "bargains" for sale, the too-free spenders, or those reported as "possibles" at earlier thefts. They can suspect, but not be able to pin down the culprit until someone comes up with a serial number. So, when thefts are reported, they often have a good idea where to start investigations.

A second reason to insure a student's belongings is that remote chance of fire. It rarely happens, but on occasion it does. Not too long ago a neighboring college suffered a fire in a men's dormitory. The only casualty was a broken leg, as I recall. The men got out — in their night clothes. Parents who were

THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

by

Lynnie Mix

Although often the most costly, the school of experience is the one school in which every man, rich or poor, educated or uneducated, has at one time or another acquired his greatest knowledge or skill. This learning is not soon forgotten. There are many lessons in life that we can learn only through the school of experience.

The man who dares to open doors to new experiences and step forward to explore strange horizons stays vitally alive all the days of his life. His desire to experiment . . . to test and try new ways in which he believes has changed the pattern of life in the progress of time.

"No man was ever endowed with a judgement so correct and judicious but that circumstances, times, and experience, would teach him something new, and apprise him that of those things with which he thought himself best acquainted, he knew nothing; and that those ideas which in theory appeared the most advantageous were found, when brought into practice, to be altogether impracticable." —Terrence. To coin an old adage, Experience is the best teacher.

Through the lesson of experience, man learns the true meaning of faith, courage, wisdom, success and failure. Experiences build character. Through knowledge gained by experience, he can accept the challenge of the most difficult.

The school of experience is the Master's way of teaching man to use his own great resources.

HOME

Think of stepping on shore and finding it Heaven,
Of taking hold of a hand and finding it God's hand,
Of breathing new air and finding it celestial air,
Of feeling invigorated, and finding it immortality,
Of passing from storm and tempest to an unbroken calm,
Of waking up, and finding it Home!

—Anonymous

covered by insurance were more fortunate than those who were not.

If you find it hard enough to equip a student for college, to say nothing of meeting college expenses (as don't we all?), it behooves you to take some thought toward insuring these belongings.

May you never have to collect!

A Crunching Dilemma

by
Darlene Noble

One of the basic requirements of being a good housewife in this 20th century is the ability to solve dilemmas at a moment's notice without frazzled nerves and disposition. Each day is punctuated with predicaments — nothing earth-shaking enough to bother Hubby with — but important enough to threaten peace and harmony on the home front.

For example, a crunching dilemma faces each of us that ventures into the cereal section at the supermarket. Each must rise to meet this situation, make a decision, and be prepared to defend the choice when the family gathers for breakfast. As all of us know, most families are not exactly easy to get along with before breakfast. Making the right cereal choice is important when it comes to taming pre-breakfast grouches.

"What cereal shall I buy for my family this time?" is the question that each of us must answer frequently. Will my family eat the new "frosties" (sugar-coated crunchies of corn, oats, wheat, or whatever else frosties contain)? Or would they rather have fruit-flavored toasties where the cereal flavor is disguised to taste like fruit juices? How about a cereal with dried fruit? That would save preparing fresh fruit to glamorize breakfast. Junior wants the cereal that is guaranteed to make him a better ball player. (I wonder if it will also give him enough energy to make his bed and pick up his room after breakfast.) Sis is diet-conscious, so she wants a cereal that cuts calories. (I wonder if those weight-reducing cereals also curb the appetite for such between-meal snacks as French fries and chocolate malts.)

Cereal-shopping is further complicated when I dare take our two-year-old. Every mother knows that a toddler is influenced by TV hucksters in the guise of a talking bear, a ball-playing tiger, or a Sherlock Holmes dog. There is nothing more disruptive of a solution than a screaming child demanding a certain brand because the box shows a picture of his favorite cartoon character. (He couldn't care less about what's inside the box!)

Dad loves plain old-fashioned munchies, but it is hard to find them now without sugar-coating, fruit flavoring, or mixed with goodies like nuts, marshmallows, or fruit bits.

How about people like myself who love a soggy cereal? Dare I mention



Lisa Nenneman, Howard's and Mae's little granddaughter, just adores Lucile's dog Jake. Perhaps it is because he is so small that she can get hold of him.

the thought? Nobody, but nobody, dares to make such an admission any more. There are still some of us who block progress and continue to soak our crunchies to suit our tastes, even if it is old-fashioned.

Some cereals advertise that they wake-up and pep-up with each exciting bite. That's what I need! Washing, ironing, scrubbing floors, picking up after everyone, cooking, and chasing after the youngsters continue to wear me out regardless of which pepper-upper I've had for breakfast.

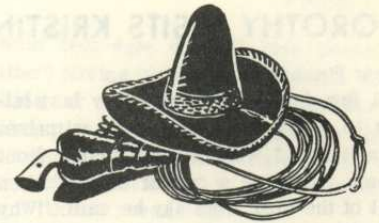
Other cereal manufactures entice us to buy their brands by promising such goodies as a dish, a towel, or some other treat in the cereal box. The prize is the thing! Who cares what the product tastes like?

Sometimes I find myself reaching for a certain brand because a tune advertising it keeps sneaking into my mind. It is my subconscious talking again when it should be quiet. After all, whose subconscious cares what it has for breakfast?

The worst traitors are those cartoon characters that change their brands of cereal when one has a good supply laid in. How does one use up those sugar-coated, fruit-flavored crunchies in something like meatloaf or other dishes in which one used to be able to use up left-over cereal? What we need are some new recipes to hide crunchies that have lost favor with the family.

Decisions — decisions — decisions! Life is full of decisions, especially at the market. Shall I take the cereal Dad likes, Junior likes, Sis likes, or the cereal Flying Mouse is eating? My budget doesn't stretch across all demands. How nice it would be to be a one-cereal family again!

Some manufactures have solved the problem nicely by boxing several kinds of cereal in one big package, so that



COWBOY GAMES FOR INDOORS

by
Evelyn Witter

Cowboys have to keep their hands limber, quick, and aim-perfect for the big lassoing jobs ahead. One way to keep hands in shape and have fun too is to play a game with twigs that the Indians taught the white man. The game is called "Twig Twist" and this is the way it is played.

Each cowboy stands up with his hands stretched out in front of him. He must hold his hands close together. The one player who is called THE INDIAN places six small twigs (about four inches long) on the backs of each cowboy's hands.

When THE INDIAN says, "How!" each cowboy tosses his twigs up in the air, twists around, (making a complete circle without moving from his place) and tries to catch the twigs on the palms of his two hands as they fall. The hands are always kept close together or the cowboy is out for that round.

Each cowboy is given three tries and the one who catches the most twigs is THE INDIAN for the next round.

This game is played with soft rubber balls and fly swatters, one of each for each player. The balls are the cattle being driven into the loading shoot, and the fly swatters are the prodders the cowboys use to drive the cattle.

For the last round-up, two chairs are placed back to back to form a canyon pass. The table legs are used as hand-caps to get around in the winding trail to town, and a pasteboard box at the end of the room is the final pen.

The first player to get through the chair canyon pass, around the table legs, and into the pasteboard box by guiding the ball with the swatter has won the LAST ROUND-UP.

everyone in the family can have his choice. But what does one do with the least favored kinds?

What we really need is a breakfast cereal that tastes like bacon and eggs with fresh hot rolls dripping in butter — minus the calories, fuss, and muss of preparation. That would really be progress!

DOROTHY VISITS KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

A few days after I wrote my last letter to you I had a wonderful surprise. Frank and I were sitting on the front porch, enjoying a cup of coffee, when out of the clear blue sky he said, "Why don't you call and see if you can get a train reservation for tomorrow or the next day for Laramie, so you can have a visit with Kristin and Art before Alison comes? Could you get ready to go in such a short time?"

Kristin had been urging us to come out, but we hadn't even considered it. In the first place Frank couldn't spare the time, and in the second place he doesn't like to travel. He just isn't happy when he is away from his home and his animals. When I asked Frank if he were serious and really wanted me to go, he assured me he was, and that I had better not waste another minute but get to the telephone and start trying to get a reservation.

The station agent told me there were no seats available, but if there were a cancellation he would call me. He called the next morning and said he had a seat for me for the following evening.

We called Kristin to tell her to meet the train on a Thursday morning, and she was so thrilled she could hardly talk. My train was an hour late in arriving at Laramie and Kristin was in class, but Art and little Andy were there to greet me. We drove right out to the campus to wait for Kristin's class to be over. It wasn't hard for me to spot her, because she was the only person who came running out of the building.

Andy had to look me over for about 15 minutes before he decided he would like to get better acquainted. Like all grandmothers, I think he is the cutest, smartest, handsomest baby I have ever seen. Until now I have thought he looked exactly like Art, but now I begin to see a great resemblance to Kristin. His hair is very blonde, his eyes are light blue, he is tall and well built, and looks a lot as Kristin did at the same age.

Kristin didn't have any afternoon classes that day, so in the afternoon we drove around the campus so that I could see all the new buildings which had gone up since I was there last, and the beautiful new dormitories under construction.

Something else they wanted me to see were all the trailers parked on a large field north of the campus. Members of the Wally Byam Caravan Club were arriving daily for the eighth international rally being held there this



It looks as if Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson and her grandson Andrew are sharing an interesting secret.

summer. On the day I arrived there were already about 2,000 aluminum trailers, all alike, lined up side by side in long straight rows. When I left a week later there were 3,500 of them. Believe me, it was quite a sight. They estimated between eight to ten thousand persons living in these trailers were attending the rally. All the members of the Caravan Club wore navy blue berets with a Wally Byam emblem on the front. All of those I saw on the street and in the stores looked as if they were having a wonderful time.

I was interested in the articles about this caravan club which appeared in the Laramie daily papers. Every state has its own unit and has rallies throughout the year. They attend special celebrations in different parts of the country. But they don't stop with just seeing our own country. Many of them have traveled with their trailers around the world. This year there were trailers from 50 states and foreign countries in Laramie. A lot of the members must be retired couples who now have the time to travel, and are enjoying seeing the country in the company of the many friends they have made on the various caravans. Following the rally in Laramie a large group of trailers was leaving for a caravan to Alaska.

Kristin was so busy with her school work that what time she wasn't in school we just spent quietly at home visiting. We did take one pleasant ride into the mountains and through part of one of the big national forest areas. Kristin wanted me to attend classes with her, which I did on three different days. I enjoyed this tremendously. The classes were all more or less a workshop type of thing, and very informal. Several different times I forgot I wasn't a member of the class and piped up

with a suggestion or two. The first time I did it Kristin looked astonished (as well she might), but no one else seemed to think anything about it. After I got home she wrote that several women had asked where I was and said that they missed me.

All the men in Laramie were wearing beards. A special celebration was to take place soon. Many of the stores had put wooden false fronts on, and some places had even laid planks over the sidewalks. All the clerks were wearing old-fashioned clothes. The girls looked extremely pretty in their long gay print dresses.

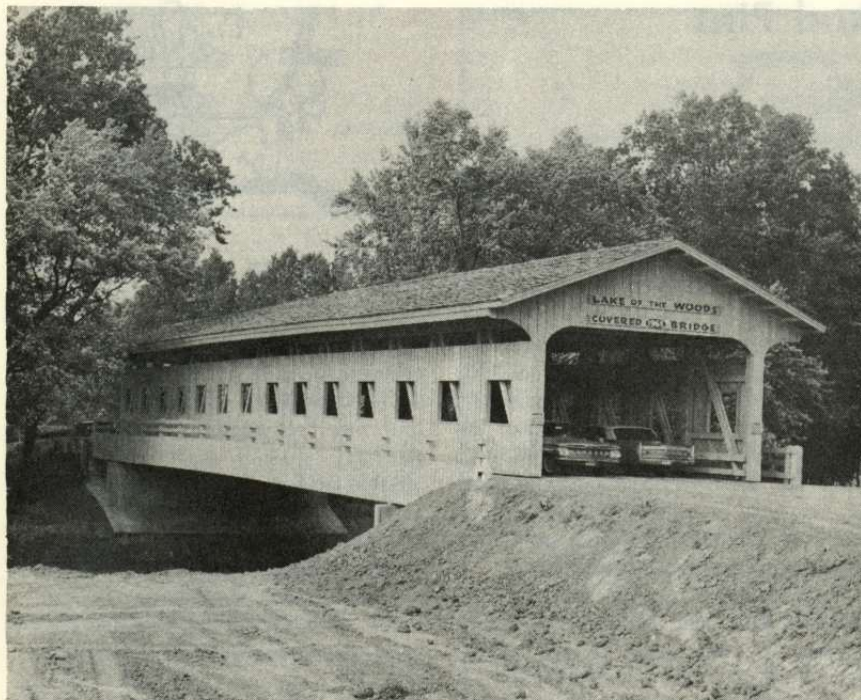
I spent many hours just playing with Andy. He loves to be outside, and since the yard isn't fenced in, someone has to be with him all the time. He loves to be pulled in his wagon and I made many trips around the block. His favorite toy is a tiny plastic bear which he keeps on a certain shelf of the bookcase, in one special corner. If you ask him for his bear, he can go right there and get it for you.

He loves his bath so much that they have to keep the bathroom door closed all the time because he drags his little tub out and begs all day. Kristin always bathes him before she puts him to bed for the night. Before supper one evening I was holding him and showing him a new picture book I had gotten that day. There was a picture of a baby in a bathtub like his. He immediately wanted down and ran to the bathroom door and said "bath". He wasn't about to be distracted, and when no one did anything about it, he went to the pantry and got the roaster lid, brought it in to the kitchen, crawled into it, and said "bath". That did it! I said anyone who wanted a bath that badly should have it, so I gave him one.

The first night I was in Laramie I called Wayne and Abigail to see if they had picked up Alison's ticket yet. They were surprised to hear I was in Laramie. I suggested that they send Alison to Laramie by bus and let her go back with me on the train. Alison was happy about this arrangement because she wasn't anticipating the long trip alone. She had about four hours in Laramie before our train left, which gave her a good chance to visit with Kristin, Art, and Andy, and to take a drive around the town.

I had many nice visits with Art's mother, Mary Brase, who served some delicious meals and helped to make my visit in Laramie so pleasant. She has taken care of Andy so much that she will certainly miss him when Kristin and Art move to Saratoga, Wyoming,

(Continued on page 22)



Not an *Old* Covered Bridge, but a *New* One

by
Leslie C. Swanson

In an era when Americana fans are concerned about preserving 1,000 or so covered bridges, it is great news when a community decides to build a new one.

What may be the best covered bridge ever built in the U.S. was recently dedicated in the Lake of the Woods park of the Champaign County Forest Preserve District, not far from Mahonet, Illinois.

This is a full-scale covered bridge, which can accommodate two-way automobile traffic. It brings to ten the number of covered bridges in Illinois. Iowa continues as one of the Midwest leaders with 12, Missouri has seven, there are two in Wisconsin, but none in Minnesota or the other plains states. The last covered bridge in Kansas was wiped out by fire about seven years ago.

Just how did a modern-day community take it upon itself to erect a covered bridge? It came about mostly through the foresight of H.I. Gelvin, superintendent of the Champaign County Forest Preserve District. Mr. Gelvin spent his boyhood years in the covered bridge country of Ohio, where there were several hundred of the structures, and he dreamed of the day when he might erect one in Illinois.

The idea caught on immediately and plans for erection of the covered bridge were included in a huge expansion

project in the picturesque Lake of the Woods park.

"We needed a new bridge at this spot," stated Gelvin, "so I thought we might as well make it a covered one.

The historic Sangamon, which the bridge spans, had many covered bridges in the past century and some of them are mentioned in the writings of Edgar Lee Masters. Abraham Lincoln made his famous raft trip down the Sangamon in 1830, stopping at New Salem when his craft ran aground on the dam of a saw and grist mill.

The bridge is located a short distance from the state highway in a scene of much natural beauty surrounding the river. Tall and friendly trees lining both sides of the river contribute much to the beautiful landscape.

Opening of the bridge was a gala occasion with state and county figures in attendance, a band playing before and during the program, some speech-making and a parade of old time vehicles by the Champaign Chapter of the Horseless Carriage Club.

Unlike the old one-lane covered bridges which were "built a load of hay high and wide," the new span is 32 feet with the central 24 feet used for two lanes of vehicular traffic. Other unusual features are two sidewalks, four-feet wide, something almost unheard of in covered bridges,

rows of windows on both sides, and the use of steel and concrete in the basic structure.

The principal supporting structure of the bridge is provided by industrially produced and relatively inexpensive steel beams. Wood predominates in the entire upper structure, however, thus preserving the traditional lines of the classic early American wooden covered bridge.

The bridge was built to withstand all sorts of hazards which have plagued covered bridges in the past. With its construction of steel, concrete and wood it was designed strong enough to weather a tornado; it was built two feet above the highest known flood level record of the Sangamon and the wood was pressure impregnated with fire retardant and decay-prevention creosote to practically eliminate the dangers of fire, decay and termites.

Erection of the bridge has added a great tourist attraction to this Illinois county. Thousands of covered bridge buffs from everywhere in the nation will include this span in their travels. Many communities in the Midwest could well copy the Champaign County plan of erecting a covered bridge when the need arises for a new structure over a river, creek or arm of a lake.

One of the counties which knows the value of covered bridges as tourist attractions is Madison County, Iowa. There exist seven well-preserved covered bridges which annually draw more than 10,000 visitors a year from all parts of the U.S. Winterset, the county seat of Madison County, is called the covered-bridge capital of the U.S. west of the Mississippi.

(Note: Mr. Swanson of Moline, Illinois, is author of the two books, "Covered Bridges of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin", and "Old Mills in the Midwest", which have been reviewed in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.)



GUARDIAN OF LOVELINESS

Brash colors of the pungent marigold
Commingle with the blue forget-me-not,
And vari-colored zinnias stand bold
Beside gay poppies in my garden plot.
Frail butterfly and roving bumblebee
Help glamorize the little flowerbed
Befringed by portulaca . . . pleasing me;
While gaily bee and butterfly are fed.
Red-breasted robins come again to pry
Where dainty daisies, and tall cosmos grow
While dancing sunbeams come to beautify
Simplicity with winsome amber glow.
I have no mundane riches I confess,
But am the guardian of loveliness!

—Thelma Allinder

Needles And Pins

by

Pearl Etta Richardson

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,

When a man marries, his trouble begins."

How and when this little ditty started, I don't know, but it was a common chant of ours when I was a schoolgirl in the early part of the century.

Pins, of a sort, have been used since earliest times. Primitive man had his troubles with them. Until comparatively recent times Gypsies used thorns boiled in oil to harden them. North American Indians used the spines of honey locusts for fasteners.

The expression *pin money* originated in the Fourteenth Century, when pins were so expensive that manufacturers sold them in open shops only two days of each year. They were so costly that husbands gave their wives special allowances to purchase this luxury item. This allowance became known as "pin money". One fashion in those days which made pins indispensable was the elaborate head-dresses that you've seen in pictures of the period. These, alone, required dozens of pins.

Many proverbs center about pins. "He that would steal a pin would steal a greater thing." "See a pin and let it lie; then in want you'll come to die." "See a pin and pick it up; all the day you'll have good luck." All such sayings referred, of course, to the cost of these small, useful objects.

The first safety pin was made in New York shortly before the Civil War. This developed into a small business. The first safety pin patent, however, was not issued until 1869. Our modern industry was established in Brooklyn, New York, in 1875. Now safety pins have become such a convenience that we take them for granted.

To go further back in history, Roman mythology tells us that Bellona, Goddess of War, is reputed to have invented the needle. The first needles were made of wood or fish bone. These had no eyes, but were used like an awl such as shoemakers use to punch holes. Some early needles had the eye at the point. Modern shoemakers still use this sort of needle. Such scraps of beautiful embroidery as have come down to us from the Babylonians, Phrygians, and ancient Egyptians indicate that these people had good needles, indeed.

The early Greeks also used pins. An old Greek story tells us of a soldier —

the only one to escape after a battle. He was said to have been put to death by the women of Athens with their long dress pins. Thereafter, the Grecian women were compelled by law to sew their dresses rather than rely on their dress pins.

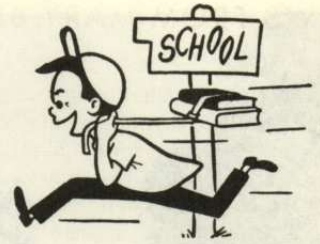
Let us return to America. The American colonies imported pins from England, making no attempt to manufacture them on this continent until after the Revolution. In 1775 Congress offered a prize for the first 25-dozen pins made in America, of equal quality to those made in England. There is no record of the prize's being claimed!

During the War of 1812, however, the price of pins rose so high that manufacture of them was begun in the United States. The industry did not become successful. For some more statistics, pins and needles were made largely by hand until 1836. In 1824 an American, Lemuel W. Wright, invented a machine for making pins, in which a solid head was formed in one piece with a shank. In 1826 a drilling machine was invented to drill the eyes in needles. And in 1836 a New York physician, Dr. John Ireland Howe, invented a better machine for making better solid-head pins. By the 1880's machinery had displaced all of the old hand processes, and now, of course, does all the work. Statistics can be uninteresting, but it is fascinating to know that these everyday products have histories all their own.

Would you like to know how pins are made today? Brass wire is wound on a reel, and then drops into a machine which cuts it into short lengths. A small hammer springs forward to make the heads while the other end is sharpened. These pins, hundreds a minute, fall out of the machine and are taken to be cleaned and coated with tin. Both brass, the best grade, and steel pins are plated with tin because tin remains bright and smooth.

Next the pins are polished with sawdust or some other substance, and run through a machine which arranges all the points in one direction. Another clever machine sticks them in rows in the familiar paper strips in which we buy them.

The colored glass heads that we find on many fine steel pins are made from molten glass. These were first made in Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany. Now they are made as well in the United States.



SEPTEMBER SIMPLY SPELLS SCHOOL!

During the first day of school, these comments, made by those closely associated with the institution of learning, were recorded by an inquisitive reporter:

Bob's mother: "Happy? I'm overjoyed! I can finally do my housework in peace and quiet."

The father of Susie, Joan, Margie, and Beth: "One big department store — that's what I should own. These girls have enough clothes to outfit a regiment."

Mary's older sister: "Maybe she'll take all that junk she's been collecting in the bureau drawer to school tomorrow."

Mr. Gilch, Tommy's neighbor: "This is a good time to reseed the front lawn."

Junior: "I can't open my locker again, and I lost the combination too."

Junior's best friend: "Gosh, it ain't fair they should give out books the first day."

Football coach: "Maybe it would be easier to teach sewing . . ."

Homeroom counselor: "It's too late to change your program."

English teacher: "No, you *can* not leave the room, but if you wish, you *may* leave the room."

Janitor: "Please throw your lunch sacks in the can."

Principal: "I do not particularly care for beatles, be they of the human or of the insect variety."

Cafeteria helper: "How can they chew their food and talk at the same time?"

Bus driver: "Step to the rear of the bus. Please step to the rear of the bus. Please . . . Please . . . PLEASE! EVERYBODY! KEEP QUIET!"

Ah, well . . . it was a wonderful summer, but Christmas vacation is just around the next autumn leaf.

These are some of the myths and facts about the pins and needles that we use so casually, lose, or throw away. At one time pins were thrown into wells to bring fortune, as we throw in coins today. These are small objects I have spoken of, small and common. I hope that you have enjoyed their histories.

NEWS FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

I just hung up the telephone after having indulged myself in one of the most time-saving luxuries a girl can enjoy: I ordered my groceries and asked to have them delivered! I don't make a habit of this because I like to select my meats and vegetables, but today I'm a little behind and a trip out to the grocery would have set me back even further. My little neighborhood meat market offers this almost extinct service and it surely is a life saver. Once or twice last winter when we were shut in by snow I used their delivery service — at no extra charge, but what a wonderful gesture of customer good will — and how I did appreciate it.

The children are finishing up their jobs for the morning, and the work arrangement I described last month has worked very satisfactorily, especially for the girls. Having the jobs listed on a sheet of paper with names assigned has removed the source of many arguments; however, our son is so slow and so deliberate that I'm often in a state of frustration! Paul has passed into a phase of growing-up which I would describe as total uncoordination. His muscles and his mind are in different worlds. When it is Paul's turn to clear the table I can almost count on one broken something, be it a plate or cup or drinking glass. As all mothers know, certain stages of development must be endured and we know this, too, will pass. It is a temptation to take over and help finish a job started, but I know that he must learn by doing, and the doing will help improve coordination.

Several weeks ago when Katharine returned from a long vacation stay with her Grandmother Schneider in Anderson, Indiana, we all drove to Chicago to meet her airplane. Can you imagine a ten-year-old flying for the first time by herself! I don't know whether I would have had the nerve, but this child's spirit of adventure carries her through many occasions that would slow a more shy child. We left Milwaukee in adequate time to allow Paul and Adrienne a chance to see some of the huge, huge jet planes that take off and land from O'Hare Airport. I'm sure most of you are aware of the fact that O'Hare is an international airport, and, according to Donald, it is the largest one in the world. I was simply awed by the size of the complex of buildings. I mentally took in the thousands of people milling about and tightened my grip on Adrienne's hand.



Alison Driftmier was happy that her bus arrived in Laramie early enough that she could have a few hours to play with Andrew before train time. With them is the baby's mother, Dorothy's and Frank's daughter Kristin.

We were fortunate enough to find a small table in the beautiful cafeteria where we could have sandwiches and milk and continue to watch the arrival and departure of planes. We finished our snack in ample time to leisurely walk down the long corridor that led to the waiting room for Katharine's airplane. We watched several helicopters land and take off along this mile-long walk we took. Everything was fascinating to all of us. When Katharine had arrived safely we were busy listening to her relate the wonderful details of her trip over the little lakes and what she had eaten for supper and on and on. Adrienne was still glued to my side like a little girl awed by the size of things about her, but Paul, who had by now grown a wee bit too sure of himself considering the strange surroundings, had begun to skip and hop and jump ahead of the family as we returned down the long, long corridor. We crossed the biggest vestibule that led to an escalator, and before we all boarded it for the trip down to a lower level of the airport, I counted noses. Paul was gone! This, I might add, is the first time we've ever lost one of them in any public building, or even grocery, so you can imagine that feeling of sickness that passed over all of us when we scanned the enormous room we were in and no Paul! I collected the girls and waited in one spot while Don began to retrace our steps. After what seemed an agonizingly long time Don appeared with a very frightened, cut-down-to-size son. He had been so sure of his directions that he had skipped and hopped a bit too far ahead and had made a wrong turn. He hadn't panicked or burst into tears, but when he realized there was no family follow-

ing behind him he, too, had the presence of mind to retrace his steps back to the place of Katharine's arrival. He doesn't know it, but his father, being able to see over the heads of most other people in a public place, had spotted him long before he knew he was saved. Seeing that Paul wasn't too upset, Donald decided it was a good opportunity to teach him an object lesson and allowed him to try to straighten himself out. I think our little lad kept a pretty cool head, and from the look on his face, and the way he was clutching his father's hand when he came back to rejoin the rest of us, I believe he learned a good lesson.

As I mentioned at the start of this letter, I'm running behind schedule today, so if you'll forgive me for writing a short letter I'll promise to do better next month when I'll tell you how our new house is coming along.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

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And remember . . . nothing makes a nicer gift than a year's subscription to Kitchen-Klatter. We send gift cards and we're glad to write any special greeting or message that you ask us to write.



Let's Fill the Cooky Jar

DELICIOUS PRUNE COOKIES

- 2/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 1 1/4 cups cooked prunes, chopped
- 3 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream the shortening, sugars and butter flavoring. Add the eggs, vanilla, maple and black walnut flavorings and beat well. Dissolve the soda in the sour milk and add to the mixture. Add the prunes and mix well. Sift the dry ingredients together and add gradually, beating well after each addition. Drop from a teaspoon onto a greased cooky sheet and bake in a 375 degree oven 10 to 12 minutes.

—Dorothy

YUGOSLAVIAN COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup currant jelly
- 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup nuts, finely chopped
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- Chopped nuts
- Work butter and flavoring until creamy. Add 1/2 cup sugar and con-

tinue creaming until light and fluffy. Beat in egg yolk and salt. Work in flour. Pat into a greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Break up jelly and spoon a layer over the dough. Whip egg whites until stiff. Continue beating and add 1 cup of sugar gradually. Beat until fine peaks are formed. Fold in flavoring and finely chopped nuts. Spread this meringue layer over the jelly. Sprinkle chopped nuts over the top as desired. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes, or until nicely browned. Cool in pan and cut into squares or bars.

This recipe makes 4 dozen delicious cookies. They will give variety to a tea table.

BANANA OATMEAL DELIGHTS

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 3/4 cups rolled oats
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup coconut

Cream together shortening and sugar, add egg and all flavorings and beat thoroughly. Add mashed bananas, rolled oats, nuts and coconut and mix well. Sift together flour with all spices and add. Drop by teaspoon on a greased cooky sheet and bake at 375 degrees about 15 minutes, or until golden brown.

These cookies stay moist and have a wonderful flavor.

—Lucile

WASHINGTON COOKIES

- 24 graham crackers, crushed
- 1 pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 to 1 1/2 cups flaked coconut
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk

METHOD NUMBER 1:

Combine all of the ingredients together, mixing well. This will be a very heavy dough. Pat into a greased pan, 8 by 8 for fat squares, 9 by 13 for a thinner, longer bar. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes.

METHOD NUMBER 2:

Make a graham cracker crust with the 24 crushed graham crackers by adding 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine, 1/4 cup sugar and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring to them. Pat into a 9- by 13-inch pan and bake for 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

Remove the crust from the oven and sprinkle the flaked coconut over the crust. Combine the coconut and burnt sugar flavorings with the sweetened condensed milk. Spoon this over the coconut. Top with the chocolate chips and return pan to the oven. Bake for 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

Either way you prepare this cooky it is delicious. Personally, I prefer the Method Number 2 as it makes a more moist, chewy cooky. The original recipe came to us from Washington State, so we decided to call it "Washington Cookies".

—Evelyn

APPLE-ORANGE COOKIES

- 2 3/4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 large apples, pared and cored
- 1 cup raisins

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder. Cream sugar and shortening; add vanilla and orange flavorings. Add egg and beat well. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk and orange juice. Mix well. Put apples and raisins thru food grinder and fold into the mixture. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cooky sheet. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

—Margery

TOFFEE BARS

- 1/4 cup melted margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/4 cup cold, strong coffee
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Stir the brown sugar into the melted margarine until it is well moistened. Beat in the egg. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the coffee and flavorings. Stir in the nuts. Bake in a greased 9-inch pan about 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This is an elegant cooky. We hope you make some soon.

—Dorothy

DELICIOUS DATE COOKIES

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 3 well-beaten eggs
- 4 cups flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Filling

- 1 lb. finely chopped dates
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup water

Cream the sugar with the shortening (we used margarine) and then add the eggs to which the Kitchen-Klatter butter, vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings have been added. Mix thoroughly. Lastly add the dry ingredients that have been sifted together.

Cook dates with sugar and water until thick and then set aside to cool.

Roll cooky dough in rectangles and spread with date mixture. Then roll up as if you were making a jelly roll and put in refrigerator. When ready to bake, slice thin and put in a 350-degree oven for 10 to 12 minutes.

(We made two rectangles with the date mixture and used the third rectangle for sliced cookies with a thumb print that was filled with jelly. These thumb print cookies were equally good.)

—Lucile



Margery Strom is pictured in her kitchen as she prepares late evening snacks for guests.

LEMON SPICE BARS

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/3 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup uncooked oatmeal
- 1 cup nutmeats

Cream together shortening, butter flavoring, sugar, eggs and lemon flavoring. Sift dry ingredients together. Add to batter. Stir in lemon juice, oatmeal and nuts. Bake in greased 9- by 13-inch pan at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Frost with a powdered sugar icing flavored with coconut or lemon flavoring.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup School Day peanut butter
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream together shortening and peanut butter. Add brown sugar and white sugar and mix well. Stir in eggs and flavorings. Sift together the soda, salt and flour and add to the first mixture.

Drop by the half-teaspoon on greased cooky sheet, press with fork, and then bake at 400 degrees from 8 to 10 minutes.

Everyone at the office who ate these at afternoon coffee break said that it was the best peanut butter cooky they'd ever eaten.

CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 3 sqs. melted chocolate
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 3/4 cup raisins
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts

Cream together the sugar and shortening (we used margarine) and then add eggs and beat well. Add melted chocolate, milk and the flavorings. Sift flour and baking powder together and add. Lastly, add the raisins and nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cooky sheet and bake about 12 minutes at 350 degrees. When cool, cover with a powdered sugar frosting. Don't tamper with this combination of flavorings for it is just right.

—Lucile

COOKED CEREAL DROP COOKIES

- 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1 cup cold, cooked oatmeal or other cooked cereal
- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Cream the shortening and the sugar. Add the egg and cereal and beat well. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the other mixture, blending well. Add the raisins, nuts and flavorings. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cooky sheet and bake in a 400-degree oven for approximately 12 minutes. This will make about four dozen cookies.

DELICIOUS CHICKEN WITH RICE

2 Tbls. salad oil
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 1 cup uncooked rice
 1 medium onion, chopped
 1 can chicken with gravy
 1 small can boned chicken
 Salt to taste

Heat salad oil and butter flavoring in heavy skillet. Stir in uncooked rice and onion. Stir until lightly browned. Add chicken with gravy and chicken pieces. Salt to taste. Cover tightly and simmer about 20 minutes, or until rice is done. Add water if needed. Stir occasionally.

This is a wonderful dish for emergency meals. It is excellent as a camping dish, also. Canned chicken and chicken with gravy can be the base for many a quick and easy-to-prepare meal.

—Evelyn

SUPREME SALAD

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 3/4 cup tomato juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
 flavoring
 2 Tbls. vinegar
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup grated carrots
 1/2 cup cabbage, shredded
 1/2 cup celery, diced
 1/2 cup cooked peas (optional)

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in flavoring, tomato juice, vinegar and salt. Cool until partially set. Stir in vegetables. Chill until firm.

As you can see, this is a very versatile salad. The basic gelatin and tomato juice mixture can be put together and a variety of different vegetables used in it.

PICKLED BEETS AND ONION RINGS

2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring
 2 cups pickled beets, drained
 1 cup onion slices, separated into
 rings
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie
 Sweetener
 1/4 tsp. salt
 A dash of pepper

Melt butter or margarine in skillet. Add butter flavoring. Stir in onion rings and cook until transparent, stirring lightly. Add the rest of the ingredients. Cook over low heat until heated through. Stir if needed.

Serve this very hot for a delicious vegetable dish.

CREAMED SWEETBREADS

1/2 lb. sweetbreads
 1 qt. water
 1/2 Tbls. salt
 2 Tbls. butter
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 1/2 cups sweetbread stock and
 cream
 Salt and pepper
 Few drops Kitchen-Klatter lemon
 flavoring

Soak sweetbreads in cold water 1 hour. Place in fresh cold salted water and bring to boil. Rinse in cold water and remove skin and tissue. Again place in fresh salted boiling water. Skim, then cook 10 minutes. Cube when cold.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, and stir until well blended. Add stock and cream gradually while stirring. Cook slowly for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Season. Add sweetbreads and heat thoroughly. Serve on toast or as omelet filling.

—Mary Beth

MINTED PEARS

2 qts. water
 5 cups sugar
 5 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint
 flavoring
 Green food coloring
 36 medium-sized fresh pears

Bring sugar and water to a boil for five minutes. Add mint flavoring and a generous 2 or 3 shakes of the green food coloring; mix well. Add about 9 pears which have been peeled, halved and cored. Return to boil and cook about 5 minutes, depending on variety and ripeness of pears.

While still boiling place pear halves in quart jar and fill to within 1/2 inch of top with syrup from pan. Seal and permit to stand for a week or so in order to permit even absorption of color.

Continue process until all pears are used.

Note: Anyone reading this can easily tell I don't do much canning and don't have canning equipment. But I do make some of these specialty items and it is just as easy to make several quarts as it is one. These pears are a colorful addition to any meal and are especially welcome during the winter holidays. Another variation is to omit the mint flavoring and green food coloring and use, instead, red cinnamon candies and red food coloring.

—Abigail

UNUSUAL APPLE PIE

3/4 cup sugar
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 cup sour cream
 1 egg
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring
 1/8 tsp. salt
 2 cups finely chopped apples, raw
 1/3 cup chopped nuts
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut
 flavoring
 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Combine the sugar and flour. Add the sour cream, well-beaten egg, flavorings and salt. Beat until smooth and stir in the apples and nuts. Pour into the unbaked pie shell and bake 15 minutes in a 450 degree oven. Remove from the oven and cover with the following topping:

Topping

1/3 cup sugar
 1/3 cup flour
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1/4 cup butter

Blend this together well and sprinkle over the pie. Reduce the oven temperature to 325 degrees and bake pie for another 20 minutes.

—Dorothy

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REMEMBER WONDERS OF GENERAL STORE?

A general store of the late 19th century sold "makings". A customer could buy cloth for a dress, flour for bread and tobacco for a smoke.

The old general store was epitomized by its containers which furnished a treat for the eyes as well as the nose. Time-mellowed barrels of flour, sacks of rich brown coffee, tubs of golden butter, glass jars of bright sweets, decorated tins of tea and canisters of spice blended their distinctive odors into a fragrant bouquet.

Containers were nothing like the dozens of sizes and kinds of cans, bottles, boxes so plentiful in today's supermarkets. Containers in the old general store remained in the store as customers brought their own pails or sacks to take home purchases.

The indispensable paper bag-making machine was not invented until 1852 and many years passed before brown paper bags were plentiful. Canned foods existed early in the 19th century, but did not become popular until after the beginning of the 20th century.

A noticeable feature about one general store of the 1870's in the eastern end of Long Island was that it sold little ready-to-eat food. Nor did its competitor down the street. Rural townspeople purchased only small amounts of basic foods such as meat. The balance they grew, or caught, or shot.

However, this general store, which bore the sign "Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes", still sold about everything needed then in daily life.

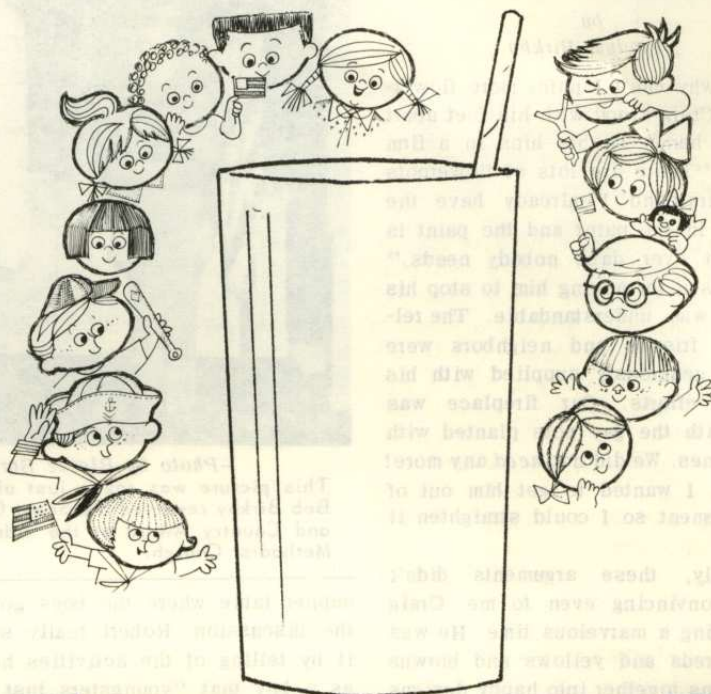
A storekeeper's ledger in Spencerian elegance listed such dry goods as "7 yards of cloth, \$1.75; 9 yards of alpaca braid, 18¢; 1 1/2 yards of cambric, 18¢; 6 yards cassimere, \$3.30; 1 cake Castile soap, 8¢; 1/2 gallon of molasses, 45¢".

The same ledger, devoting several pages to each customer (address not listed because it wasn't needed), recorded "1/4 pound of snuff, 25¢; 7 pounds hominy, 42¢; 10 pounds flour, 50¢; 2 6/16 pound fish, 25¢; 1 14/16 pounds of beef, 31¢".

In "Boots and Shoes" the ledger revealed an occasional pair of shoes at \$2 or \$2.50. One purchase consisted of a side of sole leather.

Diversity of merchandise is the common bond between the old general store and today's supermarket.

What usually makes them the good old days is a rich imagination and a poor memory.



Thirst Aid

School days are here again, and that means a starving stam-pede each evening after school. There'll never be a better time to hand out refreshing, nourishing "Kitchen-Klatter Koolers". Kids love them because they taste so good, and come in such a variety of flavors. Mothers approve because they make drinking milk fun. And they replace the sugary soft drinks that can ruin appetites so close to mealtime.

HOW TO MAKE THEM:

Combine 1 tsp. **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** and 4 tsp. **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**. Use one-half teaspoon to one cup of milk, keeping the excess in a capped bottle in the refrigerator.

AND LOOK AT THE FLAVORS:

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

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

Ask your grocer first. However if you can't yet buy these flavorings 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



CREATIVE PLAY

by
Evelyn Birkby

"But why can't I paint more flowerpots?" Craig stood with his feet apart and his hands on his hips in a firm stance. "There are lots of flowerpots downstairs and I already have the brushes in the paint and the paint is just left over dabs nobody needs."

My reason for asking him to stop his project was understandable. The relatives, friends and neighbors were already generously supplied with his artistic efforts. Our fireplace was filled with the gay pots planted with green vines. We did not need any more! Frankly, I wanted to get him out of the basement so I could straighten it up!

Suddenly, these arguments didn't sound convincing even to me. Craig was having a marvelous time. He was putting reds and yellows and browns and greens together into happy designs which produced something useful which he could share. He was experimenting with colors which look well together and colors which combine to make other colors. He had found that you cannot wash oil paint off of brushes or table tops or elbows with water. He had discovered that turpentine hurts when it gets into a scratch. He had also learned, the hard way, that brushes get stiff if not cleaned properly and that the paint can must have the lid pushed back tightly or a scum will form.

With a sigh I went back upstairs and left Craig to his afternoon's project. By suppertime my equilibrium was restored. When Robert came in I was ready to tell him how silly I had been.

"Isn't it strange," I commented as I stirred the gravy while Robert sat at the table and drank a glass of cold iced tea, "I've read so much about helping our children grow creatively and here I had the opportunity right in front of me and all I could see was the mess Craig was making."

"It reminds me of one of the little girls who comes to my Sunday School class," Robert laughed. "Remember in May when we made little flower holders and planted them with nasturtium seeds to take home as a Mother's Day gift? Well, Jane told me that her mother threw hers out because it messed up the window sill. I should have known, for Jane's mother will never let her fingerpaint because she might get some on her dress."

Our conversation continued at the



—Photo by Blaine Barton
This picture was taken just after Bob Birkby received his Scout God and Country Award at the Sidney Methodist Church.

supper table where the boys got into the discussion. Robert really started it by telling of the activities he had as a boy that "youngsters just don't do anymore". We decided part of the trouble was that many of the opportunities aren't around; the creeks have been bulldozed in, the highways have cut through the hiking trails, attics and cob sheds are not as accessible as they used to be for playhouses and explorer's huts.

"We have places to hike and fish and swim," Bob said. "So many kids in the cities don't have a chance to do those things."

"I want to go to the city," Craig piped up.

So we decided wherever people lived there are exciting things to do and see and varied ways to grow and learn. Giving children the opportunity to have different experiences and stretch their minds and imaginations can be done anywhere. Children need to be surrounded with books and music and beauty, both of nature and of artistic man-made design. This need not be expensive. Libraries reach out everywhere. Good music can be found on radio and television with a little extra perseverance. Paintings are on exhibition in many places, from city galleries to country fairs. Nature is near everyone, even if it is a tree in a park or a geranium in a pot.

"Your thinking is narrow if you limit creativeness to music and art and literature," my sister-in-law exclaimed when I was talking to her about this subject over a cup of coffee. "Take Tom, for example." Now Tom is five years old and I knew exactly what Ruthella meant. She never knows when

he gets up in the morning if he will be Superman, a railroad engineer, or a rabbit. He comes to her to help fix a cape, or an engineer's cap, or long ears. Whatever he needs to become a special person (or animal), she helps him obtain. Granted, she doesn't have time for drinking many cups of coffee with anybody, but she is wisely giving her young son the help he needs in exploring the various areas of his world.

The mother of one of my Cub Scouts called recently to ask for my recipe for modeling clay. She has five youngsters at home and decided to have something new for them to work with.

"I've run out of fingerpaint material," she explained, "and John wants to make a cage for a baby rabbit he found back in the timber. I want to keep the little ones away from him while he works."

John will get the cage done, too! He will build it and go to the library for stories about rabbits and how to care for them. The next time we have a den meeting he'll bring the bunny (or something else he's collected) and share it with us. His horizons are broadening by leaps and bounds.

Speaking of collections, one of the problems of helping children grow into creative individuals is their need for a place to build things and collect and display. Perhaps it is just a drawer in a dresser, or an orange crate in the corner of a closet, or a shelf of a bookcase, but each child needs a place that is *just his*.

My most difficult struggle, as I think through this situation, is to let the boys do projects the way *they* want to. I want to *help* spread the butterflies, or mix the paint, or measure the flour for the cookies. I want to *say*, "Be careful, you'll fall", "Don't spill", "Do stay inside the lines when you color." But they must find out the answers for themselves and discover *their own* abilities and talents and grow independent. I should only set the scene, encourage, provide materials if needed, and help when they ask.

Our children are living in the most exciting era the world has ever known. Their minds need to soar and explore right along with the rockets they see on television and the pictures of a bathysphere in the "National Geographic" magazine. God has put within every child a spark of creativity, a desire to seek and explore and discover. He is a unique individual, one

(Continued on page 22)

DRESSING UP DISHES

by
Cora Ellen Sobieski

Cooking and costuming have much in common. In the final analysis it's the finishing touch that counts.

When we put on a dress, suit or sweater we don't let it end right there. We add something to compliment our costume. A pin, necklace, earrings, bracelet or beads — something — that final touch that means much.

It's the same way in our cooking. It's the little "extra" that counts big in the long run. In the July issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* Frederick Driftmier remarks on a dash of nutmeg in the cream sauce of escalloped oysters. I've found that a dash or a drop of this and that can make the most ordinary dishes delicious. And I must mention the attention you'll reap with the "eye appeal" along with the taste appeal.

I have a collection of hints that will dress up the simplest of dishes and I'd like to share a few with you:

You'll bat a home run at your house if to the batter of waffles and pancakes you add finely chopped Brazil nuts. M-m-m-m, extra delicious!

Season frozen potato or shrimp soup with a dash of curry powder and this hasty soup is an extra tasty soup.

Add a pinch of ground allspice to meat patties and the family will be delighted as they savor the unusual flavor. And meat balls are a treat to eat when you place a small cube of bleu cheese inside them — a surprise package, indeed. If you're broiling hamburgers, add crumbled bleu cheese to the raw meat while mixing and they'll come off the broiler tasty and tempting. Meat loaf will be moist and have a special flavor when you add chopped and pitted prunes to the mixture. Ground Canadian bacon mixed with ground beef and then barbecued is another taste treat.

Perk up appetites and your potato salad by adding small cubes of salami or diced ham to the salad. Diced ham can also be added to vegetables for a savory side dish.

Add crisp little pieces of cooked bacon to a corn bread mixture before baking and you'll be beaming at the added flavor.

A dash of chives added to sour cream is a tip that will give your sour cream extra zip. And deviled eggs are delicious when they contain mashed, chopped chives. Top the eggs with anchovies and you'll be an angel in your family. Even a lowly can of pork and beans reaches greater status when it

is served topped with chives or parsley.

Baked ham basted with apple juice or apple cider gives the ham a special flavor.

Another new taste is yours when you mix crumbled corn flakes to fried onions. And if you're deep frying onion rings add a little maple syrup to the batter for another different and delicious flavor.

While an omelet is cooking coat it with mayonnaise and that little coat will really dress it up.

What teen-ager doesn't love peanut butter? Mixing cranberry sauce into the filling of a peanut butter sandwich makes it even more yummy to the younger set. Hot waffles topped with a layer of peanut butter is another favorite with the youngsters.

And WHO, young or old, doesn't like frankfurters? Slit them — sprinkle Cheddar cheese into the slit — and then broil. You'll reap raves on your creative cooking from not only your family but from EVERYONE. Happy DRESSING UP DISHES!



With Cleaning Power, That Is

Have you been a little less than satisfied with the way your wash looks lately? Is hard water robbing your machine of its cleaning power? How about the dishwasher? Does it cut grease like you think it should? And does your present cleaning powder or soap leave froth and scum for you to rinse and wipe away?

If you answer "Yes" to any of these questions, then you need **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. This miracle cleaner is bursting with cleaning power — goes to work instantly — cuts grease and grime even in hard water. Yet it never leaves scum to add another step to cleaning. Get it at your grocer's.



Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

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



Hints That Hit Home

A Skit of Truths with a Laugh

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Note: This can be used with a narrator or each person may speak the lines as she walks across stage carrying the object designated.

Skater: (Carries skates or skates across stage.) Everyone knows the skater, the member who always arrives at the meeting at the last possible moment. She comes sliding in just as the president opens her mouth to call the meeting to order; or, if she is on the program, she comes sliding in just as the program chairman is ready to have heart failure. "Keep 'em in a stew" is her motto.

Shuffler: (Carries large purse and proceeds to hunt through its limitless contents while shifting a notebook she carries and her eyeglasses.) Have you met the shuffler? She's the main dis-

traction — always moving, especially while the program is being given or someone is singing a solo. She simply has to find that elusive hankie, cough drop, or lipstick, and where in the world did her program booklet go to? Anybody seen her lipstick? Oh, I had that pencil here just a moment ago.

Canary: (Carries bird cage.) Then there is the dear little canary — you've seen her — trilling and shrilling at everything mentioned, gushing and flattery flow lavishly. Sad to say, she is all warbles and trills — no do!

Corkscrew: (Carries a large corkscrew.) Now here is a really truly troublesome biddy — the corkscrew! Talk about doing the twist! This one is an expert. She can twist every word, every phrase, every action, every plan, and every proposed motion until it wouldn't even recognize itself. Plain unvarnished truth? She never heard of it!

Barber: (Carries clippers or barber shears.) Have you met the barber? Of course you have. She simply has no time for other peoples' plans, ideas, or time, so she interrupts constantly, cutting short the budget, trimming the plans, shearing off the program by leaving in the middle, or a solo by discussing the late movie of last night with the person on her right. Shaving, cutting, shearing everything but her own talented remarks. She's an expert.

Tee-Hee-er: (Simpers and giggles as she holds up a golf tee.) Sister, deliver us from the perpetual tee-hee-er! Greets every idea or item of business with an annoying "tee-hee", a simper, or a shrug of her shoulders with a belittling effect as she murmurs, "Well, now I don't know," or, "Well, now let's be sure." Tee-hee-er will interrupt any discussion just to get a laugh. Most of us wish she'd laugh right out of the picture sometime.

Bunny-Hopper: (Carries large carrot.) Now let's consider the bunny-hopper. She never stays with a job until it's finished. She can jump from one idea to another faster than you can say Jack Robinson. Of course, when you're always hopping you haven't time to do much. But you can keep tab on what

the other fellow is doing that way!

Mannequin: (Dressed in height of fashion, walking with stilted mannequin step.) Finally, isn't there a mannequin in every organization? She believes in being strictly ornamental, and in displaying the latest fashion at every meeting. She sits on the front row — and sits she does. She never joins in the discussions, never adds to the plans, nor offers her help. She just sits and glows, as her fashions she shows!

The barbs have been pointed, right from the start.

Ponder them, study them, down in your heart.

Resolve here and now, whatever you do,

None of these tags shall ever be stuck on you!

THE PROVERB GAME

On a table place the articles, then let the contestants pass by and look at them or write down the list. One or several proverbs can be thought of to apply to the article. The first one to finish with one proverb for each article wins the game.

1. Penny —

A penny saved is a penny earned.

A bad penny always returns.

Money makes the mare go.

Save pennies and dollars will take care of themselves.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

2. Needle, thread, cloth —

A stitch in time saves nine.

3. Soap —

Cleanliness is next to godliness.

4. Shoe —

If the shoe fits, wear it.

5. Stone —

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

6. Feather —

Fine feathers do not make fine birds.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Birds of a feather flock together.

Never count your chickens before they are hatched.

7. Pot —

A watched pot never boils.

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

8. Apple —

An apple a day keeps the doctor away.

9. Fork —

Fingers were made before forks.

10. Whisk broom —

A new broom sweeps clean.

11. Link of chain —

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link.

12. Flower —

April showers bring May flowers.

—Mrs. Ervin Taylor

It's Kitchen-Klatter Time!

We don't claim to be experts on any particular subject, but our 30-minute radio visit gives us a chance to be good neighbors. Listen each weekday morning over one of the following stations:

KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
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.



The camera caught Lucile and Mother at the dining room table in rather a serious mood, but nothing more serious than discussing a recipe tested for the family dinner party.

RETIREE

No more —
Setting the alarm the night before.
No more —
Coffee-gulping breakfasts,
Then out the door,
Dashing through the streets
To catch the bus; stand in
Crowds, because passengers
Out-number seats.
No more —
Hurried noon errands in
Market or drug store;
In-between munches
Because of skipped lunches.
Instead —
A slow-paced life in days ahead;
One hour or more longer in bed;
A leisurely prepared breakfast
Eaten while mail is read;
An outdoor walk of at least a mile
Bringing a glow to the cheeks —
To the spirit a smile;
Hobbies to help the nerves unwind;
Books to stimulate and enrich the mind.

—Sara Lee Skydell

THE SWINGING BRIDGE

A swinging bridge to an inland isle,
Where lazy, care-free hours abide,
Is a path for folks to move along
With shyly, cautious stride,
As ever-changing light and shade
Of dawn, and noon, and eventide
Move over sandbars, waves, and land,
And on to silent glory ride.

It swings so gently to the rhythm
Of wanton river breeze and gale;
It vibrates to steps of eager feet,
That cross this watery trail.
A swinging bridge to beauty
Is a breathless path so frail,
An airy, haunting memory
Of a day in a woodland vale.

— Alice G. Harvey



COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

"Long ago it was said, 'To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven.' Every day of his life, the countryman has that truth impressed upon him."

The above excerpt is taken from Hal Borland's new book *Countryman: A Summary of Belief* (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$3.50). Nebraska-born Mr. Borland has a special way of writing about nature. In this 160-page book he combines nature with the statement of his personal beliefs about human purpose and destiny. Though not a farmer, he insists on living on the land in Connecticut's lower Berkshire Hills.

We are reminded that Autumn is a time for summaries where nature sums up its seasons, where the garden is cleaned, the color comes to the birches and ash trees, and milkweed pods burst.

Mr. Borland expresses his views about Autumn and his writing in this way:

"When I write about trees and birds and the view from a hilltop, I wonder if they are important in the face of the elections, and foreign aid, and taxes, and missiles and satellites. Then I

know that arguments end, men die, and nations rise and fall, but that so long as there is an earth and a procession of the seasons there will be trees and birds and vistas from hilltops. And, unless we are all incredibly stupid and recklessly wicked, there will be men here to see these things in Autumn and to feel, if never wholly to understand, what they signify."

Countryman: A Summary of Belief is full of warm and wise meditation on rural life by nature-loving Hal Borland.

A most beautiful gift book, a source of endless inspiration, is *The Treasure Chest* edited by Charles L. Wallis (Harper & Row, \$4.95). Mr. Wallis has taken the wisdom of many centuries and combined it into a scrapbook of over a thousand selections. *The Treasure Chest* is bound in maroon album-type binding with gold cord and gold stamping on the cover.

The living treasury of thought includes verses, proverbs and essays on achievement, the Bible, character, the church, friendship, home, prayer, wisdom, and work. Timeless in nature, the contributors include Thoreau, Robert Frost, and Helen Keller.

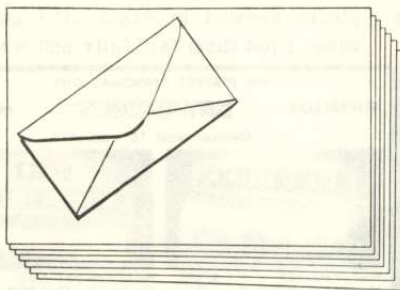
Designed as a keep-sake edition, *The Treasure Chest* is sure to please. I cannot imagine anyone not liking it. An appropriate gift for comfort and inspiration, there is serenity even in the pictures. Remember:

"The tissue of the Life to be

We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny

We reap as we have sown."

—John Greenleaf Whittier



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When the grass looks greener on the other side of the fence, it may be that they take better care of it over there.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

September is the month for dividing and transplanting many perennials such as lily-of-the-valley, bleeding heart, phlox and especially the peony. Early planting gives them plenty of time to become established by spring when they will get off to a fast start.

If you have ever dug up an old peony clump, you no doubt found it quite a task. The big thick roots are persistent, and it takes a stout spade and a good strong person to manipulate it in order to unearth the clump. Once the peony is dug out, wash the soil off the thickened roots and divide with a strong knife. Leave from three to five "eyes" (pink buds) on each division. Because peonies can be left in one place for many years, it is wise to plant them with some care. Select a site where they will get full sun or almost full sun, where there is free air circulation and good drainage. The roots are heavy feeders and should be planted some distance from trees and large shrubs which might vie with them for food elements.

Two years ago I sent away for three tree peony roots from a firm in Ohio — the only catalogue I could find that listed tree peonies. People told me they would not grow and thrive in our cold Minnesota, but I had to try them anyway. As you perhaps know, tree peonies are shrubs (not trees) that make a permanent woody growth above ground. Herbaceous varieties die back to the soil line each autumn.

The first season the three little plants seemed to stand still growth-wise. I fed them faithfully and watered

the roots often during the long hot, dry summer we experienced in 1964. Last spring all three appeared again, and to our delight each plant produced a huge, ethereal bloom of the size of an immense Oriental poppy. The wide umbrella of foliage makes the tree peony a delightful plant even when not in bloom. The roots cost about \$4.00 each, but once you get a tree peony to grow it will increase in size and beauty each passing year.

PLANTS IN THE KITCHEN

Plants on the kitchen window sill can have a great psychological effect on a housewife. Yes! plants can soothe uneasy nerves. We pause for a moment to pick off a dead leaf or water the plant, and in those few seconds our composure may be regained.

What are plants but the evidence of faith! A tiny seed is planted, and with the minerals derived from the potting soil and that certain drive nestled in the heart of the seed, a plant is born, and soon puts forth tender green shoots.

My kitchen window, which is directly above the sink, brings me very close to nature. On the sill is a decorative coffee mug holding a small foliage plant, and a clear green water glass displays the lace-like roots of a philodendron. On the other side of the window glass is a shelf bird feeder well stocked with a variety of wild bird seed.

A woman spends many hours in her kitchen, and how relaxing it is to enjoy the window picture — plants and birds. Enjoy a "nature break"! As a tiny leaf begins to unfold, such a fresh green and so very tender, we are reminded that it is really a treasure from God, given to us for our daily enjoyment and to strengthen our faith.

Do have plants on your kitchen window sill. They add beauty and interest to your day. It has been said, "Plants are God's thoughts in growth."

—Helene B. Dillon



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FIVE RULES FOR HAPPINESS

1. Cultivate the habit of always looking on the bright side of every experience.
2. Accept cheerfully the place in life that is yours; believe that it is the best possible place for you.
3. Throw your whole soul and spirit into your work, and do it the best you know how.
4. Get into the habit of doing bits of kindness and courtesies to all those who touch your life each day.
5. Adopt and maintain a simple, childlike attitude of confidence and trust in God as your own father.

WISDOM — GET WITH IT! — Concluded

To follow through the coming year
The light which God gives us:
The light of TRUTH wherever it may
lead;

The light of FREEDOM, revealing new
opportunities for individual devel-
opment and social service;

The light of FAITH, opening new vi-
sions of the better world to be;

The light of LOVE, daily binding
brother to brother and man to God
in ever closer bonds of friendship
and affection.

Guided by this light,

We shall go forward to the work of an-
other year with steadfastness and
confidence.

(NOTE: As leader reads this, let the
candles at the four corners of the table
be lighted as the leader mentions the

words Truth, Freedom, Faith, and
Love.)

Hymn: "O Young and Fearless
Prophet".

Benediction: We do ask that Thou
create in us the splendor that dawns
when hearts are kind, that knows no
race nor station as boundaries of the
mind. Guide us to paths of wisdom, we
pray, and in this year help us to bind
ourselves together in true brotherhood
and love. Amen

The Teacher's Creed

I believe in boys and girls, the men
and women of tomorrow; that whatso-
ever a boy soweth, the man shall reap.

I believe in the curse of ignorance, in
the efficacy of schools, in the dignity
of teaching, and in the joy of serving
others.

I believe in wisdom as revealed in
human lives as well as in the pages of
the printed book; in lessons taught, not
so much by precept as by example; in
ability to work with the hands as well
as to think with the head; in everything
that makes life large and lovely.

I believe in beauty in the schoolroom,
in the home, in daily life and out-of-
doors.

I believe in laughter, in love, in faith,
and in all ideals and distant hopes
that lure us on.

I believe that every hour of every day
we receive a just reward for all we are
and all we do.

I believe in the present and its oppor-
tunities, in the future and in its prom-
ises, and in the divine joy of living.

—From an old scrapbook



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KEEP CLOTHES SPARKLY
CLEAN, YET BE REALLY
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bleaches.

If you are still looking for bleaching power
that handles even the filmy new synthetics
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Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach the very next
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it's washable, it's bleachable . . . in

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DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

this fall where they will be making their home. Kristin will be teaching the fourth grade in the public school there. She was thrilled about getting this grade, because this is the age group she had when she did her practice teaching.

It has been a very happy summer for us, having Alison in our home. She is a lovely girl and we are enjoying every precious minute of her visit. I have had so much to write about my trip to Laramie that I am saving all the activities with Alison to tell you about next month.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

CREATIVE PLAY - Concluded

who has talents and abilities. Who knows what paths may open up for him as he develops, for being creative can take many forms. Some of the most creative people in the world are searching for a cure of disease under a microscope, drawing a design for a home, developing a new hybrid rose, finding ways to help a neighbor, decorating a cake, or keeping a happy home.

No one knows when a child begins painting a flowerpot or making a collection or listening to music where his interest will lead.

Good News!

We are happy to announce that the *Kitchen-Klatter* radio visits are now being heard over station **KOUR in Independence, Iowa**, at 9:30 each weekday morning. You can locate this station at 1220 on your dial.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

a few chapters of the Bible, I am out on the lake in a sailboat. As I write this letter to you, I can see David and one of his young friends out there on the lake having a most happy time. As long as they wear their lifebelts, I do not worry. The boats can't sink, and neither can they. I frequently take my church people for little trips about the lake in a sailboat, and never have I had one person fail to like it. Sailing is such a relaxing sport. I can't help but believe that it was a pastime Jesus liked very much. We know that Jesus liked to go fishing, and I am sure that he must have enjoyed sailing too. Come on out and pay us a visit, and I shall give you a ride too.

Sincerely,
Frederick

COVER PICTURE

This beautiful building is one of the first you see upon entering the campus of Doane College, Crete, Nebraska, where Martin Strom will start his college education this fall. Doane is affiliated with the Congregational Church, of which the Stroms are members.

TAPESTRY OF YEARS

My tapestry of years holds pungent musk For pollen from my dreams have textured it; Thus beauty lingers through the gentle dusk While I wait for star-candles to be lit. Once I could watch for cottage lamps to glow Through curtained windows when my mother's hand Had struck a match, and it was time to go For escapades in childhood's magic land. I cannot fling my tapestry aside With careless gesture, for my heart rebels, And I retain it with a happy pride: It is no handiwork a merchant sells, And has no duplicate in mansion halls, But loveliness for memory's dear walls!

—Thelma Allinder

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ANNA WADE, Dept. 420BT, Lynchburg, Va.

Please rush actual samples of Christmas Carol Napkins and complete details, without obligation, of your Plan for our Group to raise \$50.00 to \$500 and more without spending 1c from our Treasury.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Name of Organization _____

FREE Actual Samples of Napkins!

Silent Night

O Come All Ye Faithful

O Come All Ye Faithful

Joy to the World

Hark, the Herald Angels Sing

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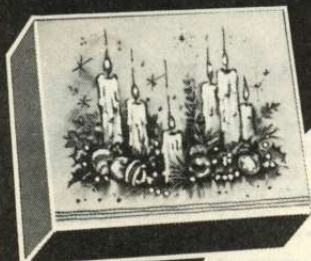
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